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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, & Adjoining Provinces.

OCTOBER 1866.



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 "Must Jesus bear the cross alone."
 "Come hither all ye weary souls."
 "When marshalled on the mighty plain."
 "When I survey the wondrous Cross."
 "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."
 "There is a fountain filled with blood."
 "Not all the blood of beasts."
 "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing."
 "From Greenland's icy mountains."
 "The morning light is breaking."
 "When I can read my title clear."
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ALEX. McLEAN, Convener.
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IN NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1866.

No. 19

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget its cunning."—Ps. 137, v. 5.

Address

BY REV. DR. BROOKE, FREDERICTON, N. B.,
ON THE OCCASION OF THE ORDINATION
OF MR. GEORGE J. CAIE.

My dear young Friend and Brother :

You have now, in accordance with the practice of Apostolic days, been admitted to the office of the holy ministry, "by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." Suffer me, then, to address you a few words respecting the duties and responsibilities of the great work to which you have now been set apart.

I have no doubt but that you have duly and prayerfully considered these, and that I can say little or nothing to you with which your mind is not already familiar; but, nevertheless, you will bear with me for a few minutes though I should do nothing more than "put you in remembrance" of things which have long occupied your thoughts.

I scarcely deem it necessary to remind you of the necessity of careful study. You have passed through the usual ordeals in your attendance in the University, on receiving license to preach the gospel, and now before being ordained. But I am quite satisfied that, instead of relaxing your exertions, and sitting down contented, as if you had reached a landing place beyond which no advances were required, you will agree with me in thinking that continued and laborious study will still be needful. You have had sufficient experience in the ministerial work to be aware that weekly preparation for the pulpit requires an amount of earnest thought and care with which even those who have had

the experience of a life-time feel that they cannot dispense.

And, while recommending careful study and diligent preparation of your public addresses, suffer me to say a few words as to the matter of your preaching. I have no doubt but, like the Apostle Paul, who was in an eminent degree the model of a christian minister, you feel that "necessity is laid upon you, yea, and that woe is unto you if you preach not the gospel." And let us seriously think what the gospel is. It is, as its name imports, "Glad tidings of great joy" to our fallen world. You are to proclaim, wherever, and to whomsoever, you may be called upon to minister, "that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." And, as an ambassador for Christ, you are to pray men, "in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God." Feeling the solemn responsibility that lies upon you, as "standing," like the High Priest of old, "between the living and the dead," you will be sensible that time is too precious to admit of your occupying the attention of your people with idle speculations or curious questions that minister not to edifying. Salvation through faith in the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, sanctification by the Holy Spirit working in the heart, and that sanctification manifested to the world by a godly life,—these will be the grand topics on which you will dwell. These were the doctrines that were preached by the Apostles, and which, by the blessing of God, proved themselves "mighty to the pulling down of strong holds." These were the doctrines that were preached by the Reformers, that shook the Papal

throne, that secured to us an open Bible, and freedom to worship God according to our consciences. Other topics connected with them you will not overlook; but upon these you will never feel that you can dwell too frequently or too earnestly. They constitute the main building of the gospel scheme; and though a scaffolding is needful in the erection of a building, the architect will not think that his work is progressing if he is always laboring at the scaffolding. Your duty is to "preach the gospel," and not merely things connected with it. The man that is wise, (says Jeremy Taylor,) he that is conducted by the Spirit of God, knows better in what Christ's kingdom doth consist, than to throw away his time and interest, his peace and safety, for what? for religion? no; for the body of religion? no, not so much; for the garment of the body of religion? no, not for so much; but for the FRINGES of the garment of the body of religion—for such, and no better, are many religious (or rather irreligious) disputes on things, or rather circumstances and manners of things, in which the soul and spirit are not at all concerned. In the impressive words of the Apostle Paul to Timothy, his beloved son in the faith, "I charge thee, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word, be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine."

It cannot have escaped your notice that there is a tendency in the present day to forsake that "form of sound words" which has been the rallying point of our Church since she was first established, and to indulge in wild speculations that have tended most grievously to unsettle some minds. Let me earnestly recommend you, while you avoid these yourself, to warn your people against them. In the language of the prophet Ezekiel, "Stand in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein." The noble standards of our Church, our Confession of Faith and our Catechisms, those marvellous productions of a body of men of profound learning and earnest piety,—men who seem to have been guided in an eminent degree by the spirit of Truth and of Wisdom—these, always in subordination to the Word of God, will be of great use to you in your ministerial work, both in assisting you in preparing for the pulpit, and also in your private dealings with the people of your charge, especially in the instruction of the young.

