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VOLUM VE XXVII.

NUMBER X.

—THE—  
**MONTHLY RECORD,**  
—OF THE—  
**CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,**  
—IN—  
**NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK**  
—AND—  
**ADJOINING PROVINCES.**

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**OCTOBER,**



**1881.**

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PICTOU, N. S..

PRINTED AT THE "COLONIAL STANDARD OFFICE,  
1881

## To Labor and to Wait.

To labor and to wait: to work for God  
With an untiring zeal that cannot cease;  
To follow in the path our Saviour trod,  
To wait for comfort, hope, and endless  
peace.

To labor and to wait: to consecrate  
Our talents unto Him who makes them  
blest;

To point the wanderer to the golden gate,  
To wait in hope of an unbroken rest.

To labor and to wait: to teach the way  
To that bright world where sorrows never  
come.

Till darkened souls rejoice in purest day,  
To wait till Death's low voice shall call  
us home.

To labor and to wait: to daily still  
The heart's wild throbbings, and to  
meekly bend

In calm submission to His holy will;  
To wait until our labors have an end.

To labor and to wait: with heart and  
hand

To cast aside what'er obstructs our way;  
To suffer nought to conquer or withstand;  
To wait in silence for the coming day.

To labor and to wait: with watchful eyes  
To search for good where'er it may be  
found;

To smile when others their hopes realize,  
To wait in patience till our own be  
crown'd.

To labor and to wait: to travel on—  
To work, until the time for work be past;  
To look not back upon the gladness gone;  
To wait for the exceeding bliss at last.

—Selected.

## Covering Up the Scar.

When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, so as to give a perfect likeness of the Macedonian conqueror, he felt a difficulty. Alexander, in his wars, had been struck by a sword, and across his forehead was an immense scar. The painter said: 'If I retain the scar, it will be an offence to the admirers of the monarch, and if I omit it, it will fail to be a perfect likeness. What shall I do?' He hit upon a happy expedient; he represented the Emperor leaning upon his elbow, with

his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally, as it seemed, covering the scar upon his forehead. Might we not represent each other with the finger of charity upon the scar, instead of representing the scar deeper and blacker than it really is? Might not Christians learn from heathendom a lesson of charity, of human kindness and of love?—*Good Words.*

## Habits of Disrespect in the Family.

One of the dangers of the home life is this habit of disrespect—that which is bred by familiarity. People who are all beauty and sunshine to a crowd of strangers, for whom they have not the faintest affection, are all ugliness and gloom for their own, by whose love they live. The pleasant little prettiness of dress and personal adornment, which mark the desire to please, are put on only for the admiration of those whose admiration goes for nothing, while the house companions are treated only to the ragged gowns and threadbare coat, the tousled hair and stubby beard, which, if marking the ease and comfort of the *sans facon* of home, mark also the indifference and disrespect that do so much damage to the sweetness and delicacy of daily life. And what is true of the dress is still truer of the manners and tempers of home, in both of which we often find, too, that want of respect which seems to run side by side with affection in the custom of familiarity. It is a regrettable habit under any of its conditions, but never more so than when it invades the home and endangers still more that which is already too much endangered by other things. Parents and bringers-up do not pay enough attention to this in the young. They allow habits of disrespect to be formed—rude, rough, insolent, and impatient, and salve over the sore with the stereotyped excuse, "They mean nothing by it," which, if we look at it aright, is worse than no excuse at all, for if they really do mean nothing by it, and their disrespect is not what it seems to be, the result of strong anger, uncontrollable temper, but is merely a habit, then it ought to be conquered without the loss of time, being merely a manner that hurts all parties alike.

# THE MONTHLY RECORD,

—OF THE—

## Church of Scotland

—IN—

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOLUME XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1881.

NUMBER X.

*"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psalm 137, 4-5.*

### ON FORBIDDING THOSE WHO FOLLOW NOT WITH US.

BY THE LATE NORMON MACLEOD, D. D.

*"And John answered Him, saying, master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followed not us; and we forbade him, because he followed not us."—MARK IX. 38.*

THERE is a great campaign now going on in the world. It is in the souls of men, between life and death, love and hatred, truth and a lie. It has been waged for at least six thousand years in this world, and as long as good and evil exist, there can never be peace through the ages of eternity.

