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# THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

## Church of Scotland

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, & ADJOINING PROVINCES.

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VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1869.

No. 10.

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"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—Ps. 137: 5.

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### SERMON.

PREACHED AT THE OPENING OF THE SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES,  
• AT CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, ON THE 30TH DAY OF JUNE, 1869,  
BY THE REV. DR. BROOKE, RETIRING MODERATOR.

(Concluded.)

It tells us that God so loved the world, guilty and polluted as it is, "that He spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up to death," that sinners might live. Very early was the promise of a Deliverer given to sinful man. No sooner had the fatal offence been committed, than God spoke of "the woman's seed" that should bruise the serpent's head—a promise which, in the fulness of time, was accomplished in Jesus Christ, who was manifested "that he might destroy the works of the devil." As we follow the stream of revelation downwards, we find the first obscure intimation gradually becoming brighter and brighter, till at length the long expected Messiah, of whom patriarchs and prophets had spoken with such delightful anticipations, appeared to gladden the hearts of those "who waited for the consolation of Israel." And it may serve to convince us at once of the unsearchable love of God, and of the incalculable value of the human soul, when we think who was the illustrious Being "who came to raise our fallen state." It does, indeed, to our unaided reason, appear passing strange, that the Son of the Most High God, who "was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God," should resign the sceptre of universal empire, and forsake the glory that He had with the Father before the world was, and descend to this apostate earth, and clothe Himself with a body of flesh, and live a desolate outcast in that very world that received being from His hands. That He should have done this for a single day would have been more than the mind of the highest angel could have conceived: and how much is the wonder increased when we are told that He dwelt upon this sin-polluted earth for more than thirty years, and at last suffered death upon the cross, not for the sake of friends, but in behalf of those who were his enemies! There is a

height and a depth of mystery in this which even eternity itself shall not enable us to comprehend.

I do not, at present, enter into the discussion of all the ends which the sufferings and death of Christ were intended to serve. Suffice it to say that His death, as an atonement for our offences, and the Saviour of all who believe, is the greatest and most important truth which the Word of God was intended to teach. To this truth "the law and the Prophets and the Psalms" continually refer. The chief aim of all the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish law was to prefigure it. The grand design of Providence, in all its dispensations, was to prepare the way for it. Blot out this truth from the Bible, and you leave it a body without life. You deprive man of all well grounded hope in the future, and involve the government of God in inscrutable mystery.

The Word of God, then, is important truth, not merely because it gives us the only authentic account of the origin and early history of this world; not because it contains a vast variety of interesting information which is nowhere else to be found; not because of the wonders which it records of Jehovah's doings in the times of old; but chiefly because it reveals to fallen man, through a Redeemer, the way of pardon, peace, and everlasting happiness. Had it not been to convey this message to our ruined race, no prophets would have foretold a Deliverer, no angel would have sped on his errand of love to this apostate world, or proclaimed at midnight's silent hour to the shepherds of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy; to you is born a Saviour." And were it not to make known, throughout the length and breadth of the world, this all-important truth, Churches would never have been erected, ministers would never have been set apart and commissioned to go forth, as ambassadors of Heaven, to "plead with men to be reconciled to God." The condition of man would have been miserable here, and the darkness of despair would have settled down on his prospects in eternity. This brings us to the

III. Proposition,—That the Word of God is Truth undiscoverable by man: but having already occupied your time so long, all that we can do is barely to glance at it.

As the Bible addresses us on subjects so infinitely above our comprehension, it is almost self-evident that the truths which it contains are beyond the powers of the human mind to discover. You have heard much of the wonderful capacity and restless activity of the human mind. Many talk as if there were no subject of enquiry too difficult to be undertaken by it, no investigation so dark or mysterious that it could not find its triumphant way through all its intricacies, and discover truth wherever it might be concealed. And if we contemplate its achievements in the fields of science and philosophy, we shall find them, indeed, sufficient to fill us with wonder, and to give us a most exalted conception of those astonishing powers with which God has furnished the mind of man. On the wings of thought he has ascended into the heavens—weighed the planets as in a balance, measured their distances, and calculated their motions. He has penetrated into the bowels of this globe, recorded the history of the pre-Adamite earth, and described the forms and habits of animals that dwelt upon it thousands of years before the first progenitors of the human race were placed in the bowers of paradise. He has subjected a vapour to his will, and forced it to do his bidding, to propel his vessels across the ocean, and to wheel the car with a rapidity that has passed into a proverb. He has seized upon the lightnings of heaven, and made them convey his messages over oceans and continents, quick as thought itself, so that I can now converse with my friend, at the distance of three thousand miles, almost as if he were at my side. In short, what are the fields of speculation into which the mind of man has not ventured, and returned victorious from its daring inroads? No

difficulties have deterred it, no obstacles have turned it aside. But, large as is the capacity of the human mind—daring as are its flights, there is a limit beyond which they may not extend. It may deal with the visible and the material: but, when it attempts to grapple with the unseen and the spiritual, it must soon discover its utter feebleness. It can discover the qualities of matter, and the laws by which the movements of the material universe are carried on. But, in the words of that record of truth of which we have been speaking, “Who can, by searching, find out God? Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?” Natural reason may lead us to conclude that the magnificent structure of that fabric of which we behold so small a part, exhibiting, as it does, so many traces of wisdom and beneficence, must have had a wise and beneficent Creator. But reason can tell us little of His character and perfections. And hence we learn that the most enlightened nations of antiquity, when left to the guidance of their own unaided mental powers, in forming their notions of the Divine Being, “changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts, and creeping things.” It is to that “Word which is Truth” that we must come, if we would learn the true character of “the God with whom we have to do.” Again, we know by our consciousness that there is a principle within us that thinks and moves and wills,—a principle that is distinct from that earthly tabernacle in which it is lodged; but, as to what shall be the ultimate destiny of that spiritual principle, natural reason can give us no certain information. Shall it perish with the body? or shall it survive the ruin of its temporary abode? Heathen philosophers have deemed the immortality of the soul a possibility, and some have maintained it to be a probability; but none knew it to be a certainty. And even where it was received as true by those who had no light from heaven to guide them, the doctrine of a future state was so mixed up with the most absurd and childish fables that it exerted no practical influence upon human conduct. But “life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel.” What human reason was unable to discover, has been clearly made known to us by that “Word which is Truth.” From it we learn that that divine principle that is placed within us perishes not with the earthly tabernacle in which it is lodged; that when its temporary dwelling place falls into ruins, that deathless principle passes into the world of spirits; that there it enters upon an endless existence of ineffable bliss or inconceivable woe, according as it has departed from this life purified from transgression or polluted by sin.

But further, there is a conscience within us that accuses and condemns us as sinners in the sight of God. And there is a momentous question that presses itself upon the attention—“How shall a guilty sinner find acceptance with a Being of inflexible justice and unspotted holiness?” Now this is a question that conscience may prompt, but which nature cannot answer. The answer to it forms one of those mysteries that are too profound for the human mind, with all its boasted powers, adequately to explore. We must search for it in that “Word which is Truth.” And there we do not need to search in vain. There we find the revelation of that wondrous plan whereby, in harmony with all the attributes of the divine character, sin is punished, and the sinner pardoned. The great God of heaven and earth, who, because of our sins, is justly offended, instead of pouring out His wrath upon the head of the guilty, “has laid upon His own Son the iniquity of us all.” He, “the brightness of the Father’s glory and the express image of His person,” left the bosom of the Father and the throne of eternity, came into this world, took upon Him the nature of fallen man, and poured out his soul unto death upon the cross, as an atonement for our sins. Thus “God is in Christ, reconciling a lost world unto Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses.” I have spoken of this already, but I recur to it again for the purpose of impressing upon your minds that this, the grand truth of revelation, is one that could never have entered into the mind of

man. And yet, without it, what is our condition here, and what our prospects in eternity? If, then, "God's Word is Truth," unmingled truth, important truth, and truth undiscoverable by man, all must acknowledge that every exertion should be used to make it universally known. Man should not be left in ignorance of that which is fitted to affect so deeply his interests, not only in time but in eternity. It was the last command of our Blessed Lord to His Apostles, to "go into all the world, and to preach the gospel"—this Word of Truth—"to every creature." And ever since the Apostolic age, Churches have been erected and Ministers have been set apart to diffuse this truth. And called as I now am in an especial manner to address those who are engaged in this great work, you will permit me to say to you that there are two ways in which we are called to set forth the truth of God,—by our lips, and by our lives; and of the two, the eloquence of a holy life is by far the most expressive. It should be our earnest endeavour to study to preach well; but we should study still more anxiously to live well. Truth from the lips of a man of holy life, will come home with tenfold power; but, uttered by one whose moral conduct is at variance with that which he inculcates, it can scarcely be expected to be otherwise than totally ineffectual. It ought to be our study, then, that our lives should be a living commentary upon our preaching, so that our hearers should be constrained to say respecting each one of us—"That man is in earnest; he practises what he preaches."

I am forcibly reminded, now that we are once more assembled in this part of the country, that, since we last met in this province, our Synod has lost one of its brightest ornaments. And you will pardon this allusion when I state what, indeed, many of you well know—that the late Dr. Henderson was one of my oldest and dearest friends. He was one whose profound attainments as a scholar were only surpassed by his meekness and humility as a Christian; one who, by his unwearied and faithful labours as a pastor, had endeared himself, in no ordinary degree, to his flock; whose memory, I feel assured, they can never cease to cherish with the warmest affection. He loved the truth of God; it was his delight to proclaim it; and he was the living image of what he taught to others. While we lovingly remember him, let us follow his example; that every one of us may have this testimony at last—that we are "pure from the blood of all men, not having shunned to declare the whole counsel of God."

Bear with me for a moment longer while I remind you who are the hearers of the gospel of truth, that you also have a duty to do. You are to "receive the truth into good and honest hearts." Nor are you to be forgetful hearers, but "doers of the word." Moreover, let me call upon you to bring every sermon you hear to the touchstone of God's word. Imitate the Bereans of old, who "searched the Scriptures daily," that they might ascertain whether the things that were preached to them were in accordance therewith. "Therefore," says the sacred historian, "many of them believed." It is a solemn thought, Brethren, and ought to be ever present to the minds of both ministers and people, when they meet together in the house of God, to engage in the services of the sanctuary,—that the things of time and the things of eternity are so closely blended together, that they have an effect upon one another; and we know it will be so in regard to the services conducted in our several places of worship. They must tell, favorably or otherwise, upon the eternal destiny of those who engage in them, whether as preachers or hearers. You can never leave the house of God precisely in the same condition in which you entered it. The gospel must either be to you "the savour of life unto life," or "the savour of death unto death,"—either the instrument of "translating you from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light," or of sinking you lower and lower in the gulf of perdition. How awful, then, the responsibility! How earnest should you be to improve your privileges, so that at last "you may give in your account with joy!"

