



# MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

## CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces.

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JUNE 1861.

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VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1861.

No. 10.

"IF I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM I LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—Ps. 137, v. 5.

### Sermon,

By Rev. John Logan, M. R. S.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 55, 57.

The Messiah is foretold in ancient prophecy, as a magnificent Conqueror. His victories were celebrated, and His triumphs were sung, long before the time of His appearance to Israel. "Who is this," saith the prophet Isaiah, pointing him out to the Old Testament Church, "Who is this that cometh from Edom; with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?" "I have set my King upon the holy hill of Zion. I shall give Him the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession." As a Conqueror, he had to destroy the works of the great enemy of mankind; and to overcome death, the king of terrors.

The method of accomplishing this victory was as surprising as the love which gave it birth. "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same, that through His own death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Accordingly, His passion on the cross, which you have this day commemorated, was the very victory which He obtained. The

hour in which He suffered, was also the hour in which He overcame. Then He bruised the head of the old serpent, who had seduced our first parents to rebel against their Maker; then He disarmed the king of terrors, who had dominion over the nations; then triumphing over the legions of hell, and the powers of darkness, He made a show of them openly. Not for Himself, but for us did He conquer. The Captain of our salvation fought, that we might overcome. He obtained the victory, that we may join in the triumphal song, as we now do, when we repeat the words of the Apostle: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

It is the glory of the Christian religion, that it abounds with consolations under all the evils of life; nor is its benign influence confined to the course of life; but even extends to death itself. It delivers us from the agony of the last hour; sets us free from the fears which then perplex the timid; from the horrors which haunt the offender, though penitent; and from all the darkness which involves our mortal state. So complete is the victory we obtain, that Jesus Christ is said in Scripture to have abolished death.

The evils in death from which Jesus Christ sets us free, are the following:—in the *First* place, the doubts and fears that are apt to perplex the mind, from the uncertainty in which a future state is involved. *Secondly*. The apprehensions of wrath and forebodings of punishments, proceeding from the consciousness of sin. *Thirdly*. The fears that arise

in the blind upon the awful transition from this world to the next.

In the *first* place, Jesus Christ gives us victory over death by delivering us from the doubts and fears which arose in the minds of those who knew not the Gospel, from the uncertainty in which a future state was involved.

Without Divine revelation, men wandered in the dark with respect to an after life. Unassisted reason could give but imperfect information on this important article. Conjectures, in place of discoveries, presumptions, in place of demonstrations, were all that it could offer to the enquiring mind. The unenlightened eye could not clearly pierce the cloud which veiled futurity from mortal view. The light of nature reached little further than the limits of this globe, and shed but a feeble ray upon the region beyond the grave. Hence, those heathen nations, of whom the Apostle speaks, are described as *sorrowing and having no hope*. And whence could reason derive complete information that there was a state of immortality beyond the grave? Consult with appearances in nature, and you find but few intimations of a future life. Destruction seems to be one of the great laws of the system. The various forms of life are indeed preserved; but while the species remains, the individual perishes. Everything passes away. A great and mighty river, for ages and centuries, has been rolling on, and sweeping away all that ever lived, to the vast abyss of eternity. On that darkness, light does not rise. From that unknown country none return. On that devouring deep, which swallows up everything, no vestige appears of the things that were.

There are particular appearances which might naturally excite an alarm for the future. The human machine is so constituted, that soul and body seem to decay together. To the eye of sense, as the beast dies, so dies the man. Death seems to close the scene, and the grave to put a final period to the prospects of man. The words of Job beautifully express the anxiety of the mind on the subject. "If a man die, shall he live again? There is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet, through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant: but man dieth, and is cut off; man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea; as the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." But what a dreadful prospect does annihilation present to the mind! To be an outcast from existence; to be blotted out from the book of life; to mingle with the dust, and be scattered over the earth, as if the breath of life had not animated our frame! Man cannot support the

thought. Is the light which shone brighter than all the stars of heaven set in darkness, to rise no more? Are all the hopes of man come to this, to be taken into the councils of the Almighty, to be permitted to behold part of that plan of Providence which governs the world, and when his eyes are just opened to read the book, to be shut forever? If such were to be our state, we would be of all creatures the most miserable. The world appears a chaos without form, and void of order. From the throne of nature, God departs, and there appears a cruel and capricious being, who delights in death, and makes sport of human misery.

From this state of doubts and fears we are delivered by the Gospel of Jesus. The message which he brought, was life and immortality. From the Star of Jacob, light shone even upon the shades of death. As a proof of immortality, He called back the departed spirit from the world unknown; as an earnest of a future life, He Himself arose from the dead. When we contemplate the tomb of nature, we are apt to cry out, "Can these dry bones live?" When we contemplate the tomb of Jesus, we say, "Yes, they can live!" As He arose, we shall in like manner arise. In the tomb of nature you see man return to the dust from whence he was taken; in the tomb of Jesus you see man restored to life again. In the tomb of nature you see the shades of death fall on the weary traveller, and the darkness of the long night close over his head; in the tomb of Jesus you see light arise upon the shades of death, and the morning dawn upon the long night of the grave. On the tomb of nature it is written, "Behold thy end, O man! Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return. Thou who now callest thyself the son of heaven, shall become one of the clods of the valley;" on the tomb of Christ is written, "Thou diest, O man, but to live again. When dust return to dust, the spirit shall return to God who gave it. I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." From the tomb of nature you hear a voice, "Forever silent is the land of forgetfulness! From the slumbers of the grave shall we awake no more! Like the flowers of the field, shall we be as though we had never been!" from the tomb of Jesus you hear, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, yea saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and pass into glory. In my Father's house, there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go away, I will come again, and take you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

Will not this assurance of a happy immortality and a blessed resurrection, in a great measure remove the terror and the sting of death? May we not walk without dismay through the dark valley, when we are conducted by a beam from heaven? May we

not endure the tossings of one stormy night, when it carries us to the shore that we long for? What cause have we to dread the messenger who brings us to our Father's house? Should not our fears about futurity abate, when we hear God addressing us with respect to death, as He did the patriarch of old, upon going to Egypt, "Fear not to go down to the grave; I will go down with thee, and will bring thee up again?"

Secondly, Our victory over death consists in our being delivered from the apprehensions of wrath and the forebodings of punishment, which arise in the mind from the consciousness of sin.

That there is a God who governs the world, the patron of righteousness and the avenger sin, is so manifest from the light of nature, that the belief of it has obtained among all nations. That it shall be well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked; that God will reward those who diligently seek Him, and punish those who transgress His laws, is the principle upon which all religion is founded. But whether mercy be an attribute in the Divine nature to such an extent that God may be rendered propitious to those who rebel against His authority and disobey His commandments, is an enquiry to which no satisfactory answer can be made. Many of the Divine attributes are conspicuous from the works of creation; the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God, appear in creating the world; in superintending that that world which he has made; in diffusing life wide over the system of things, and providing the means of happiness to all His creatures. But from no appearances in nature does it clearly follow, that the exercise of mercy to offenders is part of the plan by which the universe is governed. From anything that we know from the light of nature, repentance alone may not be sufficient to procure the remission of sins; the tears of contrition may be unavailable to wash away the sins of a guilty life, and the Divine favor may be implored in vain by those who have become obnoxious to the Divine displeasure. If in the calm and serene hour of inquiry, man could find no consolation in such thoughts, how would he be overwhelmed with horror, when his mind was disordered with a sense of guilt? When remembrance brought his former life to view, when reflection pierced him to the heart, darkness would spread itself over his mind, Deity would appear an object of terror, and the spirit, wounded by remorse, would discern nothing but an offended Judge, armed with thunders to punish the guilty. If, in the day of health and prosperity, these reflections were so powerful to embitter life, they would be a source of agony and despair when the last hour approached. When life flows according to our wishes, we may endeavor to conceal our sins, and shut our ears against the voice of conscience. But these artifices will

avail little at the hour of death. Then things appear in their true colors. Then conscience tells the truth, and the mask is taken off from the man, when our sins at that moment pass before us in review. Guilty and polluted as we are, covered with confusion, how shall we appear at the judgment-seat of God, and answer at the bar of eternal justice? How shall dust and ashes stand in the presence of that uncreated glory, before which principalities bow down, tremble, and adore? How shall guilty and self-condemned creatures appear before Him, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth the angels with folly? This is the sting of death. It is guilt that sharpens the spear of the king of terrors. But even in this way we have victory over death, through Jesus Christ our Lord. By His death upon the cross, an atonement was made for the sins of men. The wrath of God was averted from the world. A great plan of reconciliation is now unfolded in the Gospel. Under the banner of the cross, pardon is proclaimed to returning penitents. They who accept the offers of mercy, and who fly for refuge to the hope set before them, are taken into favor; their sins are forgiven, and their names are written in the book of life. Over them death has no power. The king of terrors is transformed into an angel of peace, to waft them to their native country, where they long to be.

This, O Christian! the death of thy Redeemer, is thy strong consolation; thy effectual remedy against the fear of death. What evil can come nigh to him for whom Jesus died? Does the law which thou hast broken denounce vengeance against thee? Behold that law fulfilled in the meritorious life of thy Redeemer. Does the sentence of wrath pronounced against the posterity of Adam sound in thine ears? Behold that sentence blotted out, that *handwriting*, as the Apostle calls it, cancelled, nailed to thy Saviour's cross, and left there as a trophy of His victory. Art thou afraid that the cry of thy offences hath may rise to heaven, and reach the ears of justice? There is no place for it there; in room of it ascends the voice of that blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. Does the enemy of mankind accuse thee at the judgment seat? He is put to silence by thy Advocate and Intercessor at the right hand of thy Father. Does death appear to thee in a form of terror, and hold out his sting to alarm thy mind? His terror is removed, and his sting was pulled out by that hand, which, on Mount Calvary, was fixed to the accursed tree. Art thou afraid that the arrows of Divine wrath which smite the guilty, are aimed at thy head? Before they can touch thee, they must pierce that body, which, in the symbols of Divine imputation, was this day held forth crucified among you, and which at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, is forever presented in behalf of the redeemed. Well then

may we join in the triumphant song of the Apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

In the *third* place, Jesus gives us victory over death, by yielding us consolation and relief under the fears that arise in the mind upon the awful transmission from this world to the next.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality without casting a wishful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyment even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them; we have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and of beauty, of power to charm the mind and make us cry out, "It is good for us to be here." When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart to think of parting forever? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects. The tree, under whose shadow we have sat; the fields, where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation or the haunt of friendship, become objects of passion to the mind, and upon our leaving them, excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched on that bed from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends! How great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we long have loved, and to part for ever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just; in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together, not one person shall be missing that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which they occasion delight us, what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce, when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens.

Christianity also gives us consolation in the transition from this world to the next. Every change in life awakens anxiety; whatever is unknown, is the object of fear; no wonder then that it is awful and alarming to nature, to think of that time when the hour

of our departure is at hand; when this animal frame shall be dissolved, and the mysterious bond between soul and body shall be broken. Even the visible effects of mortality are not without terror! to have no more than a name among the living; to pass into the dominions of the dead; to have the worm for a companion and a sister, are events at which nature shudders and starts back. But more awful still is the invisible scene when the curtain between both worlds shall be drawn back, and the soul, naked and disembodied, appear in the presence of its Creator. Even under these thoughts, the comforts of Christianity may delight thy soul. Jesus, thy Saviour, has the keys of death; the abodes of the dead are His kingdom. He lay in the grave, and hallowed it for the repose of the just. Before our Lord ascended up on high, He said to His disciples, "I go to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God;" and when the time of your departure is at hand, you go to your Father and His Father, to your God and His God.

Enlightened by these discoveries, trusting to the merits of his Redeemer, and animated by the hope which is set before him, the Christian will depart with tranquility and joy. To him the bed of death will not be a scene of terror, nor the last hour an hour of despair. There is a majesty in the death of the Christian. He partakes of the spirit of that world to which he is advancing, and he meets his latter end with a face that looks to the heavens.