This is a fight in which each man must take a part. There can be no neutrality, inasmuch as each must love the good or hate it. He must be for or against Christ. He must be a friend or foe. No man, indeed, can draw the line which divides the combatants. It is often easy to say who are on Satan's side, because thousands glory in their shame; and while many a man professes to be on the side of good who is on the side of evil, yet no man professes to be on the side of evil but one who really is so. But God alone can see the heart, and therefore God alone can try the spirits of the family, of the congregation, of the world, and know who is on this side and who is on that. Now it is just because each man is on either side that there is, in the sight of God, but one real and eternal battle in the world—this great one between the evil and the good. Yet, alas, there is also something at least like a battle between the soldier's of Christ's army. I say *like* a battle, because it is from mistake, and is unintentional. True—alas! too true—there are mutual animosities, and strifes, and jealousies; but are these attacks made by one soldier of Christ's army upon another, because he is a brother soldier? or are they not made because he is deemed an enemy? Has not the suspicion (it may be a very wrong one) crossed his mind that this one is not for, but against Christ; that he is an enemy in disguise, wearing the King's uniform over a cowardly and treacherous heart; and therefore ought to be

treated as an enemy? But so it is that there are dark hates where there should be beaming loves; jealousy and suspicion where there should be confidence and co-operation; that there are stumbling-blocks laid where there should be a clear path for the feet; and consequent weakness, and disorder, and unhappiness, where there should be strength, growth in grace, order, beauty, and the oil of joy. Not, alas! for sin alone is our anger reserved, but also for brethren. Not alone for the honor of God are we jealous, but often much more for our own. Not alone for the advancement of Christ's cause, and Christ's kingdom, are we earnest and zealous; but often much more for that of our own cause and our own system. We blame not any one part for this more than another. It is a sad dimness in what are after all the world's best lights; a loss of savour in the world's only salt; the remains of ignorance in the world's highest teachers; it is the dross adhering to the world's true gold.

Now let us see if from Scripture we can discover our right position in reference to this conflict between Christians. The disciples had seen a man casting out devils. They do not doubt the fact. They do not allege that he impiously pretended to do this, but acknowledge that he did it, and that too in Christ's name. They were offended only because he followed not with them; and as he did not belong to their company, they forbade him. They tell all this to Christ, expecting, in all likelihood, to receive His approbation on account of their zeal in His cause, and their jealousy of every attempt

to share with others the honor of doing such wonderful works. But what said Christ? "Forbid him not! for he that is not against me is for me."

But to see how much teaching is afforded to us in this narrative, consider what it is to follow Christ. There was a mode of following Christ bodily which was true of many who lived in the same age with Him. Thus we frequently read of multitudes following Him from the different cities and parts of Judæa through which He travelled. They walked with Him, spoke to Him, and eat and drank with Him. The disciples themselves thus followed Him, journeying always with Him, and accompanying Him wherever he went. But this is not the only way in which Christ was and can be followed. To follow Christ, in another and in a higher sense of the term, is to follow his example, to possess His spirit, to do His will, to follow His foot-steps in the path of holiness and peace. This kind of following is entirely unconnected with the other, inasmuch as the body hath been where the spirit was not, and the spirit hath been where the bodily presence was impossible. Many followed Him in body, and even touched Him, and yet there was an infinite gulf between them and Christ, wide as that which separates heaven and hell. Satan, who conversed with Him for days in the wilderness, was as far from Christ then as he is now, but no further than were some of the Pharisees, who followed Him to entangle Him in his talk; or Judas, one of the twelve, who had a devil; or His own bre-

thren, members of His household, for whose unbelief He mourned.

When the disciples followed Him in body, they did so very imperfectly in spirit. For what a change is visible in their state of mind after the Holy Ghost was poured down upon them at the day of Pentecost! What a full understanding had they then of His will! How they entered into His mind, and were filled by His Spirit! But that was not until they had ceased to follow Him in body, for they did not put away childish things until they could say, "Though we knew Him after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more."

We cannot tell why the man who cast out devils was not one of those who followed Christ in body. It may have been in consequence of a command from Christ, or it may have arisen from weakness, or infirmity, or prejudice, or humility upon his part. But while he did not follow Christ in person, he followed Him in spirit; for he confessed Christ's name, and he did Christ's work, casting out devils in His name. Yet this is the man whom the disciples of Christ forbid, because he did not follow with them! But was that essential? Was it impossible to be a genuine disciple, and to follow Christ with a true and obedient heart, unless he did so in their way? Who told them that? Not the Saviour; for the Saviour said "Forbid him not! He that is not against us is for us."