Remember, then, Brethren, (I speak to those who are engaged in the work of the ministry,)—remember the office to which you have been set apart. We are to be heralds of the truth. We are to receive the message as it is delivered by God Himself, in that “Word which is Truth,” and convey it faithfully to those to whom we are called to minister. We must “keep back nothing that is profitable” unto them; but “declare unto them the whole counsel of God.” We incur a fearful guilt if we neglect to warn men of their coming danger, or say to them, “Peace, peace, when there is no peace.” We are set as watchmen to warn the people; and the prophet tells us that “if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will God require at the watchman’s hand.”

Let us then be ever watchful and diligent, never ceasing to raise the warning voice that the people who hear us may be constrained to flee for safety to the stronghold provided for them; that thus “we may both save our own souls and the souls of them who hear.” Which may God of his infinite mercy grant, and to His name be all the praise! AMEN.

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### ADDRESS TO REV. JOHN GOODWILL,

(PRESENTED AT THE MEETING OF SYNOD BY REV. A. McLEAN, CON-  
VENER FOREIGN MISSION COMMITTEE.)

*Dear Brother,*—It is now a full year since you stood up before this court and declared your willingness to make what the world and what the feelings of nature would call a great and a very painful sacrifice. Animated, as we believe, with the spirit which true religion and real love to Christ alone can inspire, you solemnly declared that you were willing to leave home and friends, and all the prospects to which you might be warranted in looking forward, in this your native land; and this court heard from your lips words that filled every heart with deep and lively emotion, “Here am I, send me.” The day on which you made this announcement is one which every member of this court, then present, will always remember with feelings of gratitude, difficult to express. In the few words by which you made known the solemn purpose you had formed, we felt that God had indeed heard our prayers and granted the wishes of our hearts. We felt that His own gracious presence was in our midst, and that He would honour us, as a church, by accepting our feeble services to extend the glory of His name, and to kindle up, in some dark portion of the heathen world, the light of everlasting life and love. For six long and tedious years, we hoped, and longed, and waited, but no help came. We applied to every quarter from which there was any prospect of success, but in vain. But, when our hopes were well nigh gone, and the feeling that it were better had we not spoken of such a work or mission as this, was beginning to creep over our fainting hearts,—then, when we looked not for it, we found that God’s good time had come, and that, while we knew it not, He was silently preparing your heart to make the self-denying and the noble offer which, on that eventful day, gladdened our spirits; and while, by that offer, you removed a cloud of despondency from our minds, and drew from our every heart the sincere response of gratitude to God, it also, let me assure you, gave you a place in our esteem and affection which no amount of labour could otherwise secure. On that day, you exchanged the obscure though useful position of a pastor, whose name would not, perhaps, be heard beyond the narrow limits of our own Synod, for that of the first missionary of our church. Already has that given you a high and distinguished position, and rendered your name familiar to every family of our church, at least in three Provinces; and as certain it is, that the earnest prayers of all the truly pious of these many thousands

are ascending to the throne of grace in your behalf; and if you act your part faithfully and well, your name and your labours will form an important part of the history of our church, and shall be transmitted to, and shall be read with interest by, coming generations. This high honour, the path you have chosen has secured for you. The worldly sacrifice you have made, and the effort it required to break the many strong and tender ties that bound your affections to friends and home, had the honour of Christ as the motive which prompted and enabled you to prevail; and as certainly as it was your desire to honour Him, will He honour and reward you abundantly. For the last few months you have been among our people, and we are thankful to know that in every congregation the interest formerly felt in the mission, and in you, who offered to enter upon it, has been greatly increased by your presence, and by the addresses you were enabled to deliver. In a few weeks more, and we trust your labours in meeting the congregations will be brought to a close, and then, without further delay, you will be prepared to leave your native shore for the far distant Islands of the South Seas. As a court, then, this is the last time we shall probably meet, and the opportunity must be embraced of assuring you, dear Brother, that you will carry with you our most sincere wishes that the God of missions may speed and prosper your way. It is, and it will be, our earnest prayer, that your Divine Master, and ours, may bless you continually with the sense and the assurance of His own living and gracious presence. When He gave the command, in obedience to which you are to embark for the distant Islands, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," He added the promise, "and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." No language could be plainer than the words of this promise, and we cannot err when we take it to mean all that it says. If so,—and that we can fully trust Him who gave this assurance, what position can be safer than his who leans upon and has it for his defence?—it is not, we are assured, without counting the cost, without much anxious thought, and much earnest prayer, you have formed the resolution to which you are now giving effect. The difficulties in the way you have deliberately weighed. The dangers to be encountered are not unknown. I need not speak of these, nor of the many privations and hardships you may have to endure. These things you must expect to meet, and you will find them difficult to bear, and well fitted to discourage. The strongest zeal and the firmest resolutions are sure to fail in the face of continued peril and privation, unless the servant hear the sound of his Master's feet going before him. If spared to reach the field selected as the scene of your future labours, your heart will be sorely tried on beholding the fearful array of wretchedness and vice and crime which will meet your eye. Looking at this degraded, and, to the eye of man, this hopeless mass, which has been festering in the loathsome corruption of many ages, human wisdom will declare that the attempt to restore to the state and dignity of rational and immortal beings must be in vain. Frequently has the language been heard from the lips of men who could boast of much learning and intelligence, "What folly to preach the gospel to degraded savages like them! If there is any hope, it is by first bringing them under the influence of civilization, and then, perhaps, you may succeed in getting them to receive and appreciate the truths of the gospel." Thus will the wisdom of man judge and speak; and if, in coming in contact with the terrible scenes of heathenism, you will not resolutely resist their whisperings, your courage will assuredly fail, and your arm will become paralyzed and powerless. If it were by human might and power you entered on this work, no vision could be more extravagant than the hopes of success. But you need not be told that it is not thus equipped, nor trusting for success to such means as these, Christ sends you to meet and to triumph over the difficulties in your way: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." You are not going as a poor solitary individual, with such

means as you have, and feeble hands like yours can provide, to invade the strongholds in which the god of this world has so long held in bondage the precious souls of your brethren. The great conqueror who already triumphed over principalities and powers will go with you: "I will be with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He asks none to engage in this enterprise but on this sure and express condition. To Him must be given the part of going before, as the breaker up of the way, to remove every obstacle and hindrance, and rebuke the rage of every enemy. Let these obstacles be as gates of brass, as deep gulfs, or impassible mountains, His presence will open a broad and sure path for you to travel. Over the great deep He made a highway for Israel, and they walked in safety with the pillar of cloud going before. The same guide will be yours, and wherever he leads you may follow, and not be afraid. Much has been said regarding the perils of missionaries, and greatly have been exaggerated the dangers to which they are exposed. While it is true that a missionary's life has, more than once, been sacrificed to the rage of the savage, or cut off by accident on sea and land, it is, at the same time, a fact which cannot be denied, and which the history of missions abundantly verifies, that the providence of God has wonderfully, and in a striking manner, watched over the safety of those, His devoted servants. Worldly men, with no dependence for protection but on their own strength, will go to the most distant lands, and encounter the most formidable dangers, when the prospect of gain invites. Why, then, should the ambassador of Christ be discouraged? His Master is with him at every step. Asleep and awake, the eye which never sleepeth is watching over him. Believing this, you may well disuiss every anxious fear—you are safe in His hands—your body and spirit and labours are His, and no enemy shall have power to injure, until your labours are finished and you are called to receive the promised reward—the eternal crown. While thus you walk by faith, looking unto Jesus, and committing yourself and your labours into His hands, you have the certainty,—and that certainty as undoubted as the sure promise of God can make it,—that your labours will not be in vain. Never, in the history of the world, was one sincere effort in His cause without its rich reward. You will require to keep a firm hold of this precious truth. You will need it to sustain you, when, as it may be, your patience will be tried by failure and disappointment, and by finding hopes which you formed suddenly and cruelly snatched from you and crushed. Such trials have frequently been experienced by the missionaries of Christ. But the history which records this, records, further, that such failures, so far from being final, have commonly been followed by the most signal triumphs. The bonds of the apostle turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel; and the same thing is abundantly manifest in the history of modern missions. You have thus the experience of the whole noble band of Missionaries who have gone before you, testifying to the sure promise of final success, however many and discouraging may be the apparent failures. For many years the first missionaries to the South Seas laboured, as they thought, in vain. At length their courage failed, and they sadly came to the resolve of abandoning the island on which for years they laboured. Two of them had occasion to remain for a few days after the others had gone. Walking out very early one morning, one of them heard some sounds proceeding from a clump of bushes which he happened to pass. Surprised at this, and wishing to ascertain what it was, he drew near, and, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld a poor native on his bended knees, with hands clasped and eyes uplifted to heaven. He listened, and heard that poor native plead to God for mercy to his perishing soul. The other missionaries returned on receiving intelligence of this. It was at length the drops preceding the mighty shower which descended to refresh the parched waste, and make that desert bud and blossom as the rose. For twelve long and dreary years the noble Moffat laboured alone in the wilds of Africa. He was insulted and subjected



to every annoyance calculated to discourage and rid them of his presence. Repeatedly were plans formed to put him to death, but resolutely he endured it all, and persevered. He believed, and could, therefore, work and wait, and richly were his labours and patience rewarded. When about to despond and to feel that his strength was spent for nought, he was joyfully surprised to find, when returning from a journey he took to the Cape, that a glorious movement had begun, and that the showers of grace, long withheld, were plentifully poured from on high; his prayers were now answered; the Spirit of the Lord had begun his mighty work; the rage of the persecutor was changed into christian zeal and love; the strongholds of the enemy were taken, and the poor captives were free. He could now sing for joy, as well as pray, and in that song multitudes redeemed from sin joined their voices with his. What is the joy of the worldling over his heaps of wealth, what are earthly glories and crowns, compared to the raptures with which that devoted missionary beheld around him the trophies of his victory, the reward of his long and arduous labours? When you read the history of missions, you will thus find, in the experience of others, what is sufficient to keep your courage from sinking, when all is dark and apparently working against you. No adverse circumstances can affect the assurance given by your gracious Master, nor will it prevent the fulfilment of the promise on which He bids you rest. It was not without a purpose that our people were led to contribute so liberally for this mission; nor was it without a purpose that your heart was moved to offer your services. The hand of the Lord was certainly in it, and the movement shall not be in vain. His gracious purpose will be accomplished. Trials may be encountered, dark clouds may gather overhead, and every prospect may be darkened, enemies may assail, but these shall not stay His hand from working, nor prevent the sure triumph of the cross. Yours is eminently a work of faith, and your labour must ever be a labour of love. Faith in the promise, a strong and steadfast trust in Christ, and a sincere and ardent love for undying souls, will carry you joyfully through every trial. In every degraded form, though stained with every crime, and loathsome with every disgusting vice, you will see an immortal spirit that may yet be saved and washed and fitted to mingle with saints and angels around the throne. These souls now sunk in the mire of sin, and polluted with every repulsive and beastly vice, are capable of being transformed into jewels, pure and bright, to adorn the crown of our Redeemer, and shine as the stars for ever and ever. This is the object for which you are sent. For this you are about to leave your friends and your native land, and this you must ever keep before you as the object of your every wish and thought and prayer and effort. The opposition you will encounter, the ingratitude of those whom you wish to benefit, the trials you may have to endure, and the faintness of heart which you may frequently experience,—all these, and whatever else may unite to discourage, must not be allowed to relax your hold of the great object of your mission, nor weaken your confidence in the final success and the glorious reward which will crown your labours. You are about to descend to the low and dark region where death reigns, and where Satan has established the stronghold of his power, but you are going armed with weapons that never failed in the conflict. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." That blessed gospel which Christ commanded to be preached to every creature does not require to be preceded by any process of human ripening, nor does it ask the aid of civilization to secure for it an entrance to the undying spirit. It is as well adapted for, and as capable of reaching, the most ignorant and degraded of our race, as the most refined and cultivated. It is a message from God to sinners, and it knows no distinction between civilized and savage. It is love, infinite and all powerful, issuing from God's own heart, and its mission is to seek and gain and sanctify the heart of man, wherever found. Human