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#### PAST AND PRESENT—A REVERIE.

Old world memories are always dear; the recollections of childhood are recollections which we love to treasure up, and think and tell of. Time may lay its heavy hand upon us, and plant a wrinkle here and a grey hair there. It may stiffen our joints and sadden our spirits, but while it leaves us memory unimpaired, it places at our disposal a store of pleasures in old remembrances which we would not part with for all the treasures of the world. Our boyish amusements, our earliest companions, our young aspirations, our joys, our hopes and disappointments are all fresh and pleasant, all playing round the heart, as pure and buoyant as if they had been things of yesterday. With what fondness do we cherish certain incidents, and still mentally see or hear the merry eyes or the merrier laughter of brothers or sisters, far, far away—or it may be long ago in the spirit land. What an abiding influence for good or evil have these early associations upon the future man or woman! The love of a mo-

ther, deep, and pervading above all other love—the gentle look, the fond endearment, the untiring and earnest care, the affectionate or soothing word, or the almost tearful reproof, how many! how very many has the memory of such a friend saved from the pit of perdition? and the fancied remonstrances of lips long sealed in death have arrested many a thoughtless youth in his downward path.

It is indeed difficult to be wicked with such a mentor speaking, and speaking with such a voice, and such hallowed influences, even to a seared conscience. The recollection of a true mother is one intertwined so firmly and abidingly around our heart-strings that it perishes only when the last stage approaches, and memory and reason begin to swing from their moorings.

Next comes the school with its thousand associations of good and evil, of joy and sorrow, of boyish adventure and young ambition, of hair-breadth escapes, of sayings and doings of the boy man, of stolen enjoyments and moving accidents, of tricks innumerable, of tasks hateful and pleasant, of Bob and Harry, and Joe and Geordie, all characters unparalleled in their way, whom we now see before our mind's eye in all the glory of boyhood, on the topmost branch of some tall tree, or bringing up a penny from some unknown depth in the river, or thrashing some rural giant who had the audacity to go to another school, but who for long and weary years have been grey haired men. Who can or would wish to part with these memories. Oh! in those days time passed slowly and a year lasted a long time, and made many an abiding impression. And then the schoolmaster! Who does not recollect every cranny of his character, his foibles, his weak and strong points, his wondrous knowledge, his awful frown, and his queer stories. How he was tormented, or loved, or idolised, according to his peculiar idiosyncrasy. We have forgotten much, perhaps most, of what that great man taught or endeavored to teach us; but one thing we are sure never to forget, and that is, the very points of the man himself. In those days, to be sure, the dominie was generally a man of character, intellectually, made up of strength and weakness, often oddly and sometimes comically combined. Yet that character had its value, and certain-

ly exerted an immense influence in its day and generation. Sometimes it happened that a love of learning was mixed with a love for the bottle, and Virgil and Horace were worshipped in secret at the shrine of Bacchus. Or it may be, there was some extraordinary oddity of dress or appearance, or of mind or habits. How seldom was it that the village schoolmaster condescended to resemble mere ordinary every day mortals! Yet notwithstanding he was generally a man of worth and deep religious feeling, of substantial knowledge, to get which he had dug long and deeply and at last incorporated it into his living self. How different—how very different, from the empty jays, the paper notions, the brainless, pointless puppets manufactured to order nowadays in Normal Schools, and let loose on a community to convey the accumulation of three months' cramming of heterogeneous portions of high sounding dogmas. There are no schoolmasters nowadays—worth remembering. One of the finest points of youthful memory to the rising generation must for the future be a painful blank. Greek and Latin are at a discount; plain reading, writing and cyphering are seldom mentioned,—they are too common. The venerable dominie who has grown white in the service, and has come in and out of the same school house for half a century—flogged and taught the fathers and grandfathers of the rural district—the phenomenon is now almost extinct, indeed has never taken root in this western land. But instead of the man with strong lines of character, who knows Virgil and Horace by heart, who can calculate a lunar or make a sun dial, and has at his finger ends every verse in the Holy Book, we have a set of wandering weaklings, who have been forced like mushrooms, who teach phytology, or ontology, or graphiology, or hydrology and such amazing things as our simple minded forbears never heard of—all learned in six months at that wonderful fountain of knowledge—the Normal School. The modern schoolmaster is nobody—nothing—a floating waif, a human weed, changing its locality every few months or so, never taking root in any soil, fed for a little upon meagre fare, and sent away with more meagre pay, on the wide bleak world, to seek with lack lustre eye and heavy heart, for another poor resting place

for a little space. Who would be a school-master of the modern type? Not the sturdy hind or the sturdier lumberer, not the truckman driving his jaded beast, but eating roast beef and eggs and pudding every day, not the shoemaker's apprentice, or the incipient tailor. Who then? We can scarcely tell. They turn up somehow, palefaced, feeble and feckless, doing what they can to live—and wandering over the face of the earth, literary pariahs *sans* literature. Oh for a return of the good old times, when the country dominie was a man of soul and intellectual metal, who could look the highest in the face with a feeling of independence, and grasp the hand with a social heartiness which knew neither fear nor conscious degradation.

But we are getting on somewhat slowly with our subject, we have sketched the school-master—now for the minister.

We fear that the minister of to-day moves not with the awful dignity of sixty years ago. Young people nowadays speak and think of him as a mere every day mortal—as a mere incidental piece of the machinery of modern civilization,—as one who has appointed duties to perform and a certain pay for performing them. He has got to preach and pray and visit at so much per annum—and though the contract may be broken on the one side, it must never on any account be violated on the other. But still this is only a gathering—though unfortunately a fast gathering evil—incident, we suppose to the enlightened times, and the superior knowledge of the present generation. There is still, however, something of the old leaven to be found. We still occasionally meet the man of primitive piety, of deep learning and simple manners;—of fervent zeal in the cause of his Master—loving all things with a pure and heavenly love—old men and maidens and little children—the shepherd's dog—the pet lamb of the light and joy of some humble household; nay the hedge rows, and green fields, and all creation have his love, and all love him in return. Every eye in every household brightens as his gentle and benignant form crosses its threshold. The children cluster round him, rejoicing in the complacent dignity of his smile. He has an ear for all and a loving word for all—and see with what skill he draws these young hearts towards himself, and with what inviting ac-

certs he allures them into the paths of piety—leading them with the voice of love into the garden where grows the tree of life—strewn their tiny path with flowers—telling them many a sweet and pleasant story—with one great moral, the love and fear of God and his holy Word. No stern or awful man is he, who comes into a house to ask hard questions and to frown if they are not answered. He begins not with asking the terrified little one to tell him what is “Effectual Calling,” or to repeat to him the 47th paraphrase. No, he leads the tender mind like a little lamb, gently, very gently, till he sees that it feels confidence in its strength, and is proud that it can walk so well with so loving a guide. Upward by easy stages he leads it, quietly, unconsciously to itself, till it has reached the confines of its power, and with words of endearing praise he sends it to its play, and says that he will come again, and chat, and smile, and tell of pleasant things, and hear from it too, something, which he would love to hear gathered from the best of books. How proud and happy is the child, how pure and single its love—a love gained without effort, and a landmark in its life.

The good man's face is welcome every where, his voice is the key-note of happiness wherever it is heard—in the pulpit or on the street, or by the bed-side, or the cheerful parlour, or in the field of labor—everywhere it is the voice of a friend, wise, gentle and sincere. Where is such a man not beloved? What heart of human mould can refuse affection so offered. There may be some hearts, they must be few, and cold and hard as the nether mill stone. What are the finest sermons ever preached to such heart and soul teaching and elevating as this? And yet such a man will never preach slovenly sermons—he cannot serve his Maker with nought. Not seldom he will wear the long night into the morning, in self-communion, and careful preparation for his sacred work, drawing truth ever fresh and never failing from the great source of truth. His heart is in his work—he feels that he is God's messenger to his beloved flock whom he loves as his own children, and among whom he goes in and out continually. At stated times indeed, he visits the household, with more than usual solemnity, and as he enters says “peace be to this house” And its respected head has



put aside his spade or plough and put on his Sabbath coat, and the house-wife her Sabbath gown, and the best room looks its best and cleanest, and the children for that day are kept from school, and with carefully combed hair and sober look and anxious happiness, wait the coming of the minister. The family bible "the book" lies on the table in the centre of the room, and the shorter catechism is placed modestly by its side. All is quiet and decorous as a Sabbath morning—their best friend is coming on a solemn errand. The sagacious collie at the door feels that something unusual is going on, and puts himself on his best behavior. Oh thrice happy household! Oh favored servant of the Most High! Surely such a scene as this must be pleasing to the Author of all good, and profitable to the souls and bodies of his dying creatures. He opens the sacred page, they sing the holy hymn, he sends up the fervent prayer, he speaks words of solemn warning, of tenderest love, of earnest advice, he presses the hand of each, and praying for a blessing on this house; he leaves it with the same quiet solemnity with which he entered.

We said that such customs and such clergymen were still to be found—would that they were to be found in every hamlet in our pleasant land, then would we have fewer sects and greater piety and more happiness. But somehow we fear, this kind of thing is growing old-fashioned and out of date. We have to be sure, the annual visitation, but we find too often, that no preparation is made for it. The father cannot afford to lose half a day's work—even the children sometimes cannot be kept from school, lest something be lost for which money is to be paid, or it may be, a hurried visit is paid at night that the hours of labor may not be interfered with. Oh! cold and hollow mockery; fet it alone, and anger not God by such an offering. Give not a make-believe heart to God and your real heart to the world. He cannot be deceived.

#### A DREAM FOR SLEEPING SOULS.

One night I dreamt, and in my dream I stood on the bank of a broad river. And as I stood three men ran swiftly down the hill behind towards the water. They seemed in great anxiety, for they were followed by a fearful enemy whom I cou'd not see, he being

still on the other side of the hill; but they feared he would speedily overtake and kill them. When they came to the water they looked about in great perplexity, for they sought to cross hastily over; but there was neither bridge nor ferry. Now there were some fishermen standing close by, whom the three flying ones entreated to help them. They pointed to a small, narrow raft that was fastened to the shore by a rope, and said: "This little boat may carry you over; but it is a perilous venture, for the boat is certain to upset if you make ever so slight a blunder in paddling it."

While the three men looked at the raft, and doubted much if they would risk it, I saw a strong man approaching, with a royal crown on his head and of a noble countenance. And when he drew near I saw that he was moved with much compassion for these people; and he said, "I will take you across if you will trust yourselves to me. Climb upon my back, clasp your arms round my neck, and I will swim you over one at a time."

"Are you so strong a swimmer that you can do that?" "Oh!" cried the fishermen with one voice, "he is the strong hero of this country; he has carried over many a one before you, and none was ever lost; you may be thankful that he offers to help you, and had better take him at his word." "No, no!" said one, "I have no courage for that, I will try the raft."

So, without more ado, he unfastened the moorings and set off. He floated away smoothly enough, and it seemed that he might make the voyage safe; but it was not a moment till, by a wrong stroke the raft upset, and he sank to the bottom, never to rise.

When the second saw the evil fate of his companion, he said, "I am a good swimmer and the water is smooth,—I am sure I can swim across."

So he jumped into the water, and swam off some yards, but then the waves rose upon him and after many struggles he too sank, never to rise.

Then the third cried to the royal prince, "Have pity upon me, and take me over; I will do whatever you tell me."

"With all my heart," said this kingly man; "but remember that when you are on my back you must not try to swim yourself. All you have to do is to keep tight hold, and not to let me go." "Of course," replied the other; "I cannot swim a stroke. I shall not let you go, you may depend upon it."

Then the royal swimmer took him upon his back, and plunged into the river.

The first hundred yards, where the water was smooth, all went on fairly. I wondered at the incredible swiftness with which the strong man cleft the current. I heard the poor fugitive sing a joyful song. But as they approached the middle of the river, where the waves ran high, I saw that the water came up to his lips, and sometime:

over his head, so that he was frightened and began to cry aloud. Then the swimmer who noticed his anxiety, cheered him up and said: "Be not afraid! I shall not let you go; only hold by me!"

