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The Story of the Kirk
in Nova Scotia.



By the
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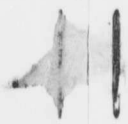
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The Story of the Book

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The first British settlement in Nova Scotia was effected in 1744, when the Hon. Edward Cornwallis was appointed governor of the province and proceeded to found a colony accompanied by 3700 adventurers who landed in Chebucto Bay, and immediately began building a town for their habitation, which they called Halifax. It was so called in honour of the English Earl of that name, then a member of the British ministry.

By a law of the province, passed in 1758, it was enacted that "the sacred Rites and Ceremonies of Divine Worship, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, shall be deemed the fixed form of worship and the place where such Liturgy shall be used shall be respected and known by the name of the Church of England, as by law established, provided nevertheless, that Protestants dissenting from the Church of England shall have free liberty of conscience and may erect meeting-houses, choose and elect ministers and administer their sacraments, according to their several opinions, and all such Dissenters shall be free from the payment of all taxes or rates required to be raised and made, for the support of the Church of England." At the same time the church wardens and vestrymen were authorized to assess the faithful for the support of ordinances and Justices of the Peace were empowered to grant warrants of distress against such as refused to pay their dues after one month's notice.

A long standing grievance among the Dissenters seems to have been the exclusive privilege claimed by the Church of England to marry by license and, what made matters worse, that this privilege was claimed in parishes where there were no resident

ministers of the Church of England. Not only were Dissenters ignored but insult was added to injury, as it was alleged that the government conferred on certain laymen, called Commissioners, the power of celebrating marriage in such parishes. In spite of continued appeal and remonstrance the injustice was persisted in and continued in force at the date of Haliburton's writing in 1828, and, if we are not misinformed, is still in force in some parts of Newfoundland. Then the Church of England held the supremacy in Nova Scotia and was not disposed to forego any of its real advantages.

But time wrought changes. From 1827 the Presbyterians claimed 37,225 of the inhabitants and the Church of England 28,000. The Roman Catholic at the same time numbered 20,401, the Methodists 9,408, and the Baptists 19,790. The comparative progress of the several bodies since that time appears, from the numbers credited to each by the census of 1871, as follows: Presbyterians, 103,517; Roman Catholics, 102,001; Baptists, 73,430; Church of England, 55,124; Methodists, 40,871; Reformed Presbyterians, 3,722; Presbyterians not specially designated, 2,850. By the census of 1871 the Free Church shows a large excess in adherents over the Church of Scotland.

This is explained by the fact that the leaders of the movement in Scotland, called the Disruption, were men whose names were well known and revered on this side,—Doctors Chalmers, Candlish and Macdonald, of Ferintosh. The last named was regarded by the Gaelic people of Pictou as worthy of a seat beside St. Paul. These distinguished men denounced the mother church, called her hard names and left her, and also left the valuable emoluments they enjoyed. When the Kirkmen of Pictou heard the startling report from their Fatherland, that nearly all the names they revered and the best and most distinguished ministers of the Church had left her, they concluded that there must be very strong and sufficient reason for a course which re-

quired so great and painful a sacrifice. It seemed at first as if nearly all the adherents of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia would follow, but a few months of serious reflection brought a change. The delegates from the Free Church brought with them the bitter feelings which prevailed in Scotland and did not sufficiently repress them, when addressing our congregations. The delegates from the Established Church, while they justified the part they acted, spoke respectfully of their brethren who had parted from them. The result was that the Pictou congregations remained in their old connection. While the Free Church had a number of adherents in some localities the Kirk was not weakened by the loss of one whole congregation. In Cape Breton things were different; nearly all preferred and followed the Free Church movement.

The ministers from the Scotch Kirk left to occupy churches at home, rendered vacant by the Disruption. To this desertion there was one worthy exception,—Rev. Alexander Macgillivray, D. D. He remained and faithfully laboured among the destitute congregations. He claimed no credit for the choice he made, for he intended to follow his brethren across the sea, and had arranged to go by a certain steamer, but instead of going he was laid on a sick bed, and before the next opportunity found reason to change his mind. Two other ministers in Halifax kept their places, but they were aged and feeble and could not do much to help Dr. Macgillivray in his charge of many congregations.

There were no Clergy Reserves as in Ontario and consequently no Commutation Fund, and while the Colonial Committee responded generously to the many calls for help, in men and money, the Church laboured under a pecuniary disadvantage. Its adherents, however, did not lose courage. Ministers began to arrive from Scotland, the Committee guaranteeing their salary for one year. The progress made in a few years was far beyond what the most sanguine friend could have anticipated.

The Synod of the Maritime Provinces--Church of Scotland--had, at the date of the late Union, forty-one congregations, of which fifteen were in New Brunswick, and twenty-six in Nova Scotia, P. E. Island and Newfoundland. The following will be an attempt to give a short account of these congregations.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, HALIFAX.

This, the oldest congregation in connection with the Church of Scotland, was organized at the time of the first settlement of the place, and was originally called Mather's church, in honor of the distinguished New England Divine, Cotton Mather. The name of Matthew's was probably suggested by the similarity of sound, and the desire to have something in view to remind them of the happy days, before leaving their homes in New England. It was originally designated as the "Protestant Dissenting congregation," in contradistinction to the Anglican Church. It continued to be known by that name till 1790, when the Rev. Mr. Brown was pastor. The original founders of the congregation were settlers from New England. It was soon discovered that two parties existed--one New England and Dissenting, the other Scotch and National. Eventually the latter seemed to have prevailed, so far that application was made by them to the University of Edinburgh in 1786, to supply the vacancy. On the other hand the Dissenting party had sufficient influence to secure the adoption of Watt's Hymns, which continued in use two or three generations. The church records having been destroyed by fire, there remain no official documents from which to trace with accuracy the early history of the congregatio. It appears, however, that the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, of the United States, an ancestor of the late President Grover Cleveland, was its next pastor. The next incumbent, as far as can be ascertained, was the Rev. John Sycombe, from whose time there

is a full Baptismal Register. He also was from the United States and of the Congregational connection. He was in his own day not only the pastor of St. Matthew's, but the poet of Nova Scotia, and was diligent and faithful in the ministry of the Gospel. He was succeeded in 1784 by the Rev. Thomas Russell, the first minister in connection with the Church of Scotland, in whose short incumbency of two years, the disputes already referred to prevailed with much bitterness. These ended on the resignation of Mr. Russel, who shortly after was lost at sea, while crossing the Atlantic. Application having been made to the University of Edinburgh, the Rev. Andrew Brown, D. D. was appointed, and filled the charge from 1787 to 1795. Dr. Brown was a native of Biggar, Lanarkshire, and a man of acknowledged ability, who it is said, surpassed all others in the colony in attainments. After leaving Halifax he was presented to the parish of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, from which he was transferred to the New Greyfriars church, Edinburgh, and thence removed to the old church, of Greyfriars in the same city. In 1801 he succeeded Dr. Blair as Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. He died in 1834. The Rev. Dr. Archibald Gray succeeded Dr. Brown in Halifax in 1796, and was assisted, at different times, by Rev. Robert Ross and Rev. Ebenezer Rennie. Dr. Gray was an accomplished scholar and gentleman, and his pulpit preparations were of that finished order that distinguished the Scottish clergy of the day. He was a native of Morayshire and a graduate of King's College, Aberdeen, and from it received the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1804. The only other clergyman of the Church of Scotland at that time in the provinces was the Rev. James Munro, who came to Maryland in 1785 and shortly afterwards to Nova Scotia. Like some other Scotchmen, he was not made of the most yielding material, but under a rough exterior was possessed of a warm and honest heart and was justly regard-

ed as a sound Divine and a sincere Christian. Between the two ministers there seems to have existed no concert nor much intercourse, and Mr. Munro becoming weary of his isolation, connected himself with the Presbytery of Truro in 1792, a Presbytery which at its formation in 1786 consisted of three Burgher ministers. Mr. Munro became minister of Antigonish in 1807, and died there in 1819. Dr. Gray was laid aside from his labours in the prime of life, by a stroke of paralysis and died at Halifax in 1826. It is worthy of remark that during his illness public worship was maintained in St. Matthew's by the rector and curate of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the late much esteemed Dr. Inglis, afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia and Dr. Twining, subsequently Chaplain to the Forces, who officiated alternately morning and evening, every Sabbath day for a year or more. At this time many of the leading citizens of Halifax were members of St. Matthew's. The Lieut.-Governor had his seat in the Kirk and during the administration of Lord Dalhousie, Sir James Kempt and Sir Colin Campbell, it was attended by these representatives at morning or evening service every Sabbath. Mr. Munro died at Antigonish in a good old age, and was buried in the church-yard of that place. A green, grassy mound alone marked his place of rest, until a few years ago, when some ministers of the Presbytery of Pictou, in connection with the Church of Scotland, had a memorial stone placed at the head of his grave as a token of respect for the memory of a worthy brother minister. We are apt to forget how much we owe to our early pioneer ministers, and our records too often do not give them the space their self-denying labours can justly claim. Mr. Haliburton in his History of Nova Scotia shows his desire to do them justice. He says: "As soon as it was known in Scotland that the Gospel was preached in Pictou the stream of emigration was turned in that direction, and it would be unjust to omit the names of Rev. James

Munro, Rev. Hugh Graham and Rev. James Macgregor, to whom, it may be said, the Presbyterian cause in Nova Scotia owes its existence. These devoted men amidst privations which the present inhabitants of the country cannot appreciate, laboured to improve the condition of their exiled fellow-countrymen, and although belonging to different denominations in Scotland, endeavored to show that situated as they were, their interests would be promoted by becoming one Church." After Dr. Gray's death Mr. Rennie officiated for a short time as ordained assistant, until the arrival of the Rev. John Scott, who had been ordained by the Presbytery of Jedburgh, Scotland. Mr. Scott was a worthy specimen of the Christian scholar and gentleman, though somewhat distant and retiring in his manner, but this was felt only when at a distance. When brought near by the need of help or sympathy, he was always found tender and kind and in the spirit of his Master to aid the suffering and lead the mourner to the sources of comfort. Like Dr. Gray his influence did not extend much beyond the limits of the city. In his own sphere he continued faithful in the discharge of his duty as pastor till 1863, when the infirmities of age required that he resign his charge. The congregation testified their esteem and gratitude by providing for him a generous annuity and the possession of the manse during lifetime. He did not, however, long survive the closing of active work. He died in February, 1864. He was for thirty-seven years pastor of St. Matthew's and without one halting step sustained a high and honourable character as a minister of the Church of Scotland.

The Rev. Thomas Jardine, now minister of Arnshean, Govan, Scotland, was inducted collegiate minister with Mr. Scott, in 1858, but returned to Scotland in 1862. The choice of the congregation next fell on the Rev. George M. Grant, M. A. Mr. Grant was a native of Pictou and received his education at the University of Glasgow, where he

graduated with higher honors than any student who preceded him for five years. He and three of his fellow students, also from Pictou, returned to their native county as missionaries, under the auspices of the Colonial Committee. This in good faith was required of them : they were sent to Scotland by the Church and their support at college guaranteed on the expressed condition that when qualified their services would be secured to their own countrymen. To help young men desirous to devote their life to the work of the ministry was something new and hitherto not thought of. If a young man's desire prompted in this direction it was well and no one would find fault, but he must fight his difficulties and get through as best he may. To help materially was not considered by ministers nor people. In the year 1853 this vision broke on the Kirk people of Pictou. The result was the formation of a society called the Young Men's society. The people were delighted and responded cheerfully. As the result this society sent that same year four students to Scotland and engaged to supply the necessary support. Besides these four, George M. Grant, Simon Macgregor, W. MacMillan and John Cameron, two other students, who preferred Queen's College and went there, were assisted by this society. This help for young men was secured without any effort and could as easily have been at work thirty years earlier, and all our pulpits might have been supplied by natives educated in the far famed universities of Scotland. At that time our Presbyterian congregations had not the means efficiently to endow a high class and fully equipped institution. All this has changed and for the last forty years our young men need not cross the sea to secure the training required for the profession they choose to follow. Mr. Grant gave full proof of his ministry, as a missionary in Prince Edward Island during the two years preceding his appointment to St. Matthew's church. It is not too much to say, that from the time of his induc-

tion, not only did his own congregation prosper, but his influence extended far beyond his own presbytery and province. As a platform speaker and debater Mr. Grant, later the Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal of Queen's College, Kingston, had few equals. His lectures and his book of travel, "From Ocean to Ocean," established his reputation as an able and brilliant writer. His services to the Church, as Convener of the Board of Home Missions, during the five years he held that office, were of the greatest value. The old church of St. Matthew's was burned down on the first day of the year 1858 and immediately thereafter steps were taken for the erection of another and the result is the present edifice, which cost \$50,000, seated for 1000 persons, and when finished, or very soon after, was free of debt. The number of families connected with the congregation is over two hundred and forty. There are 370 communicants on the roll and 430 scholars in the Sabbath School. The annual expenditure for all purposes is about \$10,000. The above statement reaches down to 1875 and ends there. The progress subsequent to that date, under the diligent and faithful ministrations of the present incumbent we feel assured is in keeping with the past record of St. Matthew's.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, HALIFAX.

The next in order of our story is St. Andrew's. This congregation was originally designed to be in connection with the Relief Body. To that Church application was made for a pastor and the response was the arrival in Halifax of the Rev. Mr. Patterson, Dumfriesshire, in 1818, who having organized the congregation, returned to Scotland in the Autumn of the same year. The Rev. Mr. MacInnes was sent by the same Church to carry on the work begun by Mr. Patterson, but after about eighteen months his health failed and he went on a vacation to the United States in the hope that the trip would help him. There he

died. A vacancy of some length now occurred, during which the Rev. Mr. George Burns, then officiating in St. John, N. B., paid a visit to Halifax. Through his advice the congregation agreed to connect itself with the Church of Scotland. In answer to their application for a minister of the Established Church, the Rev. John Martin was sent. He arrived in the Spring of 1821. He continued their pastor till 1856, when age and declining health rendered him unable to continue his arduous labours which were not confined to Halifax. In Halifax, besides his pastoral work he had charge of a church, or religious weekly paper, which he conducted with ability, and was frequently on mission tours. He was well known in the remote corners of Cape Breton. The Colonial Committee knew and appreciated the Christian enthusiasm of the faithful veteran, and created for him a somewhat anomalous office, that of Inspector of Missions for Nova Scotia. This office, while it relieved him of a burden, for which he was physically disabled, gave him material to occupy his thoughts and as much of the work he loved, less or more, as strength permitted, that preserved to him the blissful feeling of being still in harness. To be shelved and pushed into the cold seat of the looker on would be to him suffering which would embitter and shorten his days. The committee saved him from this experience. They gave him an honorable position and left to his own choice the amount of his labour. Of this he could, but would not, take advantage. Like Whitefield he preferred to wear than rust out. For seven years after this kind provision was made in sympathy with the weakness of his years, besides vigilantly attending to the duties of his office, the white haired old man, devoted himself as indefatigably as ever to ministerial work, preaching in the destitute localities the glad tidings of a Saviour who lived and died for sinners and was now living, able and more than willing to save them, and who was pleading with them

and knocking at their door asking to be received to dwell with them for ever. Thus he laboured until increasing infirmities laid him aside. He died at Elmsdale on the 22nd of February, 1865. Mr. Martin preached at Truro the sermon before the first Kirk Presbytery, which was constituted in the colony. He did much missionary labour, especially in the Western counties and had the satisfaction of seeing four congregations formed in Halifax before the year 1844, three of them in the city and one in Dartmouth. Besides one at Lunenburg, one at Shelburne and another at Cornwallis, when we remember that he also conducted a semi-religious paper, the Halifax Guardian, for some years, and when that paper was discontinued, started the Monthly Record in 1853—a journal which has been maintained ever since—we cannot fail to see before us no ordinary man. The Colonial Committee, in their report to the General Assembly in 1865, allude to Mr. Martin's services in these terms: "Throughout a long life the ardour of his attachment to the parent Church, was balanced by his unswerving constancy and crowned by a measure of professional activity which may be justly considered prodigious, undeterred by any distance of place, inconvenience or fatigue. He was unwearied and incessantly employed in the Father's business. Of few men since the days of the Apostle could it be more truly said, than of John Martin, that he was 'instant in season and out of season.' He was born and brought up in the Relief Church at home, but found that Church too narrow for his broad Christian views, and when prepared to enter the field of labour he preferred to do so under the wider and warmer canopy of the Established Church, and a more devoted and faithful servant could scarcely be found in the ranks of her sons. His weak side lay in his readiness to undertake too much, even the impossible. His own comfort and the results on himself seemed never to enter his thoughts nor give him any anxiety. I write what I do know and it

does not exaggerate the noble heroism of our departed Father." The vacancy in St. Andrew's Church caused by the retirement of Martin, was filled in the course of the same year, 1856, by the arrival of the Rev. George Boyd, from Scotland, who continued as pastor until 1865, when he returned to the old country. He is now—1875—the minister of Restorig church, in the parish of South Perth, near Edinburgh. St. Andrew's church, which had been in a weak state for some years became weaker. It was so heavily in debt that a meeting was called to obtain the necessary authority to sell the church property and dissolve the congregation. But wiser counsels prevailed and it was resolved not to abandon the ship. In the Autumn of 1866, for the first time, the congregation secured the services of a native minister, who proved eminently successful in infusing new life and energy into a sinking cause. This was the Rev. Charles Grant, B. D., a brother of the minister of St. Matthew's, who had just returned from Scotland, fresh from college and full of life and zeal. The debt was soon wiped off, the church was renovated and the enthusiasm of invigorated humanity began to animate the body. Before this however, was practically manifest, Mr. Grant had been seriously thinking of Foreign Missionary work and was in correspondence with Dr. Norman Macleod, just then returned from his visit to India, and reached the conclusion that it was his duty to go to the heathen. Accordingly in 1868 he offered himself to the Indian Committee of the Church of Scotland and was sent to Bengal. He spent two years in India, during which his lectures were attended by hundreds of educated English speaking natives. Early in 1871 his promising career was arrested by an attack of liver complaint, so severe that his life was despaired of and he was ordered home. Twelve months later he accepted a call from St. Mary's, Partick, and in less than two years raised the communion roll from a little over 300 to 900, got the

parish endowed and made it one of the most flourishing congregations in the West of Scotland.