means and human institutions are employed to convey this message to the hearing of men, but there human agency ends. To render it effectual is reserved for the direct and irresistible influence of the Holy Spirit of God; and to that influence the most degraded of the human race are as accessible as the most elevated in learning and refinement. We are ready to regard it as an easy matter to preach the gospel to an enlightened and professedly christian community. No opposition will be encountered there;—but it is entirely different to go among savages, and the undertaking is looked upon as difficult, if not hopeless. True, if the preacher looks no further than the form of religion; the two cases are widely different. But if his object be to save souls from the power of sin, this difference disappears, and he will find himself as helpless, and as entirely dependent on the working of God, in the one case as in the other. Difficult indeed it is to dislodge the power of idolatry and superstition, and to root out those depraved habits established in all parts of the heathen world; but is it less difficult to destroy the love of the world which, in every unrenewed heart, rules among the most distinguished for intelligence, and most strict in their adherence to the outward forms of religion? Among them, not less than among the most degraded savages, the carnal mind is enmity against God; and instead of that enmity being more easily subdued among those outwardly moulded to the precepts of Christian morality, the facts of the case lead us to the very opposite conclusion. Look at the records of missionary labour, and compare the fruits with those of which the servants of Christ labouring in the professedly christian world can speak, and how great and striking is the difference. It is not uncommon to see the missionary rejoice over hundreds and thousands whose hearts have savingly experienced the power of the gospel, while his brethren at home, preaching the same truth, and as faithfully as he, have very frequently to mourn that no token for good is given. Take the South Sea missionaries, Williams, Geddie, and many others, or look to whatever part of the heathen world the heralds of Christ have gone—Africa, India, China, or the Indian tribes of North America,—and the result will be the conviction that the obstacles which ignorance and idolatry present, are not in reality so formidable as the barriers raised in the fashions, the forms and the worldliness which pervade the multitudes professedly Christian. Not more dead in sin is the untutored savage than the most irreproachable in character whose heart is still unsanctified by the Spirit of God. It is of the greatest importance that this should be constantly borne in mind. However hopeless the case may seem, the message of Christ conveyed by the agency of the Spirit will be found sufficient. When Peter preached his first sermon under the ministration of the Spirit, he addressed a multitude of whom it was difficult to cherish any hope. They were enemies; the most of them hated the name of Jesus, and many of them were sharers in the awful guilt of His death; but memorable will ever be the fruits of that first sermon. The Spirit of the Lord was there, and in His hand the word pierced through every obstacle, until, from thousands of wounded hearts, the cry of pain and agony was heard, “Men and brethren, what shall we do?” The first preachers of the gospel always ascribe every instance of success to the presence of their Lord, working by his Spirit: “The hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed.” God always causeth us to triumph in Christ. “The Lord opened the heart of Lydia.” This is the character of their language throughout the whole record. You are going to the dark places of the earth with the same commission as they, and with the same assurance that the presence of your Master will be always with you. Souls are as precious now, in His sight, as when the eleven disciples went forth on another mission of mercy; and there is still joy among the angels when one sinner is brought from darkness to light. You cannot rest too confidently in the fulfilment of His promise. The more entirely you commit yourself and your labours into His hands, and the more largely you ask and

importunately you plead, the more you will honour Him, and the more abundantly He will bless and prosper you.

Dear Brother, you are going far hence, and far away from the friends and the associations that must ever be dear to your memory, but, in the distant islands of the South Seas, friends will meet you who, with more than a brother's joy, will hail your arrival. These dear brethren in the same Lord will be able to aid you much by their counsel, and by imparting to you the results of their long and varied experience. It will be your wisdom, while not surrendering your own judgment, nor copying with servile imitation the procedure of any other. We receive with great deference the suggestions of such as have been long in the field, and are acquainted with every difficulty, and the best way to overcome it.

Let me assure you that your welfare and the success of your labours will be dear to the hearts of many thousands in this church. It will be ours liberally to support and encourage you in your labours, and God forbid that we should cease daily to pray for you, and the cause to which you are devoted.

May the God of all grace replenish your soul with every gift, and with the wisdom and the strength required for the arduous work on which you are entering. May His gracious providence watch over you on sea and land, make your way prosperous, and bless your mission for the salvation of many thousands who will be your crown of rejoicing when the Lord shall come. When, as a court, we shall now part with you, we do so not expecting to meet again. If after the lapse of years you shall be spared to appear in this court, you will not find us all present. May you and we so act that we may all meet our Master when he comes, to hear from His lips the welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

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### A RETROSPECT.

THE Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, within the last twenty years, has experienced many changes as regards the arrival and departure of clergymen. In 1848, there were only three ministers in what was then the Synod of Nova Scotia, viz., the Rev. Mr. Martin of St. Andrew's, the Rev. Mr. Scott of St. Matthew's, Halifax; and the Rev. Dr. (then Mr.) McGillivray of McLennan's Mountain, Pictou. All these have gone to their rest, having performed their duties well and faithfully, like good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Since that time, at least fifty clergymen belonging to our church have labored for a longer or shorter period in different charges throughout Nova Scotia and the Island, either as missionaries or settled ministers. Of these, we can count seventeen who abandoned the field and returned to Scotland; seven went to Canada; two to New Brunswick; one has gone to India; one has retired in consequence of ill health and growing infirmity; one is about to set out as a missionary to the South Sea Islands; and one, it is said, intends to undertake the laborious duties of a missionary minister in British Columbia. Twenty-one of the whole number still occupy the field, all of them, we believe, labouring earnestly, and most of them very successfully, in the work appointed them to do.

In 1848, the Presbytery of Halifax consisted of only the two old established city churches; now it is represented by five ministers and six congregations,—the additional charges being Musquodoboit, Truro, Richmond, and North-West Arm. In 1848 there was but one Church of Scotland clergyman in the Presbytery of Pictou, now there are twelve; an increase, however, not to be attributed to the creation or building up of new, as of filling up old and formerly organized, but long vacant and neglected congregations. We have now two, till recently we had three, ministers in Cape Breton. In 1848, and for a long time afterwards, we had none on that Island, and even now the field there is very

incompletely occupied. In the County of Pictou there are, at the present moment, several important congregations without clergymen,—such as Earltown, West Branch River John, Roger's Hill, Cape John, Barney's River and Lochaber, and St. Mary's. To these, we presume, will shortly have to be added the East and West Branches of East River. Twenty-one years ago we had no settled clergyman in Prince Edward Island; now we have five, and work enough for two or three more.

It will thus be seen, that notwithstanding the numerous changes and drawbacks to which our Church has been subjected, there has been substantial and gratifying progress made since the year 1848. We have not the *data* at hand to enable us to give the number of new churches that have been built during the period referred to, or of manses that have been erected, stipends increased, or membership added. There is one feature in the organization of our Church, however, which is not at all satisfactory to contemplate, and that is the want of spirit that seems to characterize our Home Mission operations. The amount of assistance rendered us by the Colonial Committee has been on a most generous scale, and its very liberality ought to have a better effect upon us, in the form of incentive, than it has yet had. Let us consider for a moment what the nature and extent of that aid has been. Irrespective of occasional grants to assist in building Churches, or pay off debts, the Colonial Committee has, within the last twenty-one years, sent out to Nova Scotia at least forty-five clergymen, providing their outfit and passage money, and guaranteeing their salary of £150 stg. each, for three years. On an average, the cost of sending each of these ministers to the Colony would be, we should say, somewhere about fifty pounds sterling, making a total, for this item alone, of more than thirteen thousand dollars. How many thousands it has given, in paying missionaries and in supplementing stipends for weak congregations, we cannot say. We are, however, probably within the mark, in giving the average sum, annually, as not less than \$3,000. Last year the amount allowed the congregations of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, in this way, was \$2,765. Within twenty years, therefore, this portion of our present Synod has drawn from the funds of the Colonial Committee, for all purposes, between seventy and eighty thousand dollars. So large a sum ought to have done much good, and we dare say it has, but it might and would have done much more, had our own fully organised and comparatively wealthy congregations seconded the efforts of the Colonial Committee with spirit and energy. Our Church is practically a voluntary Church, and, in every Church so constituted, the weaker must be assisted by the wealthier congregations, or the latter will inevitably collapse. The working of the Free Church in Scotland is a very good illustration of this truth. We have seen it stated more than once, that one Free Church congregation in Edinburgh, besides paying its minister a very liberal stipend, contributed, and we suppose contributes now, the princely sum of five thousand pounds sterling a year to the Sustentation Fund, for the support of the Church as a whole. By this means, poor congregations are sustained in the Highlands and elsewhere, that would otherwise be without ministers. Something of the kind ought and must be done by us, if our Church is to maintain its right position and do its proper work in these Colonies. Unless it does, the liberality of the Colonial Committee, even were it to become larger than it now is, will fail to effect the object it has in view. In some cases, it is not impossible that the aid given from home has tended to deaden, rather than quicken, congregational effort. This should not be, and we think a policy might be adopted and carried out which would produce a better state of things. We observe from the minutes of Synod, that one Presbytery which received upwards of \$1600 last year from the parent Church, raised for Home Mission purposes on its own account only \$21.40, while another Presbytery that drew \$745, collected from its congregations for the same purpose \$740.33. In point of wealth, the Presbytery that did next to nothing is

not inferior to that which did tolerably well,—and the only reason why the one did not do as well as the other was want of proper organization, not want of christian liberality.