But it appeared that these kind words had no effect, for I saw the poor man striking out his arms in spasmodic efforts to keep himself above the water. At the same moment he sank out of my sight, and I began weeping, for I thought that he was lost like his two fellows. But the swimmer dived down, and caught hold of him and having brought him up, replaced him in his former position.

"Why did you not heed what I said?" quoth he, in a tone of gentle rebuke. "Now, do not let me go again."

And I saw that the rescued man was very happy, and clasped his arms very tightly round the swimmer's neck. And I heard him sing a song as he did at the first. But in a few minutes he uttered a shriek and sank for the second time. His faithful friend, however, did not forsake him, but brought him up again. And this happened many times successively, and I heard the man alternately sing and cry. But at length I saw that he grew less frightened, although the waves rose and were very vehement. It seemed that he became familiar with the vicissitudes of his strange voyage, and I saw him clinging firmly to his deliverer though his head was often buried in foam. So they went on with great speed, and at length I heard him utter a loud hallelujah; and when I looked closely I saw him standing on the opposite bank, and the royal swimmer stood beside him. Then the fishermen loudly praised the swimmer, and tears of joy came into my eyes.

Now, while I wondered what the meaning of all this might be, a man in shining garments stood by my side, and he said: "Son of man, here is the interpretation of what you have seen. First, observe that a man cannot possibly be saved by the law; for the law is a good and perfect vessel, but man is a bad sailor. Again, observe that a sinner cannot save himself by his own virtue, for he cannot withstand the force of this world. You have seen too that as long as man does not despair of helping himself, he is unwilling to trust to a Saviour, though recommended with one voice by credible witnesses. Furthermore you have seen that if a man is to be saved he needs a Saviour, and one who is mighty to save as he is willing. Then you have seen that it belongs to the Saviour, not to man, to do what is required for salvation, and that it is man's business only to cling to Him with heart and soul. Observe also, that the moment a man gives himself up to the Saviour is the close of an old and the beginning of a new strife. The old strife was the hopeless struggle to get out of danger into salvation; the new

strife is the care not to fall back again from salvation into danger. But this strife is not hopeless, for your Saviour does not allow you to sink to the bottom, like the man that fell from the raft. You are greatly mistaken if you think that henceforth all will go smoothly. But you are not less mistaken if you believe that you shall perish when such a Saviour is near. The great secret of salvation through faith in an almighty Saviour, is to learn to be still, and to let Him work. But this is a hard lesson for such a proud, self-willed, and self-righteous nature as man's. Very much experience, often bitter and painful, is required to teach him that lesson well. But however often and deep you fall, if you continue with that Saviour, you will learn that lesson better and truer, and you will find that after all He brings you safe to shore.—*Good Words.*

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#### RECIPROCAL DUTIES OF MINISTERS AND PEOPLE.

"The clergy are the hardest worked, and poorest paid of all the professions. They are as much at every body's mercy and whim as editors. They are required to maintain an appearance and style of living like their parishioners, and they are subject to incessant criticism and inspection. They are to conduct innumerable meetings of all kinds during the week, by day and night; they are to go willingly to the afflicted, the destitute, the suffering; to marry the living, to baptise the newborn, and to bury the dead. They are to have a general knowledge of current affairs, of literature, and art, and science. Their ear is a general confessional, their hand an ever active engine, their heart a perennial fountain of sympathy, and their tongue a harp set to the music of consolation.

"But besides all this, which is a social view of the clergyman's duties, he is also by the understanding to prepare certainly two discourses every week to be preached on the Sabbath. Now to a discourse there are two parties—the speaker and the hearers. If a congregation, under our system, engage a man to be their preacher, they virtually contract to be ministered unto. The same understanding which binds him upon his part to speak, binds them upon theirs to hear. Or is this an unfair statement, and is the case really one in which he is to speak twice or thrice every Sabbath, anyhow, they are to listen if they choose?

"Well, take that view, and we shall come to the point. When a congregation has discovered by the uniform experience of years, that they do not want to hear the clergyman in the afternoon, but had rather stay home and do something else, why compel a man who is overworked already, to do useless work? What, for instance, will a thoughtful child suppose, if he sees that every body goes

only in the morning? Evidently he will suppose that what is said in the afternoon is not of equal importance. In other words, if you tell him that people ought to go to church on Sabbath, he will retort that, if that be so, they ought to go twice a day, if service is to be held twice a day, and you will find it a little difficult to put him down.

"The great church which I attended on the afternoon in question, was dotted with a few stragglers, and an earnest thoughtful sermon preached. It may have touched some heart, and done great good. That is not the question. Here is a man who, like other speakers, cannot help being quickened or saddened by his audience. Do you seriously think a human being can address himself to pews stuffed with red cushions, and an occasional human being somewhere among them half asleep, and not suffer in his mind, and heart and soul? If he be by some enchantment, a machine wound up to grind out two sermons a week, he may do it. But a living man, with a palpitating heart and longing soul, cannot do it. He must be gradually disappointed, hardened, ossified. The light in him will fade for want of pure air, it will flicker, and if it goes out, whose fault is it? Why don't clergymen themselves stand up against this imposition? They are sometimes ready to complain of the Lyceum Lecture system as carrying away the audience, and disinclining people for Sabbath sermons. But if the Lyceum should subject the speakers to the same discipline which the clergyman is so unfairly made to endure, the clergy would soon see the benches of the lecture room as deserted as the pews on Sabbath afternoon. It is not true as a general rule that our clergymen suffer themselves to be 'put down' by the congregation? The fundamental condition of the relation is, of course, that they shall like each other. But when that is fully acknowledged, then there are duties upon both sides.

"The Easy Chair was wonderfully refreshed by hearing a bishop say to an immense congregation, 'There will be a collection in this church next Sabbath morning, for the benefit of the Home Missions. There is complaint upon the part of some brethren, that collections are very frequent in this church. They are so; and they are so because the contributions are so small. We are pledged to a certain sum for this purpose, and I shall be sorely ashamed if we fail to fulfil our promise. I therefore hope that all who are in the habit of absenting themselves when collections are taken up will come next Sabbath morning, prepared to give liberally; and that those who have hitherto contributed will cheerfully give more. Let us sing the two hundredth hymn.'

"There is a clergyman who understands the reciprocal obligations of the relation. And what comes of it? Just this: that a languishing society is now the most flourish-

ing in the place, that old debts are paid off, new buildings erected, universal interest aroused, and everybody feels more pleasantly toward his neighbor and toward himself. Do you suppose if he had been content to have people stay at home in the afternoon, and leave him to preach to red cushions, that all this could have been done? Not at all. He has no intention of wasting himself upon cushions; his business as a Christian clergyman, is to influence men; and he does it, Posthumus—he does it.

"Just as I am ending my talk, I find clerical authority for what I say. At the recent meeting of the Congregational Union at Aberdeen, Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, said; 'I am ready, without any beating about the bush, to say that we are all underpaid for what we do. I was talking lately with a London business man—a successful merchant. It was about the time bishops were getting made, and we were talking about their incomes. He said to me, "And if it is a fair question, what do you get?" I told him, "Well," he answered, "is that all you get?" "Yes, and compared with what many of my brethren get, it is pretty fair." "And what do you do for that?" I said I would enlighten him upon this: "In the first place, I compose and write what would be fully two pretty thick octavo volumes; about as much as any literary man bending over his pen thinks of doing, and more than some do in a year. In the next place, I have to do as much speaking every week as a lawyer at the bar in good practice. Then, in the third place, to do as much visiting as a surgeon in average practice would do. And in the next place, I think I write as many letters as many of your great merchants do." "Well," he said, "is yours an extraordinary case?" I said, "Not at all; a man's duties correspond with his sphere; but many of my brethren do as much. Some of them, perhaps, a little more." "Well," he said, "they may say as much as they please about ministers getting too much for their work, but none of us would do half your work for four times your pay."—*Ex. Paper.*

#### STATE OF RELIGION IN SWEDEN.

An intelligent Christian peasant in the central district of Sweden says, that "the increasing spiritual earnestness which prevails at present among the common people there, is such as to strike even occasional visitors. In some places, the awakening has been so widespread, that opposition has, for a time, almost wholly disappeared. In one village, all the inhabitants without a single exception, appear to be seeking after salvation. In this district, the number of spiritually-minded clergymen, especially among the younger ones, is greater than elsewhere; and even those who do not appear to have experienced

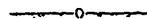
any spiritual change, are preaching differently, and more biblically than before. It is marked that where there is a spiritually minded minister, the awakening is usually of a more steady and healthful character; and that just in proportion to the godliness and consistency of his life, the awakening is of a more satisfying kind. The keenest opposition to a living Christianity does not come from the poorest or the most sunken among the common people, but from those immediately above them, the middle class and the rich peasants. The common people usually manifest a certain willingness to listen to the truth, especially in private. Teachers of parish schools who have imbibed infidel views, have a most baleful influence, and, in the very schools, often teach the children more evil than good. Infidel or Rationalist books are often circulated by them. But, on the contrary, where rich peasants, farm stewards, clerks, and mechanics, have begun to love Christ and his word, as is the case in some places, the godly feel the support powerful. *And the importance of a Christian-minded teacher is easily seen.* Under such an one the education is something entirely new. When the people have been awakened to serious thought, they generally contrive to get for schoolmasters men who have themselves learned to know the worth of the soul, and when such men are not found in the parish schools, they try to institute private schools.

"The complaint is loud against drunkenness and licentiousness, as prevailing especially in the neighborhood of towns and of large properties, where the dissolute population continually increase, and the family tie is loosed. But, on the contrary, wherever a living Christianity flourishes, there vice speedily disappears, and, in families, a new hope, and morality, and joy are diffused; yea, when God's Word has entered, the very temporal condition is sure to be improved.

"In some of the poorest and most miserable places, the people, in their temporal poverty, have got Christ as their riches; and there prevails in them a singular joyfulness, or regular hunger and thirst after the Divine Word. Our informer says that, in his childhood and youth, he had been very poor; that there were months together during which there was no bread in the house, but only dried pease; and he had the opportunity of experiencing how men live not by bread alone. When there was nothing to give the children, they did not cry, but were wonderfully quiet and contented; and he himself enjoyed at the same time, such abundant consolation, through Divine grace, that now in circumstances of outward competency, but of inward heaviness, he looks back to the period as to a paradise."

A severe struggle is evidently before the friends of the Sabbath in Sweden. When the railway was opened between Stockholm and Soertelje, a small town about an hour

and a quarter distant, the sanctity of the Sabbath was so far respected in the arrangements that the Sunday trains ran at such hours as to allow both passengers and servants to attend public worship. Against this an outcry was raised in the newspapers, which unblushingly complained that pleasure seekers were thus prevented from enjoying themselves in the inns and taverns of the country towns. Accordingly, the trains have since been altered to suit those gentlemen; so that, to the unconcealed joy and triumph of the worldly press, the people will be more powerfully drawn away from public worship! But what need to wonder at this in a country where the standard of religious teaching is so low that it is not uncommon to see bishops of the Lutheran Church playing cards on Sabbath afternoon!—*News of the Churches.*



#### THE IRRELIGION OF LARGE CITIES.

We have sometimes thought that could the accumulated vice and wretchedness, the disease and poverty, the whole aggregate of human suffering, existing in such a city as London or New York be brought under view at once, we would shrink back with horror, and that the hardest heart that ever beat would be appalled at the sight. If on the other hand we could see at one view the large store of Christian philanthropy, of individual effort, of unselfish sacrifice, of unwearied toil, for the relief of suffering, we would feel as if a mountain had been lifted from our breast, while a glow of pride and satisfaction would mantle our face, in the consciousness of the abounding virtue which is ever seeking and always finding objects to rescue from the jaws of ruin. But should we see both extremes, it by no means follows that we have seen all or nearly all. We might see vice or villany and their multitudinous and nameless brood, seething, fermenting and suffering in their noxious atmosphere, and a heroic band of devoted men and women laboring with head and heart and hands and substance to clear away some of the vileness and alleviate a portion of the woe. We would see that the task is too great for them, so great as to be well nigh hopeless. If we were to turn our eyes in another direction, however, we might see an immense crowd, so immense as to be almost beyond numbering, who are either indifferent spectators or who pass on regardless of human suffering. In one place we might see avarice with greedy eyes counting its gains and eagerly hoarding them up, utterly refusing to lend a finger to lighten the terrible load which weighs down and disgraces humanity. Fashion rides past in gilded chariot, inviting the eyes of others, but refusing

to use its own. Vanity and folly and pride pass by on the other side, while hypocrisy in sober garb keeps its eyes steadily on the ground. Selfishness and unconcern, blind and deaf, pour along the main road, turning not to the right or the left, but straight on in quest of self or self.