In 1869 the Rev. John Campbell was called to St. Andrew's. Mr. Campbell was also a Nova Scotian, a native of Pictou County, and was educated at the University of Glasgow, where he was the city missionary of the Students' Society—always held to be a position of honor. He was licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Ayr, Scotland, and in the Autumn of 1868 returned to labour in the Presbytery of Pictou. He entered on the work of the ministry with zeal and energy and with such success that, having in a few months acquired the reputation of a vigorous and accomplished preacher, he received a call to the congregation of St. Andrew's. He came to Halifax to a dilapidated old church and a congregation of only 105 members. His call was unanimous and contained all the 105—not one more nor less. However, not at all discouraged, he accepted and entered on his work. It was really a hard and a very up-hill work for a time, but ere long he succeeded in getting the congregation in love with Church building, with the result that they had soon the satisfaction of finding themselves and families comfortably seated and worshipping in a new and beautiful church, not surpassed by any in the city, and their energy being roused and finding the effort had such real pleasure in it, they resolved on a further advance by erecting a comfortable manse, placing it beside the church. Both these successful efforts witness to the faithful labours of our pastor. The church and manse cost \$40,000. The next upward move was to raise Mr. Campbell's stipend from \$800 to \$1000 and shortly after to \$1200. To this a generous lady and member of the congregation, moved by a Christian and liberal spirit, added \$200 more, so that St. Andrew's is among the very few of our churches in the Dominion which is partially endowed. The next in order is Richmond, North-West Arm and Goodwood. These

stations, in the suburbs of Halifax, were united and formed into a charge of which the Rev. John Thompson, a native of P. E. Island and graduate of Queen's College, Kingston, was the first pastor. After labouring for a short time with much earnestness and energy, he accepted a call to Olympia, Washington Territory, U. S. He was succeeded by the Rev. James F. Campbell, a native of Baddeck, Cape Breton. Mr. Campbell was educated at Glasgow University and was inducted into the charge of Richmond in 1872. The congregation consisted of about 100 families and 110 communicants. Mr. Campbell, whose labours were largely blessed, had the impression from his youth that the Foreign Mission was his destined field and his own chosen one, which his acceptance of Richmond did not affect, but as a step aside when the traveller must halt while obstacles in his way are being removed. At the meeting of Synod held in 1874 he offered himself for Foreign Mission work. In view of his great success in the Home Mission work and of the then near prospect of the union of the Presbyterians of Canada, action on this offer was at that time delayed. At the following meeting of Synod Mr. Campbell renewed his offer, which was accepted, and arrangements were made for his going to Madras, where he has since laboured with devoted and self-denying zeal, and with a degree of success which has given him a place in the number of our most honoured mission workers.

TRURO AND MUSQUODOBOIT

Truro, the capital of Colchester County, is one of the most lovely and attractive towns in Nova Scotia and has risen to importance since the completion of the railway. It is about 60 miles from Halifax and 40 from Pictou. The congregation of that name, Truro, in connection with the Church of Scotland, includes the Acadia Mines and Folly Mountain, did so from its origin, and also Salmon River, Riversdale and North River. The mission

in this district was originated by the Rev. John Martin of Halifax, and was continued by the Rev. Mr. Christie, from Scotland, and succeeding him, in 1859, by the Rev. G. W. Stewart, who occupied the field for some years and was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Philip in 1860. On his receiving and accepting a call to Stellarton in 1865 he was followed by the Rev. George Lawton in 1866. His successor was the Rev. Daniel M. Gordon, another Pictou young man, just returned from Scotland, having finished his student's course in Glasgow University. His successful labours are well known. From his first humble charge he was shortly called to Halifax, as pastor of St. Andrew's, and from that charge to a professorship in the Presbyterian College. His next move was to accept the highly honored position of the Principal of Queen's College, Kingston. This position he still occupies with increased usefulness and growing respect as the years pass. He was succeeded in Truro by the Rev. William T. Wilkins, a native of New Brunswick, and formerly minister of Woodstock, in that province. Mr. Wilkins was the first regularly inducted minister in that charge. Previously it was a mission station, now it is an organized congregation and is and will be known as St. Paul's church, Truro. This took place in 1869. He remained till the close of 1872. In that year he was inducted to St. Andrew's church, Stratford, Ontario. He was succeeded in Truro by the Rev. John Macmillan, now Dr. Macmillan, Halifax. The church at Truro was erected in 1862 at a cost of \$5000. During Mr. MacMillan's incumbency a manse was built, which cost \$3000, and the congregation doubled in its membership.

Musquodoboit is about 30 miles from Halifax, on the Guysboro road. The Rev. John Macmillan, afterwards of Truro, was the first minister regularly inducted. Until then it was supplied with mission services by the Presbytery, and by mission workers sent from Scotland by the Colonial Committee. Among these were the Rev. James Wilson,

now minister of Newark, Ontario, whose services are still remembered and spoken of by the people as highly acceptable and of great and lasting benefit. He was succeeded by the Rev. G. W. Stewart. In 1859 steps were taken for the erection of a church, which was completed in the year following and cost about \$2000. Mr. Macmillan was inducted in 1866. From this date the congregation entered upon a period of steadily increasing prosperity. The next incumbent was the Rev. David Neish, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, who was inducted to the charge by the Presbytery of Halifax, on the 21st November, 1873. On Mr. Neish's resignation it continued vacant for some time.

CHAPTER II.

THE REV. JOHN SPROTT.

Musquodoboit is familiar to all Nova Scotia Presbyterians, and endeared to very many by having connected with it, as a very pillar of attraction, a name with which all are acquainted and affectionately revere. That name is the Rev. John Sprott. Among the honored fathers of the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia—we use the word in its full and broadest sense, relieved of the shackles with which the narrowness of men would split or confine it—he occupies an elevated seat to which none will dispute his right. He was over 90 years of age when taken to his reward and his rest. His devoted life of more than usual length and toil and self denial has made his name a household word in Nova Scotia. While faithful in his attachment to his own branch of the Presbyterian Church, his heart was too large and heavenly to be confined within limits so narrow. All who served the Lord Jesus Christ belonged to his church and were his brethren. In reply to an individual, who on one occasion impertinently asked him to which branch of the Church he belonged, he said, "I belong to the Root, sir. The branch has its place and use, but it is a poor place in which to rest and still worse as a foundation to build on." This short and pithy reply was John Sprott's heart revealing itself. In his day narrow bigotry had a strong grip even on the best of men, so that to speak kindly of another Church, or in praise of the labours of a servant of a Church not of our own number, was regarded as showing a coldness, and giving reason to suspect the want of real affection for his own. I know a case when one of our ministers guilty of this, was charged with want of love for his own Church. He replied by asking if the Churches of Christ were sisters. If so, how should every Christian

feel and act? When a man is connected by marriage with a family of sisters, how can he best show his affection for his wife? Is it by reviling her sisters? No, certainly not. If he truly loves his wife he will love her sisters too, and to hear anything to their reproach will grieve and be a cause of sorrow to him. The last thing he could do would be to spread the evil report, or even to speak of it. The saintly Sprott was among the few who understood this and acted it out in his life and labours. The change for the better in the support of ordinances and in the circumstances and comfort of our ministers, we owe, under God, to the noble band who trod the path in advance, and by their unwearied labour and patient endurance, made the rough places plain and the path smooth and easy for those coming after them. When we look back to the early part of the last century the contrast is so great that it is almost startling and difficult to realize, as truly a fact, in our experiences, and not a pleasant vision or dream which will vanish when we are roused from sleep and our senses are restored. It is far beyond what the most sanguine could anticipate or believe possible in so short a time. Then our churches were not more elegant, nor superior to many of our present barns; ministers were content to labour on a salary, or stipend, varying from \$400 to \$600, which latter was the highest to be expected. Manses were unknown. The ministers' dwellings, in consequence, were in many cases such as the poorest of our people now occupy, and instead of the easy and comfortable carriage which their successors can now afford, the honored fathers rode the cold, hard saddle, be the journey short or long, and long it not infrequently was. From Pictou to Barney's River, to Lochaber and to Cape Breton it was the luxury of the saddle they had, and with it they were satisfied. Many a journey did the venerable John Sprott make to Pictou and to localities more distant with no more comfortable conveyance. But these labourers of the past had what was more

valuable than fine carriages and aristocratic homes—they had the rich recompense of seeing multitudes who travelled from their distant dwellings to hear with joy and gratitude, and with earnest attention, the message which Christ gave his servants to deliver to them. This to every true minister of Christ is the purest joy on this side of heaven and many a faithful labourer could say that while exhausted in the service, he had a foretaste of heaven itself. It was much more than sufficient compensation for all the privations they cheerfully endured. Noble pioneers! Their record is on High and their names will be held in honor, while the successful politician, and the man whose wealth secured for him the homage of his fellowmen, will be utterly forgotten. Yes, the veteran apostle of Musquodoboit and his devoted contemporary labourers will be in loving remembrance in Nova Scotia for generations to come. I intended here to close my story, which refers to Musquodoboit and its heroic Christian Father, but I cannot dismiss my feelings of pleasure and admiration, and they constrain me to linger a little longer, gazing on the scene in view. It is a scene on which angels gaze with the unmixed joy of heaven. It is one of our frail and fallen race created anew by the grace of God, and now of such strength and confidence that the trials and hardships of his lot seemed not to be felt. Of trials he had many. At the entrance on his missionary labour he was in the short space of three years, twice a widower. He felt and grieved and wept, but these trials which belonged to earth must not arrest his work, which has Heaven for its view and Christ his fellow-worker and pledged to shield him from and turn the sorest trial into the purest and lasting joy. This was the secret of his wonderful and happy life. "I know in whom I have believed and I know He will keep that which I have committed unto Him." This was enough. With heart under the influence of this assurance, toil was no longer toilsome. Hardship and self-denial became a pleasure and death itself only the

entrance into life. Thus was it with the first pastor of Musquodoboit and thus was secured for him a happy life and a good old age which retained the cheerfulness and buoyancy of youth. We all join in giving honor to our foreign missionaries, but with some exception their work and difficulties were more easily borne than his. His support was inadequate, and worse still, uncertain. That he would at times feel discouraged we would look for, but we find no such blanks in his record. His horizon was wide and the sun was ever bright overhead. The Presbyterian church in his day was divided into three separate bodies and had little friendly intercourse, if any, worthy of that name. There were the Kirk, Anti-burgher and Free Church. The keenest critic in the whole three, could not produce one essential article or question in religion, on which they differed. Yet, instead of dwelling together in amity as brethren, loving and helping each other, they had separate camps, and each separate camp as strongly fortified as possible, not only for defence but also for aggression, and the raid which succeeded in getting a stray sheep from the opposite fold performed a feat which was thought deserving of praise. This bitter spirit Christ could not dwell with, and we, living in a different state of things, find it difficult to understand how, while holding the same faith and the same blessed hope, they could be so estranged. The mind of Christ on this matter was well known to them all. "This is my commandment that ye love one another. He that saith he is in the light and hateth his brother is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light." When a man hears with pleasure—hears without regret and sorrow—what is a reproach to his neighbour, he cannot discern himself so far as to imagine that there is in his heart any—even the smallest—rich love for that individual. Now there is no neutral ground where either of these forces rule. Every human heart is under the dominion of the one or the other. The three parties

which represented the Presbyterians of Nova Scotia held fast, as one determined man, all the tenets and doctrines of the Bible. It would be lost labour for the enemy to attempt to draw them aside, or to try to introduce heresy among them. He knew this and made no such attempt. Another plan might serve his purpose. He found it successful at a very early age. St. Paul found it doing sad work in the infant church at Corinth. "For ye are yet carnal, for whereas there is among you envying and strife and division, are ye not carnal and walk as men. For while one saith, I am of Paul and another, I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal." This state of matters in Corinth was not unlike that of the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia when the Rev. John Spratt laboured there. They had not turned away from Christ, nor did He forsake them, but other forms came between, and the shadow dimmed the light of His loving countenance. They were babes in Christ. A babe is very dear to his father, who will watch over him and see that every needed comfort is provided, but there cannot be much intercourse, nor communion between them. This was the result of the strife and division in Corinth, and it could not be otherwise in Nova Scotia. It deprived them of much of the cheerfulness and joy, which, as heirs of Heaven's glory and crown and on their way to the possession of these, should be visible to all who saw them. Many of them were strong men, mighty in the Scriptures, but few distinguished for cheerful hearts and dispositions happy from abounding joy. Ministers and people suffered from this. The pastor of Musquodoboit suffered less than any other, lay or cleric. His affections were bound by no fetters and he went forth breathing the spirit and love of Christ to save sinners and help them on their way Home. And to himself the reward was in this life cheerful and happy days to the end. In this he stood on a higher plane than his contemporaries, and enjoyed more than they did. I will part with the "grand old man" by quoting a few sentences

from the address of Rev. Dr. John Macmillan, delivered at his funeral." After and even before his resignation of his charge, Mr. Sprott travelled over the whole country preaching the Gospel. He spent and was spent in doing good. In bad weather, over bad roads—so bad that he had almost always to travel on horseback—he journeyed by night and by day, that by all means he might save some. All dangers, however, were fearlessly braved and all trials cheerfully endured by him. Even age did not chill his zeal or hinder his usefulness. On the last Sabbath of 1867 he went to New Antrim, a distance of twelve miles, to assist at the opening of the New Antrim church in connection with the Kirk, and to be present at the communion, although he had to be lifted into the carriage and out of it, and could walk only by inches and had to be assisted to his seat. On that day he stood for the last time in the house of God, and on that day he spoke for the last time his message from Christ and partook of his last communion on earth. Thus to the end he worked for Christ and to help and save his fellow men. When confined to his house he always spoke of Christ to those who visited him. 'The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree.' As a preacher he held a high position. His style was abrupt, but every sentence was weighty and forcible. He was noted for his short, pithy and, in some cases, eccentric remarks. In pointed and practical illustrations he abounded. His great general knowledge of the historical and literary world aided him as a preacher and made his conversation interesting and instructive. He neglected no means by which he might do his Master's work. He held prayer meetings in private dwellings. He distributed tracts, and to the careless he spoke faithfully in private as he had opportunity. Letter writing was his delight in his latter days. In writing to the bereaved and sorrowing he excelled, and many, far and near, blessed God and thanked the writer for his words of comfort. In his broad and honest good will toward all, he believed he

was serving Christ and aiming to save souls. He had few equals in the Church. He had some of his cherished friends among Episcopalians, Kirkmen and other religious bodies. Not long before his death he wrote: 'Too long have Christians been scattered like the fragments of a broken sun. It is to be hoped, that those unchristian bickerings, which divide good men shall soon be buried and never know what a resurrection means.' He never gloried in his labours, but was often heard saying: 'I have been an unprofitable servant.' He trusted and gloried in Christ alone. His work is finished, and his trials are past and he is now, we feel assured, with the ransomed ones serving and praising God in the heavenly home. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' 'The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance'."

CHAPTER III.

SPRING HILL.

In 1873 population was attracted to this locality where seams of coal had been discovered. The people who gathered there were chiefly composed of adherents from our three rival Presbyterian bodies. As the place grew to some importance and became worth contending for, the Kirkmen and the United Presbyterians started on the race to get possession. After an earnest struggle and considerable heat, which was not kindled from heaven, the Kirk succeeded, not to the universal joy of the brethren who happened to be divided from them by a frail but apparently high fence, and which seen through the spectacles their fathers taught them to use, appeared as a wall strong and too high to pass over, while in reality it was a mere phantom. The Kirk having secured possession took charge for the supply of ordinances. There were at that date 50 families of Presbyterians and

all agreed to unite and form one congregation. Steps were taken to give them organization. Elders were elected. A catechist laboured there in 1871. Then the services of the Rev. J. Fraser Campbell were secured—now our devoted missionary in India. He laboured in Springhill for two months with much real success. In January, 1875, a call was given to the Rev. Charles Naismith, who had lately been received by the Presbytery as a missionary, and who originally belonged to the U. P. Church of Scotland. Mr. Naismith was inducted on the 8th of March following. At that date there were 80 families and 50 communicants forming the congregation. Such was the beginning in Springhill, now a large and flourishing charge.

NEGLECTED CONGREGATIONS.