Although very much behind in the matter of Home Missions, the Church of Scotland in these Lower Provinces has done one or two liberal and creditable things in another direction. By its Young Men's Scheme it helped to educate several students, who, in their turn, are now ornaments of our Church, not one of them, we are happy to say, having turned out a failure. It has raised nearly \$3000 for Foreign Missions, and contributed and paid more than \$20,000 to found a Professorship to help on higher education in Nova Scotia, and more especially the home education of our young men studying for the Church.

Looking back into the past, then, we have, upon the whole, good cause for congratulation. It is to be regretted that so many of the clergymen sent out to us have not remained. Into the causes of this we will not here enquire. Some mistakes, we daresay, were made in selection; in some cases the minister was disappointed with the people or the country; and in some few cases the people were disappointed in the minister. But the experience of the past will be a guide for the future, on all sides. The trials and difficulties of the last twenty years have been many and great. As a Church we were almost extinct; now, though still weak and defective in organization, the Church has taken fresh hold upon the country, and there is every prospect that the next ten years will render a better account than the last twenty, with all its efforts and struggles, which have been neither few nor trifling.

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#### HOME MISSIONS.

The Synod at its last meeting instructed the Home Mission Board to issue collecting cards to all our congregations and stations. The Board, at a meeting in Pictou last month, approved of a form of card for the purpose, and this has been sent to the Clerks of Presbyteries that they may distribute them to the different ministers within their bounds. The card will explain itself, and if it is used, ought to be the means of trebling the amount raised for Home Missions. At present, the Pictou, Halifax and St. John Presbyteries have treasurers; the other three Presbyteries have not. Pictou has two, Rodk. McKenzie, Esq., and James Fraser, Esq., New Glasgow. St. John has the Hon. John Robertson. May I, in the name of the Board, ask the other Presbyteries to appoint local treasurers?

The duties of the local treasurer are as follows:—(1) to receive moneys collected for Presbytery Home Missions, and to disburse them on orders signed by the Moderator of the Presbytery or the Convener of the Home Mission Board; (2) to send in to the General Treasurer a statement of accounts before June 15th, every year, or whenever required at other times; (3) to receive from the Collectors their cards, with the names of the subscribers, at the end of the financial year, and to send these to the Synod, that they may be printed in a full report immediately after each meeting of Synod.

Allow me to make one suggestion more. If Presbyteries would depute to one of their number the task of seeing to this matter within the bounds, and if that one would give some little time and trouble to it, we would never again be in the position of drawing from the Colonial Committee, six or seven times as much as we raise ourselves. The matter is now in the hands of the Presbyteries. If they will do their duty; if they appoint Treasurers and inspect their accounts once a year; if they appoint Collectors in vacant congregations; if ministers divide their congregations into districts, and appoint Collectors and a card to each; if the Collectors call on every adherent of the Church, write the names and subscriptions legibly on the cards, and pay in the moneys promptly to the

Local Treasurer; if Sessions take an interest in the work, as they should, for the honor of the Church is concerned in it,—then the state of our Home Mission will be such that the Colonial Committee can see after this that we are willing to share the burden with them, and it may be to take the heavy end of the burden.

GEORGE M. GRANT,  
Convener Home Mission Board.

### LETTER FROM REV. C. M. GRANT, CALCUTTA.

I THINK that my last hurried note for the *Record* closed with a mention of the two modes of conducting Missionary operations, denominated respectively the "preaching" and the "teaching" systems. It is a fact that the latter plan, originally so purely Scotch as to obtain the name of the "Scotch system," has now been adopted by every Missionary agency. The school accompanies the preacher wherever he goes with the idea of permanent work. It is recognized that only by cultivating and enlightening the whole man—that only by inculcating views of the world as God's world, and as being the theatre of a divine history—only by emancipating the intellect and cultivating the moral powers, can men be made able to rise above the dead weight of the heathen influences around them. The longer I am here the more astounded I am at the strides in advance that have been made. I realize the advance as occasionally I am permitted to lift the curtain in spots where light has not yet penetrated, and so can form some conception of society when *all* was as bad, as dark, and hopeless, as these spots are now. The Missionary Conference of Calcutta—composed of the Missionaries of all evangelical denominations—holds its council every month, and a prayer meeting on the evening previous to the day of Conference. At our last prayer meeting the Rev Mr. Pearce of the Baptist Mission, the senior Missionary in the city, gave an address on "Forty years' reminiscences of Missionary labour in Bengal," and I would exceedingly enjoy the putting of the facts he stated, the remembrances of the former state of things which he called up, down the lying throats of the blatant few who noisily assert that Missionaries have done no good either directly or indirectly. Not only has there been advance, but a true history of Bengal, from the day that the "Serampore three" began their labours, would show that Missionaries have been the earliest and most steadfast advocates of every measure of importance that is now looked back upon as reflecting honour on British rule. They were the earliest voices protesting against Sutteism; they never ceased to urge upon the Government to do the right and fear only the wrong; they were the first to do something to rescue the victims set apart for the Merriah sacrifices; they began the work of educating the masses, and of giving worthier views of God and higher ideals of life; they have created that Christian public opinion which now hurries the Government onwards in the mission which it manifestly has of giving a new life unto this dead people. In short, from Sutteism all through the intervening period down to the present loud cry and energetic movement in favour of free vernacular education, Missionary suggestions, memorials and petitions have done much to shape British legislation in India in all that is noble and worthy in that legislation. And what cannot fail to be a hopeful sign indicative of better things to come, is, that the enlightened natives are displaying a readiness to acknowledge that they have always had their best friends in the best Christians; and though they still, imitating the example of the English snobs, dearly love a fling at Missionaries and Missionary operations, yet, in public, and still far more in private, they acknowledge what they have received in the past, and look forward for more good from the same quarter for the future.

A marvellous change has manifestly come over the spirit of the governing

body, as well as over the governed. Dr. McLeod tells us of the present of Clive to the Temple at Conjeveram; Dr. W. W. Hunter, in his "Annals of Rural Bengal," exposes the system of farming a revenue out of the Temples, pursued by the Government of a century ago, by which the idol, and temple, and priesthood, and the pilgrimages, and the gifts, were all fostered and encouraged; and it is only between thirty and forty years since the accusation (perfectly true, I believe,) was made in the Court of Directors against Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India, of having visited a famous Temple in Company with a Punjab native potentate, and of having presented gifts thereto, and in general gone quite as far as the heathen himself. And now let a ruler dare thus to countenance idolatry, and he would be followed by the execration, not merely of the European community, who at that period regarded such conduct only as "wise toleration"—but also by the contempt of the only native public opinion that exists, viz., that of the educated classes. The policy of the "good old days"—the "policy of conciliation," as it was called, and the essence of which lay in the maximum of possible toadying to the Brahminic priesthood, of possible truckling to heathen prejudices, lest the delicate sensitiveness of the most accursed superstition that has ever enthralled a civilized people should be offended, and the hostility of the people roused, and the Company's dividends diminished,—these times are gone, and now the one thought is *not* how to jog along most easily with the largest possible sum for the shareholders' pockets, but the Government now regards itself as the depository of one of the mightiest trusts God has ever committed to the men of any nation,—the education and training up into the knowledge of Him of 180,000,000 of people. Grand personation of this latter idea was the late Viceroy, Sir John, now Lord Lawrence, the great administrator, the pacificator of the Punjab, the master mind, who did more than any other single man to crush the Mutiny, and, above all, the simple Christian, who never permitted a day to pass, amid all his thousand engagements, without having an hour alone with his Bible. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence on the native mind of the lives of a few men like the two Lawrences, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and Havelock. Much they have already accomplished. Moral power is still wanting—moral power to come out from the unclean thing of Hindooism, to cut loose from caste, and dare the excommunication of the Pundits. But they are working to that end by a way just as certain as, though more circuitous than, the way in which bolder Europeans would act. The advanced section is drifting with accelerated velocity up to the borders of the Christian Church, and the Brahminic pundits dare not venture on excommunication lest they may be answered by a snap of the fingers and a "fig for your curse." Events have happened within the last few weeks, both at Bombay and Calcutta, which show how the priestly power has vanished. Several *widow-marriages* have taken place—events so repugnant to the whole Hindoo system, that, if any fact could cause the departed Hindoos to turn in their graves, one of this kind would. The "Orthodox" were, of course, furious and noisy—threatened the happy pairs and all who countenanced them with the loss of caste, and everything else which the priesthood has in its keeping; but as the delinquents numbered half of the influential natives in the two great cities, and as the shower of presents to the brides, from Rajahs, Chiefs, Bahadours, &c., &c., showed how the current ran among the leaders in the country, the matter was allowed to go to rest. Now men do openly what twenty years ago—aye, five years ago—would have been visited by instant excommunication. They eat meat, entertain and are received by Europeans at dinner without pretence at concealment, and the scowling priesthood sit by, like the toothless old Pope in John Bunyan's allegory, impotent to hurt. Why, here is a matter which ten years ago would have made an uproar in Calcutta equal to the revolution in the mouse's dwelling caused by the ploughshare, and convinced the orthodox Hindoos that the foundations of the earth were being overturned

but now it has passed by, and no one takes even passing notice of it. All the teachers employed in our school—say some ten Christians and some twenty Hindoos—all dined together the other day in native style, using nature's knives and forks, but all eating *beef* and *fowl*. What a departure that indicates from the "custom of their fathers" may be imagined, when I mention the fact that if a fowl were even to enter the house whilst a strict Hindoo was eating, he would eat no more; and were even the word "cow" to be mentioned, not a particle of the food then before him would ever pass his lips. This is all negative, and shows only that the present and rising generation has emancipated itself from the chains of centuries. Indeed, in the centres of intelligence Hindooism is dead—as dead as the unfortunate Indian who so happily illustrated that pernicious thing yeleft Repeal. Do you bury *your* small dead evil and return to peace and loyalty, and we will strive to bury our giant here, and by the aid of "the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," summon into being a new man, "renewed after the image of Him that created him." The new must begin to live before the old can be truly buried. "Oh, that a man were to arise in me, that the man *I am* might cease to be"—before the old can cease the new must begin to live. And it is to the beginning of the signs of life that I would direct attention. Work here is crushing, killing, just because of the utter falseness of the Bengali character. Truth is valueless unless *accompanied*, in the estimation of the inhabitants of this valley. It is therefore a matter of the greatest difficulty to get at their real sentiments, and it is a matter of greater difficulty to get them to prize anything sufficiently to sacrifice for it. Undoubtedly the national character is rotten to the core. The Bengali lives in an atmosphere of fiction, and breathes it in. See him walk the street. He is a coward, yet he affects the stride of the warrior. You see him pass along—a handsome fellow he is too—with inflated chest, head thrown back, and an ineffable look of self-satisfaction about his countenance, and you can see that he is fancying himself at that moment the conquering leader of a conquering host, and, in the forgetfulness of a dreamer, he stalks in front of your horse, and is only roused by a shout loud as you can give. He is a coward, and he knows it, and acknowledges it without any appearance of shame. "You know, sir," said a Babu to me, "we are a nation of cowards." I looked up expecting to see a blush. But nothing was farther from his thoughts than blushing; there was a look as self-satisfied as if he had been assuring me that they were all heroes equal to those of Thermopylæ. I think it was during the Sikh war—or during the mutiny, I forget which—that the Bengali officials within reach of danger petitioned the Government to permit them to retire till the danger had passed, coolly stating in their petition: "it is well known that the Bengalis are a nation of cowards." Thus they are cowards, and know it, and are not ashamed of it; they are liars, and know it, and are not ashamed of it; they are thieves, and know it, and are not ashamed of it. A bad lot, you doubtless say. Yes, certainly, I reply; and if they were not a bad lot, we would not be here; we British would not be here, nor would I have left my home to preach a regenerating gospel here. And here I come to the point I have been driving at. The gospel is regenerating them—not at once, not by magic, but slowly working down into their character, transforming, evolving long-forgotten reminiscences of God and truth and love, calling forth yearnings preliminary to satisfying them. *The national character is changing*—slowly revolving round from the side of falsehood to the side of truth. Thank God! His gospel is ever the same—"the power of God, and the wisdom of God." Men of earnestness are crying out for Him. It seems to me as if I could trace a stride forward, a clear step nearer the Christian position, since I came here. I intended to have given several illustrations of this statement, but my paper is about filled up, and one must suffice. The following letter, written to the "*Friend of India*," by one of the leading Brahmos, and signed by his own name, will explain itself:—