We are told that there are probably a million of people in London living in dens, or tenements which scarcely deserve a better name. That a vast proportion of this immense mass of humanity live no one knows how, in the midst of squalor, filth and wretchedness, and that thousands of tradesmen and artisans who earn respectable wages are scarcely superior to them in point of comfort, and on a level with them in point of religious training or religious knowledge. The same melancholy truth holds good with regard to other large cities. In all or almost all there is but a small percentage of habitual church-goers, many who very seldom enter any place of religious worship, and very many who have never entered a church or heard the voice of a minister in their lives. Recent statistics tell us that this melancholy group is rapidly increasing, especially in our manufacturing cities. How are these practical heathens in the very heart of a Christian land to be reclaimed, or is it possible to reclaim them? The problem is dark and difficult, and hangs over Great Britain, at once a reproach and menace to that great Christian land. Time was, in free and merry England, when it was considered not only a disgrace but a crime to be absent from the parish church, when the idler or recusant was first rebuked, and if that was ineffectual, then fined or put in the stocks, or sent to prison and fed on bread and water. Good old Queen Bess carried out this plan with tolerable firmness and success—and her successors tried to continue it, but it was a sad and deserved failure. Charles went the length of cutting off ears and slitting noses, and ended by losing his crown and head. Every body is now satisfied that people cannot be made religious or church-goers by act of parliament, and yet we cannot believe it altogether hopeless to bring the Gospel within reach of the poor and needy, or to induce them to listen to it when it is brought. Then how may it be done? Here the whole difficulty lies, and it would be much easier to show and prove now it cannot be done than how it can. Individual and systematic philanthropy has done and is doing much—but can never cope with the giant evil. The Voluntary system cannot do it, or it would have done so long ago. Ought the State then to step in and try what it can do. At the very thought a hundred rival sects rise up bristling with indignation and thunder.—No. And yet, such was undoubtedly the great idea of John Knox at the period of the Reformation, for the godly upbringing of the people of Scotland. His plan was that every 1000 people or 200 families should

have a spiritual overseer, whose support should be provided out of the funds of the State. He never contemplated that the number should be stationary, but that it should increase with the population of the country. Had it done so, Scotland would now have 3000 parish ministers instead of a little over a third of that number. It is true that *in cumulo* the number of ministers is scarcely if at all, below the required limit. But they are badly distributed. The sturdy Reformer does not appear to have contemplated that his children would quarrel among themselves, and split off into rival and hostile sects, often jealous of and sometimes sadly abusing each other. It certainly never entered into the good man's calculations that in a parish of 800 or 900 souls there would be the time-honored parish Church, and as near it as possible the aggressive Free Kirk—doing all in its power to thin its pews, and again within easy hailing distance the douce U. P. scrambling to make up a flock, and it may be two or three smaller sects, all watchful and jealous of each other with but little in common, but that of regarding the Parish Church as a common enemy and common prey. Now how much better would it have been, could the division have been continued on geographical principles, to every pastor his given thousand to feed and nourish with the bread of life? Then such a city as Glasgow would have had 400 clergymen instead of about 150, and there would have been at least a *chance* of preventing the wholesale heathenism into which many thousands in every large city has fallen. It is needless however to lament over the past, the duty of the Christian church, by what ever name it may be called is very evident. They must try and agree to work together in endeavoring to make some impression upon the sea of vice and ignorance which runs riot in every considerable town in the empire—or it cannot fail in the end to eat into our greatness and effect our moral overthrow. First of all the State is able to educate and ought to educate every child born upon its soil. It can direct that education so that the rising generation may be trained to habits of thrift and cleanliness, and learn the great principles of morality, and the sublime truths of religion taught and acknowledged by all branches of the Christian Church. In spite of everything there would be a vast outlying wilderness of vice, not to be wholly or even partially reclaimed, but habits of industry, of cleanliness, a knowledge of something beyond the four walls of their humble cottage would be a good preparation for the reception of religious truth by many a poor weary soul. We have not space to pursue the subject, but it is full of interest and we will probably return to it.

## AUSTRALIA.

*Religious Statistics of South Australia.*

The following statistics of the "Religions of the people of South Australia" have been published in the *Government Gazette*:—

	adults.	children.
Church of England	23,295	20,292
Roman Catholics	9,606	5,988
Wesleyan Methodists	7,629	6,692
German Lutherans	6,230	5,005
Independents or Congregationalists	3,339	2,929
Church of Scotland	2,766	2,055
Free Church of Scotland	2,222	1,915
Bible Christians	2,135	2,081
Baptists	1,859	1,565
Primitive Methodists	1,841	1,834
Christians	886	772
United Presbyterians	875	697
Unitarians	304	189
Hebrews (Jews)	210	150
Moravians	132	85
New Church (Swedenborg Society of Friends)	84	40
Other Denominations	339	234
Mohammedan and Pagan,	94	18
Religions not specified	668	722
Combined Total	117,967	
Omissions and Travellers	1,033	
Total Population	119,000	

## MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

The *Presbyterian Herald* thus sums up the extent of the work and the number of laborers employed in the Foreign Missionary field.

If we come to figures, we will find computing the population of the Globe at 1,000,000,000, that of this number Paganism has 600,000,000; Mohamedism, 120,000,000; Judaism, 5,000,000; Christianity 275,000,000. But, upon looking more narrowly, we find that of the nominal Christians only 85,000,000 are Protestants, while the Romanists are 135,000,000; Armenians, Nestorians, &c. 5,000,000; Greek Church, 50,000,000.

If we proceed next to inquire what the 85,000,000 of Protestants are doing for the conversion of the rest of the World, the answers will be as follow:—

Total number of Ordained missionaries	1,400
“ Assistant	1,000
“ Native Helpers	2,800
“ Communicants in Missionary churches	181,000
“ Scholars in Missionary schools	162,000

If, in the next place, we inquire in what proportion this work has been performed by the several Protestant Churches, we will find that the various Congregational bodies in this country and Europe have sent out—Missionaries 366; the Episcopical churches—Eng-

lish 275, American, 19=294; Methodist churches—English Wesleyan, 107, American, North, 32 South, 20=189; Moravian Missionaries, 158; the various Presbyterian churches, over 400.

To the missionaries, as stated above, must be added the assistants and native helpers, whom he will not now enumerate, but will proceed to point out the mission-fields, and give the statistics of each as nearly as we can. The following are the principal places where missions have been establishments:—

American Indians, Miss. and Assistants	384
“ “ Communicants	9,868
“ “ Scholars in schools	2,477
Africa, Missionaries and Assistants	435
“ Native Helpers	116
“ Communicants	24,380
“ Scholars	24,618
Asia—India, China, &c., Miss. and Asts.	911
“ Native Helpers	1,875
“ Communicants	27,203
“ Scholars	84,137
Islands of the Pacific Ocean and China	
“ Sen, Miss. and Assist	201
“ “ Native Helpers	531
“ “ Communicants	42,518
“ “ Scholars	53,446
West Indies and Guiana, Miss. and Assist	355
“ “ Native Helpers	236
“ “ Communicants	76,072
“ “ Scholars	16,868

In concluding this exhibit, it may interest our readers to know that of the whole number of Protestant missionaries in the World those sent out by the English-speaking countries are 1,006; German, 321; French, 15; and that of the English-speaking missionaries the United States send out 400.

## JEWISH MISSION.

MONASTIR, Feb. 19th, 1861.

To the Jews Committee of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Another quarter has come to an end, and still I am unable to report any visible progress in the work you have committed to my feeble hands. Few and far between are the opportunities which offer themselves to preach the clear and plain Gospel of Christ and Him crucified for the sins of man. Still in some instances it has been done, and left to God to dispose of it according to His sovereign pleasure. In the medical line I continue as I did hitherto. A few items, not of my doings, but of my ascertaining, I wish to lay here before you.

A few weeks ago I became acquainted with an educated Bulgarian young man, whom I have engaged as my teacher in the languages of the country. He received his education in Russia, and speaks that language fluently,

so that we have a perfect medium of communication. He is enthusiastically national, and seems to love his people and language ardently. He is thoroughly anti-Russian in his political creed, regarding Russia's intention of swallowing his nation, if it could, as indisputable. It is from him chiefly that I have ascertained the following notices with reference to the present state of the Bulgarians.

*Bulgaria* proper at present is situated south of Walachia, having the Danube river as boundary between them. The south boundary of Bulgaria is Rumelia. On the east it has the Black Sea, and on the west Servia. I omit smaller projecting boundaries. Its population is about 5,000,000. But Bulgarians are found all over European Turkey, in some cases forming part of other communities, in others forming whole villages of pure Bulgarians. There is something interesting and promising in this race of men. Above all noticeable is their *industry*, especially as agriculturalists, for which they have an historic name since we know of them in the annals of history. Also as artisans they may be found all over European Turkey. Secondly, noticeable is their tenacity to their own language. Hundreds of years of Turkish and Greek ecclesiastical oppression, and that of the latter especially directed against their language by burning large and valuable libraries of Bulgarian printed books and manuscripts, and by excluding the Bulgarian language from the Liturgy and from the few schools, all these availed nothing against the rough Bulgarian tenacity to his own language, so that though he knows the Turkish in order to communicate with his political oppressors, and the Greek to communicate with his ecclesiastical, and really more intolerable oppressor, still he never forgets his native tongue, and in his now circumscribed native land he is establishing native schools at his own expense and in opposition to his own hierarchy. Thirdly, noticeable is the present religious position of the Bulgarians. It shows itself in a political direction, as is always the case with religious movements in Europe. For generations past, and since the Turks obtained dominion over the Bulgarians, has the Greek hierarchy domineered with an iron rod over the Bulgarian people, and this by the aid of the Turkish government, who find in that hierarchy a ready and valuable servant of oppression. The Bishop is the acknowledged head, religious and civil, of his bishopric. The Turkish government leaves it to him to judge and decide cases of litigation between Christian and Christian, and gives its sanction to his acts. This the hierarchy knows well to use; and pay to the government with their service as tax gatherers, and political enemies to their own people, instead of protecting them against injustice. The Greek hierarchy permits only very few Bulgarians into their ranks, the better to

tyrannize over them. The consequence of this is, as the Bulgarian language and nationality can not by any means be crushed, that an inveterate hatred has been engendered, and by persistence in that really impolitic conduct, it is fostered between Bulgarian and Greek. The Greek ecclesiastical party are termed "Fanariots" from the district called "Fanar" in Constantinople, where the Greeks have their ecclesiastical establishments. The name of "Fanariot," in a Bulgarian's mouth, is synonymous with oppression, treachery, craft, and a sanctimonious appearance over a hidden licentious life. By degrees, and in spite of all obstacles, the Bulgarian nation has risen in wealth and influence. Perhaps they owe this in great or small measure to Russia. Be it as it may, they are now taking courage, and are now demanding a restoration of their ancient Slavonic liturgy and a hierarchy of their own; nay more, a separate nationality under the Sultan's government. They wish their destiny and lot to be separated from the hated Greek "Fanariots." They are trying every means to obtain that end. One party of Roman Catholics was lately formed in Constantinople under the influence and patronage of the French Lazarists. Lately a deputation of 500 Bulgarians, headed by an Archbishop named Aoxenty, and Bishop Illarian and an editor of a Bulgarian paper, all in Constantinople, presented a petition to the Evangelical Alliance, or some other Christian body, begging their intervention with the Porte to help them to attain to their desired aim of establishing a hierarchy of their own. Some see in this act a favorable inclination to Protestantism. Encouraging certainly it is, and calls for redoubled efforts among them. If in a short time Protestant missionaries have succeeded in showing Bulgarians that Protestants are Christian brothers, perhaps they may also in time be led to see and love a pure Biblical faith. In my own experience with Bulgarians, what I said is fully confirmed. It is possible to do considerable, by God's aid, and through educational means. A Bulgarian press, ever so small, would be a mighty instrument for good in this place, as a centre of Bulgarian influence. It would pay its way partly in the very beginning, and perhaps wholly at no great distance of time. This is the opinion of my teacher too. In fact this would be a school for the adult instead of for the young. One could say much in its favor, if it could be known that such a thing would be entertained by those who have the means for it. As yet I have received nothing from you in shape of opinion in reference to my former reports. I therefore wait for your remarks.