Let us, then, apply these principles to the regulating of our duty in the present day. It is obvious that all Christians are now in the position of that man, and not in

the position of our Lord's more immediate followers. It is impossible for us to follow Christ in body.

But if we may now, as then truly follow Christ in the sense in which this man followed Him, so may we now, as then, be guilty of the sin of which Christ's disciples were guilty, and for which they were rebuked by Him.

Here is a man who professes Christ's name. He acknowledges Him as the only Saviour. He has felt the burden of sins, and, bathed in tears of penitence and of love, he has laid it down at Christ's Cross, and recognizes the crucified Saviour as all his salvation, and all his desire. This man's knowledge may be very little, but he is learning, and what he has learned has taught him to esteem the gospel, and to value the Saviour. But this, you say, is mere profession. Not so; this man does more. Through Christ's name, he is casting sin out of himself, and helping to cast it out of others by his words and by his life. He has not many talents, he may be deficient in wisdom, he may be far, very far behind you; but still, though the work done may be little work, or imperfect work, it is nevertheless the Lord's work, and such as the Lord will accept and reward at the day of judgment. Now, you may forbid this man; you may cast him out of your society; you may hinder him, and condemn him because he followeth not with you and is not of your church, or sect, or party. What then? Has Christ anywhere revealed it to you, that ere a man be His follower, he must follow with you—that your sect and His church are

coextensive—that ere he is entitled without opposition and hatred, to lift up Christ's banner, he must lift up yours beside it? If you dare not apply such tests and act on such principles, what other tests, if any can be applied than the confessing of Christ's name and doing Christ's work? Show me such a man—show me the minister or the humblest layman who does so, and that man is not against Christ; that man I will not, I dare not forbid, for the Lord will not confirm my judgment; and should I be guilty of such sin or folly, Christ, in spite of me, will approve, and bless, and reward, whether I choose it or not.

The warning given here by our Lord is the more impressive, when we remember who the intolerant disciple was. It was John, the meek and loving! the same man who once asked fire to come down from heaven to consume the Samaritans. Oh, what a lesson is this! It teaches us that the finest minds and finest feelings are liable to coalesce with the pride of party and the love of sect. It shows us that in proportion to the strength of our attachment to the Lord, we should desire knowledge to guide our zeal, and heavenly wisdom to regulate and direct our love. Oh, how much do we need the Spirit of divine wisdom and love, to enable us to bear with others as the Lord hath borne with us; to move us to search for His image rather than our own, and so to enlarge our sympathies that every brother who calls upon the Lord Jesus in sincerity may find from us a welcome!

But there is another form of this sin of the disciples, which is very

common in our day, though not so easily detected as intolerance, and is the more dangerous because more captivating to the carnal heart, which does not seek spiritual communion with God Himself. The error I allude to is the desire somehow or other to be linked to the Saviour by what may be termed physical ties, and to undervalue the spiritual union which ought to subsist immediately between each soul and Christ. It seeks to become connected to Him by some human instrumentality. Thus the papist cleaves to his notion of transubstantiation. Now, putting aside all other arguments against this doctrine, suppose (and the horrid supposition is not mine) the real Body which hung upon the cross were partaken of, and the Blood that flowed there were drunk—I ask with all reverence, what then? There would indeed be a closer physical union with Christ than they possessed who merely saw or touched His living Body, but it would still be a union of the same kind. Surely in all this there would not necessarily be a partaking of His spirit, an appreciation of His moral character, an understanding of His love; and these are what we must truly have, if we would confess His name and do His work.

And so, too, there is a subtle gratification of the same carnal appetite, in the attempt to bring men back to the time when and the place where Christ lived, by endeavoring to form eternal chains whose links so lead up to the Redeemer, that if I lay hold of one end of this chain, I am thereby somehow or

other connected with Christ Himself. But can such methods bring us really nearer Christ? Where is Christ? Must I travel up eighteen hundred years before I find Him? No, he is here, as much with me as with those who saw Him and heard Him in Judea. I may be as near Him as John was when he leant His head upon His bosom at supper. I may as truly follow Him now as St. Peter did then. The Church of Christ does not by successive centuries depart farther and farther from Christ, but, like the globe, revolves round Him, being equally near to the source of life, light, and love, now, as eighteen hundred years ago. Thus may we all follow Him in spirit; and thus may we, in doing His will, be near and dear to Him as His mother, sisters, and brethren ever were.