Among the congregations that disappeared from the roll of Presbyterians in connection with the Church of Scotland, may be mentioned Shelburne, Yarmouth, Lunenburg, Horton, Cornwallis and Dartmouth. The Church of their fathers they loved, but they were neglected by her, or she could not supply them with ordinances, and they had therefore to look elsewhere. Thus, and by wanting the means to raise a native ministry, the Church of Scotland was weakened in many parts of Nova Scotia, a result which could not be otherwise, while depending on a distant land for supplying their vacant pulpits. We cannot acquit the church of the home land of blame in not doing more for her expatriated children, who clung to her with an affection not surpassed by the love and longing of the child when separated from the fondling arms of the affectionate mother. When we look back over a century in the history of the world and equally so in the history of the Church, we are met with facts which we find difficult to understand. There is a narrowness of view which confines the thoughts and interest to what is near and in sight. How could the church of Christ—we feel compelled to

ask—remain so long with folded hands, while millions of her own flesh and blood were every year going down into the dark eternity, while the means to save them were given her by Christ Himself, with the clear and express command to hasten, and without delay put these means in their possession. No command could be more distinctly given, nor in circumstances more awfully solemn, and yet it was not until early in the last century it was first spoken of in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and its reception would now to us seem incredible. When in that august and Christian gathering it was moved that an effort be made to send a missionary to the perishing heathen, one of the aged fathers stood up and said: "I have been a member of this court for many years, and a more absurd motion I have never heard in this house." He was replied to by another, whose eye was more single and clear-sighted, by taking the Bible from the table of the moderator, and reading the fifteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Mark: "'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Contradict that if you dare." The notion failed that year. But the divine command was by that motion brought into life and force in the Church, and could no longer be ignored. The following year the motion was again introduced and successfully, and Dr. Duff was sent to India. The Church, like the infant, required time for its growth to the strength and understanding of manhood. It required many years to place the Church of Scotland in her right position with regard to the claims of the heathen world. The command could not be more emphatic and pressing, but her own trials were many, and she had but lately emerged from cruel persecution, and subsequently had much trouble from division and strife within her own walls, where unity and brotherly love should have prevailed. All this kept her down on the low flat, which permitted the world to invade her sanctuary and attempt her injury. The church was thus kept from ascending

the heights, where her dwelling was intended to be, and her view, while including Scotland, should have placed in sight all the nations of the world, and their near relationship as brethren and sisters, and made their misery and suffering and trouble seem an object real and manifest, and with this scene in view, heard the great Head of the Church from His seat on the Throne, calling to His followers: "Go and save these perishing ones. I died to save them, and I have chosen you to make this known to them." We do wonder how the church, knowing this, could for so many years, make no effort to obey. But with this as a fact, we need not wonder that her own children for many years in a far distant land were forgotten, and left to seek shelter under the roof of strangers. But before we cast stones at the Church of Scotland, let us remember that other Churches, the Moravian excepted, were in the same unconscious condition. When the first Protestant missionary to India, the distinguished Carey, appeared before the Convention of the Baptist Church to offer himself for Foreign Mission work, one of the aged and leading fathers spoke for himself and the assembled brethren and said: "Young man, when God wishes to convert the heathen, He can do without your help." While we can find causes to explain this state of matters in our mother church, there can be none to justify or render her blameless. By her neglect a large portion of territory was lost to Presbyterianism.

SHELBURNE.

The counties of Shelburne, Yarmouth and Lunenburg were settled by United Empire Loyalists. At the close of the American war in 1773 the Shelburne people brought their own minister with them, the Rev. Mr. Fraser, Chaplain of the 71st Regiment. In the report of the Glasgow Society for 1828, mention is made of the death of the Rev. Matthew Dripps, the late worthy minister

*no. 4. P. P. Royalist
Shelburne
Glasgow
1773*

of Shelburne, concerning whom a correspondent of the Nova Scotian writes: "He was one of the best men I every knew." A hearer of his drew his character, when he said: "Our minister is all in Heaven but the body." His immediate successor, sent out by the same society, in 1829, was the Rev. Gavin Lang, father of the Rev. Dr. Lang, late principal of Aberdeen University. He was formerly assistant minister at West Kilbridge and was ordained for the colonial charge on the 11th of May, in that year, at Paisley, by the Presbytery of Irvine, and immediately afterwards sailed for Nova Scotia. After a few years Mr. Lang returned to Scotland and received a presentation to the Parish of Glassford, where he laboured until his death in 1833, in the 78th year of his age, and 41st of his ministry. Three of his sons became ministers of the Church of Scotland. The one already referred to was minister of the Barony church, Glasgow, until his appointment to Aberdeen University. Another was for some years minister of St. Andrew's church, Montreal. Having resigned his charge, he returned to Scotland and was inducted into the West church, Inverness. The third, who had been for years labouring in India, was after some years promoted to the chaplaincy of Madras.

It is very interesting to notice that Mr. Dripps, though a member of the Synod of Nova Scotia and therefore in common parlance a Dissenter, was not only recognized by the Church of Scotland, but that the terms of Mr. Lang's commission left him at perfect liberty to join that Synod, or not, as should seem to him best, a sufficient proof that the chief object of the Church was not so much to perpetuate her name, as to spread her doctrines and establish her worship, and such has been and is now the aim of the Church of Scotland. Her children in the distant colonies have nothing, but in sentiment, to do with questions that may be agitated and be of real importance in Scotland. Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's, when in charge of the Church Record, expressed the mind of the Church

in these decided words : "Presbyterians leaving Scotland from any of the Churches here, on landing, on the other side of the ocean, are simply Presbyterians, neither Kirk, Free Church nor U. P. All that can be taken across the sea of Church material are the Bible, the Doctrines and Confession of Faith, and these alone." Establishments and its emoluments we cannot have and with the contentions arising from these it is foolish meddling on our part on this side to share in the dispute. The Presbyterians of Scotland can manage their own affairs without our help, which they do not, nor likely ever will, solicit. What would really and especially gratify our Church at home would be the union and harmony of all her children in all the colonies of the Empire. This was emphatically expressed by the General Assembly, when the terms of our late Union were submitted. After declaring their approval of the basis, it was moved in the court and unanimously agreed to, "that the Assembly express its earnest wish and hope that there be no division among her people in this movement. Had the Presbyterians of Nova Scotia felt and acted in this spirit, much would have been gained. We cannot recall the past, but we can learn from it the solemn truth that we cannot more certainly injure the cause of Christ and the power and spread of Divine truth and teaching than by giving place to the spirit of contention and strife and fault-finding. Christ will not abide in the family, the congregation, or in the church, where that spirit is allowed to rule. He would not come to our fallen world while strife and wars prevailed. The Roman power had the nation in subjection, and peace prevailed over every land under that power. This is true of every Church and of every individual man and woman. While permitting the spirit of envy and contention to rule, Christ is kept at a distance. He cannot enter nor dwell in that heart. The Rev. John Ross was minister of Shelburne in 1837 and the Rev. Andrew Donald in 1842.

LUNENBURG, HORTON AND DARTMOUTH.

The Rev. Donald Allan Fraser was minister of Lunenburg from 1837 to 1842. Of him and his services in Pictou we shall have more to say before our story ends. The Rev. George Struthers was sent out by the Glasgow Society to Horton and Cornwallis in 1827. His name appears as Moderator of the Synod in 1838. The Rev. James Morrison was sent out to Dartmouth by the Glasgow Society, in 1828, and within a year of his arrival a church and manse were built for him. His labours extended over a number of surrounding districts, within a circuit of 40 miles and seemed to have been very satisfactory to the society. In 1833 and for a number of years following, Mr. Morrison's name occurs as the minister of Lawrencetown, 14 miles from Halifax.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.

Curiously enough the first attempt at a settlement in Pictou, afterwards so intensely Scottish in character, was due to American enterprise, and was effected through the agency of the Philadelphia Land Company, which received from the British government a grant of 100,000 acres, embracing nearly the whole of the county and a part of the county of Colchester. Immediately following the Treaty of Peace in 1763 a few families came to this county from Maryland, under the auspices of the said Company. Eight years later (1771) the company brought 30 families from the Highlands of Scotland, who, coming late in the Fall of the year, and not supplied with sufficient provisions, would certainly have starved, had they not with much difficulty, such as men would undertake only to save life, made their way through a wilderness to

a settlement in the neighborhood of Truro, where the same company had previously planted a small colony of Irishmen from Londonderry, Ireland. Some of the poor Pictou emigrants had dragged their families with them through the woods. These or the most of them remained on the shores of the Minas Basin, until they acquired means sufficient to establish themselves elsewhere, while others, who had left their families in Pictou, returned, carrying on their backs the provisions they received for their wages. These families were shortly after joined by several others, who emigrated from Dumfriesshire, to the Island of St. John, then so called, now P. E. Island. These emigrants to St. John managed to cross the Gulf and escaped to Pictou in the greatest poverty and distress. They would inevitably have perished, but for the kindness of the few Highland families, who shared with them their scanty stores. In 1784, at the close of the American war, the emigrants to Pictou received a large accession by an influx of disbanded soldiers. Emigration from the Highlands had not at this date really begun. Not until some time after Culloden, were the people who worked the land convinced that they must seek a home elsewhere. By slow degrees, but steadily advancing, the chiefs had become the proprietors and could do with their property as best suited their own interest. Much of the land which formerly maintained hundreds of families in comfort, abundant though rude, was now given to the breeding of sheep, which secured a larger return to the proprietor than the hitherto small and uncertain rent of the poor tenant. Emigration was now the only outlet from the coming want and misery visible and not far distant. From preceding statements it will be noticed that Nova Scotia, and especially Pictou, had become known in the Highlands, and although reports were not very encouraging, it was less a dread to venture there, than to parts utterly unknown, and where greater hardships might await them. Thus it happened

that Pictou was chiefly, almost entirely settled by emigration from the Highlands. To the Highlands therefore we must look for our ancestors, and it becomes an interesting question for us, who were these Highlanders and from what country did they come, to take possession of the North of Scotland? This question can be easily put but cannot be easily answered. History does not go back sufficiently to supply the facts required. We know they were a power in the days of the great Roman Caesar, which the Roman legions could not overcome, nor overawe. The Roman power subdued England and occupied it, but Caledonia towered above in its lofty independence, and defied the power that conquered the world. Instead of making the attempt the Roman army expended money and labour in erecting forts to defend their possessions from the inroads and attacks of the mountain clans. This is our first acquaintance with our distinguished ancestors, the Highlanders. They were semi-barbarians when Agricola came in contact with them. We must admit that, but they were noble semi-barbarians. A high sense of honor distinguished them, under all their advantages. There was a traitor occasionally discovered among them, but when this occurred, the sooner he found another home the safer his condition. But some say that they were thieves. They were in the habit of making raids on the South, and taking all the spoil they could grasp. They did that but they were not thieves. Their raids had nothing of the low and base meanness of the thief. It was considered honorable and success conferred distinction. When a state of war existed between England and any other European power, her ships of war were sent out with orders to take the enemy's effects and bring back all the spoils. This was not the work of thieves. The most distinguished and honorable gloried in thus taking the spoil from the enemy. The raids of the Highlanders were of the same character. A state of war existed between them and the powers of the South, and what justified England's

captures applied equally to the Highland raids. It must be admitted that after some degree of order was established, there may have been a few raids, to which the above explanation will not apply, but these were exceptions, and I think they were but few, and were the result, which always follows the change from an old and long established habit or custom. It takes some time for all interested to understand and conform to the new order of things. Among these brave old Highlanders there were to be found individuals of the worst character, but they were exceptions, and had no influence on their position as a people. In the best society the world ever saw there was the worst and basest traitor then living. The lowest in the Roman legions would not betray his commanding officer, for the price for which Judas sold his Divine Master. The character and doom of the traitor does not affect our esteem and reverence for the society of which he was an unworthy member. It is as certainly unjust to single out certain names, noted for evil deeds, and spread that foul character over a community or people. To strengthen my statements and my reasons for believing that I do not exaggerate, when referring to the high standard of honor held by our Highland ancestors, I will mention a few facts, worthy of a place in the memory of their descendants. Before they had much help from Christian civilization, honor occupied the highest place and the given pledge was more sacred than life. The man who betrayed Wallace was not only an object of loathsome contempt in his day, but is still execrated and is placed on the same stand with Judas Iscariot. During the rebellion of '45 and after, the proof of this high feeling of honor is not surpassed, if equalled, in the records of any other tribe or people. After the fatal issue of Culloden, the poor, defeated prince was a fugitive in the Highlands, with a reward of \$150,000 on his head. This amount would be paid to the man or the woman who would speak one word shewing his refuge.

A fortune could be secured by one word and the information desired was not wholly confined to the friends who fought and would die for him. There were those who disapproved of, and would not help his enterprise and who could now easily betray him and make their fortune, but in that number not one failed. There were scores, if not hundreds, who could, but not one did. For weeks he was among them, led from one refuge to another, and he was safe. The temptation was terribly strong, but not of sufficient strength to break through the wall of solid honor which encircled the helpless prince. His sonship of a long line of their own Scottish Kings may be given to account for this noble record, and doubtless it had its share in forming it. But, the case of the prince is not solitary. One of the chiefs who fought for the prince was Macpherson of Cluny. After the defeat, he was in hiding among his countrymen for seven years, and \$5000 was the offer of the government to the individual who would tell where to find him. For seven years this \$5000 was dangling in the face of a whole community but the temptation failed in securing one victim. Is there a community to-day in the Dominion of Canada, where we could anticipate a like result. But this lofty sense of honor was not confined to men advanced in years and strong from long experience in the path of truth and virtue. It was not less manifest in the stripling and servant man. Let me give one instance. When the prince was in Edinburgh, a Highland chief sent him a horse as a gift, with orders to deliver the horse into the prince's own hands. When the messenger reached Edinburgh, the prince had left. He was told he could overtake him at Stirling, but he was too late. He rushed on to Carlyle, where he was assured to find him. He was gone. But having a horse for the prince marked him as a partizan and rebel, and he was arrested. When asked who sent him with the horse, he refused to give the name. He was told if he gave the name

his life would be spared, otherwise the scaffold was in sight, and he must die the death of a traitor. He replied, "If I betray my master, I can never return to Scotland, and I prefer death to that which would be a disgrace, that would never leave me." He was at once led to the scaffold, where he ended what promised to be a noble life. Such was the community from which Pictou received its first settlement and coming with such antecedents, we would anticipate a distinction in all that exalts manhood. It was sometime after Culloden that emigration was seriously entertained. The issue of that memorable battle was a real revolution. The old relation between the chief and his clan was ended. He no longer depended on them for protection and the maintenance of his rights. The object now is to make the land yield all the profit possible. Rents must be increased, and tenants, who could not pay must vacate. Many, who were not in poverty, saw that this was the beginning of hardships, and threw up their lease, while they could have retained it. Thus many of the emigrants, while not at all wealthy, were not empty-handed. The very poor and those wanting in courage remained at home to sink into deeper poverty and more abject dependence. It was the highest class for intelligence, determination and courage that ventured to face the uncertain disclosures of emigration. It required no ordinary courage to bid a final farewell to the land of their birth, the home of their fathers for many ages, and to the lovely hills and dales where the innocent frolics of youth were enjoyed, and to look for the last time on the majestic mountains, reaching to the clouds. All this must be left behind, and to reach the uncertain home and far away, a wide and stormy ocean must be crossed, in a slow sailing ship with the least accomodation and the smallest amount of comfort the contracting party could wedge into his bargain, and the voyage was of greater length than is now required to land in Australia or New Zealand.

Emigrants to Pictou, early in the last century, were generally three months on the passage. It was a hard and trying venture and none but the strong and resolute could risk the ordeal. And what were the prospects awaiting them if they survived the stormy sea? They had no certain knowledge. They knew only that their home must be in the wide solitary wilderness. We cannot refuse them our highest admiration for their determined bravery.

Before concluding this imperfect account of the Highland emigration to this part of North America, the reminder of which should help the present generation by placing in sight what their fathers did, suffered and accomplished, I would like also to say a few words to shew what they saved their descendants from, by leaving their dearly loved native land for the wilds of Nova Scotia. In order to do this it is only necessary to state some facts regarding the condition of those who could not venture to emigrate. It required courage and firmness to form and act upon such a resolve. The weak and timid could not do it and remained at home to become weaker and sink deeper into helpless poverty. It must be gratifying to know that our fathers were the bravest and best of the brave Highland clans. They saw the evil days coming and a power pushing on which they could not resist, and they sought refuge in the distant wilderness. The chiefs who, from time immemorial ruled, with absolute power, as lords of their clans, were by the result of Culloden deprived of that power, and were made subject to established laws. Thus having lost all old time political and feudal power, their attention was directed now to make the best of what remained—the land. They claimed all the land as their individual property. The government did not question the claim, which was unjust, nor demand an investigation, the result of which would shew that the clans had a right to their share. What the government desired was an end to the trouble from the chiefs of the North, and

by not resisting this claim the desired result would be secured effectually and in an easy way. From the time of Roman possession the Highland chiefs were a source of serious trouble. Their loyalty gained, the clans would follow. In this way the chiefs had their claims confirmed, and of course lost no time in giving them effect. Such of the clans as could pay rent got leases and became tenants. The rent was put as high as greed could make it. Money was the only object thought of and its thirst dried up all the kind feelings which at one time formed a kinship between the chief and his clan. The desire for money ruled, and if sheep could offer more than a faithful old clansman, they were preferred to him and his family. A few individuals got possession of the whole country, and as this saved the government from all anxiety for the future, it was satisfied. Such an injustice could not occur at the present day, but a century ago England was nearer the present Russia than to our condition now when the rights of the poorest are protected by inflexible justice. Of the barbarity of England a century ago the massacre of Glencoe is a clear proof. In the northern counties, one or two individuals were allowed to possess the whole land and fix the rent as best suited them. In the neighborhood of Inverness it was from two pounds 10 shillings to 5 pounds an acre. After paying that amount there can be no difficulty in guessing how much would remain to the tenant for the comfort of himself and family. A tenant living a few miles from the town of Inverness, who paid 50 pounds—\$250—rent, told me that he never saw bread on his table but on New Year's Day. This man did not belong to the class called the poor—the lower class. He was a tenant of a respectable class. The class below that was called Crofters; they were tenants, but had no lease. They were allowed to occupy a small patch of land, by the over-tenant or the factor, for which they paid rent yearly, in which if they failed, they were

turned adrift. The crofter's living consisted in what he could get from the land and by working for the over-tenant. For the day's labor the wages were as low as the liberality of the employer's conscience could make it. In the Highlands women are still employed, or were fifty years ago, in rough outdoor work which we assign exclusively to the other sex. The wages for such work speaks for itself. I saw while in Aberdeen a woman hoeing a turnip-field. She told me her pay was sixpence a day without board. Men's wages would probably be about double that amount. I often thought it would be a blessing to Nova Scotians if they were taken to the home of their fathers and ordered to remain there for one whole week. They would return pledged never again to grumble. But what I have stated refers only to the three Northern shires and their mainland population. The Western Islands, Lewis, Skye and other adjacent islands, are still in a more destitute and pitiable condition. It would occupy too much space to enter on particulars. I can, however, say, and be innocent of exaggeration, that the circumstances of the people are more trying and that they are possessed of fewer comforts than the most of our Nova Scotia Indians. The Lewis Island is the property of one individual, Sir James Matheson. He did a good deal to improve the condition of the people, but the stone was too heavy for him to move. Under these depressing influences the descendants of the clans, who remained in their native land are not physically the strong stalwarts of the past century and the change is not less retrograde in mental vigor. I spent some months on that Island, during my stay in Scotland, as I could speak Gaelic. I sometimes spoke to the people about their condition, telling them if they knew how much more comfortable their countrymen were, who had emigrated to America, they would hasten to follow them. They were too courteous to call me a liar, but they were sure that that was what I was. They did tell me that they knew all

about the matter, and that while it was quite true that they were in poor circumstances, their friends who had gone to America were much worse off than they. Of course that finished any mission work I might have in contemplation. They seemed to have lost all natural ambition and desire for improvement. Sir James, before leaving for London that summer, placed a large sum of money in the hands of his agent, to pay the passage to Ontario to any who wished to emigrate, and also made known that he engaged an agent there to help them on their arrival. To this there was no response. Not one individual of the 20,000 population took advantage of the generous offer. They have been so long in that condition that they seem to think it natural and right and felt no gratitude for any effort to improve their circumstances. I am stating matters as they were half a century past. If improved and different now it is unknown to me. The brave and invincible old clans are now to be found, not among the oppressed and suffering tenants and crofters of the Highlands, but among the descendants of those, whom cruel injustice had drawn from their native land to find shelter in the American states and colonies. It is said that in the United States the descendants of one clan number to-day one hundred thousand. In the different colonies from Nova Scotia to New Zealand, the Highlanders are an important section of the population and not seldom the ruling power. In all countries they were and are distinguished for their loyalty. With them the password was "conquer or die." At Waterloo a piper taken prisoner was asked by Napoleon to play a Scottish march. He did so. Then after he played a few more, he asked him to play a retreat. "I cannot do it," he replied, "we were never taught to play that tune." The small colony of Highlanders settled by Selkirk in the far West, "Kildonan," helped materially to preserve for Britain that vast region. In the wars of Napoleon, the Indian Mutiny and the Boer War, the Highlanders, whose

ranks were partly Canadians, had their full share in the dearly bought, but crowning victory. We are not called upon, nor permitted to be lifted up with pride, because our ancestry have been so distinguished, but we certainly are called upon to use every effort to reach their height in all that is noble and worthy.

