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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland,

IN

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

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

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL
KNOW THEM."

WE are all disgusted with the unfair and bullying spirit of some Americans towards Canada, as to the Fisheries on our coasts. They try to ignore our rights, clude us, circumvent us, annex us, or overreach us in some way. This is very bad, even when done by worldly politicians. But it is far more disgusting to meet with the same kind of chicanery from those who claim to be Christian Ministers, professing and preaching the Golden Rule.

Our readers will find in the "MONTHLY RECORD" of June last, page 81, a statement of the very arbitrary conduct of the Union Church Committees to the present Editor, in regard to the Funds for Aged Ministers, and for Widows, etc. They have not been able to deny that statement, or any part of it. If they do, we are prepared with evidence to refute them publicly. Let our readers examine and study that statement very carefully.

It was not fair, after they had urged me to join their Aged Ministers' Fund on equal terms, and after they had received my premiums without objection for no less than three years after I became Pastor of St. Columba Kirk not in the Union,—it was not fair then, suddenly, to make a new rule requiring me to pay more than threefold the annual premium paid by the Union Ministers; and to cut me off (when I objected to this) by repaying me a part of what I paid to that Fund, viz., the *personal tax* of one-half per cent, yearly; for

they did not pay me the *congregational offerings* which I contributed to it from my own income while in the struggling Scotch Colony in New Brunswick.

But this was their least offence. A far worse remained. Seeing that the hopes of equal terms were falsified,—that I was cut off by a new rule from the Aged Ministers' Fund,—and liable to be cut off from the Widows' Fund in like manner,—I made a most modest request that the Committee of the latter should repay me only the last sum I had paid into that Fund while I was Pastor of St. Columba Kirk, not in Union, and allow me to retire peaceably from that Fund also, leaving them to keep all that I had previously paid into it, with the surrender of all our claims on it.

This very modest request they utterly refused, and, ignoring the laws of equity and the Golden Rule, those clergymen try to intrench themselves behind legal tricks and technicalities, threatening us with monthly fines, in order to keep us at their mercy, and either urge us into Union, or legally rob us of all we simply entrusted to them!

Such conduct murders Union. They that act thus with a few hundred dollars, would do so also with a Temporalities Fund, or with all our Kirk property, if they once get hold of it by Union. I am sorry for them. I really wished to give them a fair opportunity to show some latent generosity and humanity, if not godliness, so as to deserve our trust, if not our self-surrender in Union. But alas! that touchstone has brought out only the stains of their base metal. By their actions they say, very plainly, "Why did you trust us? for we do our worst when we get the power." We will

not trust them again ! They have the vices of an Establishment, without its legal limitations and safeguards. Let the money perish with — their injustice ! But they will never woo us by deceit, nor “annex” us by dishonesty, if we know it. And “BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.”

P. MELVILLE, A. M.

SCOTTISH INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the most distinguished of the evangelical preachers in the Established Church is Dr. Herdman, of Melrose. His father was minister of Rattray from 1813 to 1838. On Sunday last he occupied the pulpit of his brother, the beloved Rev. A. W. Herdman, A.M., who is now minister of the parish so long presided over by his father. The morning was crisp and keen. Before the church bell began to peal over the haughs and hills the sun had arisen, and a bright Sabbath spread light and repose over the fields and villages. The Sidlaws, blue and bold, bound the Southern view ; to the North the Grampians rise covered with blooming heather. Glen Ericht, with Blairgowrie, its kirk, and its castle on the sunny slope, gleam across the sparkling river ; while Rattray, with its pretty villas, its quaint old gables, its manse on the brae-side, and its kirk on the brow of the hill, rest on this quiet Sabbath morning in the light of the autumnal sun. From the Countlaw and the Bomington, from Drimmie and Parkhill, bands of worshippers are seen through the trees and hedgerows, while the kirk road is dotted with little family groups wending their way to the Parish Kirk.

How beautiful, how impressive is the auld kirkyard. There are the graves of Willie Cowan, distinguished young Greek scholar ; of Tom Stewart, whose monument was erected by his College friends in Edinburgh, who mourned his sudden death. Stewart was a student of great promise. Experimenting in his laboratory, a jar of acid was spilt, and by its fumes both he and the janitor lost their lives. Here, too, is the grave of Oliphant M'Laggan, daughter of a remarkable man. First in her year at Edinburgh Training College was she. There, too, is a neat stone erected by a young lad in an Indian mill to the memory of his honest and excellent father. There is the burial-place of the auld Laird and of his wife—Christina Richardson—a woman of big heart, of open hand, of Christian sympathies. Near the kirk

is the burying-place of the Herdmans. The father, who from 1813 to 1838 was minister, lies her ; near him his son William, brother of Dr. Herdman, who was minister from 1844 to 1878. William, genial, gifted with wit, with kindly heart, and gleam of genius, rests in this still and peaceful grave beside the kirk he loved so well. These and a thousand other tender memories endear this dust—these very stones—to the heart of the preacher of to-day.

But the bell has ceased, and those who have been asking kindly for each other or resting on the gravestones quickly take their places. The lairds are not there. They have been educated in England, and their empty pews tell that the Scottish Kirk has felt the influence of its Southern rival. Few of the leading evangelical parishioners are there. The Free Church has absorbed them ; the political, earnest, disputative Dissenterism has picked out the ardent and the zealous. But still there are at the Auld Kirk a congregation of quiet, worthy, hard-headed, douce, unpretentious Scottish folk. Not a few ploughmen and their families still keep up the excellent custom of being at the kirk. There are feuars and farmers, and not a few bright-eyed and healthy-looking young folk.

The preacher, with his heart full of the old memories of his boyhood, passes in, and all eyes turn towards him. He is not tall, but he has a commanding presence. He has a finely-poised head, and an eye of remarkable penetration and tenderness. His hand, or rather his hands, are most expressive. Both in prayer and in appeals in preaching he folds his hands with beseeching persuasiveness. The moment he gives out the Psalm the congregation is hushed, for there is in the rich tones of his voice a marvellous charm as he reads—

“O Lord, Thou art my God and King ;
Thee will I magnify and praise ;
I will Thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto Thy holy name always.”

And he does sing too. Unlike many preachers, Dr. Herdman joins with heart and voice in the simple song of praise. The reading of the Scriptures is a marked feature of the service, and in prayer Dr. Herdman brings wonderful sympathy, hopefulness, and helpfulness to every heart.

The text, and even the sermon, seem naturally to flow from all which has gone before. And when the words, “In my Father's house are many mansions,” fall upon the ear, every heart is open to receive the message of the preacher. “Where is heaven ?” is the opening sentence. The Mahomedan thinks of it as a paradise, of flowers and delights, with rivers of honey mixed with wine flowing through banks

of camphor and musk; the Hindoo, of the spirit passing from form to form till absorbed in the Deity; the American-Indian thinks of heaven as a happy hunting ground beyond the blue mountains, where he can whistle to his dogs and enjoy endless sport; our own ancestors thought of heaven as a place of wild war and victory over enemies, and then of coarse and carnal feasting. Such, without the Bible, were the views which filled the minds of men, of the future state. But in the Bible, and above all in this xiv. of St. John's Gospel, were life and immortality brought to light. It contained a description of heaven, an assurance of heaven, gave an account of its furnishing, of its essence, and above all pointed the way to this blessed rest. Jesus said, I am the way!