"Dear Sir,—In your editorial remark on my letter published in your issue of the 1st July, you say the Brahmos use the expression, "Resort of sinners," not to Christ, but "to other men both living and dead." Whether those against whom you lay this charge really deserve it, will appear from the following translations of two hymns sung at Monghyr, on Christmas day and Good Friday respectively. The Brahmos—those among them, I mean, who are truly spiritual, and anxiously labour to attain their salvation,—regard Christ as "the Prince of Prophets," the greatest of Great Men, "divinely commissioned" by God to bring salvation unto mankind by the lessons of His life and death. Him they place at the HEAD of those great men, who, as the "Resort of sinners," come to save the erring and unrighteous. This doctrine may not agree with your convictions, but you owe me, my friends, a fair representation of it, which your words on the occasion referred to do not afford. And now to the hymns:

## (I.) CHRISTMAS DAY, 1868.

A poor man is near his end O (Jesu,)

Without thy mercy I see no way.

This life which people with (even much) devotion attain, I waste in sin:

O (thou) moon of Righteousness, bring and give me forgiveness seeing (that I am) helpless.

O thou who art the immaculate incarnation of holiness, behold the wretched condition of  
this blackened sinner,

In the torment of threefold misery my being is consumed:

Thy feet are like the hundred petalled lily, place them on the heart of this vile man;

With thy touch, O Lord, the leprosy of sin shall leave me.

O (Jesus) thy compassion is excited in the sinner's sorrow, I speak to thee, therefore, the  
sorrows of my heart;

For the sake of thy love thou didst give thy life, and saved the world;

The wounds of a hundred weapons were upon thy person, without any offence thy blood  
was shed.

At thy Father's nod myriads of angels run (as heralds) before thee.

## (II.) GOOD FRIDAY, 1869.

O thou moon of righteousness. With clasped hands I call thee,

Will thou vouchsafe unto me thy manifestation?

Lord! In sin my body consumes. I hold the lilies of thy feet,

My fortune is not good, and so I fear lest the vices and sorrows of this awful sinner should  
cause pain to those feet.

"Jesu is the sinner's friend," so say all men, therefore I call on thee, O Lord;

I am a very great sinner, where shall I go but to thee?

Bring, O bring me the water of forgiveness, that I may bathe and be soothed;

Loosen the bands of my unrighteousness, and take me to the Father's house."

These words, written by one, and sung by many who have not yet embraced the Lord Jesus, tell of the thoughts and aspirations aroused and floating about amidst the deepest currents of the religious consciousness. The grand thing is, that these conclusions are being reached through processes carried on purely by the native mind. Our part in this work is to aid more indirectly than directly; more by sympathy than officious interference. I fear missionaries are too hide-bound in theological watchwords and formulæ to recognize this as it should be recognized. Brethren, pray for us.

C. M. GRANT.

## LETTER FROM REV. J. GOODWILL.

ANTIGONISH, AUGUST 27, 1869.

Mr. Editor,—After being detained on my way from Campbellton, N.B., a few days at Shediac, I left on Friday, 23rd ult., for P. E. Island, and arrived at Charlottetown in the evening, and remained at the Hon. James Duncan's, who was kind enough to drive me out to DeSable on Sabbath morning to Mr. McColl's sacrament. Here I had the pleasure of meeting not only with the Revds. Messrs. McLean and Duncan, but also with a large and respectable congregation. Each of the ministers assisted the Rev. Mr. McColl, by taking

part in the services, which were, I trust, instructive and profitable for the people, who, on their part, showed that they were not altogether without life under the preaching of the word, but gave evidence that "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The number of communicants who sat down at the Lord's table was upwards of 400.

On Monday, after the service of thanksgiving was ended, we had our Missionary Meeting. Mr. Robertson, who was also present, spoke for a considerable time, and gave a very interesting account of the heathen customs and manners of life, in Western Polynesia, and showed what the gospel has done for those who received it. Your missionary did not speak long, because the convener, by an unmistakable sign, intimated to him that as some of the people had a long distance to go, and as it was now towards evening, it was very desirable not to protract the services. The number who on this day returned to give thanks, was large. The collections taken up, both on Sabbath and Monday, amounted to something over \$100, of which about \$45 were given for the Mission. I may state that I enjoyed this communion very much. The people are kind and benevolent; and with respect to Mr. McColl, who is doing well and is much respected, "the lines are fallen to him in pleasant places, he has a goodly heritage." On Monday evening a kind man drove me into the city to the Hon. J. Duncan's—always my home while in Charlottetown.

On Tuesday, at 5 o'clock, a.m., I took the boat for Cape Breton, and on the way called at Pictou for an hour or two. On leaving we got some more passengers, among whom were Willie and Andrew Herdman, whom I parted with at Alexander Cameron's, Strait of Canso. The boat arrived at Hawksbury at 7.30 p.m. As we were sailing from Port Hastings, formerly "Plaister Cove," to Hawksbury or Ship Harbour, I saw a man driving like Jehu, if not faster. I think that I am quite correct in saying he was not slower, for he was too many for our steam boat. This charioteer turned out, as I anticipated, to be a man coming to meet me. I had not stepped upon the wharf when my young friend, Angus Cameron, son of Roderick Cameron of River Inhabitants, grasped me by the hand. We then drove up to Alexander Cameron's, where we had some refreshments, and then we set out for River Inhabitants, and arrived about midnight.

On Wednesday morning, the 28th ult., the Rev. Mr. Fraser and I drove to Broad Cove, where we arrived in the afternoon, and received a very hearty welcome from the Hon. Alex. Campbell, M.P.P., and other friends. Early on Thursday morning the Rev. John Gunn called on us at Mr. Campbell's. We would have called on his reverence had he not been from home on one of his visits of love, or doing good as pastor among his flock. Nothing would do but to come and stay with him, and partake of his hospitality. Mr. Fraser returned by way of Whycomagh to River Inhabitants. In the afternoon, Mr. John Gunn, son of the Rev. John Gunn, and Superintendent of Schools, drove me out to see some friends, who showed themselves friendly and interested in the Mission by giving gifts.

On Friday we had a meeting in the Church; the attendance was very good. The people of Broad Cove, especially the ladies, are taking a deep interest in this movement, and are sending in webs of cloth for the heathen. I was somewhat astonished at, and much pleased with, the spirit manifested by the people in this part. It shows that they themselves value the gospel, and wish to make it known to others. The collection given for the Mission will be nothing short of \$20. The Rev. Mr. Gunn, who is a good and pious man, is spending and being spent for the good of souls. And we believe his work shall not be in vain in the Lord, but shall be profitable for his own soul and to that of others; for he who watereth shall also be watered himself.

On Saturday morning, Mr. John Gunn, an excellent young fellow, drove me to Middle River. We had the mortification of breaking our waggon along the rough road over the mountains from Lake Ainslie. We brought it to a smithy, but found it locked up; we then, after consulting a while, made our way to John McLennan's. We arrived in good time at Mr. McLennan's to do something to the waggon, so that it might be taken home, and one way or other we spliced it up and bound it round with rope,—a work, considering the circumstances in which we were placed, which shows that we were not altogether devoid of ingenuity. We rested for the night, hospitably entertained by Mr. McLennan.

On Sabbath morning, August 1st, we drove to the Church, whose neglected and filthy condition is not more discreditable than its deplorable cause; for it will be remembered that this is the spot round which the great battle of modern days among Presbyterians has been fought. As I contemplated the scene, I felt that it was disgraceful to our common Christianity, and very inconsistent with its heavenly teaching. Here, but, alas! more in a literal than a metaphorical sense, the lamb and the wolf lie down together. The Church was well filled, and, after giving addresses in both languages, a collection of \$4.34 was taken up. Immediately after service, Mr. Joseph Hart of Baddeck drove me to his own place. In the evening we had service in the Church occupied by the Secession body previous to the Union. There was a considerable number present, and a collection of \$8 was taken up, to which a friend added another dollar. Our friends in Baddeck are building a very handsome Church, but as they are few in number, it would be but right for our large and wealthy congregations to assist them to finish it, so that they might at any time meet in it for worship. We have some excellent Kirkmen in Baddeck. Mr. Hart has given upwards of \$40 in articles, at first cost, in order to make up a box of clothing for the Mission.

On Monday, Charles Hart drove me to Whycomagh, to his brother's. The Rev. Mr. Fraser arranged that I should address a meeting at 6 p.m.; but others, with good intentions, as the communion was held at this time, and it being the day of thanksgiving, thought it better to have me address the people immediately after the services were concluded, but I am sorry to say that I did not know of this movement until it was too late, so that some of the congregation, after being dismissed, met us two miles out of Whycomagh; but as I did not get along in time, the Rev. Mr. Stewart of the sister Church was good enough to announce that the meeting would be held at 6 p.m. Here I addressed about 250 people in the Church, which is a large and substantial building.—After addressing the people in both languages, Mr. Stewart asked them to take up the collection, which amounted to \$8, to which a friend added \$2 more. Mr. Stewart has a very large charge, and as he is advanced in life, it must be very heavy on him, but I heard him in no way complaining. It is a true saying, "where there's a will there's a way."

Early on Tuesday morning Mr. Jacob Hart drove me to River Dennis, where I had a meeting at Mrs. Cameron's at 11 a.m. There were but few present. A collection of \$3.50 was taken up. In the afternoon, one of Mrs. Cameron's sons drove me to our good friend, Roderick Cameron's, of River Inhabitants.