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### A Trip to The Orient.

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BY REV. THEODORE L. CULYER.

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*Mediterranean Hotel,  
Jerusalem May 2.*

I am very glad that grand old Tower of David stands only a few rods from my hotel window. It is a pleasant thing to be often looking at the one remaining structure on which the eye of the Redeemer may have rested, for though this tower was thrown down in the time of the Crusades, yet the lower portion is rebuilt of the same stones. Not far from the tower is Christ Church, where I was glad to worship yesterday—not in an unknown tongue. Bishop Barclay, the successor of Bishop Gobat, has a good congregation, largely composed of the young

people connected with his day-school for the Jews, and another for Arabs outside the city walls. Most of the converts made thus far came from the Jewish and Syrian elements. Neither here nor in Egypt have over a dozen Musselmans been converted to Christianity.

Last Thursday morning I set off with my four companions upon an excursion, which, although it involved hard horseback travel over rough paths and precipitous mountains, and exposures to blazing noonday heats, yet was abundantly stimulating and delightful. We set our faces for the Pools of Solomon—halting for a few moments at the tomb of Rachel by the roadside. The small structure was crowded with Jews, some of whom wore phylacteries, and all were wailing, as they wail beside the remnant of the Temple walls. One old woman was weeping and pressing her withered cheek against the tomb with as much distress as if the fair young wife who breathed out her life there forty centuries ago had been her own daughter. We found the enormous pools of Solomon (the longest of which measures 580 feet in length) were about half filled with pure water. We rode beside the aqueduct that leads from them, all the way to Bethlehem. Down among the bleak and barren hills we saw the deep, fertile vale of Ur-tas, filled with gardens and fruit trees. It is cultivated by the European colony, planted by Mr. Meshulam. For a half hour we feasted our eyes with the view of beautiful Bethlehem perched on its lofty hill, and surrounded by olive orchards. So many new edifices have been



erected for convents and other religious purposes, that Bethlehem has almost a modern look. As we rode through its narrow streets we saw no Ruths, but an ancient Jew in turban, long robe, and flowing beard, quite answered to my idea of Boaz. We rode to the convent adjoining the church of the Nativity, where rather a jolly looking monk furnished us an excellent lunch. He then took us into the venerable church that covered the subterranean chamber in which tradition has always held that our blessed Lord was born. The chamber is probably a remnant of an ancient khan, once belonging to the family of Jesse and of King David. I expected to be shocked by a sham mockery when I entered the church, but a feeling of genuine faith in the locality came over me as I descended into the rocky chamber and read, around the silver star, the famous inscription in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The three-fold argument for the authentication of this site is drawn from unbroken tradition, from the fact that Bethlehem has never been overthrown in sieges, and from the other fact that the learned St. Jerome (in the fourth century) was so sure of the site that he came and spent his long, laborious life in the cavern close by the birth place of our Lord. I entered with deep interest the cave in which this devout scholar meditated and prayed and wrought the Vulgate translation of God's Word.

At two o'clock, under a broiling sun, our cavalcade of ten horses and mules filed out of Bethlehem and headed for the wilderness of Judea

—one of the dreariest wilderness on the globe. For an hour we rode among barley fields. I noticed how close the grain grew to the path, and how easy it was for the sower's grain to "fall on the highway." I also saw several plats of angry thorns, which would "choke" any seed which may fall among them.

Our afternoon's march over the bleak, treeless and brown mountains of the wilderness was inexcessibly tiresome until we came in sight of the Dead Sea. It lay two thousand feet below us—a mirror of silver, set among the violet mountains of Moab. More precipitous descents over rocks and sand brought us, by sundown, to the two towers of the most unique monastery on the globe. The famous Convent of *Mar Saba* is worth a journey to Palestine. For thirteen centuries that wonderful structure has hung against the walls of the deep, awful gorge of the Kildron. It is a colossal swallows' nest of stone, built to the height of three hundred feet against the precipice, and inhabited by sixty monks of the Greek Church—genuine Manicheans and followers of St. Saba and St. John of Damascus. No woman's foot has ever entered the Convent's walls. Instead of woman's society they make love to the birds, who come and feed off the monks' hands. Every evening they toss meat down to the wild jackals in the gorge below. At sunset I climbed over the extraordinary building—was shown into the rather handsome church, and into the chapel or cave of St. Nicholas, which contains the ghastly skulls of the monks who were slaughtered by Chosroes and his

Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls. Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavements in a sort of aimless vacancy. What an attempt to live in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, sold us shoes and wood work, and furnished us lodgings on the divans of two large stone parlors. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them in to their devotions. The vermin in the lodging rooms have learned to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party—with one exception—had a sleepless night. By daylight next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Bunyan's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome descent of the desolate cliffs to the shore of the Dead Sea. That much-maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty. We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island, except that the water has such a density that we floated on it like pine shingles. No fish from the salt ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noon day. A scorching ride we had across the barren plain to the sacred Jordan, which disappointed me sadly. At the place where the Israelites crossed, and our Lord was baptized, it is about 120 feet wide. It flows rapidly, and in a turbid current of light stone color. In

size and appearance it is the perfect counterpart of the Muskingum, a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless water ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valley which might be changed into a garden. For beauty, the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's Brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went floating past our lodging place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small) and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zaccheus, and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squalid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.

Our climb from Jericho to Jerusalem was hot and toilsome—past the wild gorge of the Brook Cherith, and up rocky ravines, till we reached the fountain of En Shemesh. There we halted at a ruined khan, and I was glad to throw myself on the ground, utterly tired out. While we lunched on eggs and oranges, the Sheikh Resheid amused himself playing cards with a brother Arab. Our last march brought us up among the olives and fig trees of dear blessed Bethany! I could have kissed the very ground. Its soil is hallowed with the footsteps and the tears of the Man of Sorrows. So ended our journey. —*New York Evangelist.*

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We understand that the Rev. W. McMillan of East River has been urgently pressed to accept a call from the congregation of River Philip, Oxford and Pugwash. In calling Mr. McMillan, this congregation show their appreciation of the qualities necessary to build up the church in this arduous though encouraging field. Few men are better qualified for the task. Should Mr. McMillan see fit to accept this call, it is matter of congratulation that he would not be lost to us, as the Pugwash congregation would doubtless annex itself again to the Presbytery of Pictou.

## The Monthly Record.

OCTOBER, 1881.

### Death of A Nova Scotia Minister.

The Rev. Walter Ross, of Beckwith, in the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew, died at Carleton Place, on the 7th of July, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Ross was a native of Mill Brook, Nova Scotia, and was dedicated to the ministry by his grandfather from the time of his birth. He entered Queen's College, Kingston, in 1856, graduated as M. A. in 1862, and on 15th October in that year, was ordained and inducted to the charge of which he continued to be a faithful and beloved pastor to the end of his days. Mr. Ross was unostentatious, and even diffident, in his manner, but he was nevertheless an able minister, respected by all who knew him. He married in 1864, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Burrowes, of the Royal Engineer Department.

His mother is still alive and living at Mill Brook, in this county, also his brother and sisters. Mr. Ross had many friends and acquaintances here who mourn his removal by death at a comparatively early age.

A very interesting and harmonious meeting of the Supplementing Fund Committee was held this month in Pictou. About three thousand dollars are in fund. Hitherto nothing has been paid out. The Eastern side of the county has done well. The most of the money has been contributed there, and more is expected. The Western side has not yet put on its

strength to any considerable extent. Delegations were appointed to visit these congregations last winter. R. Simpson, Esq., of the Drummond Colliery reported that the Delegation for River John had not gone there yet. Rev. George Murray reported for the Scotsburn delegation, who, it appears were well received. The scheme is looking up there, and a liberal contribution is expected from that intelligent and generous people. On behalf of the Salt Springs delegation, Rev. Mr. Brodie reported as cheerfully as could be expected under the circumstances, that the delegates assembled at the church on the day appointed, but no one else did. Under these conditions, the committee felt that these gentlemen were justified in immediately returning to their ordinary labors and in reserving their oratory for a more inspiring occasion; and no blame can attach to them for not "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." They had done all that it was the part of a delegation to do. They came, they saw, and would doubtless, like their great prototype, have conquered likewise had opportunity offered the slightest vantage ground. It is said that the unexpected only happens. The truth of this must have presented itself forcibly to their minds. Mournfully futile as their labors proved, they yet took heart of grace and resolved to try again. What success the future may have in store for them we venture not to predict. They go back again "parati uteroque"—prepared for either event.