To Highland bravery Britain is largely indebted for the high place that it holds to-day in the destiny of the world. Since the beginning of the French Revolutionary War to the year 1860, 21 lieutenant-generals or major-generals, 45 lieutenant-colonels, 600 commissioned officers, 10,000 soldiers, 4 Governors of Colonies, 1 Gov.-General, 1 Chief Baron of England, and 1 Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland went forth from farms visible from one hill top in the Isle of Skye.

CHAPTER V.

DR. MACGREGOR, MR. ROSS AND DR.

MacCULLOCH.

In November, 1784, a movement was set on foot for the purpose of raising funds for the support of religious ordinances among the destitute settlers of Pictou. They voted £80 for the first year and £90 for the following, and £100 for the third year. Application was made to the associate Synod of Scotland, commonly known as the Antiburgher Church, for a minister, in answer to which the Rev. James Macgregor, D. D., arrived in Pictou in the year 1786. This proved the means of inducing a large number of additional emigrants to follow, having the hope of preachers and ordinances as in their native land. We find that in 1795 the Rev. Duncan Ross followed. Eight years afterward Rev. Dr. MacCulloch landed in Pictou. The three ministers who were now in Pictou were able men, and

willing to work and sincerely desirous to promote the best interests of the people. At this time the population was increased by emigration from Inverness and Sutherland Shires, all of whom belonged to the Established Church at home and their affection for their own and the church of their fathers, increased as the distance grew which separated them. A word spoken, not full of esteem for that Church was to them an insult, difficult to be forgiven. We cannot easily understand how almost impossible it would be for the four named ministers, coming from the centres of the furnace, where the fires of contention were in full force and heat to avoid referring to the matter and allowing their feelings expression. And just as impossible for the true and warm-hearted Highlander, of Inverness and Caithness, to hear words of disrespect, which to him could be only the words of an enemy, without stirring within him feelings too strong to be easily changed into confidence and good will. Besides that, these enemies of their Church were strangers to them. They were not known best by report in the Highlands, and the report was the reverse of favorable. The Secession was chiefly confined to the South and to the towns and cities. It had a very slight hold, scarcely any, on the Northern parts of Scotland. This would intensify the feeling provoked by any unfriendly remark. A century had scarcely passed since a state of chronic intestine war existed between them, and now could they be so ungrateful and base and unworthy of their fathers as to forsake their own Church and join hands with Dissenters? No; any suffering and privation was to be preferred to that. There is another fact which claims a place here. These were strong men, strong in every way, mentally and physically, and to ask them to reconsider any views they had fully accepted would not only be lost labour but a trifling with their convictions and manhood they could not but resent. This was the condition of Pictou in the early part of the last century. Faithful ministers and a faith-

ful and godly people standing at a distance from each other and crushing their fellow-christian and brother by feelings—for what? For something left on the other side of the sea, for which neither minister nor people could secure a passage to this side, and so far as we can see, never will. A reality in Scotland but here a shadow of no value, and worthy only of babies to quarrel about. But this was the substance of the whole contention and the source of much injury to the cause of Christ. While both were to blame, I cannot help the thought that the ministers shared the largest portion. More intelligent and capable of seeing beyond the surface, how could they think it right to speak at this distance, of matters of no concern or value to us. It is true that all men are mortal, and equally true that all men are imperfect and liable to err, and that the most distinguished for wisdom, in looking on the past, can see many things he regrets and many actions he would efface if he could. The noble pioneers, Drs. Macgregor, MacCulloch and the Rev. Duncan Ross endured much privation, and self-denial was a lesson they had the best opportunity of learning effectually. The comforts of the present to-day were unknown. The houses had only the scantiest furniture, floors without a carpet and bedrooms without a stove or fireplace to temper the chilling cold. The saddle was the only means of travel. The contrast to our present abundance of luxury and comforts is so great that no ordinary imagination could think it possible, but these faithful and devoted men patiently and cheerfully continued their labour until their gracious Master bade them retire and enter on their rest. Their names will be remembered in Pictou and have a prominent place in its records in coming generations. As its real benefactor, Dr. MacCulloch's efforts to secure a native institution were worthy of the highest praise. It was in a degree a success and supplied the means of grace to many destitute communities. Unfortunately, the bitterness of contention crippled what its benefits would otherwise

have been. The people forming the Kirk party, regarding the Seceders who had originated the movement, as the enemies of the Church of Scotland, ascribed this effort to a scheme which would help to destroy their Church, and under this impression they were of course sincerely hostile. No true Kirkman could see his son enter that institution. What is thus said of the feelings of the Kirk, was equally true of their neighbors of the Secession Church, and in equal strength and what might be looked for. They were of the same race and fellow-countrymen—Highlanders all, or nearly all of them. Both were equally certain they were right and that those differing from them were all wrong, if not all bad. It was an unhappy condition in a community and a painful scene to witness good men fiercely contending for what they believed to be the Truth, while Truth had no part in their unseemly passions. Had they sufficient light, it would be seen by them all that there was nothing real dividing them, simply a name.

CHAPTER VI.

Pictou was blessed by having for inhabitants the best and strongest men—not less so the women—the North of Scotland could supply, and the emigrants were also richly blessed, as the result of their noble resolve and self-denial. While in their native land and amid the familiar scenes of youth, and meeting their friends every day, many of them thought but little and seldom, of what is the first and the really important question for every individual of our race, namely, in relation to the future world. Many of them may have regarded the Church and the Sabbath, as too many of their descendants now do. Their changed circumstances changed all else, to at least some of them. In their lonely dwellings at a distance from the nearest neighbour, they were homesick, and

homesickness is not an imaginary suffering. It is sometimes terribly real, and to many of them it was a means of grace. Their thoughts were in Scotland with the friends they left. The church, the ministers they saw and knew and especially their own minister were before their minds, and when they met to spend an hour together these were the principal part of their conversation. The house of God was to them a power that made light of fatigue and distance. On foot they travelled miles every Sabbath, and if too distant, the aged would leave home on Saturday afternoon to the home of some friend nearer the church. On the way home the conversation was for the most part, repeating fragments and notes of the sermon they heard. The world and its worries seemed forgotten. It must not intrude on the sacred hours. Were they too strict? If not, where do we stand? We may admit that some, good and really pious but narrow and ill-educated men may have erred in some particulars, but the foundation on which they stood was firm as the throne of Heaven. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In this passage the word "holy" means separate from the world, and the best of men are not in much danger of pushing that separation too far. To be known as inclined to worldly conversation on the Sabbath was to lose caste as a religious man. The Sabbath was strictly observed. Household work as far as possible must be finished on Saturday, or put off until Monday morning. In every family the word of God was read and a psalm of praise was sung and parents and children on bended knees joined in prayer. The family where this was neglected was not considered within the Christian Church. In that generation of emigrants and their children there were many who excelled in gifts and doctrinal knowledge. I may give a few names from the first settlers.

CHARLES MACLEAN AND JOHN HOLMES.

In the first list, one of the most noted was Charles Maclean, who lived in what is now known as Lorne, West Branch. Of him it might truly be said that his conversation was in Heaven. Humble and the last to say to his neighbor, "stand by for I am holier than thou," but crowning that real humility there was a dignity that constrained respect from the most thoughtless. When there was no service in the church—not seldom the case for many years—his neighbors assembled in his house for religious conference and prayer. In the presence of that saintly old man all felt that God was near. For years his humble dwelling was to the community a little Bethel. I never saw him, but once, seventy-six years ago, and his countenance had heaven so marked upon it that it is distinctly before me at this moment. Another of these worthies, and contemporary with Charles Maclean, was John Holmes, of the East River, father of the late Senator Holmes. I never saw him, but from report I knew him well. Of him as of his brother in Christ, Charles Maclean, it might truly be said, as of Zacharias of old, that he walked in all the statutes and ordinances of the Lord blameless. While he found nothing in himself on which to lean, and as the most unworthy, rested all his hope on the atonement made for sin by God's own beloved Son, who came down from His throne for that purpose, while this was his only plea and trust, he held every command and precept of Christ sacred, as if his eternity depended on their observance. In order to be prepared for the holy rest of the Sabbath, all labour on the farm must cease on Saturday at sun down. The busy harvest season was not an exception. The Sabbath to him was the vestibule of Heaven, and Christ promised to be specially present with his people on that day, and they are expected to meet Him, not with jaded and exhausted bodies, but in the full possession of their

activity of mind and body. The risen and glorified Saviour on that day is coming on a visit to our homes, and if we love and honor Him, we will be careful to see that the house is made ready respectfully to receive the honored guest. When we have notice that an esteemed friend is to make us a visit on a certain day, it would be an insult if we continued our work up to the very hour of his arrival. We are careful never to treat our friends in that way. We prepare for such a call so that we can sit down and enjoy the visit. Is it asking too much, that we give as much honor and attention to the Heavenly Guest? The godly and saintly John Holmes did not think so. He would add a little to the strict visit hours, to set his house in order. While you feel that you cannot follow him in this, yet, you cannot withhold your admiration and the wish that you could do the same.

WILLIAM AND ALEXANDER ROSS.

The next in succession to these two worthies were William Ross, of Blue Mountain, and his brother Alexander, Sunny Brae. Both were strong men, princes in Israel, are dead, but their memory and their upright and godly lives still live and are speaking to young and old and not without effect. While almost all the rest of the country have fallen in with and joined the rush, called progress, which means departure from the old and simple ritual of our fathers and the stern and certain truth proclaimed by Christ, that unless a man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God, the Blue Mountain and Sunny Brae are scarcely at all under the influence of this new and foreign leaven, that has wrought such a change in our congregations, as to lead a man, who has returned after an absence of thirty or forty years to doubt if he is inside a Presbyterian church. On entering he is met with the earthly sounds of the organ, a

mere sound in which there is no heart, nor any help to raise the thought to God and to Heaven, and instead of finding a congregation all joining in the song of praise to the loving Father, as God especially commands, he sees a select band, to whom that, the most divine and heavenly part of the service, is entirely entrusted. Neither the minister nor the congregation seem to have any interest in it. The tunes are new and known only to the choir, so that the people cannot, if they desired it, join in the worship. This is said to be an improvement and progress to higher spirituality in the church. The old tunes, which our fathers loved, were old and slow; the new are more artistic and keep the untrained voice of the ignorant from jarring the music. I do not know how it is now in the above named centres, but the influence of those sainted patriarchs kept them for a time at least, on the old lines.

WILLIAM AND ALEXANDER URQUHART.

There are two other prominent names I would not wish to forget. They too were brothers—William and Alexander Urquhart. Both were prominent men and mighty in the Scriptures. William returned to the Old Country after a long sojourn between Blue Mountain and St. Paul's, East River. I knew him in Scotland. He suffered from the homesickness common in the experience of the Highland emigrant to Pictou, but drawing in a different direction. He felt far from home in Scotland and wanted back to Pictou, but circumstances prevented his return. Alexander lived and ended his days at West Branch, East River. In his knowledge of the Bible and Scripture doctrine, he was not surpassed by many, including even those in the work of the ministry. His gift in speaking on the passage given out on the communion Friday "Ceist" meeting, was remarkable, and made the young minister, new to these Friday meetings, not a little nervous. He, the presiding minister, had no

time to study the passage, no help from commentary, no notes available. It was a trying experience for a young man. The passage was given then and there, and perhaps not one he had ever carefully examined, but there was no escape. He must stand up in the crowded church—crowded it always was on that Friday—and do the best he could, with the result not seldom that Urquhart and others had left him some distance behind. The only good result was the tendency to humility and increased diligence in study and earnestness in prayer for help and teaching. Before a minister was settled at West Branch. Alexander Urquhart was employed as catechist in the congregation, under the care of the Rev. Donald Allan Fraser, then the only Kirk minister, who spoke highly of his gifts, saying, "If you searched the County of Pictou with a lighted candle, you would not find a brighter and more gifted man." But though bright in the light of Heaven and knowing in whom he believed, he had his dark hours. On his death bed he complained that darkness was all around him. "I cannot see Him," was his moaning complaint. When told that while here he surely did not expect to walk by sight, that even in the simple effort to visit a neighbor a mile or two distant, he could not see the house he was going to and must walk by faith. He knew and could see the road, and knew that it led to the house he wished to reach, and by keeping on that road he would soon see his friend face to face. This illustration was simple and the application easy, and he was content and happy.

JOHN MACLEOD.

The one other name I shall mention is John Macleod, of Colchester. In religious attainments no layman in Nova Scotia stood higher. His comments on passages of Scripture were marked with clearness of thought and an original quaintness, that could not fail to impress the hearer.

His native home was Sutherlandshire. I do not know his age when he emigrated. He settled in Colchester county, and like all the emigrants, he had to provide a home for himself out of the wilderness by clearing the woods. While busy and often fatigued, there was a different work of more importance and which claimed more earnest attention. I was informed that while labouring in the woods he had his Bible with him, and when the tree was down and he needed rest he sat on the fallen trunk and read his Bible until he was rested and prepared to resume his work. Having passed through such a stern course in theology, he could scarcely fail to become distinguished.

Fifty years ago there were men in all the congregations in Pictou County who were noted for their clear knowledge of the doctrines and teachings of the Bible. There were also among the earnest worshippers who lived at that time many men and women who stood high in Christian attainments and character, persons whose light was sufficiently bright to show their Father's name written on their foreheads. With quite a number of these I was acquainted. To the intelligent and earnest worshippers of the period to which I refer we are greatly indebted. They were the means by which the County of Pictou gained such distinction in morality and religion that a knowledge of the fact that a young man had come from that county was almost equivalent to a high certificate of character over a large portion of North America.

TRIALS AND PLEASURES.

With all the other difficulties the emigrants to Pictou had to contend with, one of a serious nature was the want of public roads. There was none. To Truro there was a blazed foot-path through the woods, and as that was an older settlement, the recent settlers in Pictou had for some time, partly, if not materially, to depend on such supplies as could be obtained from their neighbours and carried

on their backs for 40 miles over such comfortable roads. Horses were a luxury which were possessed only by very few. Pictou Town was the only place which had what were called stores where the necessaries of life could be got, and the journey to that town from upper West Branch and East River was no small undertaking. The only road was the river bank, with its many winding foot-paths. The trip in going and getting home was a three day's hard work. The first day they reached what is now New Glasgow, but was then called the Little Town, am Baile Beag. No business of any consequence was done there. There they secured a boat and rowed to Pictou next morning and did their small business, and if nothing happened to hinder, returned to Little Town before night. Their business with stores did not take much of their time—our stalwart fathers having but few wants dependent on stores. They had factories at home, where mostly all they required were provided. Their spinning wheels converted their wool into good substantial clothing; almost every man was his own shoemaker, and in every second or third house the noisy loom had its place. They had the best of tea in abundance all around them and costing only to stretch the hand and take it. The "store tea," as it was called, was sacred to the old women, the grandmothers of the family; the young neither tasted nor wished to taste it. In my youthful recollection it was so, so far as known to me without exception. The result was, that the few stores were not oppressed with too much business. The principal wants they were asked to supply for the men was tobacco, and in this not a few of the women kindly helped; half a century ago it was quite common to see the mother adding to her comfort by showing that she was one with her husband. Another want born with them in the Highlands and carefully nourished and brought across the sea was the need of something more stimulating than water with their daily bread.