On Wednesday, Mr. Fraser and I drove down to Black River, where we had a meeting, and realized \$12.25. They are busy here repairing the old Church, to which they also intend to add a spire, which always gives a Church a dignified appearance. This is one of Mr. Fraser's stations, so you may understand that the work is pretty much carried on under his superintendence.

On Thursday at 11 a.m. we had service at River Inhabitants, and realized \$12.20 from the collection. The carpenters are about done with the work, and this Church is a handsome and neat little building. With its towering spire, it

commands a very good view, and is a credit to Mr. Fraser and to our people at River Inhabitants. In the evening, at 6 p.m., we had a meeting in the new Church at Port Hastings, formerly Plaister Cove. The Rev. Mr. Forbes was present and presided, and Mr. Fraser concluded by prayer. The audience was pretty fair, and a collection of \$8 was taken up.

I am very much pleased with my visit to Cape Breton, and with the reception I met with. The collections on the whole were good, considering the brief notice they had of my arrival. I received donations from Messrs. McLeod, Campbell, M.P.P., and Cameron of Broad Cove; from Mr. Hart and Mrs. Campbell of Whyecomagh; from Mrs. Cameron and others of River Dennis, and from Mr. Alexander Sutherland of Port Hastings,—a sum in all amounting to about \$20. Besides this, I was met in a friendly way by the Presbyterians of the sister Church, in some of whose Churches I had the pleasure of preaching. I think that I am quite correct in saying that a better spirit and a more friendly feeling are beginning to find their way among the two bodies of Presbyterians in Cape Breton, as in other places in the Colonies. I am sure that every lover and well-wisher of Presbyterianism will be glad to hear this welcome news.

Thus with Cape Breton I have finished the visitation of our Churches, a toilsome, tedious work; but I trust that the services will be long remembered and greatly blessed to our people, and kindle in them a more lively interest in the cause of Christ, and greater zeal for the conversion and salvation of the heathen. I have said nothing about the dark side of my travels, not that I have not met with some just causes of complaint and matter of grievance, to which I might with profit devote a page or two; but, on the other hand, I have met with many things to encourage me, and with many good friends and sympathizers, who, by their faith, counsel and means, did much to strengthen my hands and encourage my heart. Many, many thanks be to these good friends, and may God's blessing and gracious presence be ever with them; and as to those who would trifle with and scoff at the duty of preaching the gospel to the heathen, I pray God to forgive them.

On Friday, the 6th inst., I left the hospitable residence of my kind friend, Squire McKeen of Port Hastings, and took the stage for Antigonish.

On Sabbath I both preached and gave an address on Missions to my old good friends of Antigonish. The Rev. Mr. Murray was from home, so I had not the privilege of meeting with him. There was a large and respectable congregation present. I had frequently worshipped with this people previous to my going to college, and now it was a great privilege and pleasure for me to preach to them. An unsolicited collection of \$20.40 was given to me. The remainder of this week I spent travelling and visiting friends, until Friday the 13th inst., upon which day I took the boat from Pictou to Charlottetown, in order to attend to a special request to be present at the communion at Orwell Head, where I arrived on Saturday morning. Here I was kept all the time in harness.

On Sabbath the congregation was very large. Upwards of 300 communicants sat down at the Lord's table. The remarks I have made with respect to the sacrament at DeSable are equally applicable here. I shall long remember both of these communions, and especially the latter. I felt very happy among these kind-hearted people.

On Monday the congregation was also very large, and after the service of thanksgiving, Mr. Robertson, who was present, gave a full account of the state of things in Western Polynesia. So ended the service of this feast; and I trust that it shall be greatly blessed to all the people, in order that the fruit may be unto holiness, and the end everlasting life; and may God, in His love and mercy, give them a pastor after His own heart, who shall break to them the bread of life. In parting with these kind friends, they gave me a gift of \$25—counting that given by Mr. McLeod, with whom I stayed, and others. In the

evening, my good friend Mr. McEachern, who conveyed me from Charlotte-town, was kind enough to drive me back again.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst., at 5 a.m., I left for Pictou, expecting to address the people of Pictou Island on Thursday; but as no appointments were made, I spent the remainder of the week visiting friends.

On Sabbath, the 22nd, I visited the Rev. Mr. Patterson's people of Green Hill. As Mr. P. was from home, I both preached a sermon and gave an address on the subject of Foreign Missions; and in the evening, at five o'clock, had service in another of his Churches up the Middle River.

On Monday I returned to Antigonish. On Wednesday evening I happened to drive into the village, it being the evening of their prayer meeting. Mr. Robertson was present and expected to lecture, and as the Rev. Mr. Murray was absent, I presided over the meeting, and Mr. Robertson gave a very interesting account of the South Sea Islands. The attendance was very good, although the night was wet and disagreeable.

On Sabbath, the 29th inst., I intend to preach both in Chalmers' Church; Lochaber, and in King's Church, South River; and on Sabbath, the 5th Sept., at Earlton and New Annan, and then, on the 8th Sept., to leave on a visit to Canada, of which visit, if time permit, I will give you an account in my next.

Meanwhile, I remain yours truly,

JOHN GOODWILL.

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#### LETTER FROM REV. F. R. McDONALD, NEWCASTLE.

MR. EDITOR,—I suppose you consider it high time I should be giving an account of my stewardship. At any rate, I think so myself. And now for a few hurriedly written remarks.

In the Presbytery of Pictou I fulfilled all my appointments, which dated from the first Sabbath in March to the second Sabbath of June. While I recall with very great pleasure the varied kindnesses I experienced among the adherents of our Church in the vacant charges of the Pictou Presbytery, at the same time I cannot help feeling deeply grieved when I recall their extraordinary indifference in one respect, and that is, the unreasonable smallness of their collections in support of missionary services. It was most cheering to me, I must confess, to see the different churches so well filled always, and the manifest appreciation of the efforts made by the Presbytery in securing supplies. To use an expressive word (perhaps not a graceful), I fear there was not a little *sham* in the appreciation. The genuineness of this appreciative feeling must be judged of, not so much by what is implicit in the presence of large audiences during divine services, but what these audiences are really willing to do. Were we to pass judgment upon this basis, I fear they would stand on a very low scale of Christian progressiveness.

It is with great reluctance that I express myself thus, but from a sense of right I feel it to be my duty. These remarks do not, of course, apply to every member in particular, for some few have done well; but, generally speaking, they apply, unfortunately, too forcibly. Some of the vacant charges, I was going to say, have done well; but I cannot, for not one has done what it could and ought to do. Lochaber, one of the best,—judging from the number of adherents,—would do well, I feel confident, were they asked, but they were not, and why they were not I cannot say. It is a most lamentable thing that these large and wealthy charges would not exert themselves a great deal more in this respect. What would the adherents of the Church at home think of them, were they to know their indifference; those men who so liberally and willingly supply funds for the benefit of our Colonial Church. Many men may be found in the Church in Scotland who deny themselves some of the comforts of life in order to give a donation to, as they think, the poverty-stricken Church in the Colonies.

Methinks were they to see the elegant mansions, the large and beautiful farms, of those very men whom they help, they would at once and correctly suppose it was more natural to receive than give a donation. Henceforth I would feign hope to see a different and more earnest spirit evinced by those vacant charges. I do not wish to be too severe, but I do wish to tell the truth. While labouring among them it used to be a constant puzzle, and is yet, how it was that such fine, genuine, kind-hearted men, could not see that they should act differently in this respect.

To all those families that invariably manifested such kindness and attention, I desire to convey my sincerest thanks, together with earnest prayers for their future success and eternal happiness.

Since leaving Nova Scotia, I laboured for five weeks with the Rev. Dr. Brooke, of Fredericton. The short time I remained in Fredericton was most agreeable, and shall never be effaced from my memory. The genial and warm-hearted Dr. Brooke, so beloved by his flock, seems to have imparted to those among whom he has laboured with such general acceptance, for so long a time, a spirit akin to his own. When leaving the kind Dr., his harmonious flock, and my many kind friends, I felt as if leaving my home; and were it not that I was coming to another home, where equally kind people were waiting to welcome me, I would have been still in Fredericton. I am now settled in St. James', Newcastle, and I hope, by God's blessing, I may do some good.

Yours, &c.,

FINLAY R. MACDONALD.

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#### LETTER FROM THE COLONIAL COMMITTEE.

G. A. COLONIAL MISSION, 22 QUEEN ST., EDINBURGH, }  
 SEPTEMBER 10, 1869. }

*My Dear Sir,*—The Committee thank you for your letter of the 30th July. They are doing their best to find one Gaelic-speaking and two English-speaking Missionaries for the Maritime Provinces. They have resolved henceforth to assign all Missionaries to your Board, by whom their spheres of work will be allocated.

I am yours, very truly,

REV. G. M. GRANT.

SIMON S. LAURIE.

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#### IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE REV. JOHN SPROTT.

THE memory of this venerable servant of God deserves more than a formal notice. His death took place at his residence in Musquodoboit, on the 15th September, in the 90th year of his age and the 60th of his ministry. An old friend, who has enjoyed his confidence more than forty years, claims the right to say a word for him, now that he has gone to his rest and reward.

Father Sprott, as some of his juniors delighted to call him, was born at Stoneykirk in 1770. His studies, with a view to the ministry, were begun in the Parish School of Stoneykirk and Stranrear. After acquiring a moderate acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages there, he attended a four year's course of study in Edinburgh University. In 1809 he was licensed to preach the gospel among the Covenanters; and he never spoke of those time-honored worthies but with the affection and fervour of a first love. He preached ten years in Scotland; and on this side of the flood, he never appeared more at home than when speaking of the hills and streams, the trees and heather, his "mother's well and the graves of the martyrs," in his native land. It was often his expressed desire to be buried in one of the green glens of Galloway in preference to a grave in Westminster Abbey.

In 1818 he came to Nova Scotia and cast in his lot with what was then, or soon after, called "the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia." To become thoroughly acquainted with the country of his adoption he took appointments, as a missionary, from the Presbytery of Halifax. Without waiting for good roads, good carriages, good stipends, or good dead men's shoes, he threw himself at once into his Master's work, toiling from village to village and from settlement to settlement, preaching to the destitute and scattered population over the length and breadth of the Province. That done, he accepted the pastoral charge of the united congregations of Windsor and Newport, where he is still affectionately remembered. About four years thereafter he accepted a call to a more extended charge in Musquodoboit. Under his ministry there the Communion Roll was increased from 100 to 250 names.

It became evident to himself and his brethren that in a field so wide and rugged, the labours of his growing charge were sure to advance with his declining years. He was therefore advised to resign the charge of Musquodoboit proper; and as a labour of love and healthful recreation he continued his visits to Sheet Harbour and the other scattered settlements of the Eastern Shore until late in life. The membership of the Church in those out-lying districts enlarged from 25 to 80; and among them he claimed to have seals of his ministry more precious than the gold fields recently discovered among their rocks.