As the Eastern side of the county held a bazaar and tea-meeting in aid of the fund, and thereby secured a large amount the committee were desirous that the Western congregations should follow the example thus set them, and should hold a similar tea-meeting in Pictou or neighborhood next July. The Committee adjourned to meet in Pictou on the last Wednesday of February, 1882, at 11.30 a. m.

CORRECTION.—Home mission, Falls Congregation, Section No. 3, Miss Johanna McLean, Collector. William Sutherland paid \$0.35 instead of \$0.25 as marked in the August RECORD.

D. MCKENZIE.

We are gratified in learning that the good people of St. Paul's, with their usual benevolence, have assisted their minister, the Rev. Mr. McMillan in harvesting his crop.

The Rev. R. Burnet has spent his holidays in Boston and in Ontario. Mr. Burnet has well earned this short period of rest.

The Rev. D. McKenzie, Earltown, spent a couple of weeks at Lochside, Cape Breton. On his return, he gave to the Presbytery a most interesting account of his labors there, and of the state of the congregation at Lochside. It appears that the Church at that place is finished inside as well as outside, and reflects great credit upon the people who built it. At the suggestion of the Rev. R. Burnet, the members of St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, who attend the prayer meeting made a collection amounting to twenty dollars to aid in finishing this church. There is no minister stationed there, but occasional service is given by ministers from other parts. If it were not for the circumstance that this locality is so far away, some of our Gaelic-speaking ministers would visit it now and again.

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### Quanti Constitit?—How Much Cost It?

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This was an example under one of the rules in our Latin grammar. May we be allowed to apply it to the matter of our religion? The calculation seems to have occurred to King David: declining to accept as a free gift the abundant provision offered him by Araunah for his sacrifice to the Lord, David said he would not offer to the Lord his God

of that which cost him nothing." An offering to the Lord he would make. It was to be a thank-offering for a very great mercy of the Lord—the deliverance of himself and his people from the deadly pestilence.

The King would not take advantage of another's liberality to provide himself with a thank-offering. His offering must be at some cost to himself. This principle remains under the Gospel of Christ—that OUR RELIGION MUST COST US SOMETHING.

The Hebrew Church was, like our own, an endowed Church as regards its sacred ministry. In the Church established and endowed, the people are not put to charges for the maintenance of religious ordinances for themselves; yet it must be borne in mind that under the former dispensation, besides the tithes, there were the legally prescribed sacrifices, and contributions at regular seasons or for occasional purposes, and that all these were free-will offerings. This also holds in the Church of Christ. Even when the congregation has to undertake the support of church and minister, and other expenses of divine ordinances, this does not fulfil all their duty in the service of God. While providing means of grace for themselves, they must devise liberal things for others.

Members of that Church which has been endowed by the piety of those who felt that their religion should cost *them* something, are under a strong obligation to contribute for the Gospel's sake. Religious privilege cheaply enjoyed can scarcely be said to be enjoyed at all; that which costs us little is considered little worth. The rule of our

Lord to his disciples is, "Freely ye have received, freely give." If the free-giving be withheld, the free receiving is evidently to little profit. There is also that other saying of Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Certain it is, that there cannot be a selfish enjoyment of Gospel blessings. The grace of God in the heart is a self-devoting power, prompting to love and good works.

What, then, should our religion cost us? The giving of *our own selves to the Lord*. We know how the Apostle Paul commended to the Corinthians the example of liberality on the part of the disciples of Macedonia, even "the riches of their liberality,"—how "to their power and beyond their power," even "out of their deep poverty" they willingly gave their contributions. And not as waiting to be asked and admonished of their duty,—there were no collection-sermons in those days,—but "praying us," writes the apostle, "with much entreaty, that we would receive the gift." The apostles and elders seem to have been beset wheresoever they went with the importunities of the people, that they would kindly take charge of their offerings. So that it was found necessary to make the regulation for all the churches, that the collections be laid by on the first day of the week, until the approved messenger should come to take charge of them. So have the weekly collections continued amongst us; only with a difference—that wheresoever these were appointed in full of all "gatherings," they now need to be supplemented by other gatherings.