This idea prevailed in their loved home, where whiskey was considered a necessary part of every family supply. They carried this want with them into the wilderness of Nova Scotia and must make provision for it. But while this was true of all, with some few exceptions, it was also true that very few could be charged with excess. Having finished their business at the stores, they started their boat on their return to Little Town, where they again passed the night, and the next day's journey was for home. Those who lived in the upper settlements of the West Branch and the East River, generally on leaving home, went, on the first day, only a part of the way to New Glasgow. They arranged that several neighbors would go together and stay in some friend's house near Little Town and be ready next day for the row to Pictou. Hospitality in its most generous and largest form then prevailed over the whole county. Among those noted for this heavenly virtue was Thomas Mackenzie, a well to do farmer, living in what is now called Riverton, and grandfather of the late Thomas Grant. He was a noble specimen of the best Highlander. They generally met in his house and knew their welcome was cordial. There they passed a happy evening, talking of the old dear home and telling Scotch stories. I remember the old patriarch well, and there are few in Pictou to-day large enough to fill his place. Those days when comforts were so few and toil and hardships the lot of all were really days of much true enjoyment. Neighbors lived in the bonds of sincere and honest affection. After the day's work was over they visited and when work too heavy had to be done they did not need to be asked. It was a favour to be allowed to help. This condition of mind and circumstances secured a larger measure of real enjoyment than wealth and luxury ever did or could confer, and I believe our fathers then in the County of Pictou enjoyed more real happiness than any other community then or

now living. The only bitter drop in their cup was one which had no right there. It was two words which came not from Heaven—"Kirk" and "Anti-burgher." Thanks be to God, these two words can never bring the Presbyterians of Pictou into collision again.

CHAPTER VII.

We now come to the real history of the Kirk in the County of Pictou. For many years after a considerable number of emigrants, chiefly from the Highlands, had settled in Pictou, and with all and more than all, their home affection for the Church of their fathers, continued to attend the services of the Secession Church, so called. It was the only Presbyterian service within their reach. Dr. Macgregor had been in correspondence with leading members of the Church of Scotland, for the purpose of obtaining help from that Church. That correspondence unfortunately failed. The Church in the fatherland seemed to have forgotten her children in this distant colony. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Long looking for and waiting the arrival of ministers from their own Church, they were becoming discouraged and would doubtless after a while attach themselves to and become identified with the Church which supplied themselves and their children with the means of Grace. This would almost certainly have been so, but alas! a root of bitterness sprung up. Hard words were spoken of the Church of Scotland, and while the Highlander may be good natured and bear a good deal, if the matter be confined to himself, utter an offensive word regarding his Church, or his mother, and if he does not strike you, he feels very like it. This was the beginning of strife in Pictou County, and it was found by sad experience as the letting out of water, which if not quickly arrested will become a torrent and cause loss and disaster. Such words will be resented and call for reply and in the same hot and angry spirit. The unholy fire

once kindled set the country in a blaze, and for a whole generation, the enemy had the satisfaction to see it burning with unholy fierceness and insults given and returned, which to-day we recall with sorrow. A few unjust and unkind reflections uttered in a moment of hasty imprudence and temper set all this machinery of uncharitableness vigorously to work, with the result of sadly impairing the beauty of our beloved Zion—our common Presbyterianism. The Secession Church had for many years possession of the county, with scarcely a rival, and naturally enough, were not inclined very cordially to welcome into their midst ministers, who would not be identified with them. Of course they had no right to feel in that way, but it was always the case as far back as the history of our race, and continues unchanged, that men regard possession of some length, as a near approach to a moral, if not a legal right. Just as the contention reached a degree of heat and force which placed it beyond the power of the true friends of Presbyterianism on both sides to interfere with any hope of success, the first minister from the Church of Scotland landed at Pictou, the Rev. Mr. Fletcher. He was a young man and highly gifted, and an able and attractive preacher. The Kirk people rejoiced and crowds from far and near, over the whole country, flocked to hear him. Probably no preacher ever arrived in Pictou who received a more enthusiastic reception. But the opposition he met with, which his friends called "persecution," made his position so uncomfortable and so discouraged him that, after remaining a few months, he left and went to Ontario, where he laboured until his death, some years ago.

THE REV. DONALD ALLAN FRASER.

The next minister from the same Church was the Rev. Donald Allan Fraser, a name still dear to hundreds in Pictou—to many who never saw nor heard him. He was one of the most accomplished of the many excellent men to cross the sea—physically his attractive and commanding appearance would single him out in the largest crowd, as one born to lead and his mental endowments gave him the right and the fitness to take that position. He was just such a man as was eminently qualified to secure and hold the affections of the Highlanders, young and old. Young, and with a countenance handsome and dignified, with the bearing of an accomplished gentleman, while a kind and gentle manner made him acceptable to all—a speaker of power in both languages—in Gaelic he was especially fluent. He arrived in 1816. How few are left who remember that date or who were then born. MacIennan's Mountain was not then a congregation—only a few scattered families, 40 in number. They rallied around the young minister from their own loved Highlands, and from their still more loved Church. Every man and I doubt not, every woman too, on the mountain, would risk their lives, if need be, to secure and maintain his rights. With them it was love at first sight, and love that continued unabated, while life remained. Perhaps no minister ever laboured in the County of Pictou who had so strong a hold on the affections of his congregation. They loved and revered him. While he could easily stoop to their level and allow his humor play, there was a dignity that never left him, even in his playful moments, that kept sacred his position, as the ordained minister of Christ set over them as their pastor and spiritual guide. A call was given and accepted. It could not be a formal call, for there

was no Church court to which it could be tendered, and for the same reason there could be no formal induction, but there was a real induction, which heaven recognized, and which created the mutual love, interest and confidence, constituting the bond required to secure success and the blessing of God on the services of a minister of Christ. This call, though not honored by passing through the hands of any venerable Church court, had the distinction of being the first call given to a minister of the Church of Scotland in Pictou County, and to Maclellan's Mountain belongs the honored position of the first organized congregation in connection with that Church. To that congregation also belongs the first communion season observed in connection with the Church of Scotland. It was a season of unusual, I almost feel inclined to say, of unspeakable solemnity, to the old men and women, who had now been for many years far away from their beloved home, when at last the ordinances, they scarcely ever expected again to enjoy, had crossed the sea after them to continue with themselves and their children. No heritage nor worldly fortune could equal in value this boon sent across the sea to them by the God of their fathers. Their cup of joy was indeed full; few gatherings ever met, on a communion Sabbath, with hearts more powerfully stirred with gratitude to God. Thus, hope of help from their Church at home was all but extinguished. Year after year the delay continued, until in their lonely homes they sorrowed and saw no hope of redress. All is changed—the dark clouds have disappeared, the sun is shining and the future is bright with hope; their best Friend has not forsaken them; He was present with them at His table and would never leave them alone. None who were present at that communion could ever forget the feelings of that solemn hour. The godly men and women who sat at that table realized that all the grief and pain of their years of isolation had more than compensation, clearer

views of the love and presence of Christ, and stronger assurance of His abiding and sufficient grace than they ever enjoyed in their favored home. There are few, if any, living to-day, who were witnesses or partakers of that first communion in the Church of Scotland in Pictou County. While the Mountain congregation is not among the strongest of our congregations, it has the honor of being the oldest, and the mother of us all. The people had no sooner secured Mr. Fraser's consent to remain with them, than with energy that did them credit, they set about preparing for his settlement and comfort. A frame church was erected to seat 500 persons, and as their young minister must share their very best, they built the best log house they could for him and his wife, a young lady accustomed to the best living and the best society in Argyleshire. This deserves a thought from our young men in the ministry, or with that office in view, who think that out of college and into a well-furnished and elegant manse, must be two steps in so close a succession that nothing can intervene. The first Kirk manse in Pictou was a log house, but that humble dwelling did not lessen the dignity of the occupant, nor the esteem in which he was held over the whole county. That small log house, at the foot of the mountain, soon became the great centre of attraction to all. All the scattered adherents of the Church of Scotland resorted to this little sanctuary for advice, counsel and comfort. They had confidence in the wisdom of the minister, and encouraged by him, the scattered elements were gathered into compact and distinct congregations. Next year after the settlement at the Mountain a church was built at Fraser's Mountain, and there he officiated every alternate Sabbath. There were only 25 families connected with it; it was 6 miles distant from the Mountain church, and about 2 miles from what is now the town of New Glasgow. Small as their number was, they undertook to pay

half the stipend, \$300, which amounted to \$12 each family, and would not lose credit by comparison with our liberality of the present day, when we remember, it was for alternate service. At this time and long afterwards, \$600 was the figure at which the stipend must be fixed in town and country congregations. But the size of the figure was not the worst of it. The slowness and uncertainty of the payment created the greatest difficulty in the comfort of the minister. Mr. Fraser did not escape this inconvenience. His people were honest and what they promised they meant and would fulfil, but their circumstances rendered promptitude difficult if not impossible. His congregation were nearly all farmers. The most of them had grain and cattle enough and to spare, but money was scarce and hard to find. There was no sure and ready market. They could dispose of their produce, but it was in barter. Money even to pay the stipend was difficult to obtain, and as the result, in too many cases, the produce was sent to the manse, and it was too often the case that those in the best circumstances were the first at hand with this ready currency. From this cause, which had excuses to justify it, the minister suffered much inconvenience and the famous "Six Hundred" were much weakened. Whether our church has improved in every respect or not, in the provision made for the comfort of our ministers, it is deserving of praise. Now the smallest stipend must reach \$750, and every congregation is ambitious to have a manse, more than comfortable, and the one in course of building superior to the last finished. In this humble situation this gifted minister of Christ, who had few equals in the endowments of person and intellect, and in his power as a preacher, in both Gaelic and English, was content to remain for 21 years. His stipend was not sufficient to provide sufficiently for the comfort of his family, and they lacked in much that would now be called necessity. Mr. Fraser

found at the Mountain something of more value than a punctually paid stipend—a single-hearted, loyal people, whom he loved and whose short-coming in just one particular, was the result of a cause not within their control. He felt willing to share in their difficulties. They were his first charge and he was their first pastor, their spiritual teacher and guide, and besides this, had the reverence and awe with which Highlanders approached the chief of their clan. He enjoyed this in a larger measure than perhaps any other Presbyterian minister in Nova Scotia before or since. After the long pastorate of twenty-one years, circumstances constrained him to accept a call to Lunenburg, where he did good work, and after a few years he went to Newfoundland, and there finished his work. But his first love was the Mountain congregation and with them it remained. On a visit to Pictou, some years after he left, he preached in his old Mountain church. I need not say the building was crowded. From all parts of the surrounding district they were present. To them it was pleasure and pain mixed, and to him not less so, but the latter more sensibly felt. When he rose to begin the service his strength was tried, his voice failed in giving out the psalm. It was an affecting sight—a man of more than ordinary stature and of majestic appearance standing before the congregation trying to repress his tears and for the moment unable to speak. This was the last time they saw their first and best loved minister. To this day, in the third generation, his memory is fresh and the mention of his name awakens feelings of tender and loving esteem

THE REV. KENNETH JOHN MACKENZIE.

The next congregation organized and supplied from the Church of Scotland, was St. Andrew's, town of Pictou. The first minister was Mr. Mackenzie, a native of Stornoway, Island of Lewis. He was an able man and a good preacher in both languages, but had not the influence in the country congregations held by Mr. Fraser. He, the latter, had possession of the whole county for some time, and his hold of their confidence was so firmly established that it could scarcely be shared by any other. Even when these congregations, one by one, had slowly secured ministers of their own, Donald Allan Fraser retained his influence, as a sort of high priest and court of appeal. Mr. Mackenzie's labour was chiefly confined to Pictou, and there he found work enough. Pictou was the seat of Dr. MacCulloch's college, and for some reason, not clear to us, but satisfactory to themselves, the Kirk party felt justified in opposing that movement and Mr. Mackenzie, being located there, was placed in the front and brunt of the conflict. It is easy for us, at this distance, to see that the contest was a mistake and unseemly with only one certain result, a serious injury and loss to Presbyterianism in Nova Scotia, but they could not see it, and they were not our inferiors in wisdom, attainments or real devotedness to the truth and the cause of Christ. It was all the result of a misunderstanding and suspicion of one another, born and bred in Scotland and carefully stowed in their luggage across the sea. Had the leading men of both parties, instead of rushing into print, with bitter words, met in kind and Christian conference, each believing the other honorable and to be trusted, one hour of such conference might have removed the trouble and made the Pictou Academy, instead of a handle to pile fuel on the already destructive fire, a shower of blessings to Nova

Scotia and to the Presbyterian Church. This was the aim of both parties, but the means employed had not the approval of Heaven. Would we have done better and acted differently, were we where they were? I find no reason to think we would, but many reasons to think we would not. We have reason to grieve over their great mistake, while we respect them for their determined adherence to what they believed to be right. It is ours to imitate their self-denying labor and learn wisdom from their stumbling. Mr. Mackenzie laboured for many years in Pictou and together with Mr. Fraser, defended with ability and some success, the claims and rights of the Kirk. On his resignation, a vacancy of some time occurred. His successor was the Rev. Mr. Williams, from Scotland, a man of peace, and diligent and faithful in the discharge of his duty. He remained as their pastor until the Secession, called the Disruption, occurred in Scotland, when he resigned, went back to his native land, and settled in a parish a few miles from Inverness.

THE REV. JOHN MACRAE.

The next organization after Pictou town, was the West Branch and East River formed into one charge. The two districts were nearly equally divided in the number of families, between the Kirk and Antiburghers, and for many years all the service they had were the visits of Dr. Macgregor to the one party, and of Mr. Fraser to the other. This was continued by Dr. Macgregor until they secured a settled minister, one of the first fruits of the Pictou Academy, the Rev. Angus Macgillivray. The Kirk continued to be dependent on Mr. Fraser's visits, which were precious to them, and of value which gold could not purchase. The two church buildings they held in common. Mr. Macgillivray preached alternately in each. For some time, while the Seceders had their settled minister and their

regular second Sabbath service, the Kirk had service only when Mr. Fraser visited them. When after weary and long waiting, the joyful event was announced, and with telegraph speed reached every Kirkman's home, that their minister had landed at Pictou and that they would see and hear him next Sabbath. We may try, but will fail to realize, what it meant to them. Their long years of isolation in their lonely wilderness dwellings, and the still more trying circumstance—their lonely Sabbath—were now at an end. Their own minister, longed and prayed for, was here now, and they would have regular service. His name was John Macrae. The Rev. John Macrae from Inverness Shire. That Sabbath was a day to be remembered. Their minister, a young man, stood up before them and preached the good old doctrine of their own home pulpit. Both parties had now regular services and settled ministers, but only one church in each district, occupied by each, on the alternate Sabbath. This arrangement suited both. Although strong and firm in the stand they had chosen, both parties, with very few exceptions, attended every service. Both preachers had regularly nearly the same gathering as hearers. The Rev. Mr. Macrae was an edifying and faithful preacher. He labored as a pastor, visited families and catechised. In this later most important part of the minister's duty he excelled. He came to Pictou when party contention was at its greatest heat and took a share in it, but while he sometimes perhaps allowed that spirit too much room, in one thing he deserves praise and left an example for all ministers—whatever the provocation, the pulpit knew nothing of it. No politics, or anything relating to party strife ever had entrance into the pulpit of the Rev. John Macrae. His labours, preaching, visiting and catechising, continued for sixteen years. The people were pleased and grew in Scripture knowledge, and the minister seemed happy and growing in his attachment to his congregation, when the startling

news came across the sea that four hundred pulpits were made vacant in Scotland and were crying for help. This sad event at home was felt in Pictou, and unsettled matters, and with the force of a tornado swept everything before it. The minister of West Branch and East River and all his Kirk brother ministers left their charges and returned to Scotland. There was one noble exception. The Rev. Dr. Macgilivray resisted the pressure—I prefer not to call it temptation—and remained with his flock. His decision never gave him cause for regret. Some, at least, of those who went home would wish to retrace their movement, but difficulties barred the way.

GAIRLOCH AND SALTSPRINGS.

The congregation adjoining West Branch consisted of the two large districts of Gairloch and Saltsprings, which together contained nearly four hundred families, and with few exceptions, all from the north and the Gairloch portion from Caithness and Sutherland Shires. I have already stated, that the Secession in Scotland was chiefly, if not almost entirely, confined to the south. It reached as far north as the town of Inverness. There was there a small congregation connected with the Secession, and a smaller one in the town of Cromarty, but outside and beyond they had no interest. In Sutherlandshire the Secession was unknown, but by report, and that report was unfavorable and represented them as enemies of the Church of Scotland, the Church of their fathers, who would destroy her if they could. The emigrants, who occupied the above named districts, coming from that part of Scotland, were all of one mind—Kirkmen while life remained. The division between Kirk and Antiburgher was confined to that part of the county first settled. The emigrants, who arrived while peace was undisturbed and the faithful servant of Christ, Dr. Macgregor, was

telling of God's great and wonderful love, and urging them to come to Him, and that He would certainly receive and save them, were happy in hearing the same love and willingness to pardon their sins, which they heard so often in their loved old home, but now in a far away and strange land, it had a new meaning to them and greater value. They loved the precious message and that love embraced the bearer of it. They gladly accepted Dr. Macgregor as their pastor, and joined his congregation and ceased being Kirkmen. This took place before contention began, and the spirit of strife had gathered strength sufficient to stand on its feet and strike at all who would bar its way. From that day there was no addition from the Kirk to the Secession Church, in the County of Pictou. I think I may say that all the Kirkmen respected Dr. Macgregor, but his Church was an enemy to their beloved Church. That formed a line they would not pass. In Gairloch and Saltsprings this division never existed and this was true of all the congregations, organized after strife began. Their first minister was the Rev. Mr. Macleod from Scotland. What the cause I know not, but he remained but a short time. A vacancy of some years followed, during which they had such services as the neighboring ministers could give. Their next minister was the Rev. Donald Macintosh, who remained with them, until with so many of his brethren, he returned home to fill the Disruption vacancies. He was a popular preacher and a fluent Gaelic speaker, whilst as a Gaelic reader of the psalms he was unequalled. Gairloch and Saltsprings are now two separate and prosperous congregations. The facts in reference to the last named congregations apply to all organizations formed at that or a later date.