The jubilee of this remarkable pioneer was celebrated at Musquodoboit ten years ago. But he continued to improve open doors of usefulness until his friends found it impracticable to convey him longer to a place of public worship. It was a singular fact in his long and laborious history that he never seriously felt the infirmities of age until after his fourscore years were past, and nearly half of those years had almost escaped from his once retentive memory. But it was a redeeming feature of that partial blank in his memory that the remainder of it was filled, and well filled, for thirty years behind it, with the good he had seen and known, and nothing worse, in his youth and prime of life.

As a preacher, our lamented Father did not attract crowds of hearers. But he seldom failed to gather around him the thoughtful and well-disposed; upon whom he made a good impression by the enunciation of sound and practical views, by the terseness of his language, the singular originality of his utterances, and the unction of his prayers. He was the last of a noble band of ministers who came over from the old world to the new when the new was a wilderness in more senses than one. Like his predecessors and contemporaries, his arrows were not so much tinged with the colours of the rainbow as sharpened on the tables of the Law and dipped in the blood of the Atonement. Of those arrows he had always a well furnished quiver ready for use on the shortest notice, which he could discharge with the high and well-directed aim, through grace, to make bad men good, the good better, and the better best. How far he succeeded, time has told in part, and eternity shall fully make known when the day shall declare it.

There is an important element in the ministry of the word in this new and rough country, that for convenience may be called *mileage*. The subject of this sketch was far travelled both at home and abroad. He crossed the Atlantic seven times, and sailed on many other waters. Before he thought of taking his ease, he had travelled, according to a moderate calculation, one hundred thousand miles. But his toils were borne with great cheerfulness. He trod the wilderness with a firm step and a light heart, and only regretted that he had done so little for so good a Master.

He was on the best of terms with ministers and people outside the pale of his own denomination, and could afford them a helping hand and a hearty God-speed. More than most others he was welcome to their pulpits, and at home by their fire-sides. This fraternity of feeling and action was well reciprocated. It did much, it should have done more, to sweeten the waters of

religious strife, and strengthen the cords of ministerial and Christian brotherhood.

He was a writer of no common taste and power. His printed letters were eagerly read by the old and young. While "roughing it in the bush," his life like sketches of our backwoodsmen enlivened many a fireside, on both sides of the Atlantic. If he left no great literary or theological works, his life and labours were a Book of more value. It is hoped that some of his numerous friends may see fit, and take time, to collect the gems of thought contained in his letters into useful and entertaining volumes of reading for the next generation. As his printed letters, like the writer himself, were in advance of the age, coming generations may claim them as their proper heritage.

The house of this good Patriarch had been long filled with good people who came for a last look or parting words. On such occasions it was the house of prayer or the church in the house. His son, the Rev. George W. Sprott, late of the Ceylon Mission, who had been absent from the country many years, crossed the Atlantic to make a short visit to the homestead, and was only in time to give the aids and comforts of his presence and take home to his charge in Scotland his father's blessing. This visit, so opportune, was mutually refreshing. The son had scarcely embarked for his earthly home when the father was called away to his long and better home, to rest from his labours and to be followed by his works.

#### THE LATE WILLIAM NAPIER, ESQ., OF BATHURST, N. B.

With deep regret we record the death of William Napier, Esq., Bathurst, N.B.—a gentleman who, during a period of forty years, has been widely known in the northern section of the province, as a consistent and zealous supporter of the cause of the Church of Scotland. The mournful event took place on the 3rd ultimo, in St. John, at the residence of Francis Ferguson, Esq.

Mr. Napier was a native of Musselburgh, near Edinburgh; he emigrated to Richibucto in 1828; and settled in Bathurst in 1880. In 1841, when the congregation of St. Luke's Church was organized, he was ordained a ruling elder, and, in the discharge the duties of this office, he was a pattern of activity and faithfulness. The many important services which he rendered as elder and trustee will be long had in grateful remembrance by the friends of the Church in this place. His knowledge of the laws and usages of the Church was considerable, and he often took a prominent part in the business of the Presbytery, at whose meetings his presence was always most welcome. Only a month before his death, when reduced to weakness by a painful malady, he attended, for two days, the Synod lately held in Chatham, as representative elder.

During nearly the whole period of his long residence in Bathurst, he worthily filled various public offices, some of which were of high responsibility. Strict probity in public and private life, combined with great kindness of heart and gentleness of manners, won for him the affection and confidence of a large circle of friends. Possessing a sound judgment and much intelligence, cautious, diligent, methodical and exact, his advice was often sought in cases of difficulty, and his influence was always exerted to compose differences, allay suspicions, and establish harmony among his neighbours.

He bestowed great pains in the instruction of the young, and was much loved by them in return. For many years, and until the time of his death, he was Superintendent of the Sabbath-school in connection with St. Luke's Church. Not the least affecting circumstance, on the day of the funeral, was the presence of a large number of young persons and children of both sexes, who were or had been pupils of the Sabbath-school, and who went in procession in front of the bier, and sang around the grave several hymns expressive of the Christian's hope of reunion with the "loved and lost;" while the large



assemblage that followed the remains to their last resting place, bore witness to the respect entertained for the deceased among persons of all classes and creeds.

He survived his wife, a lady of a singularly faultless Christian character, only a few months. Our loss is their gain. May the great Head of the Church, in answer to the prayers of faith, raise up a generation of faithful disciples who shall occupy the place of those who year by year are taken from amongst us, and who shall transmit to the generations following, the praises of the Lord their God.—*Com.*

#### THE LATE MR. JOHN McLEOD, NORTH RIVER, ONSLOW.

“Died, at North River, Onslow, on the 16th ultimo, Mr. John McLeod, in the 74th year of his age.” The above is the obituary of one long known, much respected, and useful among our people in this and the adjoining county of Colchester. Mr. McLeod was a native of Sutherlandshire, and emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1818. Possessed of more than ordinary acuteness, and well-informed, he could defend the Scriptures against opponents, and the Church of Scotland against accusers. When the first deputation visited this country, he was one of those appointed to labour as catechist among our destitute countrymen. In this office he succeeded admirably. His knowledge of Systematic Divinity, or what I may better call the doctrines of our Church, was so minute, that he suffered no error to grow under his teaching, but built up his hearers in the soundest faith. The distinction between law and gospel, the necessity of imputed righteousness, and of the Spirit’s work in Sanctification, were the great themes he loved to indoctrinate; and on the first of these topics he not only instructed, but composed verses that, were they given to the Christian public, would warm all hearts with love that delight in Erskine’s gospel sonnets, for the same spirit and scriptural research and knowledge of the human heart prevail in both. But Mr. McLeod was useful in other ways, even by his conversation on a bed of sickness. Preachers, and in other branches of the Church of Christ, have been instructed by his views, and ministers expressed satisfaction at their visit. For his was no dry orthodoxy; he had found the truth for himself, and loved it. Hence he could speak of it with relish, and converse as one that had tasted of its sweetness. It is now some years since the writer has seen him (owing to his living at so great a distance), but, having heard of his sickness, and of his waiting, like Job, for his change, conveyed to him the message, “having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end,” and now he sleeps in Jesus. “As wave after wave of suffering passed over him,” says his minister, in an appropriate article, “the lighter and less important facts were washed from the tablet of memory; and the things of time and sense merely floated from out the grasp of consciousness. Not so the truths of the eternal word; for until the end of his pilgrimage, he knew Him in whom he had believed, and was permitted to hold uninterrupted intercourse with Him in prayer. He quietly fell asleep in Jesus on the afternoon of Monday, August 16th inst. While friends on high rejoice with him who has been permitted to enter into rest, many here will join in extending sympathy to the family now mourning the loss of a beloved father and spiritual instructor.” Thus passed away one that tended to make the Church of Scotland in this land respectable, and to build her people on the ground and pillar of faith; for it was by no innovations in faith or worship,—by no human nostrums, that he succeeded, but by the work and character of the meek servant of Christ, by patience and faith, by teaching and practising the truth. Again we have need to offer the prayer, “Help, Lord, because the godly faileth, because the faithful decayeth,” and it is the loss of so much pure salt, and the withdrawal of so much good leave. O, may the God of our fathers leave us not without helps, catechists and elders, nor without good men whose influence is felt during life, and whose memory is blessed forever.

## INDUCTION OF REV. F. R. McDONALD.

## MINUTES OF PRESBYTERY.

Newcastle, September 1, 1869,

And within St. James' Church there, the Presbytery of Miramichi met, according to adjournment and resolution passed at a *pro re nata* meeting held in Burnt Church. Sederunt: the Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Robertson, McDonald, and Mr. Henderson, Elder. Being constituted with prayer by the Moderator, Mr. Wilson, the minutes of last regular meeting and *pro re nata* meeting were read and sustained. The Rev. Mr. Garvie, of Chatham, being present, was invited to take his seat in the Presbytery and assist in their deliberations.

This being the day appointed for the induction of the Rev. F. R. McDonald into the pastoral charge of St. James' Church and congregation, the Edict intimating the same was returned duly served and attested. None having appeared before the Presbytery to object to the life and doctrine of the said Rev. F. R. McDonald, the Moderator proceeded to the pulpit, and preached from Matt. v. 16: "Let your light shine before men." At the close of divine service, the Moderator narrated the steps taken to supply the vacancy caused by the lamented death of Dr. Henderson, and then put to Mr. McDonald the questions appointed by Act of Assembly, and having received satisfactory replies to them, in the name and authority of the Great King and Head of the Church, solemnly inducted Mr. McDonald into the pastoral charge of St. James' Congregation, Newcastle.

The newly-inducted minister was afterwards suitably addressed on some of the duties of the pastoral office, by the Moderator. The Rev. Mr. Robertson, Tabusintac, addressed the people on their several duties towards their minister, exhorting them earnestly to esteem him highly in love for his works' sake.

The congregation was not large, but respectable, and seemed to take a deep interest in the solemn proceedings of the day. From the warm and cordial welcome given by them to their new minister at the close of the service, they manifested their satisfaction and delight in once more having a stated ministry in their midst. Mr. McDonald enters upon his labours in St. James' under the most favourable auspices, and the union now consummated between pastor and people bids fair to be one of great and lasting good.

W. M. WILSON, *Pres. Clerk.*

[The addresses referred to above will appear in next No.—Ed.]

## NEWS OF THE CHURCH.

**Opening of a New Church in P. E. I.**—We learn from private sources that another new Church in connection with the Kirk of Scotland was formally dedicated on Sabbath the 26th ult. The building is situated at Clyde River, near Charlottetown, P. E. Island. The day was all that could be desired, indeed our correspondent characterizes it as "*splendid.*" The congregations were very large, and the collections good. The Rev. George W. Stewart conducted the morning and evening services in his usual able manner, and the Rev. Mr. Duncan discoursed eloquently in the afternoon. The whole affair was a crowning success, and a cheering termination to the long struggle of the good people of Clyde River in this matter of erecting for themselves a house of prayer, in which, on each returning Sabbath day, they may assemble together for the public worship of that great Being from whom all perfect blessings flow.