It was not possible to dwell on all these inviting aspects of this delightful theme; but, first, he would name the vastness of the Father's house. It was a house of many mansions. Were the earth and the planets of the solar system as they revolved round the sun but one of an innumerable group of worlds which circled round some glorious illimitable central globe—the throne of the Eternal, the palace home? Or were these countless stars, peopled with the blessed, varied in their glory, diversified in their joys, suitable to the infinite varieties of character and attainment of the children of the Great Father? The surroundings of that little room where these words were spoken gave grandeur and impressiveness to the saying. For, with prophetic eye, Jesus saw the multitude which no man could number, from the South and the North, from the East and the West, of all peoples and kindreds and tongues, who in the future should be gathered into the family, and He knew that He was able to provide many mansions, suitable and richly furnished for them all.

The second head of discourse was the variety of the mansions. God's work shows no monotony. One country has lakes and mountains, another sunny fields or heathy moors. There is the cedar of Lebanon, the hyssop from the wall, the fields of corn, the grass, the rice, the boundless prairie. No two leaves were alike, no two clouds, no two lambs! There were many mansions, too, in heaven, as there were varieties among the saints on earth. The palace home was a unity; all the glorious corridors and mansions open into each other; but there was diversity. Aaron with his eloquence, Moses with his rod, Miriam with her timbrel, were there; Isaiah to prophesy and Baruch to read; Paul to plant and Apollos to water; the Son of Consolation as well as the Son of Thunder. There was a glorious reception room

where kindred spirits met. There the loved ones were rejoined and reunited in bliss. Above all, there was waiting to receive the wearied spirit the loving Saviour himself, the Lord they loved and adorec.

Then there was the continuance of this abiding home. Here our foundations were in the dust. On all around us was written change and decay. Weariness even in the highest enjoyments fatigued the most ardent, and faith even "faints in the calm and falters in the storm." But in these blessed mansions there was no fatigue, no sins, no sorrows, no griefs, no graves, no tears nor trials, no temptations for evermore. There was change, but it was the change of progress. Here the preacher paused, and, turning to the beautiful landscape which glowed in the morning sun, and to the home of his childhood, he said: "Where shall we have a better picture of heaven than in these sanctified scenes, the springtime of life, the home of love, of affection, our father's house? It is the very image of the text, 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' and so the filial heart brings to us the truest thought of heaven! Jesus connects every thought of heaven with Himself—*my* Father's home. He is the joy of the home, the light of life; and He is the door, the way! D. A.

THE LOVE OF SCOTLAND.

WHEREVER SCOTCHMEN WANDER THEY NEVER FORGET THEIR HOME.

SCOTLAND is undefinable; it has no unity except upon the map. Two languages, many dialects, innumerable forms of piety, and countless local patriotisms and prejudices, part us among ourselves more widely than the extreme east and west of that great continent of America. When I am at home I feel a man from Glasgow to be something like a rival, a man from Barra to be more than half a foreigner. Yet let us meet in some far country, and, whether we hail from the braes of Manor or the braes of Mar, some ready-made affection joins us on the instant. It is not race. Look at us. One is Norse, one Celtic, and another Saxon. It is not community of tongue. We have it not among ourselves; and we have it almost to perfection, with English, or Irish, or American. It is no tie of faith, for we detest each other's errors. And yet somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land, and the old kindly people.

Of all mysteries of the human heart, this is perhaps the most inscrutable. There is no special loveliness in that gray country, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly-looking corn lands; its quaint, gray, castled city, where the bells clash on a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, "Oh, why left I my home?" and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year; there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!

The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman. You must pay for it in many ways as for all other advantages on earth. You have to learn the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism; your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry, and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born, for instance, in England. But somehow life is warmer and closer; the hearth burns more readily; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street, the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts. An Englishman may meet an Englishman to-morrow upon Chimborazo, and neither of them care; but when a Scottish wine-grower whom I met in Western California, told me of Mons Meg, it was like magic.

From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are
Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

And, Highland and Lowland, all our hearts
are Scotch.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

COMMON-SENSE is an element in which many persons are sadly wanting. Common-sense implies sound perception, correct reason, mental capacity, and good understanding. It is not to be acquired entirely by education; it is a sort of instinct. It may be polished and made more acute by experience. There is a great deal of sound philosophy in a little common-sense sometimes, and the exercise of it upon certain occasions would save many men from much subsequent humiliation.

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

(17.) SAUL PREACHING CHRIST: Acts 9: 19-31.

ON Saul, the most impetuous Persecutor of the Infant Church, there was wrought a most wonderful change. He heard, and at once gave heed to the heavenly call. He is now an humble believer, receives Christian baptism, and is a member of the Church of Christ.

Of the mode of baptism adopted, no account is given in the Bible. It cannot therefore be viewed as a saving ordinance. Baptism, whether by immersion, sprinkling or pouring, is simply an induction into the Church of Christ, in obedience to the Divine command.

Saul gave evidence of a new heart and a right spirit, as follows, namely: 1st. He made CHRIST'S disciples at Damascus his companions; 2nd. He straightway preached CHRIST as the Son of God and the Messiah; 3rd. He made progress in the Divine life by growth in grace; and 4th. He persevered in self-denial and sufferings to the end.

These verses (19-31) cover the space of about three years, which were not spent altogether at Damascus. In Galatians 1: 17-21, he tells that he went to Arabia and to Jerusalem, then to Syria again, and afterwards to his native city of Tarsus.

Tarsus was the metropolis of Cilicia in Asia Minor, and was a distinguished seat of Greek Philosophy and literature; and, from the number of its schools and learned men, was ranked by the side of Athens and Alexandria. It eventually became a Roman colony, and on this account Saul enjoyed the right of Roman citizenship. It is now greatly reduced, and is inhabited by Turks to the number of 30,000.

The subject of Saul's preaching related to Jesus as the Son of God, the very Christ, the promised Messiah predicted as the Saviour of the world; the atonement He made for the sins of the human race, by His life and passion, His death, resurrection, ascension, and mediation. His eloquence was amazing. He was so successful that the Jews sought to kill him, not only at Damascus, but also at Jerusalem. At the former city he escaped by being let down at night over the wall in a basket; and at the latter city by being sent to Caesarea.

Saul's conversion removed a chief Persecutor, and the Infant Church had rest. Godly people were greatly multiplied during those three years.

(18.) PETER WORKING MIRACLES: Acts 9 : 32-43.

This chapter concludes the first eight years of the Infant Church, from the day of Pentecost (A. D. 29) to the resurrection of Dorcas (A. D. 37.) The Gospel, up to this period, was preached to the Jews only, not a Gentile having been called before Cornelius. See chap. 10. Salvation was of the Jews; from which nation came the Lord Jesus Christ. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not," John 1 : 11. The Jews rejected Christ and crucified Him, and, after eight years had elapsed, the Apostles, by command, turned to the Gentiles. See Luke 2 : 32, and Acts 26 : 23.

Among the Gentiles the Infant Church was soon established. The Reprobate nations became the Elect, and the Elect nation turned Reprobate! Here we see God's goodness as well as His severity. See Romans 11 : 22.

The Christian can only stand by faith and grace, and must not be high-minded, but fear.

While Peter was visiting the Churches and building them up on their most holy faith, he doubtless performed many miracles in the name of Jesus Christ, (for he had no power in himself other than what was given to him from above); and two of these miracles are set forth in the concluding part of this interesting chapter: one, the healing of Æneas at Lydda; and the other, the raising of Dorcas or Tabitha from death unto life, at Joppa.

Lydda was a town nine miles east of Joppa, on the road between that port and Jerusalem. Joppa was a very ancient sea-port town on the coast of Palestine, and was situate about forty miles northwest of Jerusalem. Recent travellers describe Joppa as having about four thousand inhabitants, who make and export large quantities of soap, used in the baths of Cairo and Damascus. Excellent fruits also, especially water melons, are extensively raised here, in orchards and gardens, (the soil being sandy and fertile,) as well as in other parts of the plain of Sharon, and shipped to various places on the Mediterranean and elsewhere. It is now of such importance that a British Consul is stationed there. Travellers to the Holy Land arrive in steamers at Joppa, and proceed by the railway—recently built—to Jerusalem.