In the political world, according to rumor, there is a storm brewing. There is said to be a large Russian force on the Pruth, and the Turks arm themselves accordingly. Europe is in a ferment, and no one knows where or in how many places the eruption will take

place. We are apparently on the eve of great events. The spring is advancing rapidly, and hastens catastrophes. Our trust must be lively in Christ, for the end may overtake us with but short notice.

Of our health I can say, thank God, the best. My family is well. May God continue His favor towards us.

Awaiting your remarks and notice,  
I remain, Dear Brethren,  
Your fellow-laborer in Christ,  
EPI. M. EPSTEIN.

#### INFANT BAPTISM IN THE GREEK CHURCH OF BITOLIA AND ANCIENT MACEDONIA.

All the services as well as all other religious performances take place at an early hour in the morning, viz., 2 o'clock Turkish, which is about 7 a la Franka. This morning at that time I had the pleasure or rather the misfortune of witnessing the baptism of four little children of three days old, of which one of them is the grandchild of our handlady whose house we are now occupying. So at 7 o'clock this morning I was already on my way to the church for the first time. The street as well as courtyard of the church was crowded with people because the service of the day was just over. I entered the church, which was as cold as an ice-house, and took seat near the door, in order not to attract any attention, and as the service was just finished, and many of the people were yet helping themselves to the communion, which was in great heaps prepared for them. Every one of them before and after partaking of it made the sign of the cross, and before leaving the church kissed the crucifix, holy Mary, and other saints, and went their way. Shortly after the church was nearly empty of people, excepting of a few who remained to witness the baptism. For about a half hour there was a perfect chaos, and I thought myself in the midst of a market-place, for persons were going and coming in all directions, and were talking and laughing as loud as they pleased. And several of the "papas" passed by them as indifferently as could be. I became a little impatient, and asked when the baptism would take place, for it was an hour behind the time already. I was informed that the friends were there already, and were only waiting for the "papa" (minister in the Greek language). Immediately one of them appeared, arrayed for the occasion, and with a book in his hands. At that moment I removed myself to the centre of the church in order that I might see all and lose nothing. From there I saw all the women standing with the babies in their arms in the outer porch of the church, where it was freezing cold, but fortunately the little ones were well wrapped-up. There stood also the "papa," where he read out of the Gospels

to them for about half an hour. During that time great preparations were made for the baptism. A very old man, called also papa, appeared, who looked as if he could neither see nor hear, performed the greatest part of the ceremony. The preparations were these: A little stand was brought in, upon which a tub with cold water was placed. Near by that stand was another one with a great many little wax candles which stuck to it, and which were lit on the occasion. And by that stand there was attached a little tin dish to it, with a cover that had many holes in it, and which was filled with incense. It was also lit as soon as the time for baptism approached. At that hour the chaplain got through with his reading, and the godmothers with their little charges walked into the church, and placed themselves where the incense was burning. The old man presided, and at a sign from him the four little infants were placed on the floor, which was of marble, and were immediately uncovered, notwithstanding their being entirely naked. But soon the old papa appeared with a small dish in his hands which contained holy water, and with which he sanctified the little creatures previous to the baptism by making the cross upon them. As soon as this was over, some hot water was brought and put into the tub of cold, and then the old Pope took up one child after another and bathed them in the tub as if they really needed it. Not a word or remark was said while the immersion was going on, and yet there was no appearance of solemnity whatever. After having washed them thoroughly well, he gave them back to their respective godmothers, who received them in parts of the clothes in which they were brought; and, after having allowed a little time for drying, he came with a small can of oil, and anointed them with it, both boys and girls. After this he fetched an old pair of scissors, which looked very much like old snuffers, and with it cut the hair of each infant. What he did with the hair, I cannot tell, but as soon as he got through with all this, an old woman appeared with soap and water, and waited upon the holy man in pouring the water over his hands. The baptism was now closing, and the chaplain took up the book and read out of it without any air of solemnity whatever, for he knows that the people do not understand it, and, while he was reading, talking and laughing were going on from all sides. After the reading both the old and young papas began to sing a psalm, and while they sang, the godmothers with their little charges were obliged to go round the circle where all the ceremonies were performed, and every time they came in at the front of the crucifix they bowed. This they repeated three times, and when there was no more to do, the old man said something to the women and disappeared. The women soon advanced to the altar, where I followed them, and where I saw what



I could not and what I would not believe before.

There the women with the children in their arms remained standing in a most solemn manner, and were waiting as if for the most important part of all. Accordingly a door was opened as by magic, and the old priest appeared covered with as many crosses and crucifixes as he could bear, and in addition to the things also a cup and tea-spoon in his hand. There he performed his holy vocation in administering to these infants of three days old the holy sacrament. May the Lord soon have mercy upon this people, upon Turks and Christians, that they may soon behold the truth as it is in Jesus, and may they see that all their works are as filthy rags, and that there is no safety except in the blood of Christ our only and true Saviour.

EUGENIA EPSTRIN.

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QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CANADA.

It affords us no ordinary pleasure to observe that this excellent nursery of our Church in the sister colony is making great and rapid strides both upwards and onwards, so that it would be difficult to say whether it is making greater progress in efficiency or in numbers. The one result is the natural concomitant and complement of the other. In point of efficiency, in internal discipline, in the *esprits du corps* of its members, in the number; enthusiasm, and attainments of the professorial staff it is equal to most, and superior to many of the American Colleges. It has now, in addition to a school of Arts and Theology, a Faculty of Law and a Faculty of Medicine, both prosperous in the highest degree, the latter numbering not fewer than 97 students. A Botanical Society has also been instituted, which promises important results; a gymnasium has been opened, besides other additions and improvements of a satisfactory nature. The whole number of students in attendance during the last term was 172, being, we understand, larger than any previous session. We are much pleased to observe that three students from the County of Pictou have this term distinguished themselves in a very creditable manner. They are all from Scotch Hill, viz:

- Mr. John Gordon, degree of B. A., with honors in Mathematics.
- Mr. John Macmillan, 2nd prize Senior Latin.
- Mr. John Macmillan, 1st prize Senior Greek.
- Mr. John Macmillan, 1st prize Senior Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.
- Mr. Alexander Macquarrie, Order of Merit in do. No. 1.

The Address of the Very Rev. Principal Leitch is an able and valuable paper. We have room only for the following extract:

"I am bound to hold an impartial balance between the various professions, but yet I cannot but express my regret that so few, comparatively, of the youth of Canada should devote themselves to the service of the Church. While such numbers flock to our Medical schools, how comparatively few are found in our Divinity halls. While the avenues to the Medical and Legal professions are crowded, few seek employment as clergymen in the bodies with which they are connected. I cannot but think that many who have natural gifts of the right kind have shunned the Clerical profession from the mistaken notion that they escape responsibility by adopting the Legal or Medical profession. But it is folly to think that you can in any profession escape Christian responsibility. Society needs the progress of Christianity, needs Christian doctors and Christian lawyers, just as much as Christian ministers, and a man can deny his Divine Master as well in one profession as in the other. Be assured, that Christian responsibility will haunt you in whatever profession you take refuge, and you do not escape an accusing conscience by fleeing from the profession of the ministry. I allude to this merely that you may not be seduced into a wrong path in life by dangerous misconceptions. Consider well the gifts God hath given you, and choose that profession in which you best can serve God and your fellow-men, and do not be influenced by the fatal mistake that in any one profession you can escape responsibility.

Our frequent appeals to the future greatness of this country sometimes provoke a smile on the part of our friends across the Atlantic; but I believe these appeals show something more than a weakness on our part; a people must have faith in their country's future greatness, and these frequent appeals would not be made unless they struck a chord of sincere conviction deep in the Canadian heart. But let me remind you that this greatness is not some blind destiny, a greatness to be thrust upon you against your will. It is for you the future Physicians, Clergymen, Lawyers, Judges and Statesmen of Canada, to achieve that greatness, and let me remind you that, though the Physician be skilful, the Clergyman eloquent, the Lawyer clever, and the highest positions in the land filled by accomplished men, yet, if there is one element wanting, we shall fail of true greatness. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation. It is the integrity and honor of England, not so much her genius and talent, that have raised her to the first place among nations, and if we are to seek a similar position, we are to gain it not by mere cleverness of intellect but by the high principles of honor. The youth trained up in our Universities are naturally those whom we may expect to occupy the most prominent positions in this country, and hence it is necessary that such institutions should be not mere semina-

ries of learning but nurseries of moral greatness, and no moral greatness can be cherished except in the atmosphere of Christian influences. It has been the aim of this Institution to supply these elements, and we labor in the hope that your future career will proclaim that our labors are not in vain."

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#### POPULAR ERRORS.

We have spoken of congregational delusions on the subject of "giving." But connected with every portion of ministerial work there are popular fallacies. People accept and act upon them without thinking. Do not get angry, beloved brother reader, at a statement of some of these. If they sit you very closely—even to the pinching point—why then drop them. If you are "not guilty," do not accuse the writer of having had you in his eye when he was writing. This little article is saying "thou art the man" only to the really guilty. And it aims not at a cloud of words but at plainness of speech. Listen then.

(1) Many members of the congregation expect that their minister should marry to please them. Agreed then; but let it be understood also that they are always to marry to please him. But it would be impertinent for him to meddle with any of his people in these affairs of the heart, you say. Well, give him the benefit of the same code. Leave to him some little corner of a private life. Whether his wife be taken from his own congregation or not; whether she belong to his own denomination or not; whether she be a native of the same country or not; is simply none of your business. Was that not a fair answer that the minister made to a deputation of his congregation who waited upon him to ask if the lady of his choice was a saint.—"I cannot be sure, but at any rate she is a pretty little sinner, and I love her?"

And again, to hear the talk of many, one would think that the congregation paid the minister's wife as well as the minister. "Why is she not more fine in her way?" why does she not give more attention to the Sabbath School?" why is she so extravagant?" "so mean?" &c., &c.—all no more your business, my backbiting friends, than such matters in your houses are your minister's business. And do you not know that any man worthy of the name would far rather that you found fault with him than with his wife.

(2.) Many members of the congregation expect that their minister should vote to please them. He is to have nothing to do with politics on penalty of being branded as a political hack, but he will be allowed to vote—on one condition; and that is, that he vote according to his own conscience. Oh no, that is not it, but according to the conscience of the party. The party may in his opinion go wrong, and the opposition be on

the right track, but all that makes no difference. And when the congregation consists of men of both political parties, then the rule seems to be that the minister should not vote at all that he may offend neither. What ridiculous nonsense! He must become a nonentity lest the exercise of his simplest citizen right should be construed by some childish hearer into a cause of offence. It is strange that this contemptible tyranny which would degrade ministers into being slaves of political feeling should be the fruit of that dissent and voluntarism which would separate the Church and the national interests as naturally independent. But so it is; for while in the national churches in Britain there are members and ministers of all shades of politics, and a man would no more ask "whom does my minister vote for?" than he would ask "who is his hatter?" Among the sects on the contrary there is almost always one stamp of politics, and with that their ministers are expected to be duly signed and sealed. One sort of Popery would make the people vote as the priests dictate; another sort of Popery would make the ministers vote or refrain from voting as the people dictate.