This is the third Church that has, during the last few years, been built within the bounds of St. James' parish, and the chief agents in which were members of St. James' Church. One of those, St. Columba's, St. Peter's Road, was organized, and the building completed, during the ministry of the

Rev. Mr. Grant. St. Andrew's, of Brackley Point Road, was subsequently built, and it has lately been organized under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Stewart; and now a third has been erected under the fostering care of the Rev. Mr. Duncan, in addition to his other arduous duties. It speaks loudly regarding the unselfishness of the pastor of St. James', that he has not only permitted, but even encouraged, his spiritual children to sever their connection with the congregation over which he presides with so much ability—to set up the keeping of spiritual houses for themselves; and it is also no uncertain index of ministerial success, that, during all this course of depletion, the congregation under Mr. Duncan's immediate charge has steadily maintained its original strength, and has been even able to give an increase of salary to the energetic pastor. Our Church is looking up in P. E. Island. Should the Presbytery succeed in securing a Missionary to take charge of the Orwell section of the congregation of that truly devoted and extraordinary man of God—the late Rev. Donald McDonald,—we will have no less than six clergymen in a Presbytery that not many years ago numbered only two.

J. R. T.

**Induction at Truro.**—The induction of the Rev. Thomas W. Wilkins to the pastoral charge of St. Paul's Church, Truro and vicinity, took place on the evening of the 2nd day of September. That event was not without interest to the members, adherents, and well wishers of that rising town. Not many years ago, a few friends of the Kirk there, and others beyond their bounds, resolved, in the face of many formidable discouragements, to build a place of worship in which they and those that might adhere to them, could meet for public worship in accordance with the forms and usages of their Mother Church in Scotland. They united their efforts and contributed their joint resources with a will; and they found, as is generally the case, that the will finds the way to successful results. After a series of supply by several ministers of that section of the Presbyterian Church, but chiefly through the more extended labours of the Rev. Messrs. Stewart, Philip and Gordon, the congregation is now in position, for the first time, to enjoy the stated services of a settled minister, in a decent and commodious place of worship free of incumbrances, and one which they can call their own, with fair prospects of increase and prosperity.

The induction services were conducted by the Presbytery of Halifax, in whose bounds the congregation is situated, aided by the valuable countenance and counsels of Rev. Messrs. Herdman, Pollok, W. McMillan, McCunn and Philip of the Presbytery of Pictou. The Moderator of the Presbytery of Halifax presided on the occasion. Rev. John Campbell preached an eloquent and well-timed sermon from Isaiah 53: 3. The Moderator then narrated the steps taken anent the call and settlement, and put the questions of the formula of questions prescribed by the order of the Church to the minister elect, which being satisfactorily answered, the Moderator, with his Presbytery and the Brethren of the Presbytery of Pictou in correspondence, proceeded to induct the Rev. Mr. Wilkins,—the Moderator, the Rev. Mr. Grant, leading in the induction prayer—to the charge of St. Paul's Church, Truro. After which, the Rev. John McMillan addressed the minister, and the Rev. John R. Thompson the people, on their respective relationships and duties under the newly formed connexions. The whole services were solemn and impressive; and the meeting adjourned with much good feeling, but not until the ministers and people had given Mr. Wilkins the right hand of fellowship, and their heartiest good wishes and prayers for much success in his new field of labour. The Rev. Mr. Herdman of Pictou closed the services with a solemn and appropriate prayer and the apostolic benediction.

It is a hopeful element of this new organization that those engaged in it, and who are to be effected by it, are cordially unanimous. They are of one mind

and of one purse, so far. But it is due to the friendly aids and comforts afforded by the older and stronger body of Presbyterians in Truro, that progress has been so rapid and uniform as it has been. May "brotherly love continue" to demonstrate in that locality, that "there is no love lost" where it has the right heart and the right pulsation.

Mr. Wilkins enters on the duties of his new charge under very favorable auspices. In Truro, where there are so many well-filled and well-sustained Churches, there is yet need of extra accommodation; and in its surroundings, there is very much land to be possessed.—*Com.*

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### PROPOSED CALL TO REV. JOHN GOODWILL.

*Orwell Head, P.E.I., Aug. 17, 1869.*

AT the Sacramental Services held here on Saturday, Sabbath and Monday last, during which the Revds. A. McLean, T. Duncan, J. McColl and John Goodwill, officiated, the services of the Rev. J. Goodwill were so highly acceptable, and the desire of the people to give him a call to the ministry of the parish appeared to be so unanimously and ardently expressed, that the elders felt constrained to apply to some of the members of Presbytery present for leave to lay the matter before the congregation on the Monday, which was granted. Accordingly, the question was discussed at the time appointed by the clergy and elders, before the whole congregation. All the circumstances of Mr. Goodwill's position were clearly explained, shewing that it would be almost, if not altogether, impossible, now to effect the accomplishment of the people's wishes in this matter.

Mr. Goodwill also expressed himself as having little to say on the subject, referring the whole decision to the Synod; but he assured the congregation that if he were to have his choice of a people among whom to labour, of all he had yet met with in his travels, they were that people.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties that were shewn to be in the way of a call, when the question was put to the very large assembly present—"Shall we endeavour to retain Mr. Goodwill as our minister, or shall we not?" it was answered in the affirmative by the whole congregation rising to their feet as one man.

WM. MCPHAIL.

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At a *pro re nata* meeting of Presbytery, held at Charlottetown, on the 19th inst., Mr. Wm. McPhail appeared as a delegate from Orwell Head Congregation. After entering fully into the circumstances of the congregation, he stated that it was the unanimous desire of the adherents of our Church there to obtain the services of the Rev. John Goodwill as their pastor, and solicited the advice of the Presbytery as to what steps should be taken towards securing that object.

The Presbytery having anxiously and deliberately considered the matter, unanimously agreed that any attempt to arrest Mr. Goodwill's intention of proceeding to the Foreign Mission field, and violating his solemn engagements with the Synod, would be injurious to the Church, and prove fatal to the prospects of the Foreign Mission, and came to the following conclusion:—

"The Presbytery having heard the statements made by Mr. McPhail, feel very deeply for the adherents of our Church at Orwell Head, and would spare no effort, nor grudge any amount of trouble, to see the breaches in that portion of our Zion repaired. The Presbytery are, however, constrained to feel that the steps taken by the Synod for the departure of Mr. Goodwill are of such a nature, and so decided, that it seems utterly impossible to suppose that his services can be secured. While assuring the congregation at Orwell Head of their deep-felt sympathy, the Presbytery would, at the same time, ask them not to be discouraged. God will provide. The hearts of all men are in the hands

of the Good Shepherd, who tenderly cares for all His flock, and His promise is simple and sure, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Wait and trust and pray, and the result is certain. The Presbytery would express their happiness at the unanimity which prevails at Orwell Head, and would assure their friends there that no effort shall be spared to supply their wants and provide for them a pastor who shall break unto them the bread of life."

A. McLEAN, *Pres. Clerk.*

Several articles of interest we have been compelled to omit, this month, for want of room.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

#### SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

##### YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

Truro Cong., per Rev. Mr. Wilkins..	\$7 20
W. Gordon, Esq., late Treas., (bal.)	477 25
Saltsprings Cong., per W. McDonald	10 25
Pictou Cong., per Mr. Jack.....	24 35
Richmond and North-West Arm, per Rev. Mr. Thompson.....	3 25
McLennan's Mountain Cong.....	9 55
St. Andrew's Cong., Halifax.....	31 25
Cape John Cong.....	3 40

##### RODERICK MCKENZIE,

*Pictou, Sept. 30, 1869. Treasurer.*

##### LAY ASSOCIATION.

Account of moneys received for quarter ending 31st May, from collectors of St. Andrew's Church, New Glasgow, and paid over to Jas. Fraser, Esq., Central Treasurer: Miss S. Fraser and Miss Jessie McKay. \$5 75  
Miss Jessie Anne Hunter and Miss Jessie Lippincott..... 3 75  
Miss Mary Fraser..... 1 00

##### A. FRASER, DOWNIE,

*New Glasgow, Aug. 7, 1869. Secretary.*

##### HOME MISSION FUND.

Collection from Chatham, N.B.:	
St. Andrew's Church.....	\$12 24
St. John, N.B.....	46 57

##### GEORGE MACLEAN,

*Sept. 7, 1869. Treasurer.*

##### FOREIGN MISSION FUND.

Col. at South River & Lochaber	\$38 00
Less P. O. Order.....	0 23
	\$37 77
Col. at DeSable, P.E. Island.....	35 30
Col. at St. James' Church, Charlotte- town, P.E.I.....	12 20
Joseph Hart, Baddeck, C.B., per W. G. Pender.....	5 00
Amount collection at prayer meeting, St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, for Mr Robertson to purchase books, &c.	14 00
Amt. col. at Plaister Cove, C.B.....	9 07
" Campbellton, N.B. £6	10 0
" Kempt Road.....	2 0 0
	£8 10 0
Earlton.....	34 68
	14 06

The following sums collected by Rev. Mr. Goodwill, and retained by him on account expenses, &c., to be accounted for:

Beldune, N.B.....	\$4 00
Dalhousie, N.B.....	20 00
Middle River, C.B.....	4 34
Baddeck, C.B.....	9 16
Whycocomagh, C.B.....	10 00
River Dennis, C.B.....	3 50
River Inhabitants, C.B.....	12 20
Black River, C.B.....	12 25

75 45

\$237 40

##### JAS. J. BREMNER,

*Halifax, N.S., Sept. 7, 1869. Treasurer.*

##### PRESBYTERY CLERK'S FEE.

Roger's Hill and Cape John.....	\$4 00
Gairloch.....	4 00
Wallace and Pugwash.....	4 00
St. John's, Albion Mines.....	4 00

W. MCM., *Pres. Clerk.*

#### CASH RECEIVED FOR "MONTHLY RECORD."

Rev. G. M. Grant, for Melville Adams, Kempt Road, Restigouche, C.E. . . .	\$2 50
Do. for Arch. McKenzie, Flat Lands, Restigouche, N.B.....	2 50
Do. for Alex. McLean, elder, W. B. River John.....	0 50
Donald Campbell, for Don. Morrison, Framboise, Richmond, C.B.....	0 62½
Do. for Loch Lomond club.....	4 00
Halifax:—Miss McQueen and James Fraser, Bedford Row, 62½ cts. each; and Alex. Forbes, Argyle Street, 31½ cts.....	1 56½

#### LETTERS RECEIVED.

J. E. Frederickton, N.B.; A. McI., Moncton, N.B.; F. H., Bathurst, N. B. (2).

W. G. PENDER, *Sec'y.*

*Employment Office, Halifax,  
October 4, 1869.*