ROGER'S HILL.

Roger's Hill, now Scotsburn, was formed into a congregation about the same time with Gairloch and Saltsprings. Their first minister was the Rev. Roderick Macaulay from Scotland. He did not remain long with them; he removed to P. E. Island and entered into politics and became Speaker of the House of Assembly. The next was the Rev. Mr. MacConnachie, also from Scotland. He laboured for some time in Lochaber and from there moved to Roger's Hill. The Gaelic people were much taken with him; they considered him mighty in the first and best of all tongues. He was a powerful Gaelic speaker, had a voice of unusual strength, and in the open air could be heard at a long distance. In this respect he had no equal among the brethren, and it placed him high in the estimation of the old people who had spent their youth in the Highlands; they thought him almost equal to the great Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh, called the Apostle of the North. He too was carried away in the great rush of '44, and was inducted into the Gaelic Church of Inverness.

BARNEY'S RIVER.

The people of Barney's River were all Kirkmen. Their first minister was the Rev. Dougald Mackichan. He was a man of more than ordinary ability. After a few years he removed to Cape Breton, and after labouring there for some time, he returned to his first charge at Barney's River, and was there amid a loyal and affectionate people, when the cry from Scotland came, which carried him with his brethren over the sea. He was settled in a parish church near the town of Inverness.

CAPE BRETON.

Cape Breton had at the date of which I am writing, a considerable population, mostly Highlanders, and divided between Presbyterians and

Catholics. The former were all Kirkmen, but were culpably neglected by their Church. The few ministers who laboured there were sent and supported chiefly by generous and pious individuals, at the head of which society was a lady of the name Mackay. This Mrs. Mackay is a name not to be forgotten in Cape Breton. She did more for the destitute Presbyterians than the General Assembly and the whole Church did. The ministers sent by this lady's help were, with no exception known to me, excellent and faithful men and did good work. Stewart, Farquarson and Peter Maclean are names that will be long remembered in Cape Breton, as those of faithful and self-denying servants of Christ. Seventy years ago, and even later, many comforts were wanting there, which were abundantly enjoyed in the neighboring communities. It did not, however, suffer from strife and division, turning Presbyterians into hostile hands, to contend and injure one another. They had peace and unity and until the Disruption they all belonged to the Church of Scotland. That event carried Cape Breton with it. The Free Church took possession of the whole field; a few families here and there would protest, but it would be in vain. Cape Breton never had experience of what contention and strife within the Church meant, and how effectually it withers and weakens all the gifts of Heaven.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

P. E. Island, unlike Cape Breton, was chiefly occupied by the Secession Church. The Church of Scotland had only three congregations on the whole Island,—the congregations of Charlottetown, Belfast and Georgetown. The first minister of Charlottetown was the Rev. Mr. Macintosh, who after labouring there for some years, removed to Halifax and became professor in Dalhousie College, an attempt being made at that time to revive the institution, and to secure for it the position and

usefulness originally intended and hoped for. Mr. Macintosh remained until, like so many others, he returned to Scotland and was there inducted into the parish of Burntisland, near Edinburgh. The church in Charlottetown had no service for several years, but such as they could obtain from passing ministers. The first settled minister was the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, a man of superior abilities, who laboured there with success for some years. He accepted a call from Montreal, and from his charge there was transferred to Queen's College, Kingston, of which he became the principal. His successor in Charlottetown was the Rev. Thomas Duncan, a young man from Scotland just licensed and sent out by the Colonial Committee. He laboured there for several years, faithful and evangelical in his preaching, and as a pastor, in visiting the families and in his mindful attention to the sick and dying he was not surpassed. All classes were fondly attached to him; the children were glad when they saw Mr. Duncan coming to the house. He was by nature among the kindest of men, and the grace of God sweetened that amiable character to attract old and young. His people sorrowfully parted with him, when he accepted the call to St. Andrew's, Halifax.

BELFAST.

Belfast is a large district stretching along the south coast of the Island, and facing Nova Scotia and adjoining on the other side a large population consisting chiefly of Catholics, mostly Irish. The emigrants who settled in Belfast were all, or nearly all, Highlanders from the North and Western Islands, and were gathered and brought out and settled, as a small colony by the noble patriot, the Earl of Selkirk, who himself accompanied and remained with them, until he saw them all settled on not less than 50 acres of land each. They were emigrants not like those who took possession of Pictou and other parts of Nova Scotia. In the

latter case each individual acted for himself, and faced all the risks. The emigrants to Belfast had a leader, in whom they had unmingled confidence and who would see that no advantage would be taken of their inexperience. Their first minister was the Rev. John Maclellan, a truly good man, an excellent preacher and a real Highlander like themselves, who could sympathize with their loneliness and difficulties. He remained with them, unwearied in his labours, until age and growing infirmities warned him that his burden was becoming too heavy for his declining strength. He returned home, as Scotland was then called, and settled in a parish in the Highlands. He did not long survive the change. I already stated the fact that adjoining Belfast there was a large Catholic community of Irishmen, and regarding the Presbyterian settlement as small and weak, they felt they could browbeat and deny them equal rights. This assumption reached a climax at an election held about sixty years ago. They were gathered from distant parts of the Island and surrounded the hustings, with the intention to prevent the Presbyterians from polling. After waiting in not a very pleasant discussion, a Presbyterian, Malcolm Macrae, pushed his way to the polls to record his vote. He was struck down and lost his life. With that a real fight began. It was a fierce and bloody one. The Catholics fled. How many lives were lost was not ascertained. The parties engaged were not neighbors. The Catholics were from a distance and brought there for a purpose. The fight was called the Belfast Riot and remains a black patch on the fair record of Prince Edward Island. The results, however, were good and bear fruit to this day, not only to Belfast but to the whole Island. No similar attempt has since occurred, and Catholics and Protestants, Irishmen and Highlanders, live in peace and are ready, when need requires it, with mutual help and sympathy. That dark day taught a lesson that required not to be repeated, and we trust never will. The Belfast people had their

trouble, but it was from outside and it proved a benefit to them. Trouble from within the Church is altogether different, and its results always a loss and injury. The Pictou and Belfast contentions and fightings are true samples. Belfast was highly favored in having for its first minister a truly good and godly man, who sowed the good seed of the living word, which remained with them after the sower had left. This was manifest in their regular attendance in the House of God, some walking several miles, even when roads and weather were unfavorable. This was more visible in their prayer meetings—young as well as the aged were present, and, what was not seen elsewhere, so far as known to me, the young took part in the service of prayer. Young boys not over 13 or 14, offered prayer. On one occasion a gentleman, a stranger, present, said after coming out, "I have heard many sermons and prayers, but I have never heard any thing that touched me like the prayer of that child." That the children loved and valued prayer was noticeable in that with the school term they held regular prayer meetings of their own, after school, one evening every week. The older boys wrote out rules of conduct, which required to be signed in order to become members. How long this continued I know not, but it was so for a time, and all who took part and declared their love to Christ become useful in their day. About this time Belfast succeeded in getting a Grammar School established, which proved a great blessing and by its means the young had the opportunity which no other section had, of preparing for college without leaving home, or incurring extra expenses. The result was that more from that district attained to positions in the Church and State than from any other part of the Island, and it also raised Belfast to a higher place among the other sections, as the place where the young could prepare for college.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The large island of Newfoundland is now the only portion of British North America not included in the Dominion of Canada. Being nearer Europe than any other part of America, it was probably the first land seen by John Cabot, in his remarkable voyage of 1497. It has been a British colony since 1713 and has enjoyed representative government since 1733. It is therefore the oldest of British North American colonies. It is 1200 miles in circumference. Its population in 1869, was estimated at 146,576, divided as follows: Church of England, 55,184; Church of Rome, 61,640; Wesleyans, 28,900; Church of Scotland, 401; Free Church, 573; Congregational, 378, and Baptist, 10. These statistics reach only to 1870. We have not the facts to show the comparative strength of the different denominations, at the present time. The Presbyterians have three congregations—two at St. John, now united, and one at Harbour Grace. The Rev. Moses Harvey was for 23 years pastor of Free St. Andrew's. He was a part of that time assisted by the Rev. Neil Forsythe. The Rev. Alexander Ross was for many years the minister of Harbour Grace. The congregation of St. Andrew's was formed in 1842; the church was erected the following year. The members, who formed the congregation were formerly connected with the Congregational body. Their first minister was the Rev. Donald Allan Fraser, who became their pastor in 1842. Mr. Fraser died at St. John's on the 7th of February, 1845. After this lamented event, as the Session Records shew, the pulpit was occasionally supplied with services by different clergymen—the Rev. Mr. MacLennan, Belfast, P. E. Island; Mr. Wilson, Sydney; Mr. Robb, Halifax, and Mr. Duff Lunenburg. In 1847 the Rev. Archibald Sinclair came to St. John and remained to the close of 1848, when he was succeeded for a short time, by the Rev. Mr. Romans, from Dartmouth. After Mr. Fraser's death the congregation became divided

on the Free Church question, and a season of discussion and strife ensued, in respect to church property. The law courts having decided in favour of the Church of Scotland party, the Rev. Thomas King, ordained for the charge by the Presbytery of Dumfriesshire on the 30th August, 1849—a young man of excellent gifts and attainments, became pastor on the 8th of October of that year, and remained a little over twelve months. Then another period of confusion began, the consequences of which were seriously injurious to the welfare of the congregation. Late in 1851 the Rev. Francis Nicol was appointed to the charge and remained until June, 1855, when he went to the Upper Provinces, and became minister of London. During his incumbency St. Andrew's became connected with the Presbytery of Halifax. He left the charge in a state of admirable working order. Mr. Nicol first came to Nova Scotia, as a third minister for Halifax, and during his stay in the city, divided his service equally between St. Matthew's and St. Andrew's. This amiable and accomplished servant of Christ died at Toronto, on the 30th October, 1873. His successor in Newfoundland was the Rev. Donald Macrae, a native of Pictou and educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Mr. Macrae succeeded Mr. Nicol in August 1858. He was previously settled for two years at East River, Pictou. After a ministry of twelve years, in Newfoundland, he returned to his old charge, in his native country. In 1874 he again moved and was settled in charge of St. Stephen's, St. John city, New Brunswick, where he laboured until he was appointed principal of Morin College, Quebec. The Rev. Daniel Macgill was the next pastor inducted to St. Andrew's. He remained three years, and then returned to Scotland. Following him next to the charge of St. Andrew's, was the Rev. James E. Paterson, who was inducted in December, 1874. Previous to his leaving Scotland, Mr. Paterson was for two years assistant minister in Dalmellington parish, Ayrshire. The Rev. Dr. Roberts was the next

minister settled in that important charge. By his labour and personal attraction he endeared himself to the congregation. He accepted a call from Toronto, and St. Andrew's was again left vacant.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMINISCENCES.

I shall now give a few items of my own experience on my way to the ministry, and of the state of matters—religious and political—in the county of Pictou, within my recollection. The community was mostly Presbyterian, of the most rigid and uncompromising form. Any departure from Presbyterian tenets was heresy, a deadly error, and the man suspected of a leaning in that direction lost caste, and was looked upon as lost, in the most serious and extreme sense of that word. Any attempt to injure them as a religious body and in their spiritual interests by introducing heresy in any form would prove a failure. For every pin in the Tabernacle and for every syllable in the Shorter Catechism and Confession of Faith, they were firm as the rock and in its defence would, like their fathers, sacrifice their lives, if required. If the cause of Christ and the interests of the Presbyterian Church can be injured, it must be attempted in some other way. The enemy knew this and did not strive to touch their religious views. Another way was adopted and with fatal success. That other way was, to import from beyond the sea, the terms "Kirk and Antiburgher" and fasten to these terms, which had some significance in Scotland, but were meaningless on this side, an importance, not much, if at all, short of essential belief. This had the effect of at once dividing the population, while still holding all the tenets of their faith with equal firmness, into two distinct and hostile camps,

that were worse than rivals. They were antagonistic in the extreme that reaches to personal hatred. This deadly wedge that thus split up the once faithful and loving family, entered also into their political life with such decided and sad effect, that at every gathering to record their suffrages, scenes were witnessed worthy only of savage tribes. By this the strength of Presbyterianism was crippled in Nova Scotia and especially in Pictou County, where almost every Kirkman was a Conservative and every Antiburgher as necessarily a Liberal. I remember going to the town of Pictou a few days before I left for Scotland. There was an election being held. The usual fight had occurred and was almost finished, as I got into town. The streets were covered with snow. It was early in March. But on that forenoon the snow was not all white. The red was there and not sparingly. Patches of blood were here and there along the street. Savage Indians could not surpass the brutal violence of that day in the Presbyterian town of Pictou. This served the purpose of the enemy as effectually, if not more so, than car loads of heresy could do. The two parties fought and trampled under their feet all kind and neighborly feelings and all reverence for God and His laws, for a mere name and to the most of them utterly without meaning. It was just "Kirk" and "Antiburgher," and to each his chosen term was more important than all else in the world piled into one.

In this hot-bed of religious and political strife I spent my youth, and my first attempt at service away from home, was to take charge of a Kirk school. The feeling in that community, Churchville, had become so painful, that nothing short of the Jew and Samaritan plan could give relief—"no dealings." The children could not be safely taught under the same roof, nor by the same teacher. The Kirk had so many grievances, that as they thought, they had no choice but to build a school-house for themselves. They did so, It was a log-house. I was their first teacher and had possession

for three years. No Antiburgher child could expect or wish for access to that school house. It was sacred to the Kirk. The Antiburghers of course looked askance at this material expression of the Kirk feeling, and it fully justified them in returning that feeling not less in measure. After teaching in that school for three years I resigned to leave for Scotland. An election happened just at that time. On election day the Kirk scholars marched to the bridge, half way between the two school-houses, which were apart not more than two hundred yards, and there shouted defiance at the Antiburgher school. The challenge was accepted and they fought it out with all the ferocity of little savages. This was the training which had much to do with the upbringing of the rising generation of fifty years ago. While this fighting spirit was a serious injury to Presbyterianism all round, it was especially so to the Kirk, for it prevented them from joining in the effort to secure a native ministry. The other section saw that the church could not expand or prosper, if they depended for supply on a distant land. This led them to undertake the Pictou Academy, an effort which was deserving of high praise. The Kirk would have none of it. They kept aloof and looked with utter contempt on what they called MacCulloch's academy; "preachers made there, indeed!" What could they be? They will get their ministers from Scotland and from the grand old colleges, which trained so many great men. The result was that the young men belonging to the Kirk were debarred access to the ministry or to any other of the learned professions. The Pictou Academy was there, but for a Kirkman to enter that institution, was virtually to leave and become a traitor to his own, and still worse, to the Church of his fathers. No true son of the Kirk could entertain the thought for a moment, and hence the Kirk youth could aspire no higher than the tradesman or the plough. There was no college nearer than Scotland. The distance, then more than double its length now,

and the heavy expenses settled the matter, as the impossible. I was the second, so far as I know, who made what my friends called the rash venture. They were justified in calling it rash, for my means did not leave much to meet expenses after paying my outfit and passage. I knew well that difficulties were in my way and I anticipated quite enough, but I got possessed of the idea, that if I could get safely to the other side, I would in some way or other get through. This idea possessed me with all the strength of a certainty and I did succeed, but the burden of anxiety from uncertain means, added to hard study, was such, that I would not wish to see any young man undertake to grapple with it. But there was a prior difficulty to be overcome before a young man ventured to cross the sea—the preparation for entering a Scotch university was required. This meant a course of study in some classical seminary.