The miracles performed by Peter were the means of confirming and increasing the converts of the Infant Church.

The Apostle dwelt some time with Simon, a tanner, preaching and establishing the saints at Joppa, until summoned by Cornelius to go to Casarea. See chapter 10 : 23. C. Y.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES :

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- C was king David's second son by birth of Abigail ;
 D was a famous female Judge, the first in Israel.
 E was the head of Reuben's tribe, with Moses, brave for fight ;
 F was a passion, timorous, he felt not day nor night.
 G was one weaned in Pharaoh's house, and bred among his sons ;
 H was his sire, an Edomite, 'gainst Solomon who runs.

ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.—Q, Quaternions; R, Rahab; S, Samuel; T, Thomas; U, Uriah; V, Vengeance.

WELL DONE, good children who always answer well! Do your best now! Only another number this year.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Concluded.)

DURING my remembrances there reigned three Kings and a Queen over Great Britain: George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. The first and last had long and prosperous reigns. George IV. and William (two brothers) had short reigns. They were both old men when they came to the throne. During the same period there have been sixteen Prime Ministers. Of these, Lord Liverpool held office the longest, and Percival the shortest. He was shot in the lobby of the House of Parliament by an insane person. There were also, during the same period, thirteen Governors who consecutively ruled over this Province of Nova Scotia, namely: Wentworth, Provost, Sherbrooke, Dalhousie, Kempt, Maitland, Campbell, Falkland, Harvey, LeMarchant, Normanby, Williams, and Doyle. Ten of these were Generals in the Army. Six of them served under the Great Duke, and gained honors in Spain, Portugal, and at Waterloo. I have seen them all, and remember them well.

The progress recently made in civilization and science is truly astonishing. Sixty years ago the science of Geology was not known. Neither was Meteorology or Mineralogy. Steam power was undeveloped, and, although Elec-

tricity was known, it was only known as one of the most destructive powers of nature. It is only within comparatively a few years that men began to apply Electricity to any useful purpose. The utilization of Steam and of the Electric Telegraph have changed the whole aspect, not only of the commercial but also of the political world. Nor is the progress made in Morality and Religion during the same period much less marked than that in Science and Civilization.

At the time I was born there were no Missionary Societies, except at London and at Rome; no Bible or Tract Societies; and no Societies for educating the Poor, at home or abroad, except Sunday Schools just begun by Robert Raikes in 1781. Now there are Missionaries preaching the everlasting Gospel in every part, and almost in every language in the world. And wherever the Gospel goes, civilization follows. It is quite true that the large majority of mankind are still in a state of barbarism and heathenism. Nevertheless a mighty *beginning* has been made. In some places, formerly in utter barbarism, thousands and thousands have been converted to Christianity, and *everywhere* some progress has been made. And who can venture to predict or estimate the happy changes which the next period of seventy-five years will effect?

Although my education has been very limited, (confined entirely to the English language), yet, from my class studies in my younger days and constant reading since, I acquired such knowledge of the Physical Sciences as to enable me to understand and appreciate the progress of modern discoveries, and in a measure to keep pace with them.

My firm opinion is, that man is as yet acquainted with but a small part of the latent powers of Nature, all of which will hereafter be discovered as the exigencies of man require them, and be utilized by him for his own purposes, just as Steam and Electricity have been. The GREAT CREATOR having stored the earth, the sea and the atmosphere with such treasures as man requires for the performance of his mission in this world, and just as he requires them, GOD will raise up some one to discover and utilize them. It is hardly correct to term these things "discoveries;" they are truly "revelations."

P.S.—July, 1878. I am an old man, about eighty years of age. I have great reason to thank GOD that my bodily senses, except my hearing, are still unimpaired, and the faculties of my mind are quite vigorous. I can execute the business of my office with as clear an un-

derstanding as ever I could, and my judgment on things and events are sounder than ever before. If it were the good will of my Heavenly Father, I would not wish to outlive my bodily senses and mental intellect. A second childhood or dotage is a melancholy state to look at or think upon. I have been blessed with as kind and devoted children as a parent could wish to have; I know they would nurse me and provide for me in all or any circumstances; nevertheless, I would not like to become burdensome to them or outlive my usefulness. But let GOD's will be done,—not mine. There are now so many of my dear children gone to the "house of silence"—to the "sleep that knows no waking here," that I lose all relish for those things that used formerly to delight me. The heart is sad, and takes no pleasure in them now. Oh what a glorious thing is memory! When I was young, the Past was nothing to me, the Future everything: "Building castles in the air," which were never realized; neither indeed were it possible ever to finish; dreaming day-dreams, and seeing visions of future greatness and eminence which were never to be attained;—the mind meanwhile feeding itself on the gorgeous creations of its own wild fancy. But now that I am old, the Future of this world is nothing to me,—the Past everything: Memory bringing up out of its own treasure-house glowing pictures of scenes and incidents in which I bore a part, long, long ago, and the remembrance of men and women with whom I was once acquainted and held sweet converse, but whose bodies are all now at rest, in the "silent cities of the dead," and whose souls have returned to GOD who gave them; Who shall render to every one according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or bad; for there is no respect of persons with GOD. The JUDGE of all the universe will do right! He has gone to prepare everlasting habitations for all the good and true.

[This venerable and excellent man survived for eleven years longer, performing his duties as Stipendiary Magistrate of New Glasgow till his last illness of eight days, during which he was confined to his house, suffering little pain, but conscious, bright and cheerful to the last, when he died in peace, on Sept. 16th, 1884, "looking unto JESUS," at the advanced age of 92 years. "Mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Ps. 37 : 37.]

The greatest glory of a free-born people is to transmit their glory to their children.—*Howard.*

FATHER CHINIQUY ON CELIBACY.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION: DID HE VIOLATE HIS OATH?



MISS REBECCA CHINIQUY, daughter of Rev. Charles Chiniquy, of St. Anne, Ill., was on August 3rd united in marriage to Rev. Joseph Morin, of Lowell, Massachusetts. A Bible crowned with flowers was carried in the marriage procession. Before the marriage ceremony took place Mr. Chiniquy delivered an address on "Marriage," from which we make a few extracts:—

"It was the usage in the days of old, to crown the victors when returning from the battle field. This is the reason why we have carried this Bible in triumph, and have covered it with crowns of flowers, to this house of prayer. It is to that Bible we owe the victories we have gained in the past, against the most implacable enemy of the Gospel of Christ and the rights of man. It is in that Bible we have found the sharp sword which has cut the ignominious and heavy chains which had so long kept us the slaves of men; it is from that Bible, and not from ourselves, we have got the strength and the wisdom we wanted, to fight the mighty battle of these last thirty years; it is to that Bible we owe the glorious liberties brought to us from heaven by Christ; and it is to that Bible we owe the joys of this solemn hour. The respect I owe to the numerous Roman Catholic and Protestant friends who surround me here, as well as the respect I owe to myself, impose upon me the duty of answering several questions which present themselves to the mind of every one here: 'Before you were ordained a priest of Rome, the 23rd of September, 1833, had you not sworn before God and man that you would never marry? Are you not ashamed for having broken your sacred vows? Do you not hear the voice of your conscience condemning you to-day, when you stand here between your wife and your children, in our presence, after having trampled under your feet such solemn oaths?'

Before answering these questions, allow me to ask your views about the solemn and public oath taken by Herod in favor of the daughter of Herodias. Was he really obliged to cut the head off John the Baptist when that infamous girl asked him to do it? You unanimously answer me, that not only Herod was not obliged to fulfill his criminal oath, but that he committed a new crime by doing what he had sworn to do. You, then, acknowledge that there are vows and oaths against the laws of God which must not be kept.