With the former zeal, the old methods were best. And whence that zeal, the effect of which was so overflowing in liberality? One great gift drew forth all the rest. "They first gave their own selves to the Lord." Having begun with the best offering, they had nothing after that too good to give. So we, as members of the Church, do profess to give ourselves to the Lord. Our vows at the Lord's Table are a renewed self-dedication to Christ. And even in this we are reminded that "we are not our own; we are bought with a price." We but render to God what He has redeemed for Himself not with silver or gold, but with the precious blood of His beloved Son.

Yea, "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Ourselves and all we have are due unto the Lord; and He claims a tribute in acknowledgement of His right to the whole. Here it is that we are put to the test as to our religion. We have a struggle with selfishness, covetousness, and worldly cares. These tempt us to "rob God" of His due—to keep back part even of what we profess to offer to God. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" "choose ye whom ye will serve." And the choice which our religion claims will cost us something. It costs the pain of self-denial; it costs a great measure of faith; it costs a trial of patience for the expected profit. Money, of course, it does cost. This may be the least expense of our religion. We give our money, and it is gone from us. But this expenditure of patience, and faith, and self-denial is always drawing upon our resources—it is a daily

life-long self-sacrifice. Yet this is the only real religion of the followers of Christ. Now, when a man gives himself to a business, or enterprise, or affection, which claims his whole heart, and mind, and strength, he is certain to devote his money also to the same. And so it follows in the Christian calling; give yourselves to the Lord and you will need no urging about Church-work and Church-collections. T.

### Missions and Culture.

Dr. Warneck, editor of the leading German mission journal, some time ago, wrote for the 'Conservative Monatschrift' certain papers of marked ability on the relation between modern missions and Culture. Dr. Warneck begins by a protest against the one-sided view which would eliminate from what we understand by "culture" the moral element, and confine it solely to the physical and intellectual. It is a maimed culture which excludes all reference to the moral faculties of man; and culture is nothing if not *complete*—it must mean the *full* development of man's natural gifts and powers. Taking culture in this higher and truer sense, the writer shows how Christian missions, so far from retarding its progress, are in point of fact advancing it all over the world, to an extent with which no other agency can vie. First, as regards *physical* culture. Among savage races, the missionary is the apostle of hygiene; he teaches the lessons of cleanliness and decency, and raises the whole tone of a community by increasing the material comforts of life. Even among

racés which boast an ancient civilization of their own, such as the Hindu and Chinese, the missionary, as regards this phase of culture, is not without his task. With such races, material culture is far beneath the standard which Christianity requires: they are, as Coleridge says "highly civilized, but fearfully un-cultivated;" and into their daily life, too, the missionary must shed "sweetness and light." Next, with reference to *intellectual* culture, Dr. Warneck dwells on the great work of Christian missions as educational institutions. The statistics of the London Bible Society are eloquent on this head. The Scriptures, according to the most recent information, have been translated into 303 tongues; and from 60 to 70 of these, only spoken before, have now become written languages. So vast a diffusion of literature must necessarily have had a great educational effect; and besides the Scriptures, school-books and other works have been published in immense numbers. To show the mighty work done for intellectual culture over the world by mission-schools, the following statistics may be quoted: in India there are 143,000 scholars in mission schools; in the South Seas, the London Mission Society has 590 schools, and the Wesleyans 1697; in Madagascar, the London Mission Society has 745;—in all, it is calculated that in the 12,000 mission schools of the world there are about 400,000 scholars. Figures like these say much; but they can only give a faint conception of the enormous addition thus made by missionary enterprise to the intellectual force of the world. Last, with reference

to moral culture, Dr. Warneck finds on every hand the evidences of how much missions have done and are doing for *that*. Respect for human life, charity, moral purity, have all been taught where formerly principles exactly the opposite held sway. The human sacrifice and child-murder of Polynesia have passed away; and in India it is the mission which has opposed, and with success, polygamy, the evil of child-marriages, the sale of women, and the suttee. Then there is the moral action of the mission on female life, and its constant effort to raise the social standing of women—an influence of supreme importance. Dr. Warneck has shown with great force and clearness how the mission is really the best promoter of culture—not of culture in any narrow sense, as restricted to æsthetics or philosophy, but of that truest and noblest culture which is bound up with Christianity. His papers form a convincing answer to those, both in England and Germany. Who would decry the efficacy of Christian Missions in advancing civilization.