(3.) Many members of the congregation think that the great end of their minister's preaching should be to please them. Paul had a different idea of the office, the duty, and the judge of a true minister. He is a steward of the mysteries of God; his duty therefore is to be faithful to Him who called him to the stewardship; and He who judgeth him is the Lord. Let men not forget that the word to the speaker "take heed how you speak," and to the hearers "take heed how ye hear," are from the same authority. The speaker is before God; so is the hearer. Both have their parts to fulfil. Is it the part of the hearer to come as a critic, trying every word by his own standard? Let him come because he hungers and thirsts to hear God's word, and he will not so often have to complain of a Dryasdust pulpit.

Are there no "popular errors" among the ministry? Yes, not a few; but it is not of such that we are now speaking. Perhaps we are not yet done with the "popular errors" of the congregation.

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#### SCRIPTURE SKETCHES.—THE PRODIGAL IN WANT.

He would not be a son; now he is a slave. He would not live as an heir; now, all the horizon is dark—the present not his—the future snatched from him. He would not be in his father's house; now he must serve in the fields. The abundance of home, the upper seat at table, he despised; now he would fain fill his belly with husks. The old friends, the family circle, the mystic influences of heartstone and altar, he had cut himself away from; now he has for society the gross

hinds and the grosser swine. Then, every want was anticipated, every necessity ministered unto; now, no man will give unto him.—no pity for him. Then, his work was light, his employment honorable; now—oh shame! he is a swineherd. Oh terrible retribution! Selfishly he would find his life; and he has lost it. He would concentrate happiness upon himself; but it has altogether eluded his grasp. Those eyes now joyless—once flushed back a sunny laughter, an answer to a mother's smile. That form—prematurely old—enfeebled by vice, was once a worthy temple of a God-gifted human soul. The face now seamed with lines that passion has burned deeply into it once calmly mirrored the trust and peace and joy of a loved son.

Thus have the world, the flesh, and the devil treated him. Fair promises they made him at first. Eat, drink, and be merry; the cup is full and it is thy own. Withhold not thyself from aught that thy soul lusts after. Be a God unto thyself; make all things, all duties fall down and worship thee. Every man for himself. Thus spoke the world. And for a time the temptress seemed to be as good as her word. She made him drunk with her enchantments. Let no man affect to despise the pleasures of the world. They have a reality that makes them ring for a time like the genuine metal. Even the delirium of "riotous living" is a joy, wild and insane though it be. Over the mad Maelstrom though there be no serene heavenly loadstars, yet meteors flash and blaze, and the soul for a time can rejoice in their light. But then comes black night—the night that has no morning, and to the homeless soul the very darkness lays bare its whole want and woe. No wonder that the man cries out in despair. This was not what he had bargained for. He is no longer the world's master, but its slave. He got the good wine first, and now he must drink "that which is worse." And the world's fat things no longer satisfy him. He may "fill his belly," nay dull the gnawing pain, but his cravings remain and demand different food. The beginning of the woe is upon him;—"woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger."

The famine had touched the Prodigal. Thus it reached the Jewish Church when her first husband was abandoned for other lovers. I will go after them, she said, for they give me "my bread and my water, my wool and my flax, mine oil and my drink." But instead of getting anything from them, she was stripped by them of all that she had. Then she discovered her nakedness. Thus too the famine touched the Gentile world. It had sought its life in the fountains of earth, seeking to perfect itself through the flesh. But every spring dried up; after drinking at each and all, still there was the same quenchless thirst. Fierce war brought it not, and the substitutes of rich spoils, and ovations, and high office satisfied not the soul. Eagle-eyed

philosophy wrapped its cloaks around itself, and lay down to die, murmuring "I cannot find it." Art filled the temples and the groves, but not the citadel of Mansoul. Poesy rolled her fine eye in phrenzy, as she cried, "it is not in me." The world by wisdom could not find God. When the world was conscious of its famine, "the fulness of time" had come.

As with the Church and world, so with the prodigal in all ages. "Go to now, O heart, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure," said one who would have found life in the world if the world had it to give. The search was made; earth was weighed in the balances, and the result is declared. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit, and there is no profit under the sun." "What is the world but a crowd of knaves and fools who are cheated and ruled by a few master rogues. I curse God that ever I was born. Such are Voltaire's bitter thoughts; though he was "stuffed," his soul was hungry. Oh earth! earth! foster—nurse, but not our mother, not our home. And listen to the moan of one still young, whose "portion of goods" seemed infinite and all that heart could desire:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers, the fruits of love are gone.  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone."

Reader! is all your food taken from earth's lap? Then are you sure to be in want. If not now, in eternity—when too late—it will reach you. I pray God that the famine may come home to you now. Then seek for that bread, after eating which, hunger is no more suffered. Like the old Jewish Church, say, "I will return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now." Life in God is the only true life; and that life is life for evermore. The taste of it now is the earnest of it as an everlasting inheritance; and if earth but introduces you to it, you will feel grateful to earth. With dying Rutherford you will say "I thank God that I have been born."

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For the "Record."  
THE RAINBOW.

Genesis ix. Revelations iv.

Beside his tent the aged patriarch stood,  
Where earth, in robes of perfumed beauty  
dressed,  
Fresh from the cleansing baptism of the flood,  
Lay like a free and joyous child at rest.  
The evening sacrifice of prayer and praise,  
Like a sweet savor, had gone up to heaven,  
While the rich hues of sunset's lingering rays  
Touched the fair landscape with its glorious  
leaven:  
Like Eden's land, ere sin had entered there,  
So nature slumbered beautiful and fair!

But as the patriarch gazed, across the sky  
A breath of shadow swept, and sudden rain  
Fell like sweet dewdrops on the emerald dye  
Of herb and foliage, crowning hill and plain.

Though exquisite the freshness of the shower,  
 Lending new beauty to the echoing scene,  
 Peeking the fringes of each drooping flower.  
 Brightening earth's undulating waves of green,  
 Sweet incense bathing nature's altar shrine—  
 Man only trembled at the avenging sign,

And watched the falling drops with shrinking  
 dread:

But as in fear each heart and knee was bowed,  
 Strange threads of colored light a glory shed.

And spanned the purple darkness of the cloud:  
 The sunshine touched the raindrops falling there,  
 The cloud drank up the hues of changeable light,  
 Braiding their beauty: Lo! a rainbow fair  
 Unrolled its glorious crescent to the sight,  
 And the bright dimpled waters of the sea  
 Mirrored its beauty in intensity.

While God's own voice the lovely symbol blessed  
 Until remotest time to all below,

Herein his covenant of love confessed,  
 Within the cloud a bright memorial bow  
 To stand forever as a living sign,

Between his land and ours the pledge of peace,  
 His seal of promise on a bond divine  
 Kept in his registry till time shall cease,  
 As from the Ark the plague of waters stayed,  
 So earth no more by flood should be dismayed.

And still our Father's voice by us is heard

In the soft bow that spans the weeping sky;  
 Heaven's scroll for us still keeps the written  
 word,

Traed in fair characters of iris dye.

Yet beautiful as seems the rainbow now,

Its form is incomplete to mortal gaze,

A broken circle only gilds the brow

Of evenings shadow with its melting rays;

But round the throne, Christ's finished work

above,

The bow is perfect, like the Saviour's love.

Fadeless in hue, the emerald's softest green,

It wreathes its glorious circle evermore,

Our Conqueror's trophy from this mortal scene,  
 Bridging the sea of life from shore to shore.

No more a symbol; perfect and complete—  
 Eternal chaplet round the Saviour's throne,

Where the great army of his people meet,  
 Redeemed and glorious, evermore his own.

Here we believed; his presence there shall be  
 The perfect rainbow of Eternity!

Halifax, May 27th, 1861.

M. J. K.

## THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Why do we hear so little of the doings of our people in the P. E. Island Presbytery? Why so little news in the *Record* about New Brunswick? Why is there not more local intelligence concerning all our congregations? Last month there was an editorial complaint that explained all. Whether there be inductions, or presents to ministers, or congregational or Presbyterian action of any kind, or Sabbath School proceedings, the general rule seems to be that our ministers and our leading laymen are too indifferent by far to think of penning a paragraph about them for the *Record*.

Interesting items of news might be sent from time to time from this Island. Thus in Charlottetown two or three weeks ago, a

grand festival was given to the Sabbath School children, which passed off most successfully. The Governor was in the chair; the leader of the government, the Professor of the College, the minister, and other notabilities making speeches on the occasion; but there was no word of it in the *Record*. The scholars of the same Sabbath School have recently heard from Mr. Paton in Canada, that there is an orphan now in the Calcutta Orphanage, who looks to them for support. They have been waiting for this orphan for years I believe, and the little Hindoo has turned up at last. If an account were sent to the *Record* of the way in which their connection with their protegee is kept up, other Schools might be stimulated to "go and do likewise."

But the Presbytery here is very weak handed. A missionary is absolutely indispensable. If we could get two, one of them able to preach Gaelic, so much the better. But that you may have some idea of the extent of the field, allow me to mention a few details about our vacancies, and this month, especially about Georgetown. A most unfortunate congregation this one of Georgetown has been from the first. Twenty or thirty years ago it was along with Murray Harbor, a fine field for an energetic man to labor in. The two places then got a minister, who was over them long enough to scatter them in disgust, cause many of them to become Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, &c., and who was then deposed for gross offences. Then came the Rev. Hugh Ross for a short time; he left our church in 1843, and most of the Murray Harbor people also joined the Free Church. Georgetown was then left desolate and remained so, with the exception of getting the third part of Mr. Bethune's services while he was minister of Murray Harbor—until four years ago when Mr. Lochead came. Before his arrival the church was unfinished, and Mr. Snodgrass had induced the people to subscribe £80 that it might be finished. The Colonial Committee also gave a grant; so that under Mr. Lochead's ministry, the church was completed and a tower added to it; everything about the church and the graveyard was neatly arranged; and the congregation was organized and brought into something like working order. Still it is a weak congregation; not more than fifty families are connected with it, though we include those in the country as well as in the village; and half the services of a minister is all that at present it could expect.

WEST BRANCH RIVER JOHN, }  
 May 8th, 1861. }

To the Editor of the *Monthly Record*.

DEAR SIR,—An event of no ordinary interest, especially to those more immediately concerned, took place at the West Branch River John to-day, viz., the induction of the

Rev. William McMillan to the pastoral charge of the united congregation of Earlton and West Branch. The services were conducted by the Rev. Thomas Tallach of Pugwash, who preached, as usual, a most able, impressive, and eloquent discourse, the subject of which was taken from 2nd Tim., chap. iv., verses 6, 7, and the first half of the 8th, "For I am ready to be offered, &c." The Rev. Alexander McKay of Salt Springs, addressed minister and people upon their respective duties. At the conclusion of the services, Mr. McMillan received a most cordial welcome from the members of his flock.

The Presbytery of Pictou then proceeded to enquire into the affairs of the congregation. It appears that the entire congregation numbers some 200 families. They have two churches which are deeded to a Committee in trust for the Church of Scotland. The Free Church minister has had the use of both buildings hitherto. How far this shall be the case for the future will depend a good deal upon circumstances and good behavior. There is a very fine manse, with I dont know how many acres of glebe land, and all free of debt, with the exception of a few pounds due for missionary services, they do not owe a single sixpence. This is very creditable to a congregation who have never had a settled minister among them. Other and more favored congregations might well imitate their example, especially as regards the manse and glebe; but of some ten congregations comprising the Presbytery of Pictou, there are only four that have provided manses for their ministers. It is to be hoped that all not provided in this respect, will see it to be their duty to be up and doing, and to make a strong and vigorous effort in this direction.