Well, there has never been a more impious vow than the celibacy of the Priests. That vow is against the most sacred laws written by the hand of God not only in the heart, but in every drop of man's blood; it is in direct opposition to the first solemn command of our Creator. Open this holy Bible, and you will read, 'It is not good for man to be alone. Let us make him a help like unto himself.'—Genesis 2: 18. Have these words ever been retracted? No! Never. All the echoes of heaven and earth repeat again that sentence which fell from the very lips of God: 'It is not good for man to be alone; let us

make a help like unto himself.' Has our Saviour Jesus Christ said anything to make us believe that He wanted to repeal those solemn words? No, it is the contrary. It was among married men that he selected His apostles, and, far from ordering them to give up their wives, the Gospel tells us positively that those holy apostles were not only living with their wives when at home, but they were travelling with them when delivering their divine messages all over the world. Here is the unanswerable testimony of St. Paul on the subject: 'Have we not power to eat and drink? Have we not the power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as the other apostles, and as the Brethren of Jesus Christ, and Cephas? Or I only and Barnabas, have we not power to do this?'—I Cor. 9: 4, 5.

But what will, perhaps, more surprise many of you, is, that the Church of Rome herself is an irrefutable witness that the vow of celibacy does not come from God, but that it is a human, a diabolical ordinance. All her historians acknowledge that her priests were allowed to be married during nearly 1,000 years. Even to-day, many of her priests who live in Greece and Asia are married. It is a public fact, which not a single respectable priest can ignore and deny to-day. When, at the great Council of Nice, a bishop proposed that the priests should be forbidden to marry, that proposition was rejected by an almost unanimous vote. Then I broke my vows of celibacy as Luther, Knox, and thousands of holy men did before me, only when I saw clearly that they were not ordinances of God, but of man, or rather of the Devil. I gave up that celibacy when I was sure that it was not brought from heaven by Christ to sanctify and save the world, but that it was brought from hell to deceive and destroy souls. I know some people say, 'Mr. Chiniquy left the Church of Rome to get a wife;' but those who think and say that, will see their mistake when they know that I left the Church of Rome in 1858, and that I got married only in 1861.

The marriage of my dear child is a more remarkable thing than many suspect. She is the first daughter of a priest of Rome who is publicly and solemnly offered on the Christian altar of marriage by her father in this great Republic! This shows that the world is moving on.

At the end of the eighth and ninth centuries, when the Church of Rome began to forbid her priests to marry, she dragged to the scaffold, and burnt many of those priests who refused to obey her cruel law. She did not only burn those unfortunate priests, but she burnt their wives and children who refused to submit to spend their lives in the dark dungeons with which she had covered the world under the name of convents. If to-day I am saved, with the wife and children whom God has given me, from that horrible death, I owe it to this holy Gospel. There it is written with the blood of the Lamb that "Marriage is honorable in all."—Hebrews 13: 4, and the Pope and his bishops will not dare to lay their bloody hands on me nor on my wife and children, for we are protected by the glorious American flag, which is just floating in the breeze at the top of our steeple, and a million of heroes have written with their blood, on that flag, the message brought by Christ from heaven—Liberty of Conscience!!!

With this Bible before our eyes, as a lamp to guide our steps in this land of pilgrimage, and with the stars and stripes of the brave and the free to protect our honor and lives! to-day there is nothing to mar our joys. Oh! then, lend me your tongues to praise my God; lend me your

hearts to love him; for if left alone I can not bless and praise Him as I want!"

After that Mr. Chiniquy remarked that, by a strange providence of God, the bride with her bridegroom had selected that third of August for the blessed day of their union, without knowing that it was the anniversary of the greatest triumph of the people of St. Anne against Rome. He gave a graphic account of the last effort made, twenty-nine years ago, by Bishop Duggan, to bring back the people of St. Anne to the Church of Rome. After having told how the prelate had completely failed, he recalled the prophetic words of Mr. Bechard, who, seeing the bishop and his priests running away, went to the platform and cried out: "Hurrah for St. Anne, the burial ground of the tyranny of the bishops of Rome in America!" And he told how the five thousand converts from Rome who surrounded the ambassador of the Pope in that solemn hour, had made the echoes repeat these prophetic words: "Hurrah for St. Anne, the burial ground of the tyranny of the bishops of Rome in America!"—*P. Review.*

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

THE LOST SHEEP.



EAR, Good Shepherd, hear my cry;
Lost among the hills am I.
Leave for me the ninety-nine;
Find me, find, and make me Thine.
In the mountains, strayed from Thee,
Come, O come, and seek for me.

Where the wilderness is dry,
Seek for me before I die.
Where the mountain-side is steep,
And ravines are dark and deep,
Where Thou hearest one low moan,
Seek me starving, lost, and lone.

Lay me on Thy shoulders, lay,
Weak and weary of my way.
All my strength in wandering spent,
Take and bear me to Thy tent.
Let me hear Thine own dear voice,
And Thy friends with Thee rejoice.

THE REV. T. O. PAINE.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."
ISA. 55: 1.

He every one that thirsteth!
Why will ye gaze and mock,
When living water bursteth
From out the living rock?
Come, Zion's sons and daughters,
What, do ye waver still?
Ho, come ye to the waters,
And freely quaff your fill!

How fresh the fountain springeth!
How bright its ripples gleam!

The very song it singeth
Might lull your hearts to dream.
If such to sight it floweth,
What words avail to tell
How blest a boon he knoweth
Who, stooping, drinketh well?

Oh, come, ye gladly thronging,
Yea, come, ye low and high;
Let no man gaze in longing,
As lacking gold to buy,
Through all the parched summer
It sparkles clear and free;
It flows for every comer,
Without a price or fee.

A respite sweet one earneth
By well or river-brink;
But soon the thirst returneth—
Again he longs to drink.
Come, Zion's sons and daughters,
Ye pilgrims faint and sore;
Yea, quaff the living waters,
Nor thirst for evermore.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted with life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
To secure you contentment if anything can—
Do some service for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?
So weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do your duty for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

If it rains as if raining a flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can win happy sunshine of soul, little man—
Do some favor for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

If the skies be as brass overhead, little girl,
And the wall like a well-heated brick,
And your earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—
Do some kindness for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Oh give me the life of a farmer's wife
In the fields and woods so bright,
Among the singing birds and the lowing herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The song in the morn of the lark heaven-borne
Is the music sweet to me;
And the dewy flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see.

Oh give me the breeze from the waving trees,
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallow's song as he skims along,
Or twitters beneath the eaves!
The ploughman's shout, as he's turning out
His team at the rise of sun;
Or his merry "good-night" by the fire-fly's light
When his daily work is done.

And give me the root and the luscious fruit
My own hands reared for food;
And the bread so light, and the honey white,
And the milk so pure and good.

For sweet the bliss of our labor is,
When the heart is strong and true,
And blessings will come to the hearth and home
If our best we bravely do.

THE SICK CHILD.

CHILD:
O, mother, lay your hand on my brow,
O, mother, mother, where am I now?
Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

MOTHER:
Fear not at all, the night is still.
Nothing is here that means you ill:—
Innocent lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

CHILD:
Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,
Some of the things are so great and near,
Some are so small and far away.
I have a great fear, I cannot say!
What have I done, and what do I fear?
And why are you crying, mother dear?

MOTHER:
Out in the city sounds begin,
Thank the kind GOD the carts come in!
An hour or two more and GOD is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window blind.
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds, and the hills of sheep.