I did not go to any seminary. At the beginning of my second year's teaching I bought a few Latin books and the Latin grammar, and began to study the language. I had a friend distant over six miles, a good classical scholar who offered to help me. I went to him once a week or fortnight. I took notes of the difficulties that were too puzzling and got them explained. In less than two years, and teaching all that time with the exception of two months, I finished my preparation for Aberdeen University. I read several Latin books up to and through Horace and a part of Livy. I was also fairly up in the Greek grammar and Greek New Testament. This was the harder, as I was the victim of the wretched system which then prevailed all over the country. The teacher boarded from house to house—a week in each. I carried my dictionary and the book I was reading under my arm, as tramp-like I went from the school for the night's shelter. In some houses it was impossible to attempt study, and the only way I could get anything done, was to rise early and go to a wood, if such was near, and if not, to some retired corner

and do the best I could for an hour or more. Of course this was possible only in the warm weather. Through that rather unusual process and with these scant advantages I entered the Aberdeen university to take my place with a large class of young men, who had spent some years under the best teachers in preparing for college. Well, I was never plucked and having passed all my examinations through the four years' course I was entitled to and received my degree of A. M. I relate this in no spirit of boasting. I never felt that I had anything to boast of. Any young man of ordinary ability determined to succeed, and willing to work could do the same. When I went to Scotland the time had not come when ministers and people thought it a duty to encourage and help young men desiring to enter the ministry. I had the good wishes of all my friends of the Kirk and that was all they gave,—that and nothing more. There was one exception. The united congregation of Gairloch and Saltsprings during my third year in theology made up ten pounds to be divided equally between Alexander MacKay, a Pictou fellow student, and myself. It is not that the people would grudge it, but simply because they never thought of such a thing, nor had it been urged on their attention. This was shewn in the fact, that when we, Pollok and myself, started the Young Men's Scheme the congregations fell in at once with the movement and gave their liberal support, so that we were able to send that same year four young men to Scotland, and to help two others, who preferred to study in Queen's College, Kingston. When we arrived in Nova Scotia we found our work waiting for us. Sprott remained in Halifax as assistant in St. Matthews. Pollok and I hurried on to Pictou. He was called to New Glasgow, and I was placed in charge of Gairloch and Saltsprings, then one congregation and numbering over 350 families. The work was different from what it is now and the support also different. Then the canonical stipend was \$600 and

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no manse. There was only one manse in the county,—in New Glasgow. A few years after the town of Pictou followed and built the second. Each minister was expected when inducted to look round and select a farm for himself and build a manse. He was supposed quite able to do so as he had a stipend up in the hundreds. There was more also demanded in real ministerial work. Every Sabbath two sermons were required, following with a few minutes' intermission. These sermons to be appreciated must at least be a full hour in length. All the congregations then required Gaelic, or were very sure they did, and at every communion, they would not submit to want it. At that season the Gaelic services were always held in the open air. The gathering was too large for any building at our command. Two sermons, one in each language were required. Thursday was "the fast day." It was held as much more sacred than the Sabbath is now. On Friday the "men" had the "Ceist." The meeting on that day was always a protracted one,—frequently from three to four hours. On Saturday two long sermons again. On the Sabbath there were four sermons—one in each language before the tables, and one after. There were generally three to four tables, and an address—not very short—before serving and after. Then a sermon, seldom less than an hour and very often a good deal more. Within my recollection the Sabbath day's service was generally ended not far on this side of 5 p. m. I remember at the first communion, where I had charge of the Gaelic alone, I was much pleased at my success in getting through the whole work at 3 o'clock. I suspect it was the first time the Gaelic service was closed at so early an hour. Pollok, now the venerable principal of Our College, was then young and ready for any amount of work. He seemed to understand the Highlanders of Pictou and to get himself into their peculiarities better than any other Scotchman I knew. The result was their confidence and affection in a larger measure than generally given to the preacher in a strange

tongue. He was nearly as much a favorite with the Gaelic as with the English people. We worked together for four years. He generally had at communion seasons charge of the English and I was almost always with the Gaelic gathering. During my absence in Scotland a change for the better was slowly making a silent progress in drawing nearer to each other the old rivals, and gently inspiring feelings which indicated the dawning of better days and the turn of brotherly love to its rightful place and influence. These indications were not deceptive. The faint dawning brightened into a glorious day and the tyrant who had ruled so cruelly and so long and whose very life was darkness died with the rising of the sun. We trust there is no resurrection for him. When we review the past forty years we see what the strongest imagination could not anticipate. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." When we look at our large and noble band of missionaries, our well equipped college and theological hall, the wealth placed in our hands for the work of the Church and the comfortable provision made for all our ministers, we are compelled to exclaim "What hath the Lord wrought?" But while we cannot withhold our tribute of glory to our Divine Head and Lord, who has put so many talents and so rich in our hands and while we have much reason to rejoice and be encouraged, we must do so with the bold confidence of the victor whose conquest leaves no enemy to dispute the field.

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CHAPTER IX.

NEW VIEWS AND PRACTISES.

The religion of our fathers did much for them, even in this life, and provided a rich inheritance for us, their children. Shall we retain and value it as they did, or shall we exchange it for something more attractive and pleasing, and not too exacting in its demands? Some tell us that it is an old religion with old fashioned forms and ritual, which suited the taste and circumstances of people living as our fathers did half a century ago, but that something additional and different is required at the present day with its refinement and better taste. This seems to be the conclusion to which our Church is coming and at which it has already nearly arrived. When the vote becomes unanimous, then on our church doors and pulpits may be written that one word of terrible significance—"Ichabod, the glory is departed." When taste and what we think safest and best are permitted to put the direct command and example of Christ aside, and usurp its place, we declare ourselves no longer His nor under His authority. The history of His ancient people is in our hands and we are not ignorant of the result in their case. When they substituted their own wisdom and what they called good taste for His precept and pattern He left them, and their house became a desolation and their glory sank into contempt. History has always been repeating itself, and will continue doing so. The result to the Jews is visible to us and to all the world. When we follow in their steps, we do it with our eyes open. If we take the risk we know the price.

Prosperity was always to the Church a path of many perils. Adversity was never fatal to her interests. Our progress for the last forty years has indeed been wonderful, but already results are

visible which should lead to serious thought. The additions made to our simple ritual and the many changes multiplying, from which doctrine is not wholly exempt, make it too evident that we are not satisfied with the beaten path by which our fathers travelled. They found that path to be a safe road and left that assurance to us as their testimony. Do we find, keeping pace with our changes, a growing improvement in the moral and religious character of our people? If it is not, it is a matter of serious thought, lest our imagined progress be in reality a drift down the stream, with a pilot plotting our hurt.

SHORT PASTORATES.

In glancing over our church records for the last few years, we cannot fail in being struck with what would seem to be a passion for change. The history of some of the Kirk congregations is painfully prominent in this respect. We are led to the admission, however unwillingly, that the cause is to be found partly at least, in the want of an institution, until the union of 1875, to supply a native ministry. Of the natives, even those who were educated in Scotland and inducted into congregations on this side, but very few, two or three only, remained; while Scotchmen seemed as if they could not take root in Canadian soil. The worst of the matter is, that this moving, this coming and going, has now continued so long that from Scotchmen it has infected our native ministry. This is especially true for the last few years. In the case of not a few, including ministers and people, there is nothing else anticipated, nor I fear desired. We are getting near a state of things when the old solemn induction will lose its meaning and become a mere hiring of a servant on stipulated wages. Instead of a pastor, there is danger that a professional will occupy the sacred desk, whose chief aim will be to please, and not save his hearers from impending wrath, whose service and pay will be equally

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definite. A minister of our Church speaking, not long ago of a brother minister, said he would likely remain unless he managed to secure a better job. When a minister could look his hearers in the face and use such language it is clear that it was not a new thing, but something familiar. That the idea of hiring is confirmed by the fact that the subscription is limited to one year and, must be renewed when that year expires. This is a late step in our progress, and is significant and leaves no doubt of the relative position of minister and people. It saves them trouble in getting rid of him. They need only reduce or refuse subscription. No minister should accept a call based on such a foundation, making him the hired servant of the multitude. In this matter there should be taken a firm stand. Every minister is the servant of Christ and the Church, but a ruler in spiritual matters over his people. "Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all suffering and doctrine." This surely implies authority and real power, and leaves no question as to the position of the minister of Christ in the congregation which has chosen him to be their pastor. To concur in changing that position to please the hearer, is to act the traitor and to forget the guidance and blessing of Christ. A great and serious change has passed over us. The union effected by induction was regarded by a past generation so sacred that in their Gaelic language they called it marriage, "posadh ris an Eaglais," and the minister who left his congregation, if he wished to retain public esteem and confidence, required to be provided with reasons almost sufficient to justify the man who had forsaken his wife. In this matter the change has been sudden, as it has been wide in its sweep over the Church and without protest or complaint universally accepted. When a minister is settled, and the professedly solemn induction has placed him as pastor, to watch over souls that must live on for ever in happiness or misery, and that under God

depending on his faithfulness, it is painful to conceive it possible for him to think of the future, but in connection with the eternal interests of the young and old, whose guide and teacher he has offered to be. To hope and wish for this as a stepping-stone for something better shows the heart to be destitute of love, the only source of success. With us now, matters are so that we do not look for a prolonged pastorate—we simply expect a change in a year or two; it may reach to three years, but we scarcely expect to see it exist much longer. That the power now reserved by the people has a strong influence on the pulpit and affects its faithfulness is clearly manifest. Not very long ago, a short article appeared in our church paper, directing our young ministers how to act when placed in charge of a congregation. The direction was, to find out the tastes and views of the people, so that he might preach to please them, and to prevent his being misunderstood, the writer employed a very plain and simple illustration. He referred to a young woman engaged as a cook. Her first duty was to ascertain the tastes of the family and then she could prepare the food to please them. That such an illustration would be employed is scarcely credible, but it is true, and needs nothing added to shew that we are sliding away from the stern, but merciful and loving, message given us to deliver. I am not sure that the average length of the pastoral tie in the Presbyterian Church of Canada, now exceeds the four years system of our Methodist brethren. In the County of Pictou and other parts of Nova Scotia I fear it would not fill up the four years. If we have come to that, or are travelling in that direction, the thought will crave admission, that their system is to be preferred to ours. With them their church court has much to say in the settlement of ministers. With us the people have the selection wholly in their own hands and the church court must confirm that choice. With them the pastor is more independent of the whims and

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prejudices of the people. He is not their servant, but what Christ intended all His ministering servants to be, the ruler and guide. This system also tends to secure quietness and peace in the congregation. If the people are dissatisfied or have a real grievance, they require only to execute a little patience, and relief is in sight. By the same system the minister is also relieved from worry and anxiety when trouble arises around him. If uncomfortable and the victim of persecution, it can only last for a limited time, when the door will open and he can come out of the lion's den, or the fiery furnace, which ever it may be, uninjured in his standing and character, without a rent on his robe or smell of the fire on his garments. It is very different in the Presbyterian Church. When the congregation have, or imagine they have, a grievance there is no relief provided for them. They must act for themselves, and the only way to do is to pelt at the minister, with still heavier missiles, until he is compelled to give way, and to tender his resignation, for which he must give his reasons, and these will be answered to his face, or more effectively behind his back. The congregation which compelled their minister to take this painful step, will not be slow to say as much as their own interest will permit in safety. The result is, and without exception, so far as known to me, that the pastor who resigns his charge without a previous call to another, is injured in his standing in the Church, and finds it difficult to get another congregation. I have a case in view, not many years back, when one of our ministers, a man of superior attainments, of unblemished character, and in the prime of his strength thus resigned, and although desirous to secure a settled charge did not succeed. Congregations knew his ability and his unspotted reputation, but in preference would call an utter stranger. The present state of unrest and change on the part of pastor and people has come rather suddenly upon us, and has already in a great measure destroyed the old loving and tender

relation binding them in ties, which only Death was supposed to break. The pastor was then clothed with a sacred halo, not only respected as the minister but loved as a father, whose approval even by the children, was regarded as the highest praise, and the faithful pastor shared in this feeling and returned the measure full and running over. All their afflictions and trials were shared by him. He tasted likewise of their success and joys. There are a few ministers, and many church members still living, who remember these times of the past, and would recall and restore them if they could, but they are gone and cannot again be ours, only as a fact in our history. To-day the vacant church prepares a call, and in that call the solemn promise is given of obedience in the Lord, and following that there is a personal induction, when the pastor is reminded of his responsibility, and the people are told of their duty to the servant of Christ set over them, not their servant to do their bidding and speak and act in the pulpit and out of it with an aim to please them and secure their good will, but as the ambassador of the King of Kings, the risen and glorified Saviour. In His name and by His authority the pastor is to speak to the souls committed to his charge. While thus acting for his Master, and in His name, his words must not be slighted nor regarded with indifference. "He that despiseth you, despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me." Little do men think that when they are treating disrespectfully the humble servant of Christ and would lessen his influence, they are setting all the power of Heaven in the list against them. The position of the ambassador was sacred among all nations, except savage tribes, and an insult to him was resented as a direct insult to his Sovereign, and demanded redress. Can it be any less an insult to Heaven to attempt to injure the servant of Christ, or lessen the force and success of his mission. The man who makes his mark in this line, incurs guilt, which not unfrequently puts a mark of wrath from

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Heaven upon him that goes with him to the coffin. "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm." The real and faithful servants of Christ have their weakness and are not yet perfect, but their Master's eyes are ever upon them and the man who would assail them must reckon with the Master, who is never at a distance. "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye."

CHANGES IN THE MODE OF WORSHIP.

There have been many causes, and they are still working, to lower the respect and veneration cherished for the sacred office. The circumstances of the people have changed. They are risen in the world and are not so amenable to advice and instruction, and as to reproof, they are beyond its reach. But while the people have their share in the work, it must be admitted that our ministry can claim the credit of not a smaller share. It is an old saying—"Heresy begins in the pulpit." There is much truth in the saying. While the pulpit is kept pure, the pews will be clean. When Christ, early in His ministry, visited the temple He found the world doing business there. That was not dishonest or sinful in itself. It was simply changing money, a right and necessary business, but done not in the right place. It lowered the holy dwelling of God into an house of merchandise. This was a beginning and the growth was rapid. In less than three years He again visited the temple, and the house of merchandise had become a den of thieves. The smallest change in the ritual, worship or doctrine of the Church is important and must not be lightly adopted. The old path is the safest and we must not leave it until we know what the change proposed really means, and where with certainty the new path would lead us. We have seen many changes of late years and it is truly wonderful how rapidly they rushed over the Church and got possession. There were other movements demanding our concurrence, with the voice and

authority of Heaven which had the blessing of God on it and on all who would labour to promote it, and yet how slow to join it. Is not this true of the Foreign Mission work and other good movements? The voice of Christ is heard, day after day and for years, "Go and save your brethren and sisters. They are perishing and I have given you the means to save them." But is it not the fact that the majority of our church members will contribute more liberally and heartily to the organ and little cup, which cannot claim either the command or the example of Christ. I may take the liberty to request each individual to ask of his own heart, to which of these he gives most cheerfully, and his honest reply will show him where he stands. If we accept the authority of Christ we are not at liberty to argue or reason on any matter, wherever His will is revealed; as subjects of a civil government we are obliged to act. The man who would argue against any act on our statute book and propose changes and use arguments to lead men to ignore and disobey it, would get himself into trouble. Men know this and they are careful not to offend. But ministers and congregations are not afraid to change and modify the clearest and most sacred of divine commands, even that which commemorates His atoning death. He left a command and a pattern, which we must strictly follow if we would be recognized by Him. But we feel it our right to judge for ourselves, and decide by the vote of the congregation. This is not a matter to which the views and votes of the people can reach. It is one of authority and any change is a disowning of that authority. It would be well for us if we would occasionally put our actings into words and listen to what they said. In this case, what would we hear? Yes, Christ did say "this cup." We say "these cups." We know the germs and danger about His cup, and we cannot safely use it. Is not this the whole matter, when honestly we put it into plain words. The change introduced into our service of praise would be not less startling if put through the same process and make it speak.

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In the foregoing imperfect sketch we did not undertake to give the history of the Presbyterians of Nova Scotia—only of one—the smaller body, the Kirk. This is not the result of want of respect and esteem for the larger. We highly esteem that body for their devoted and successful labour in Nova Scotia, and especially, in the distant islands of the Pacific. It will be recorded to their lasting honor, that by their Christian zeal and courage, they placed Nova Scotia, and prominently Pictou County, on the top line of the roll of Foreign Missions, the highest honor for a Church of Christ.

APPENDIX.

I. ADDRESS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The following address was delivered in the Church of Scotland Synod at the first discussion on Foreign Missions which took place there.

"Whereas, it must be admitted, that the Church of Christ, and every section and member of that Church, are bound by the most solemn obligations to labour for the extension of His Kingdom, and to impart to their perishing fellow men the knowledge of the one true and living God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent; and whereas, this Church has never adopted any scheme fitted to unite and animate her members to hearty and vigorous efforts in the great work entrusted by Christ to all His people, when parting from them to take His seat on the eternal throne, in the solemn command "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," it is humbly overtured to the Reverend, the Synod of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, now assembled to consider, whether in thus so long permitting itself to be deterred by the various difficulties which stood in the way, from taking a decided part, even though in the Foreign Mission work, this court has not rendered itself liable to the charge of disobedience."

Moderator, I would consider myself guilty of offering a serious insult to this court, were I to express the belief, or the doubt, that one argument, or even one word, was required to secure the cordial and unanimous assent that missionary

effort forms one and a principal part of the duty assigned by our risen Lord to His Church on earth. He has made His people sharers in His boundless wealth. "All things are yours." He asks them only to let their starving brethren and sisters share in their inexhaustible abundance that they too may live. Will they refuse and plead excuses? The individual or the Church whose heart will not assent to this, can he or they claim to be members of His body, imbued by His spirit and sharing in His love? Throughout the wide extent of the Christian Church you will not meet with one who can refuse assent to this. The wonder is that it could ever admit of any dispute. That dispute has now for some time been shamed into silence, and the Church that would to-day deny Foreign Mission effort to be an essential part of her work would justly be disowned as a Church of Christ. It is admitted that it is our duty, and that as a church court it should occupy a principal part in our deliberations when met at such a time as this. As faithful servants of our exalted Lord, that which chiefly concerns His honor must have the chief place in our thoughts and consultations. Now in the presence of this admission, we are met face to face with the startling fact that during the past years of our existence as a church our time and discussion have been almost wholly confined to our own wants and difficulties. We have not permitted ourselves to look into the distant and dark miseries of the heathen, in order to ascertain whether or not we might make an effort to rescue some of them—our own brethren and sisters—whom we know to be perishing by thousands. We must maintain that this has not occurred from want of sympathy and willingness, or be exposed to the charge that our hearts are wanting in devotedness to Christ. All His servants are at one with Him in this. He came from the distant heaven and from His glorious throne, and lived for years in our unhappy and polluted world, and will His servants grudge to travel a short distance on

the same errand, with His pledge that He will Himself go with them all the way, and remain with them until their work is done, and then reward them with riches and honour and a place among the highest princes. To maintain our right to the name Christian we must assert that our hearts are honestly in this heavenly work, but that, to our grief and sorrow, we are unable to take an active part; that our best wishes were enlisted in this saving effort, but that circumstances made it impossible for us to help it forward. Here we seek for shelter, but is it sufficient? It is an easy matter to see difficulties, and to imagine difficulties too, when not eager and decided on any enterprise. "The slothful man crieth there is a lion in the way." But when decidedly bent on pursuing any course, it is sometimes surprising how great difficulties grow small, and soon vanish. This is true even in worldly matters. But difficulties in the service of Christ are never insurmountable. When we are assured that we hear His voice, that He is with us and that we understand clearly what He wishes us to undertake, difficulties arising out of our circumstances or from hostile opposition need not for a moment discourage us. He will impart the strength required, He will go before us as the breaker up of the way. The gates of brass and the iron bars and the strongest barriers are shivered by the touch of His love, and if there is a duty specially claiming the attention of the Church of Christ it is that contained in and conveyed to her, by His last and parting command. Surely in the effort to obey, she can with confidence as firm as the very pillars of heaven, go forward and fear not. Let His timid and desponding people look on and see Him weeping over Jerusalem. It will convince them how deeply He feels and how willing to help. In every enterprise undertaken in His cause there were difficulties, and sometimes of a very formidable nature, but when and where did any of these enterprises fail? Look at the history of missions, and

you will see this abundantly proved. When the Baptists of England resolved to send a missionary to India the difficulties were of such a nature that one look at them would have settled the matter, with men not determined to brave the worst, rather than sit idle while thousands of precious souls were miserably perishing, and the voice of Christ was heard from heaven calling on all who loved Him to hasten to the rescue. Carey could not obtain a passage in an English ship. The government frowned, even threatened. The funds were wanting. How could they be secured? This was another difficulty, and God alone knew how it could be removed. He did know that there was no real difficulty. The gold and silver are His, and a noble hearted man and devoted servant of Christ was chosen to speak for his Master. He was not a rich man, had barely sufficient wealth to support his family, but he had credit in the Sovereign of Heaven's Bank, and with no misgiving nor doubt stepped forward and said to Carey, "If you go down to the pit I will hold the rope—if you are willing to go to India I will undertake to provide the funds." These two really great men, but poor as the world sees and judges, struck their bargain and neither failed, because a Third was present at the mutual pledge, and the first to sign it. The wisdom of the world would say, what rashness and folly could exceed that of these two obscure men, destitute of means. The result will tell about it. It was a glorious one and will be a part of the history of India, while the world endures. This is one fact, but only one, of the many—even countless in number—which history records, that shows and proves it can never be counted rashness to rush forward and to the whole length His command enjoins, and as certainly that the Church need never fear responsibilities while His voice is heard in advance.