### Beautiful Tribute to Women.

We have seen many beautiful tributes to lovely women, but the following is the finest we ever read:—Place her among the flowers, toster her as a tiny plant and she is a thing of fancy. waywardness and jolly, annoyed by a dewdrop, tressed by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or the rattle of a window sash at night, and is overcome by the perfume of the rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fibres of her heart, and mark her then! how strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of the battle—give her a child, a bird or anything to protect— and see

her in a relative instance, lifting her own hand as a shield, as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for her own life to protect the helpless. transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune hurts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity, she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untried, in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."

### The Seven Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world are among the traditions of childhood, and yet it is a remarkable fact that ninety out of one hundred who might be asked the question could not name them. They are:—1. The pyramids—the mystery of the past, the enigma of the present, and the enduring for the future ages of the world. 2. The temple, the walls, and hanging gardens of Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria, and the residence of the kings of that country after the destruction of Nineveh. 3. The Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowned work of Phidias the illustrious artist of Greece. The statue was formed of gold, and was sitting on a throne almost touching the summit of the temple which was seventy feet high. 4. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was 220 years in building and which was 425 ft. in length and 220 in breadth, and supported by 127 marble columns of the Ionic order, sixty feet high. 5. The Mausoleum at Helicarnassus, erected to the memory of Mausolus, the king of Caria, by his wife Art.

emesia B. C. 358. 6. The Pharos at Alexandria a light-house erected by Ptolemy Soter at the entrance of the harbor of Alexandria. It was 450 feet high and could be seen at a distance of 100 miles and upon it was inscribed, "King Ptolemy, to the gods, the saviours for the benefit of the sailors." 7. The Colossus at Rhodes a brazen image of Apollo 105 Grecian feet in height and located at the entrance of one of the harbors of the city of Rhodes.

## Notes of the Month.

President Garfield is dead. On the 19th of Sept. death came to his release. The remains were taken to Washington and thence to Cleveland in his native State where he now lies buried. Among the tributes of respect for the memory of the dead was a funeral wreath ordered to be sent by the Queen. His death seems now an old story—so rapidly do events move. General Arthur is now President, and the political machine moves on smoothly enough. Giteau, the assassin will doubtless be condemned—unless the plea of insanity be successful. A great deal of excited talk has been printed in the newspapers about killing this wretched man without process of law. It would more beseech a great and in the main law-abiding people like the American nation to prevent these desperadoes having their way.

**PRESBYTERY VISITATIONS.**—The Presbytery held a meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on the 16th inst. The congregation was small. The usual questions were put to the minister, elders, and trustees; and the affairs of the congregation were found to be in a prosperous condition generally. Although the usual collections were not made during the year, it was understood that the Session intended to have them made before the end of the year. A good deal of money has lately been spent upon the manse and church. After these have been attended to, a liberal response is expected to the claims of the schemes of the church. Charity as well as liberality begins, it appears at home.

Principal Grant of Queen's College, has written a number of letters from Winnipeg to the *Globe*, in which he gives his impressions of the North West. The country is apparently prospering. Next year the railway from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg will be open. Dr. Grant writes sensibly, having no land to sell, depicts things as they are and not in the rosy light of the speculator. His opinion seems to be that people who are well enough off at home had better stay there.

Ireland is still disturbed. Murders and assaults are of frequent occurrence. The Bishops have issued a manifesto to still the tumult. It is easier, however, to call spirits from the vasty deep than to lay them again.

Parnell refuses to be satisfied. The day of the landlords is evidently over, and the laboring man thinks his turn has come. What the outcome of the strife may be no one can foresee.

In this Dominion, the harvest has been a bountiful one; and doubtless the whole country will join in giving thanks to the Giver of all good for His mercies. The 20th of October has been appointed as the day of annual thanksgiving.

## Acknowledgments--Record

|                           |        |
|---------------------------|--------|
| Adam Campbell, Scotsburn. | \$1.00 |
| Alex. McEachern, C. B.    | 1.00   |

The Revds. Messrs. Burnet and Donald were appointed by the Society in Pictou to visit Scotsburn, for the purpose of bringing before the congregation there the claims of the British and Foreign Bible Society. An interesting meeting was held at that place, and these gentlemen delivered interesting and eloquent addresses. The sympathy of the country is in favor of this cause, and no doubt liberal contributions may be expected.



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