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

THOUGH other skies may be as bright
And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other lands invite
My wandering footsteps there,
Yet there is one, the peer of all,
Beneath bright heaven's dome;
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian home.

Thy lakes and rivers, as "the voice
Of many waters," raise
To Him who planned their vast extent
A symphony of praise.
Thy mountain peaks o'erlook the clouds—
They pierce the azure skies;
They bid thy sons be strong and true,
To great achievements rise.

A noble heritage is ours,
So grand and fair and free,
A fertile land, where he who toils
Shall well rewarded be;
And he who joys in nature's charms,
Exulting, here may view
Scenes of enchantment—strangely fair,
Sublime in form and hue.

Shall not the race that tread thy plains,
Spurn all that would enslave?
Or they who battle with the tides,
Shall not that race be brave?
Shall not Niagara's mighty voice
Inspire to actions high?
'Twere easy such a land to love,
Or for her welfare die.

And doubt not should a foeman's hand
Be armed to strike at thee,
Thy trumpet call throughout the land
Need scarce repeated be

As bravely as on Queenstown's Heights,
Or as in Lundy's Lane,
Thy sons will battle for thy rights
And freedom's cause maintain.

Did kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada that choice should be,
The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy waters' flash and foam,
May GOD in love o'er thee preside,
My own Canadian home.

E. G. NELSON.

The Monthly Record.

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TO OUR AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

ANOTHER MONTH will complete our vol-
ume of the MONTHLY RECORD for
1887. It has been to us a labor of
love and delight, but also of much
care and toil and expense. Every
honest subscriber will therefore pay
his arrears promptly; as we have made the
price as low as possible. And our trusty
Agents, each and all, will please take pains to
collect the arrears and remit to us without
delay; so that our excellent new Editor may
enter on a clear field for 1888.

Now also is the time to renew subscriptions,
or to order discontinuance if you do not wish
to continue as subscribers. See that you make
your intention well understood, by writing in
every case.

All arrears due, up to 31st Dec., 1887, are
to be paid to the present Editor, Rev. P. Mel-
ville, Hopewell; and all subscriptions for 1888
are to be paid to the new Editor, Rev. W. Mc-
Millan, Bridgeville, E. R., Pictou.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE famous London preacher, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has withdrawn from the Baptist union. In announcing his decision to withdraw and replying to his critics, he says: "To pursue union at the expense of the truth is treason to Jesus. To tamper with His doctrine is to become traitors to Him. We have before us the wretched spectacle of professedly orthodox Christians publicly avowing union with those who deny the faith, call the fall of man a fable, and deny the personality of the Holy Ghost." Replying to the question why he does not start a new denomination, he says that it is a question for which he has no liking; that there are enough denominations already, and that if another were formed the thieves and robbers who have entered the other gardens walled around would enter it also, so nothing would be gained. Baptists generally regret Mr. Spurgeon's decision, and are urging him to reconsider it.

EMIN PASHA, like his master, the late GENERAL GORDON, refuses to leave his loyal African subjects to the wild Arab slavers. He tells Stanley that all he asks is, that England will open up a safe road to them from the sea coast for commerce.

GEN. BAKER estimates England's military strength as follows: Active military service, 151,867; 1st class army reserve, 52,000; 2nd class army reserve, 5,300; militia, 141,438; in India, 71,691. Total, 422,206. After deductions, Gen. Baker arrives at a total of 123,000 men for a field army, including India and the Colonial garrisons.

FRANCE has once more agreed to cease sending her criminals to the New Hebrides, and to withdraw her troops from thence. Will she stand to this?

THE ALLIANCE of Italy, Germany, and Austria has been renewed for five years, Italy reserving the right to maintain absolute neutrality in the event of a Franco German war.

Premier Crispi and Prince Bismarck in their recent interview discussed the Suez Canal question, and agreed that as England and Italy were in accord on the subject the three powers should act uniformly in connection with the canal.

Despatches also state that Prince Bismarck has effected this alliance preliminary to the formation of a central European zollverein, which will include Germany, Austria, Italy, Servia and Roumania, and place an insurmount-

able obstacle in the path of Russian encroachments upon Constantinople. The *Cologne Gazette* says that a central European zollverein would render Germany entirely independent of Russian timber, corn and cattle, and would realize the object which has long been the ideal of many eminent political economists and many practical statesmen.

RUSSIAN influence seems to be losing ground in Europe; while Bulgaria and her new King Ferdinand are gaining. France too and her favourite Gen. Boulanger are in trouble over the Caffare scandal and other offences.

THE grog bill for the United Kingdom last year was £123,268,000, equal to the total spent in bread, butter, and cheese; more than the rental of all houses; nearly twice the rental of all farms; and thirty millions more than the entire expenditure of the government. One month's drink bill equalled that of all the national charities and schools; £17 was the average cost to each family, or nearly £4 to each individual. Out of £12,000 paid by a single ship-building firm every week, £4,000 was spent in drink. The grain destroyed as food in making spirits and beer amounted to 74,500,000 bushels, which, if made into 4lb. loaves, would cover a road 10 yards wide and 1,900 miles long—enough to reach from London to Moscow, with 400 miles to spare, or to stretch to Rome and back to London. Above one thousand millions of gallons of beer, wine, and spirits were consumed in the year, and about 600 millions of dollars were spent upon that consumption.

THE American board of commissioners for foreign missions held a long debate on the doctrine of probation after death. The efforts of its advocates to secure a modification of the methods of the board so that candidates for mission fields would be accepted even though holding the doctrine, failed by a vote of 88 to 51.

THERE are 150 female physicians in New York, while more than double the number are to be found in Brooklyn and other adjacent cities. Among those in New York city it is said there are quite a number who have incomes of \$10,000; two or three make yearly sums ranging from \$15,000 to \$20,000, and one has averaged for the last four years a steady income of \$25,000.

THE political machine in the United States is extortionate as well as tyrannical. It requires a rich man to be a candidate for office in the great cities. If he is ever so able and patriotic, if he cannot pay over to the machine the required amount of money, he is forthwith

rejected. A regular scale of assessment on candidates is drawn up, amounting in some cases to nearly the whole of the legitimate emoluments of the office which the candidate seeks. The *New York Evening Post* publishes from inside information the following schedule of assessments drawn by the leaders of the two Democratic organizations of the city, and the *Times* reproduces it, declaring that it also possesses reliable "inside information" of its accuracy:

Supreme Court Judge, 2 at \$20,000	\$40,000
Criminal Judge	10,000
City Court Judge, 2 at \$5,000	10,000
District Court Judge, 7 at \$3,000	21,000
Surrogate	10,000
District Attorney	10,000
Controller	25,000
State Senator, 7 at \$5,000	35,000
Assemblymen, 24 at \$1,500	36,000
Aldermen, 21 at \$1,000	21,000
President Board Aldermen	2,500
Total,	\$223,500

Such systematic extortion as this is really a premium on "boodling."

THE United States Railways will be increased by 10,000 miles this year! The increase during the first six months was 3750 miles. The Railway mileage in the United States is three times what it was twenty years ago.

ACCORDING to recent statistics 297,825 Union soldiers lie buried in the various national cemeteries of the United States. The war cost the North 320,000 lives, or more than one in nine of all those who entered the service. The two opposing armies met in over 2,000 skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these conflicts the loss on the Federal side was upwards of 500 men, and in at least ten battles more than 10,000 men were reported lost on each side. The combined losses of the Federal and Confederate forces in killed, wounded, and missing in the following engagements were:—Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone River, 37,000; Chancellorsville, 23,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's Peninsula Campaign, 50,000; Grant's Peninsula Campaign 180,000; and Sherman's Campaign, 125,000. Waterloo was one of the most desperate and bloody fields chronicled in European history, yet Wellington's casualties were less than 12 per cent, while during the American War, the loss at Murfreesburg, Atlanta, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, and other places, frequently reached and sometimes exceeded 40 per cent., and the average of killed and wounded on one side or the other was 30 per cent. If the figures of the Confederate losses could be accurately

ascertained, the total deaths in the late war would probably surpass 500,000.