I shall refer to one other fact in the history of missions, because it is nearer home, and we can more strongly realize its force. It has taken place

within sight, and cannot fail to stimulate, unless the pulse of life is nearly, if not altogether, still and gone. The mission in view is that of the Presbyterian Church of this province. When that mission was first spoken of, many indeed and formidable were the difficulties. The congregations were few and means, in the case of the most, were not over abundant. Some congregations were vacant. There was no seminary, there was no source of certain supply. So insurmountable appeared the obstacles that the wisest shook their heads and disapproved of the movement, but a few, considered rash individuals, would not listen to the sensible reasoning of the wise and prudent, who showed clearly that as a Church they were not in a position to meet such responsibilities. They were quite certain they were right and that those who were determined to identify the Church with the great enterprise, were unwise and very rash. What do the facts to-day tell us? They were rash, were they not? Let the Pacific Islands reply! Let the thousands delivered from the degrading bondage of sin reply! Will the good men who then were certain the undertaking was rash now repeat that confident assertion? No, they are thankful for the proof that their views had no solid foundation, and they realize what they did not anticipate, that their feeble efforts were not only a blessing to the thousands perishing on the distant islands, but as certainly the source of blessing and success to themselves as a church, and they without even a dissenting thought will assert that there is no approach to rashness in choosing the path which Christ commands, however difficult and rough. No sooner was the Church pledged to the mission than prosperity entered her gates and enriched her sanctuaries. Her ministers were more liberally sustained, the vacant pulpits supplied with pastors, and a seminary established to secure a native ministry. The day which witnessed the devoted Geddies sail from Halifax marked a new era in the record of the Church in Nova Scotia and P. E.

Island. A spirit of zeal and liberality, formerly unknown, was diffused and manifest in all the congregations, a striking proof of which is that one congregation, small in number and not able to boast of wealthy men came forward lately with the offer to assume half the salary of an ordained missionary for the future.

Now, Moderator, can we, as a Church, any longer stand by and occupy the position of mere spectators and see our neighbors heated and happy in this heavenly work. If so, our heads must hang down in very shame. Must we any longer admit that we have upwards of twenty congregations, that we have eighteen ministers and that altogether we cannot undertake to send one messenger to our perishing brethren? that ten of our congregations cannot undertake—and some of them possessed of no small means—what the comparatively weak church of Green Hill nobly offered, viz: half the salary of one missionary? Our duty is plain and clear as noon day. Let all evasions and excuses be shamed into silence. Our people are not less liberal than their neighbors and will rejoice when they hear the call from all their pulpits to enlist under the great Captain and join the conquering host by whom all the nations are to become citizens of Heaven. To accomplish this Jesus suffered agony and death. Shall we not do our utmost to hasten the glorious event for which "the whole creation is groaning and travailing in pain together until now."

Moderator, I have thus feebly discharged a duty which has been pressing its claims on my attention, since I became a member of this court. May God incline the hearts of my fathers and brethren favourably to entertain this overture. May we unite as one to enter with one heart and mind into this blessed work and then assured I am that the blessing of heaven will rest on our congregations. "Yea, God, even our own God, will bless us."

II. BROTHERLY GREETINGS.

An address by a member of a delegation to the Synod of the Maritime Provinces, previous to the Union of 1875 :—

Mr. Moderator, I can assure you it is with feelings of no ordinary emotion I stand here as one of the delegates from my Church to yours. We occupy this day a position somewhat similar to that of very near relatives long estranged from each other, but who, after many years of suspicion and hard feelings, have at last come to be on such terms that they can shake hands and exchange the offices of civility and friendship. The best thing for relations is never to quarrel nor suffer themselves to become estranged, and the next best thing to that is if they have quarrelled to drop that quarrel and frankly confess that there were faults on both sides. It is rather a strange thing but we all know it to be true that a misunderstanding between relations—and the nearer the more so—is more difficult to remove than is the case when no such relationship exists. Why should this be so? The reason is well known and a sufficient explanation. The strife cannot destroy the relation and the relation irritates and intensifies the contention. When brothers quarrel they still, and in spite of its bitterness, feel an interest in each other. A man cannot dismiss his brother from his thoughts as he can a stranger or a mere neighbour. He feels interested in what he does and how he acts and succeeds, and this leads him to watch his movements and sometimes to meddle, and thus too often the strife is continued. Thus it is with Churches. The more closely related and the more numerous the ties that bind them together the more painful their contentions when they contend and the more difficult to reconcile. Denominations that are far from us in doctrine and practice we dismiss from our thoughts, and when they act improperly we are not much surprised, but when joined in the close and

brotherly ties, which one faith and practice and hope establish, we feel interested in their movements, we enquire, we meddle and we cross each other's faith. Had you been avowed Papists or Puseyists, with your altars and candles and nunneries, we would not be in contact nor meddle with you, and had we been preaching the Koran and bowing to the false prophet you would leave us in peace and give us no trouble. There would in that case be no small jarrings, no family bickerings, nor any prying watchfulness into each other's movements. It would then be a real conflict or a sullen peace. But whatever the estrangement of the past that kept us looking askance at each other from a distance, a distance only imaginary and caused by clouds in the sky and defect in our vision that disposed us to be suspicious and to indulge in petty contentions, I trust that we have grown out of this childishness and have reached the age of manhood and shall let the world see that those frailties are kept behind and that while as men, we claim the right to judge for ourselves and call no man master, we shall as Christian men, with our divine and only Master living in our midst and going in and out with us, try to obey and honor Him by loving one another and by helping in every good work, and by watching against our past besetting sin of faultfinding and judging one another. I trust we have reached—and thanks be to God it is not too late—that most desirable stage in our history as sister Churches, when it shall never again occur that evil reported, or trouble causing grief to the one, shall be a cause not of sorrow to the other. We have been enjoined by our Synod to appear in this venerable court to convey to you and to the Church you represent the assurance of our high esteem and the deep interest we feel in the great and good work in which you have so successfully engaged. We would be guilty indeed did we shrink from acknowledging, with unfeigned pleasure and gratitude to God, the noble services which your Church has performed. We remember, for our

fathers told us, of the arduous and self-denying labours of the devoted pioneers, who left the comforts of their loved home to minister to the destitute in what was truly the wilds of America. We honor their memories and appreciate the blessings they conferred on this our native land, and, Moderator, we feel bound to render thanks to God that the same spirit of missionary zeal and devotedness did not die, or even grow faint, when these faithful laborers were removed. We remember when your Church was weak and struggling, but we remember too that, at that period, when your circumstances were sufficiently trying, you roused to call for help to the poor perishing in the dark misery of heathenism and resolved, in the face of all difficulties, on the effort to save some of them. We admire the spirit and the courage which animated your counsels, and we read of the labours and triumphs of your devoted missionaries with feelings and pleasure not different from your own. Geddie is a name that is as familiar in our families as in yours, and we regard it an honor that we can say that that distinguished veteran of the cross, who rescued multitudes from misery and death, had his birth and training with us in our native land, Nova Scotia. It is an honor to our province that it was the first in British North America to venture the life boat amid the darkness and storms of heathenism. We cannot fail to see in this effort and its glorious success the proof that our divine Master was in your midst and directing your efforts. The missionary spirit is the spirit of Jesus, and the more that spirit animates the Church the more largely His presence, His power, and His love are enjoyed. That Church will prosper—her efforts will be a success.

Let me repeat the assurance of our esteem and love for your work's sake. The many souls saved in the South Sea Islands caused joy in Heaven, on the Eternal Throne. "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth." As a Church you are blessed in knowing that there

are multitudes now in the mansions of glory, who by your efforts were raised from the foul mire of sin and made fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God. In this your good work we would wish not to weaken, but to strengthen your hands in all efforts for the benefit of our common country and the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom to all the nations of our fallen and suffering race. Little differences still prevent us from occupying as one family the same home and building, but frequent visits will wear out these small excrescences, and the day is even now dawning when the path will be smooth and every friction removed and our children will forget the two terms which gave their fathers so much trouble, "Kirk" and "Antiburgher."

III. COMMUNION ADDRESS.

The circumstances in which you are now placed, and the scenes to which the eye of Faith is directed, while we recall to mind the purposes for which we have this day assembled, and the preparation we see made recalls to our mind a scene which once occurred in the history of ancient Rome. After ages of confusion some kind of order was restored by the ability and valour of one Roman, of the name of Caesar. He was the first of the Caesars—a man ever victorious in the battle field, and kind and generous to his friends. To this man the Romans were much indebted; he enlarged their dominions, he subdued their enemies, and established order and peace. But among his own bosom friends, on whom he lavished his bounty and whom he exalted to the highest honours, there were traitors who conspired against him, and under the pretence of zeal for the liberty of their country imbrued their hands in his blood. Without suspicion of their malice and the design they formed, he entered the council chamber, where he and they so frequently met to converse and take counsel together. But what was it that met the eye of the

great Caesar as he entered that chamber? His friends! Ah, no! Those whom he considered his friends were there as ferocious beasts to rush upon him and devour him. With many deep and cruel wounds Caesar fell. Cruel indeed, for they were the hands of those whom he imagined his dear and faithful friends that inflicted them. The deed was done, and stained with the blood of their noble master, the bloody monsters stood around that bleeding and lifeless form and congratulated each other, that now they could have their wish and reach the power and the greatness their ambition desired. But Caesar had a friend that loved him, and that was resolved to avenge on his murderers his cruel death. He called the citizens of Rome together; he told them of the cruel deed; he told them that their best friend was now a lifeless and mangled corpse. He reminded that vast multitude of the many acts of kindness they received at the hands of the mighty chief that was now cold in his blood. He delivered them from their enemies, he enlarged and confirmed their privileges. This was enough to fill every heart with grief and bring tears from every eye, and animate every living man in that crowd with the most passionate indignation against the authors of the foul and cruel deed. But Caesar's friend could tell them more. He drew forth the last will and testament of his master, and there he read that his riches were left as a gift to the citizens of Rome. And yet, that man so kind, so generous, had fallen under the weapons of his pretended friends. On the hearing of that will every bosom swelled with terrible emotions. Revenge for his death they will have. But wait a little, Caesar's friend is not yet done. What more has he to say? He says no more, he needs not, he is silent, but he holds in his hands and spreads out the bloody robe in which Caesar was arrayed when pierced with the deadly wounds. That robe is torn and bloody; there and there and there you see where the spear pierced and the cruel wounds were inflicted. That multitude had already

heard enough to excite their hearts with grief and with rage against those who slew their generous master, but the sight of that bloody robe said more than all. No sooner did their eyes rest upon that, as it was spread forth to their view, than every frame trembled, every sword leaped from its scabbard and one loud and terrible cry arose "Death to the traitors!" With one voice and with one terrible shout the vow was taken by that vast crowd, "We will pursue them to the death—we will be avenged." Come, behold in this scene a faint view of the many reasons which unite to fill your souls this day with emotions too deep and too strong for language to utter. You have been called together to hear that your best and your only friend has been cruelly slain. His innocent soul overflowed with compassion and kindness. Shall we attempt to speak of what he did for you? Words are not sufficient for this. You may think and be lost in wonder, but you cannot tell to others the wonders, the depths and the riches of that compassion and love, which all the sins of your lives and loathsomeness of your hearts did not and could not turn away. He found you wandering in the dreary and dark wilderness as poor outcasts, destitute and perishing—dangers were on every hand—enemies were wishing to overtake and destroy your soul. Death and all the miseries of Hell were ready to seize and swallow you up; and, ah! you sought not deliverance from Him. Filled with malice were your hearts and the weapons of rebellion were in your hands. He looked down from His throne, where, in possession of perfect bliss, He reigned and received the adoration of the heavenly hosts. He pitied and came down. He saved from death, He subdued the enemies that had you in bondage, He broke your fetters and opened the prison doors, He opened up a rich store house, full of the richest abundance. Will not every heart wonder and ever remember the kindness and the love of Jesus? and with what feelings will you hear, that when on the errand of mercy, when

engaged in this work of love, they conspired against Him, called Him an evil-doer, tried and condemned Him to the most shameful death. Will not the remembrance of what He did for you fill your souls with indignation and anger? Will not your hearts be roused into the most deadly hatred against those who pierced his side, and imbrued their hands in his innocent blood? The words of love he spoke and the actions he performed while he sojourned among us will surely effect this, but listen—we have His will and last testament, and we are commanded to read it to you. What do you expect to find there? Are you prepared to hear it? To you His whole possessions are gifted. He made over all to you—riches vast, a crown, a kingdom that shall never fade. He has left these things for you all. You are invited—aye the meanest, the vilest, even the man who most daringly rebelled against Him is invited to take all His blessings freely. Oh, Come, this is the message we are commanded to deliver. The servants of Christ are required to continue repeating these glad tidings to their fellow sinners. As often as they preach, the subject must be the cross of Christ. And oh, is it not enough to hear all this and know it to be true, in order to awaken in every heart gratitude and love, and to fill every heart with wrath and revenge towards those who cruelly shed the blood of Jesus. But if all this will not move your hearts, if still because these murderers have been your friends with whom you have long been associated, you feel that you would like to spare at least some of them—O come and look—we have something more to shew you. If to hear will not affect your hearts, surely the eyes will. To-day we are enjoined to take in our hands and spread out before you the bloody robe, all rent and torn. See, what their bloody hands have done—see where they cruelly pierced your dearest friend. When Caesar's friend showed the multitude the bloody mantle, every eye flashed with rage and every sword gleamed on high, and with a

loud and terrible cry, "Death to the traitors" declared their resolve. Should the nearest relatives, should brothers or sons, be among that murderous band, their eye shall not pity them, nor will their hand spare. Communicants, will the fidelity of the heathen to their poor mortal chief put to shame your love and fidelity to the great Captain of your salvation—the eternal King—the living, compassionate, the blessed Jesus? O will not your hearts, as you are bending over the memorials of His broken body and shed blood, be livid with holy rage against His enemies? Are you not ready with one voice to shout, with tones loud and determined, death to the traitors who pierced and wounded my Lord! While your hands are taking this broken bread and this wine and raising them to your lips, will you not in heart and in firm sincerity of soul raise your arm to heaven, pledging yourselves with the most solemn vow, never shall this vow be drawn back, never shall I rest until the last of the accursed race be swept from the earth. Dear though some of them might hitherto have been to me, henceforth I will not spare. Come: Are these the feelings which animate your hearts? You say they are, but do you ask, where do these enemies lurk and how will you know them from others? We trust, this need not be told—already we hope you have felt that it was your sins that pierced the Lord Jesus with many sorrows, and discovered also, that their lurking place are the secret chambers of your hearts. Those lusts lay so dear, that pride, that envy, that self love, that worldliness of mind, and all these sinful appetites so fondly indulged—these were the arrows that pierced His soul, and wounded to death. Have you seen your sins in this light, and have you mourned while looking at Him whom you pierced? And thus have your hearts been turned against sin with a hatred sincere and lasting, which roused you to contend against all you know is displeasing to God, and led you also to search with jealous care the secrets of your hearts,

lest any sinful and depraved affections might be still lurking within you ?

You who can say this, be encouraged in knowing, that Christ regards your anxiety and your labour with joy, He will aid and direct and shield you in this holy warfare, until the victory be obtained and the triumph is yours. It was to animate your zeal and love, and to awaken your gratitude, and to strengthen your hatred of sin, He this day places in your hands and before your eyes the memorials of His death and the wounds which were inflicted. Doubt it not; He is Himself verily present. He invites you to His table. Fear not, weak and trembling doubting ones; He is kind and gracious. Never did Jesus despise the sigh of the contrite soul. Tell Him all your fears, pour out before Him all the anxieties of your hearts. Ask Him to give you grace to strengthen, and comfort, and prepare you for His service and communion with Him. Hear what He says : "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it" ; "Drink, yea drink abundantly, my beloved."