The people of Earlton and West Branch have ever been distinguished for their strong, steady, and intelligent attachment to the Church of Scotland—the good old ark that has weathered so many storms, and that has done such good service in the cause of the Master. Their earnest longings have this day been gratified, in obtaining a pastor after their own heart, who can declare to them the glad tidings of salvation in the language so dear to them, a few words of which, spoken even by Sassenach lips, is at once a passport to the heart of the Highlander.

Yours, &c.,

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#### INDUCTION OF THE REV. S. MACGREGOR.

On the 24th ult., the Presbytery of Pictou met in the church of the Upper Settlement East River, Mr. Herdman Moderator, and after the usual preliminary steps, inducted the Rev. S. Macgregor to the pastorship of the East and West Branch congregation. The Rev. Mr. Herdman preached and presided, and the Rev. Dr. Macgillivray addressed the newly inducted minister and people. The

day was extremely pleasant; the attendance good; the proceedings most harmonious. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Macgregor on the favorable circumstances of this event. The unanimity and cordiality with which he was called and welcomed among them, augur well for his future usefulness and happiness, and leave no room for doubt as to the longing anxiety yet exemplary impatience with which they awaited his coming. We congratulate the East and West Branch congregations on their good fortune in securing the services of one so well qualified to be their teacher in spiritual things, one whose earnestness and fidelity will, we have no doubt, retain that confidence and esteem which his ability and zeal have won for him. His perseverance and success in the past may well inspire with the hope of much good crowning his efforts in the time to come. We heartily bid them, pastor and people, God speed, and hail with unmingled delight the rebuilding of our beloved Zion in this Province.

We were much gratified to see the good feeling evinced by the Revs. Angus Macgillivray and Mackinnon enhancing the harmony of the proceedings by their presence on that occasion. May peace and harmony prevail among them, that the kingdom of our Lord may be daily widening.

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#### MEETING OF THE PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX.

*Halifax, Nova Scotia, St. Matthew's Church Session Room, 2nd May, 1861.*

The Presbytery of Halifax in connection with the Church of Scotland met according to appointment, and was constituted with prayer by the Moderator.

Sederunt, Rev. John Scott, Moderator; Rev. Messrs. Martin, Boyd and Jardine, ministers; Messrs. P. Thomson and James Bremner, elders.

The minutes of last ordinary meeting were read, sustained, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Martin reported that from the state of his health he had been unable to ascertain the number of communicants and adherents connected with the Church in Laurencetown and Sackville, and was instructed to furnish the same in writing to next meeting of Presbytery.

Mr. Stewart reported verbally that he had implemented the instructions of the Presbytery. He also laid on the table a petition from the building committee of the church at Truro, requesting the Presbytery to transmit their petition for aid to the ensuing meeting of Synod, which was agreed to. Thereafter Mr. Stewart was appointed to preach in Truro on May 5th and 12th, on June 2nd and 9th, and on July 7th and 14th; and in Musquodoboit on May 19th and 26th, on

June 16th, 23rd and 30th, and on July 21st and 28th.

The Presbytery then resolved itself into a Committee for the purpose of examining Church Records. The Session Records of St. Matthew's, St. Andrew's and Masquodoboit congregations were produced, examined, approved, and ordered to be attested.

The Presbytery ordered a roll of the members of this Court to be made up and transmitted to the Synod Clerk before next meeting.

Mr. Stewart was appointed to preach in this place on the evening previous to the next meeting of Presbytery.

The next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held here on the first Thursday of August at 11 o'clock a. m.

The meeting was closed with prayer.

THOS. JARDINE, *Pres. Clerk.*

### CHURCH AT HOME.

**WITHDRAWAL OF DR. ANDERSON AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE MODERATORSHIP OF THE ASSEMBLY.**—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Cupar on Tuesday, the Rev. James Anderson, Cults., who was appointed a member of the General Assembly at last meeting of Presbytery, begged leave to resign the office in favour of the Rev. Dr. Anderson of Newburgh. The Rev. Doctor, however, declined to accept the honour. He said that after due consideration, he had resolved to withdraw himself as a candidate for the Moderatorship of the General Assembly.

The *Brechin Advertiser* mentions that, on Sabbath week, the Rev. Dr. Paterson, of Montrose, re-delivered the sermon which he preached 50 years ago, on being introduced to the second charge, as parish minister. His text was, "Preach the Word." At the conclusion of his discourse the rev. gentleman referred to the occasion in every pathetic terms.

**MODERATOR OF THE IRISH GENERAL ASSEMBLY.**—At a meeting of the Clogher Presbytery, held on the second Tuesday of April, the Rev. Mr. Boyd nominated the Rev. John Macnaughtan, of Belfast, Moderator for the ensuing General Assembly.—*Banner of Ulster.*

**DEATH OF THE LATE PROCURATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.**—Our obituary contains the announcement of the death of Mr. Robert Bell, advocate, late Sheriff of Berwick and Haddington, and Procurator of the Church of Scotland. Mr. Bell, who was called to the bar in 1804, was upwards of eighty-years of age. He had for a very long period filled the office of Procurator of the Church of Scotland, and was, we believe the oldest member of St. George's kirk-session. For some years back he has been in a

very infirm state of health, and in consequence in 1856, Mr. A. S. Cook, advocate, was appointed to the office of Joint-Procurator, which, we presume, he will now solely fill. About a year ago Mr. Bell resigned the Sheriffship of Berwick and Haddington, and was succeeded by Mr. George Young.

**UNION BETWEEN THE ESTABLISHED AND THE FREE CHURCH.**—At the London dinner on Saturday, the Duke of Argyll said, in reference to the above subject, in a short speech which was loudly cheered—"In proposing the next toast—'The Church of our Fathers'—I comprehend in that form of words those Churches in our native land who draw their light and life from the Reformation. With reference to the Free Church, I look forward with hope to see that Church again united to the Church of Scotland. It is well known that I had at the time, and still have, a very large amount of sympathy with the opinions and feelings of those who became members of the Free Church, although I do not entirely agree dogmatically with their views, and if there were any means by which it was possible to contribute to the return of that Church, I should be delighted to devote myself to it. Especially I may say, with reference to what I regard as the great cause of controversy between us—I mean lay patronage in the Church of Scotland—I have no right to speak for any other member of the body of lay patrons: but speaking entirely for myself, being one of the largest of them as regards the number of livings, I feel the law one of great and irksome responsibility, and if by means of its abolition or any other measure the Church of Scotland could be re-invigorated by a large majority of those who left her in former years, I should think it a cheap sacrifice to make for such an object."

**THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND ENDOWMENT SCHEME.**—THE LATE PROFESSOR ROBERTSON.—The *Times* of Monday says:—On the death of the late Professor Robertson, of Edinburgh, it was felt, that there ought to be some public tribute of respect to his memory and recognition of his laborious and disinterested services in projecting, and in a great measure accomplishing, the erection and endowment of 150 additional parishes in the poorest districts of Scotland, where the means of religious instruction were altogether deficient. A number of his friends and supporters conceived that the most appropriate memorial would be the completion of the great work which he had undertaken, and efforts were at once made to procure the necessary funds. The appeal which Professor Robertson, just before his death, had contemplated to his countrymen in London, on behalf of his scheme was made on Saturday evening by means of a dinner in the Freemasons' Tavern. The Duke of Argyll presided, and among those present was the

Duke of Montrose, Lord Elecho, M. P.; Sir J. D. Elphinstone, M. P.; Sir James Fergusson, M. P.; Sir Charles McGregor, Mr. Black, M. P.; Mr. W. Miller, M. P.; Sheriff Lusk, the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow; Major-General Mathieson, &c. The noble Chairman, Dr. Macleod, and other speakers, bore testimony to the zeal and perseverance with which Professor Robertson devoted himself to the Endowment Scheme, and to the benefits which it has conferred on the country. More efficient ministers can be procured for permanent parochial charges than for chapels of ease, where the income is fluctuating and insecure; and the subdivision of very large parishes and disjunction of those which have been improperly united enable the ministers to discharge their duties in a more satisfactory manner. The disparity between the numbers of the population (which has increased with great rapidity within the last half-century,) and the scanty means of spiritual instruction at the disposal of the Church of Scotland, has thus been greatly lessened. Much, however, still remains to be done in the same direction; and the managers of the commemoration fund make an urgent appeal for subscriptions to complete the useful scheme of the late Dr. Robertson."

#### NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

—A conversation was held on Tuesday night in the Queen's Rooms, in celebration of the union of the Glasgow Bible Society and the Glasgow Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society with the National Bible Society of Scotland. John Henderson, Esq., of Park, occupied the chair, supported by the Rev. Mr. Somerville, Rev. G. D. Cullen, Rev. Mr. Cochrane, Rev. Mr. M'Ewen, Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Rev. Dr. M'Taggart, Rev. Mr. Flindt, and others. An excellent tea was partaken of, served up with great elegance by Mr. Drummond Union Street. The Rev. Dr. M'Taggart opened the meeting with prayer; after which,

The Chairman said the occasion of their meeting was a very joyful one, and he trusted the present would be the beginning of many such meetings from time to time.

The Rev. Alex. M'Ewen addressed the meeting on "Our duty to hold forth, as well as to hold fast, the Word of Life."

The Rev. G. D. Cullen then addressed the meeting upon the subject of the "Encouragements to renewed and increased exertions in the present state of affairs abroad." He expressed his great pleasure at being present at this meeting of the United Societies of Glasgow, and the more so as he was able to announce that the Edinburgh Society was going to cast in its lot with this Society. After the union which had taken place, the name of John Henderson would long be honored and associated with the National Bible Society of Scotland. (Applause.)

The Rev. A. N. Somerville delivered an address upon "Scotland and Bible Circulation." He congratulated the meeting upon the announcement made by Mr. Cullen, and he had no doubt that with the blessing of God the United Society would now prosper exceedingly.

Dr. Norman Macleod next addressed the meeting, his topic being "Welcome to the societies which united with the National Bible Society, and Bible diffusion a bond of Christian Union."

After singing two verses of a Psalm, the meeting was addressed by

The Rev. G. K. Flindt, upon the "Importance of female agency in promoting the interests of Bible Societies, and in supplying the missing link for the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures."

The benediction was then pronounced, after which the meeting separated.

SYNOD OF MORAY.—This reverend Court met on Tuesday at Forres. The Rev. Mr. Macintosh of Rafford was elected moderator. On the motion of Mr. Duguid, an overture was adopted on religious tests in schools, requesting the Assembly to consider the matter, and call the attention of the public to the declaration of the mind of the Church in regard to education, as given forth in their testimony and protest contained in the 9th Act of Assembly 1849. Another overture was adopted praying the Assembly to adopt measures from relieving the members of the Elgin Presbytery personally from the extrajudicial expenses which had been incurred in the Elgin Academy Case. The expenses amounted to about £3000, £500 of which fell on the Elgin Presbytery.

THE DISPUTED SETTLEMENT AT DUNBLANE.—The proof in this case closed on Wednesday, when the Dunblane Presbytery were engaged in discussing a motion by the Rev. Mr. Smeaton, Tulliallan, to the effect that the court should refer the whole case *simpliciter* to the General Assembly, on the ground of the difficulties before them, the printed proof and sermons not being before them, &c. Mr. Jamieson replied that that course would be most convenient, but he thought it injudicious, as the Presbytery, from the very fact of the great labor they had devoted to the subject, were best able to decide it. After a long discussion Mr. Smeaton, on the representation of several members of Presbytery that his motion had taken them by surprise, agreed to its withdrawal in the meantime; and the rev. court shortly afterwards unanimously resolved to meet on Wednesday next to hear the sermons of the presentee, and on Thursday following to hear counsel for parties.