THE tone of injured innocence which some of the American papers adopt when discussing the new Fishery Commission is very provoking to Canadians. Although the Americans have been all along the aggressors, although they have never really given up what they solemnly renounced by the convention of 1818, and although they have never lived up to the agreement which they then made, many of those who speak for them now assume the attitude of persons who have been greatly wronged and who have borne the provocations of the Canadians with unexampled forbearance!

THE Fishery Commission will shortly meet to try to settle this vexed question. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Lionel West, and Sir Charles Tupper, are the British Commissioners. They will do their part well; but the American Senate, Congress, and masses, may play the old "dog in-the-manger" game, as they did in the late Extradition Negotiations, even after they were agreed on by their own President and official agents.

Why do the American Senators, etc., refuse to make an Extradition Treaty with Canada? Is it really because they fear that they may yet have to flee to Canada for boodling or other crimes, and dread to be extradited by Canada? It looks very suspicious, to say the very least!

OUR O'VN CHURCH AND COUNTRY.

NOVA SCOTIA.

(From the Colonial Standard, etc.)

PICTOU.—At St. Andrew's Sunday School Rev. J. M. Cattan read Mr. McLeon's Report of the Pictou Island Mission, which was as follows:—

"I have been five months on Pictou Island; in that time I held more than eighty meetings. On Sunday we had services in the forenoon, Sunday School in the afternoon, and prayer meeting in the evening; on Monday evening a teachers' meeting; and on Wednesday evening a prayer meeting. The regular service on Sunday forenoon, and the prayer meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, were well attended. I received hearty assistance in the prayer meetings from several brothers, most of whom are young men. A weekly prayer meeting is to be continued through the winter.

The Sunday School numbers forty-three scholars with six teachers. It was organized nearly two years before my going there; and during that time it was very efficiently conducted by Mr. John S. McDonald, Miss Cassie G. McDonald, and Miss Annie F. Campbell. To these and others who are now associated with them in the good work, the school is left with every prospect of permanency and continued success.

Capt. O'Brien visited us and held a splendid meeting, on Sunday evening, June 19. The Rev. Mr. Callan paid a pastoral visit to every family on the island, and held a meeting which was well attended and appreciated. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed August 21st. St. Andrew's Session was represented by Messrs. Fraser and McKay. The Rev. Mr. McMillan officiated. About twenty four sat down to the table of the Lord, nine of these for the first time. It was a day much to be remembered. All were deeply impressed with the solemn scene.

Thus the good seed was sown. Eternity alone will reveal to the full the amount of spiritual good accomplished. But this is true, God has a remnant of His people in that island.

The money raised by subscription and Sunday collections amounts to \$144.22. This averages over \$5 per family, and consequently entitles them to *augmentation*. It is my earnest hope that, as they have contributed so liberally to help on the work, you will regard the continuance of the mission to Pictou Island a sacred duty.

I have only to add that I met with uniform kindness from the people, and received many substantial tokens of good will. Their kindness to me, and their hearty co-operation in the Lord's work, are to me matters of thankfulness to God; and I do assure you and them, through you, that I shall ever have the most pleasant recollections of my sojourn with them."

PICTOU ISLAND.—What a mistaken idea some people on the mainland have of this island. When we landed, instead of being oppressed by a sense of loneliness, we were exhilarated by seeing ourselves surrounded by a vast amphitheatre stretching from the furthest right hand view to the left. We were clasped within the arms of the mainland, and looking straight at us, west, south and east were the sloping plains and hill ranges from Cape John and Mt. Dalhousie to Arisaig and Cape George, with only a bright blue semicircular patch of sea between. We saw more of Nova Scotia than when in Nova Scotia. The Island is about five miles long by one broad, at the centre. One street passes through its length on the water side. The north shore is lightly wooded. The southern slope is a veritable garden so far as the fertility and easy working of the soil is concerned:—about 27 farms. Fields of wheat which Ontario or the far-famed North-West could scarcely match except in extent; while on the mainland we have been suffering from drought and other evils. The lobster fisheries have been utilized to produce ready money and fertilizers. The ocean tosses up seaweed, and the farmers know how to use it. The last few years have witnessed a remarkable advance in the prosperity of the people. The sound of the machine reaper could be heard, reminding one of the best farms on the mainland. The people are more intelligent than the average in our towns. They know better the state of the Dominion and of the world. They know how to

use their newspapers. They miss some of the city gossip and of city pranks; and long may they continue to miss them. In winter time only are they at a disadvantage. They are hospitable and can afford it. Their collection on Communion Sunday was better, head for head, than that of our largest town congregation. The day is not long distant, we believe, when Pictou Island, connected with the town by a regular ferry, will be a summer resort of more than provincial fame, and as soon as the new wharf is built out into deep water, we should expect a regular ferry.

EGERTON PRESBYTERY held its regular meeting on the 2nd inst., at which arrangements were made for supply of the vacant charges, and for Holy Communion at New Glasgow, Westville, etc. Rev. Mr. McMillan was appointed Moderator of Session for Westville, etc., Rev. Mr. McKichan for New Glasgow, and Rev. Mr. Melville for Gairloch. The meeting was full and harmonious as usual; and among other important arrangements, the following appointments were made for Gairloch: Rev. Mr. Melville for Nov. 20; Rev. Mr. McKichan for Dec. 4 and Jan. 15; Rev. Mr. Stewart for Dec. 18 and Jan. 29; Rev. Mr. McMillan for Jan. 1 and Feb. 5.

BRIDGEVILLE.—The Rev. Wm. McMillan, who has been spending his vacation with friends in the New England States, has returned. He reports having had very pleasant weather, and having met many Pictouian friends and acquaintances, who helped by their kindness to make his visit a very pleasant one. Pictouians are to the front everywhere, and respected and trusted by their employers.

St. Paul's congregation keep up to high water mark. Though frequent calls are made upon their time and energies in looking after and promoting the comfort and interest of their pastor and his family, yet "always ready" is their motto, "shoulder to shoulder" their characteristic, and "up and at it" their determination. On Thursday and Friday of last week the annual "ploughing turn-out" was the order of the day, and another burden was lifted off their pastor's mind in seeing his fields ready for another spring's seed. May the good seed take deep root in their hearts, and may their harvest be joy, peace, and life everlasting.

PICTOU ACADEMY

Is still winning fresh honors under the able care of PRINCIPAL MCKAY. The following are the results of the Terminal Examinations:

FOURTH YEAR.

This class disappeared about the end of the first week in October, owing to the drafts made

upon it by the various colleges. This state of maladjustment between the Academies and Universities is a matter which requires the immediate attention of our educational authorities. September seems to be the natural commencement of the school year, and June and July its close. One-half of this class matriculated in Dalhousie College, others in McGill, Montreal, and elsewhere, while a few have taken charge of schools.

THIRD YEAR.

List of Promotions to Fourth Year: 1, Robert S. Campbell, Tatamagouche, 67.6; 2, Ellen M. McKenzie, Stellarton, 66.4; 3, ASA J. Crockett, Hopewell, 65.4; 4, Michael Muir, Westville, 61.1; 5, Alex. D. Williams, Goldenville, 62.0; 6, Albert E. Brownrigg, Pictou, 55.2; 7, Russell McLean, Pictou, 54.8; 8, Willie S. Gray, Hopewell, 61.8.

Class Prizes: Robert S. Campbell—1, Hist. Eng. Literature; 2, General History; 3, French. Harry M. Jacques, Kings Co., 1, Physiology; Joseph H. Hattie, Hopewell, 1, Eng. Composition; ASA J. Crockett, 1, Eng. Grammar; Alex. D. Williams, 1, Xenophon; Willie S. Gray, 1, Arithmetic; Michael Muir, 1, Geometry; Ellen M. McKenzie—1, Eng. Literature; 2, Pt. Mathematics; 3, Algebra; 4, Physics; 5, Chemistry. Russell McLean—1, Latin Grammar; 2, Latin Composition; 3, Caesar; 4, Greek Composition. A. E. Brownrigg—1, Virgil; 2, Greek Grammar.

SECOND YEAR.

Promotions: 1, R. F. O'Brien, Maitland, 65.2; 2, Howard Banks, Shelburne Co., 63.1; 3, A. Boak Alexander, Colchester Co., 63.2; 4, Anna Isabella Logan, Pictou, 58.9; 5, Alex. H. Denoon, Stellarton, 51.7; 6, Wm. Rod. McKay, Springville, 53.9; 7, P. Westphal Howe, Halifax, 53.4; 8, Peter M. McDonald, Pictou, 53.1; 9, Aggie McKenzie, Pictou, 52.3; 10, Christina M. Logan, Pictou, 51.5.

Class Prizes: Boak Alexander, 1, Arithmetic; R. F. O'Brien, 1, History; 2, Latin Composition; 3, Greek Grammar; 4, Greek Composition; 5, Book-keeping; Howard Banks, 1, Eng. Grammar; 2, French; 3, Geometry; 4, Geography; 5, Physics; A. H. Denoon, 1, Latin Grammar; Peter M. McDonald, 1, Eng. Composition; 2, Physics; Annie A. McMillan, Pictou, 1, Evangelism; Christina M. Logan, Pictou, 1, Drawing; Anna Isabella Logan, Pictou, 1, History; 2, Botany; Louisa Robson, Pictou, 1, French Grammar; Jessie A. McQuarrie, Pictou Co., 1, Algebra.

FIRST YEAR.

Promotions: 1, Fanny M. Fraser, Pictou, 60.1; 2, Laura Fullerton, Pictou, 55.9; 3, Lizzie M. McDonald, Hopewell, 54.4; 4, John James McKenzie, Pictou, 53.8; 5, Maggie Chambers, Pictou, 51.5; 6, Isabella Gammoh, Pictou, 51.5.

Class Prizes: Lizzie M. McDonald, 1, Eng. Literature; 2, British History; 3, Geometry; 4, Geography; 5, Botany; Roderic Seward, 1, Lat. Grammar; John James McKenzie, 1, Algebra; Charles D. Cooke, 1, Drawing; James D. McGregor, 1, Latin Composition; Maggie Chambers, 1, English Composition; 2, Arithmetic; Fannie M. Fraser, 1, French Grammar; 2, Botany.

About one hundred students wrote at the examinations with the above results.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX.—Externally this new building is not an imposing structure, but it impresses the spectator with

the conviction that use rather than ornament has been the controlling idea. It is plain, substantial, and thoroughly well built of brick, with freestone bindings and facings. The interior is most commodious, and is conveniently arranged. There is no College in Canada that offers finer lecture rooms, and rooms for a museum and libraries. There is ample accommodation for all the classes,—for the Law Faculty as well as for the Arts. We should judge that there is room enough for three times the present number of students. Mr. Milliken, the contractor, appears to have done his part well. His contract costs nearly \$54,000; heating, furnishing, etc., will run up the cost to \$65,000 or \$70,000. The upper stories of the building command the finest possible views of Halifax scenery, seaward and landward. We congratulate students and professors, governors and architect and builder, upon the near completion of a splendid enterprise. The honored name of Sir William Young will be rightly associated with this building. Were it not for his generous gifts, the College would be mewed up for some time to come in the venerable and departed building that graced the north end of the Grand Parade.—P. W.

THE British Government is prepared to further strengthen the defences of Halifax harbor. A new fortification is being erected at the extreme point of McNab's Island, on which will be stationed two 10-inch breech-loading guns, weighing 54 tons each. These guns will have an explosive power of 200 pounds of powder, and will carry 800 pound shot a distance of six miles. York Redoubt has hitherto been regarded as the chief outer defence of the harbor, but it was discovered at the time of the sham naval engagement during jubilee week that it was possible for a war vessel to get safely past this defence. The new fort on McNab's Island is being erected to meet such a contingency. It is said Halifax is also to be made a great coaling station and the headquarters for the British American squadron as soon as the dry dock here is completed. The Bermuda dock yard staff will be removed to Halifax, and three batteries of artillery will come. Besides this, the Scottish regiment at present quartered in Jamaica will arrive here in November to remain. It is estimated that the squadron and additional troops to be located here will involve an expenditure in this city of not less than half a million dollars a year.

REV. D. M. GORDON of Winnipeg has accepted the call recently extended to him from St. Andrew's Church, Halifax.

OUR PROVINCES v. THE STATES.—It is often said that the New England States are growing faster than our Provinces are. This is not the fact. Farming in New England is rapidly following New England fishing and ship-building into the limbo of the departed. People of an enquiring mind have turned to those huge volumes containing the results of the Tenth Census of the United States, and have therefrom adduced these suggestive facts:—

1. The agricultural districts of New England are practically stationary in population, having only increased 9 per cent. in thirty years, as compared with an increase of 62 per cent. by the Maritime Provinces in the same period.

2. The total value of the farms of New England declined 5 per cent. between 1870 and 1880, and in some of the States the decrease was as great as 20 per cent.

3. There was actually less land under cultivation in New England in 1880 than in 1870.

4. The condition of the farmers of New York is quite as bad as the condition of the farmers of New England.

The *St. John Sun* shows that New Brunswick has been making more steady and rapid progress in wealth and population than the State of Maine. In ten years New Brunswick shows four times the increase shewn by Maine.

CANADA.

The prospects of the country were never so bright as they are at the present hour. Our export trade has increased during the year by over four million dollars, while our imports have advanced by more than double that sum over the previous year. The reports from the North-West are excellent, and phenomenal crops are said to be in order. Then we see Montreal and Toronto rapidly increasing in population and prospering in trade. Look where we may, the prospect is good, and the cheerful tone of public opinion is an additional assurance that Canada is moving in the right direction. So be it always.

HOW MUCH CANADA DRINKS.—According to the Dominion Government's reports, the quantity of liquor consumed in Canada during 1885-6 was three gallons per head. In Ontario, with a good license law and one county under Scott Act, the consumption was $4\frac{1}{2}$ gallons. Quebec, which has a larger number of parishes, under partial prohibition, consumed $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons. In Manitoba and N. W., the latter being under prohibition, the consumption was $2\frac{1}{2}$ per head. New Brunswick, having 10 out of 18 counties under Scott Act, only con-

sumed $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons. Nova Scotia, with larger proportion of Scott Act counties, $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per head; and in P. E. I., which is altogether under Scott Act, less than $\frac{2}{3}$ of a gallon was consumed per head. The figures showed that the consumption of liquor decreased in the same ratio as the Scott Act was adopted.

REV. JAMES BARCLAY, A. M.