SYNOD OF FORFAR.—This body met at Arbroath on Tuesday. The only business of importance related to the Church Extension and Endowment Scheme. It was reported

that the subscriptions for the Province now amount to upwards of £20,000. A resolution expressing regret for the decease, and respect for the memory of the late Dr. Robertson, along with an acknowledgment of his eminent services to this scheme, was adopted, and a copy ordered to be transmitted to Mrs. Robertson.

**SYNOD OF MERSE AND TEVIOTDALE.**—This Synod met at Kelso on Tuesday. Mr. Macleod of Lauder was chosen moderator. A deputation from the Presbyterian Church in England was heard in support of the scheme for supplying manse to ministers in the north of England. The Synod recommended a collection for this object on the 11th of May. The Rev. Mr. Phin of Galashiels brought forward an overture on the Endowment Scheme, acknowledging the great services rendered by Dr. Robertson to the scheme, and expressing sympathy with his relatives, pledging the Synod to do its utmost for the accomplishment of the work, advertising in terms of gratitude to the exertions making by the Hon. Major Baillie for that purpose, and directing that copies of the minute should be transmitted to Major Baillie, to Mrs. Robertson, and to Dr. Robertson's father. The Rev. Mr. Murray of Melrose seconded the motion, which was cordially and unanimously agreed to. There was no other business of importance before the Synod, which then adjourned.

**ESTABLISHED PRESBYTERY OF EDINBURGH.**—The monthly meeting was held on Wednesday—Dr. Glover, Moderator. Dr. Stevenson intimated that he had received her Majesty's appointment as Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and after some congratulatory remarks, he was allowed to sign the formula. It was agreed to transmit an overture to the Assembly, asking the Court to restrict the term "Protestant Universities" from whom certificates should be secured, so as to secure the education of students according to the standards of the Church. The Presbytery agreed to meet for the ordination of the Rev. William Middleton, appointed as chaplain to Bombay, on Thursday, 9th May.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF QUEENS' COLLEGE,  
CANADA.

This institution is rapidly engraving itself upon the confidence of the people of Canada; it is the only College in Canada which can boast of a full equipment of the various faculties of Arts, Medicine, Law and Theology. Its present staff consists of a Principal and 14 Professors or teachers, viz., 6 in Theology and Arts, 7 in Medicine, and 3 in Law. The number of students during last session amounted altogether to 169 being an increase of 24 upon last year.

Every department seems to be in a state of great efficiency, and the discipline is every thing that could be desired, the very best spirit, in every sense of the term existing between professors and students; not a single case of misconduct having been reported during the session just terminated. This is a most encouraging state of matters and stands out in striking contrast to the unfortunate New Brunswick University. During the past year a Botanical Society has been instituted, chiefly through the exertions of Professor Lawson; an Observatory also has been established, and a Gymnasium erected by the students themselves with the sanction of the Senatus. Judging from present appearances, the University of Queens' College has before it a long career of prosperity and usefulness, and we trust will continue for many generations to be the spiritual and intellectual nurse and educator of many hundreds of the sons of Canada and the adjoining Provinces. Our readers will be glad that financially speaking, the affairs of the institution are all that could be desired. The income for the past year having been \$18,871 and the expenditure \$14,050. The salary of the Principal is £600 and of the other Professors £375 per annum.

The income is derived from various sources, \$6000 per annum from Government, \$2000 from Clergy Reserve Fund, \$1400 from Colonial Committee and \$3750 from Dividends on Bank Stock, &c. The amount from fees is trifling, but there have been some special bequests to a considerable amount, making altogether the handsome annual income of \$18,000.

The University of Queens' College, Canada, has conferred the honorary degree of D. D., on the Rev. William Donald, A. M., of St. Johns, N. B. We beg to congratulate Dr. Donald on this well earned honor. Distinguished not less as a scholar than as a Christian gentleman we trust he will be long spared to wear his distinction among an attached people to whom he has long endeared himself by his fidelity and zeal in their service, as well as for the liberal and catholic spirit he has ever evinced towards all classes and degrees of people around him. The Church of Scotland in the Lower Provinces now numbers among its ministers three Doctors of Divinity. Dr. McGilvray of McLenan's Mountain, Dr. Brooke of Frederickton and Dr. Donald of St. Johns.

We omitted to mention in its proper place that George J. Cane of Chatham, N. B., took his degree of B. A. with honors in Mathematics, and also a prize in the Natural Philosophy class.



## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATION.—The usual ceremony of capping the graduates took place in the Fore Hall on Wednesday. The medical graduates met at 12 o'clock, when there were present—Principal Barclay, Professor Weir, clerk to senate, and several of the medical professors. After administering the oath the ceremony was proceeded with, which consists in the graduates going on their knees, and the principal putting a cap (which in shape very much resembles a Kilmarnock bonnet) on their heads. The same ceremony was gone through with the art graduates at 1 o'clock, when the Principal, Professor Weir, and several of the arts professors were present. An increase is shown this year in all the graduations, but more particularly for the B. A. degree, probably owing to this being the last year in which that degree has to be given.

## MEETINGS OF SYNOD.

The meeting of the Synod of our Church in Canada took place in Montreal on the third Wednesday of May last. The proceedings of this body are every year becoming more interesting and important, and we hope to be able to lay an abstract of them before our readers in our next number. The Synod of the Canada Presbyterian Church is to meet in the same place on the 4th inst., the union of the two bodies, the United Presbyterian and Free Church, having been arranged to take place immediately before said meeting.

The meeting of the Synod of our Church in New Brunswick will take place on the 2nd Wednesday of August.

The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia is to be held this year in Halifax on the 26th June.

The Synod of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island will be held in Halifax on the fourth Wednesday of June, when we trust that every minister and missionary belonging to the body, and as many elders as possible from the various churches, will endeavor to be present. Business of very considerable importance will come before this venerable Court, affecting the future wellbeing of our Church, and we trust that they will be discussed in a spirit and with a purpose which shall tend to the future growth of our Church in these colonies, and the promotion of the kingdom of her Divine Head. There is only one subject to which, as we are somewhat concerned, and as it will doubtless be before the Synod, we would wish to direct its attention. The matter indeed is one of explanation simply. A committee was appointed by the Synod to collect statistics and have them published in the *Record*. A table was indeed forwarded us with returns, and these most imperfect ones, from only four or five congregations.

To have published these as the statistics of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island would only have been to expose ourselves to ridicule, while the information, from its detached character, would have been worse than useless. We do not pretend to indicate where the fault lies, but had printed schedules, to be simply filled up, been forwarded to every Kirk Session, as well as to the Trustees or Managers of the various congregations, there would have been left no loop hole of excuse for delinquents. But we believe no arrangement was made for this, and no funds appropriated for it; hence the result. We trust that care will be taken to secure a full and correct return for the present year.

## PERSONAL.

We regret very much to observe that the *Colonial Presbyterian*, a New Brunswick religious newspaper, has thought fit in late successive issues to devote a considerable portion of its space to the abuse of the *Monthly Record*. To these strictures, which are the mere outpourings of a malicious spirit, we have no reply to make. To answer them in the style in which they have been made would be more easy than profitable, but our periodical was established with a higher aim than to bandy personal vituperation. So far as we are concerned, the editor of that paper will have the field altogether to himself, and we wish him joy of it.

## REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

The past month has not been upon the whole a very notable one. May has from the earliest times been the favorite month of poets—but this year it has been more than usually ungenial, cold, biting, and penetrating, so that it inaugurates its successor with scarcely a bud upon the trees and but a scanty green upon the sward. This is the season during which the Presbyterial portion of the religious world assembles to count its gains, from the kingdom of darkness, to overlook its work and make arrangements for another year. John Knox's family is now a large and widely scattered one. The first General Assembly, consisted we think of some ten or twelve ministers, now they count almost as many thousands. Surely there is something great and noble in this—something to warm the veriest laggard in the great race of life.

Troubles many and great will afflict our brethren in the United States at these their yearly convocations, arising from the civil dissensions which are tearing asunder their political oneness. We perceive that the national or rather sectional exasperation which has separated North and South is scarcely less bitter or intense in the Church than it

is in the State. This was almost to be expected, for it has long been a favorite argument among Southern preachers that slavery was not only permitted but enjoined by Scripture, in short that it was a sort of divine institution. In the meantime, the "war" in the States proceeds in a manner which puzzles everybody. The President has been inaugurated more than three months, the whole South according to the newspapers, has been blazing like a volcano, every section of the North has been sending forth troops by thousands, and yet no blow has been struck, worthy of the name. Were the telegraphs which have been loaded down the papers for the last two months to be published in a volume, it would certainly be the most unique the world ever saw, and as perfect an exemplification of *parum in multo* as could well be desired. All we can say in the meantime is, that the State of Virginia is occupied at many points by the opposing parties—the North is fortifying her lines and the South does not seem disposed to be aggressive. The truth is, so far as one may judge by appearances, the policy of the South is to act principally, if not entirely upon the defensive, and that of the North to exhaust their rebellious brethren by hemming them in on every side, cutting off their communications both by land and water. And this perhaps is at once the wisest and the most humane policy they could adopt, and if it should serve its purpose, it matters little about the ridiculous attitude occupied by a blustering press and people eager in pursuit of excitement. The pluck and endurance of the people of both sections in this unhappy struggle needs no artificial stimulant or spasmodic exhibition to give them reality. We fear there must under any circumstances be fighting, and a good deal of it, and every friend of humanity must rejoice, if by protracting the contest both parties may be so weakened that they may the more readily be inclined to listen to reason.

A most lamentable catastrophe is reported as having taken place at a city named Mendoza, in South America, which has been completely destroyed by an earthquake, and 8 to 15000 are represented as having perished in the ruins.

Spain, instead of losing ground in the West India waters appears to be making headway—having according to the latest accounts accepted the annexation of the finest division of the large island of Hayti. Had Brother Jonathan not had his hands more than full, we question very much if he would have quietly permitted the annexation of this island, and indeed we do not think it could well fall into worse hands than those of Spain.

Prince Alfred has been visiting the different West India Islands where he has of course been enthusiastically received, and is at present engaged in a flying tour through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada.

The British Government have published a

Proclamation enjoining the strictest neutrality upon all British subjects, in the civil war now going on in the United States, at the same time recognizing the South as belligerents, and therefore entitled to all the rights of legalized warfare. Though warning every one against joining in any expedition on either side, there is evidently a feeling in the country and parliament not to recognise the dictum of the North that Privateering be treated as piracy, and should British subjects be so treated it would raise a feeling in England which it would be difficult to curb, not from any sympathy with the practice, but because the Americans refused during the Russian war, with not a little arrogance of manner, the propositions of Britain and France, that privateering be declared contrary to the law of nations. It is likely they will now have to take the consequence of their own short sighted and selfish policy.

Coming nearer home we have to record some very disgraceful election riots in the Island of Newfoundland, more particularly at St. Johns, Harbor Grace and Harbor Main, several lives have been lost, much property destroyed and the assistance of the military required to preserve the capital from being destroyed by a mob. At latest accounts peace and security had not been restored.

Turning to the continent of Europe, matters wear a most gloomy aspect. Poland is in an agitated and dangerous state, kept at bay by a hundred thousand bayonets. Rome is in as uncertain and unsettled a state as ever. To all appearances, the end must be, that the Pope must leave, though we wish we were able to say that along with this disposition to rid themselves of a useless incubus, the people were inclined to part with any portion of their blind and debasing superstition. So far as matters appear on the surface this is not yet the case, but the time will come.

The French army it is said is about to be withdrawn from Syria, and then what restraint will be placed upon the blood-thirsty Druses we know not.

In England there is not much of great importance to note. The two great parties of the State are almost evenly balanced in Parliament, but the Conservative feeling is largely predominant in the public mind, as evinced by the steady gains of that party. The paper duty has been abolished, and we observe also the contract has been withdrawn from the Galway Company, leaving the Curlew Company again in their glory.

In ecclesiastical matters the "Essays and Reviews" have not yet ceased to be spoken of, and the number of the Quarterly which reviewed them has gone through the unparalleled number of five editions.

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