THE REV. JAMES BARCLAY is a gentleman justly beloved as a Christian minister and looked up to as a ripe scholar. It was hard to find any one who could fitly wear the mantle laid aside by the venerable and learned Dr. Jenkins, "Bishop of the Presbyterians," but the trustees of St. Paul's Church were most happy in their selection of his successor. Mr. Barclay was in one part of his career attached to the historic Church of St. Cuthbert, Edinburgh, after having graduated at Glasgow University, where he passed most brilliantly, taking prize after prize,—his name, in fact, being seen on every list of honors published by the University. The talents of the reverend gentleman are exhibited very clearly in the pulpit, his sermons being masterpieces of logic and truth forcibly applied. His administrative ability is also of a high class. Since the commencement of his ministrations at St. Paul's in the year 1883, the Church and congregation have shown signs of increased activity and life. Through Mr. Barclay's efforts, St. Paul's has now a missionary in India; and other church works, including the Victoria Mission, Point St. Charles, are correspondingly earnest, and the regular communicants number upwards of 500. Mr. Barclay's fame as a preacher and a successful minister has spread over the globe, and his name is familiar wherever the Presbyterian Church has sway. Very recently he received a unanimous call from a large and important Church in Australia which offered a salary equal to that he now receives, more than \$7000 a year with the addition of a large and comfortable manse. He however declined the offer, preferring to remain in his present cure, where he has made such host of friends and is accomplishing so good a work. Her Majesty the Queen has a great liking for the pulpit utterances of the reverend gentleman, and she has on more than one occasion commanded his presence, one of them being only last year, when in obedience to his sovereign's call he crossed the Atlantic and delivered a sermon noted at the time in the press as a very brilliant effort. Mr. Barclay in his sermons impressed on his

hearers the fact that he has sat at the feet of the Gamaliels of Scotland, and drunk deep at the wells which gave inspiration to such great orators as McLeod, Guthrie, Chalmers and Blair, but he has the happy faculty, lacking too often in the pulpit, of adapting himself to the spirit of the age and the mental calibre of his hearers, and, while in no degree sacrificing one letter of the truth to the trend of modern looseness in thought and custom, applying his teachings in such a manner as to prove himself a man of the people and period, and yet a strictly orthodox and Christian minister.

It is not only as a divine that Mr. Barclay is eminent. He is an athlete of no mean order and a great lover of all outdoor sports and pastimes. At cricket he has few equals, and he has been described as the best all round cricketer north of the Tweed. His bowling is a study, and he has by its means won victory after victory for the West of Scotland. For some years he was captain of the Glasgow University Cricket and Football clubs, and also captain of the "Gentlemen of Scotland," one of the most noted cricket teams in the Mother Country. In outdoor sports he has, as in other matters, according to one of his friends, "the courage of his convictions," and is, to some extent, decidedly a "muscular Christian." As a curler, Mr. Barclay's play is of a character to delight the hearts of all lovers of the "roaring game," and his exploits on the rink have inspired many younger than he to try their mettle with the "stones." The generous and gallant action of Mr. Barclay, who, leaving his church and home, for the time, underwent the hardships of the North-West campaign, will be remembered. Edinburgh's loss, keenly expressed at the time of his departure, has certainly been Montreal's gain.—*Montreal Star*.

MISSIONS TO OUR INDIANS.

DR. BRYCE has recently visited some of the Indian Reserves in the West. He writes:

"The great object of the Government is to turn the Indians of the prairie into farmers. Amidst many difficulties, it must be said from a survey of these reserves that the work is advancing. Oxen and implements are used by the Indians under the direction of the farm instructors. One Indian, whose farm was visited, had very nearly fifty acres of wheat. It was well put in and presented an excellent appearance. It will probably yield between 800 and 1,200

bushels of grain. If any one doubts the capability of the Indian, he has but to see this farm of a man who, ten years ago, lived by the chase, to be convinced. Fields of from ten to twenty acres of grain belonging to an Indian are quite common on these reserves. A special feature of the Indian farms is their freedom from gophers. Many of our readers may know that the gopher or ground squirrel is most abundant in the North-West Territories. At the present time much damage is being done the fields of the white settlers by this pest. On the north side of the Qu'Appelle river, opposite the reserve, was a field of ten acres of wheat, brown and useless through the ravages of the gopher. The explanation of the absence of the gopher from the Indian farms is that the Indian eats the gopher, and thus regales himself with his savoury dish and saves his crops. A hint to the white settler is sufficient! A careful computation shows that on these four reserves there are 600 acres of wheat, barley, oats and peas. One field of peas, especially, the writer never saw excelled. There were 800 bushels of potatoes planted on the reserves this year, and there are not less than fifteen acres of turnips. The gardens of the Indians are most interesting. Not only to raise vegetables but to learn their value and use indicates a civilizing process. Beets, carrots, onions, indian corn, etc., are in excellent condition. The gardens of the agent and several farm instructors are in excellent order. Probably, four or five acres of gardens in all are to be seen in the reserves."

The missionary, Hugh McKay, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, are doing good work among the Indians, Dr. Bryce says:

"Messrs. McKay and Jones fell to work with their own hands, and made an addition to their building a year ago, which enabled them to accommodate thirty-three pupils last winter. Encouraged by his success, Mr. McKay appealed to the Christian ladies of Ontario, and the result is that \$3,500 have been from different sources put at Mr. McKay's disposal for further addition. The addition will far exceed the original building. In two or three months from now will be completed a substantial pile of buildings in which fifty pupils can be trained, and the plans seem to promise a most admirable building. It is built on a deep stone foundation, will be heated by hot air, and be a model school in many respects. Mr. McKay began this work largely at his own expense, his salary being paid by the Church. Christian ladies in the Eastern Provinces have supplied clothing in large quantities. The

expense of keeping fifty pupils will be considerable, and it is very pleasing to note that the Dominion Government has been so impressed with the value of this experiment that there has been an allowance of \$30 a head for fifty pupils placed in the estimates for next year. Mr. McKay is determined to persevere until he has an institution large enough to hold all the school children on his reserves, say 120."

Mr. Jones served for years very usefully in the Methodist Ministry, but his health failed. Mrs. Jones is a sister of McDougall of honored memory,—the ardent and faithful Methodist minister who perished on the prairie while in discharge of his duties. Their services as aids in the Presbyterian mission are inestimable. —*P. Witness.*

ADVICE FROM BURDETTE.

AAY SON, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work seems to think it is all right when the bartender takes in twice as much money in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't J. B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad?

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "fullhand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a state election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you're mean enough to deadbeat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you \$2 every time; fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little

ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre, and a pair of old trousers frayed at the end, and baggy at the knee, for the Michigan sufferers; the race horse scoops in \$2000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works 25 or 30 of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$10 in debt; why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself; and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy; and when it does, the money is flung into its face like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not and certainly should not be grateful. It is insulted.

KEEP B't'sv.—Don't live a single hour of your life without knowing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through with it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

FOREIGN MISSION.

FISHER'S GRANT.

Misses Minnie Christie and Emma Grant, Collectors. Mrs Wm. Grant, 50c; Mrs Wm. Christie, \$1; Mrs James Scott, 50c; Mr W. E. Sproull, 50c; Mrs Charles Fraser, 50c; Mrs G. M. Fraser, 50c; Mrs Wm. Calder, 25c; Mrs S. A. Foster, 50c; Mrs David McDonald, 50c; Mrs George Foster, 50c; Miss M. C. Foster, 50c; Miss Nellie Foster, 25c; Mr Paul Foster, 50c; Mrs. James Aitkens, \$1.30; Mrs John Foster, \$1; D. McDonald, Esq., \$1; Mrs H. Murray, 25c; Mrs Wm. McKenzie, 50c; Mr Joseph Dee, 50c; Mr Laurio Ferguson, 50c; Mr Jas. Christie, 25c; Mr Peter Christie, 25c; Mrs Peter McKenzie, 50c; Mr Smith Foster, 50c. \$13 55
George S. Munro, Collector, 50c; John Fraser (engineer), 50c; William Arnot, 25c; Daniel McLeod, 50c—\$1 75. Total, \$15 30