The work on which you are entering is a most momentous one. It concerns not so much the things of the perishable body, as those of the soul. It deals not so much with the affairs of time, as with awful realities of eternity. And it is a solemn thought that when we enter the pulpit, and address our congregations, the everlasting welfare of souls

may be suspended on the issue. If we ho-
stir not ourselves, by earnest and affectionate appeals to the heart and conscience, Satan may prevail, the people whom we have been appointed to direct in the way to heaven may everlastingly perish. And if they perish through our negligence or unfaithfulness, we are assured, in the words of inspiration, that "their blood will be required at our hands."

It is a most honourable, but it is, at the same time, a most laborious service, to which you have now been set apart; and I am sure you must, ere this, have felt that no man in his own strength is sufficient for it. Be much in prayer, then, for strength. Even men of the most distinguished talents, and purest zeal, when they survey the extent and importance of their charge, and the strict account they must one day give of their stewardship, have cause with David to plead, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for, in thy sight no living man shall be justified." "*Seek, then, that sufficiency that is of God.*"

My dear young friend, God has committed to you a charge of supreme importance, and it will be your paramount duty to meditate on divine things, and give yourself wholly to them. Other things may solicit your attention, and you are not to go out of the world. But let nothing claim those hours that ought to be consecrated to God and His people. Say to all, and to everything that would withdraw you from what must constitute the business of your life, as Nehemiah said to Sanballat, "I am doing a great work, and I cannot come down; why should the work cease, while I leave it, and come down to you?"

Suffer me, farther, to exhort you to cultivate personal religion. Be much in prayer for yourself and for your people. Let the truths which you preach to others be the life and nourishment of your own soul. It is a fearful thing to think that one may preach to others, and preach even acceptably and successfully, and yet himself "be a castaway." And I know nothing more calculated to harden the heart, than being constantly occupied in the services of religion, while the heart is altogether unaffected by them. It will be your study, then, to preach to yourself as well as to others, and to apply to your own soul the glorious truths which you proclaim to your hearers.

Your great business must be to preach the Gospel; but there are other duties of the ministerial office which must not be neglected. Suffer me to recommend to you a practice which I have found to be extremely useful to myself and acceptable to my people: to visit much from house to house. I have always thought that he does the work of a minister very partially indeed who is seen by his people but once a week in the pulpit, and who is a total stranger to them all the rest of his time. Go, then, amongst

your people, show that you take an interest in their concerns, counsel them in their difficulties, pray with them in the midst of their household, soothe them in their sorrows, cheer them in their trials. And in the day of affliction and bereavement, fail not to pour balm into their wounded hearts, directing them to look forward to a better world, where sickness and sorrow shall be known no more, where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes. You will speak with *tenfold power* to your people from the pulpit, when you have prayed with them by the couch of sickness, and mingled your tears with theirs, by the bed of death.

There is one thing more regarding which I might say a word, though I believe it is hardly necessary—I mean the training up of the young in the knowledge of the truths of religion. The eminent success that has attended your labours in this most important department of ministerial work, is well known to all your brethren, and to many more besides. All that I need to say, then, is, “Persevere.” To have collected between two and three hundred children, many of whom were running neglected on the streets,—to have reclaimed them to habits of decency and order,—to have brought them under a course of Christian instruction every Lord’s Day; all this is a sufficient guarantee that the work so well begun will be prosecuted with vigor, and it is to be hoped that many young persons will grow up around you, to bless and pray for you as their spiritual father. It is with peculiar pleasure that I see you, this day, admitted to the full status of a minister of the Gospel, authorized to perform all the duties that belong to that office. That the richest blessings of Almighty God, the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the sanctifying influence of the Divine Spirit, may ever sustain, direct, and comfort you, is my most earnest and heart-felt prayer.

The Song that Awoke the Dead.

“How is it that my dear Lady Emily is not here to-night?” said Mrs. Annesley, a fair and elegant young bride, as she moved through her brilliant rooms, leaning on the arm of one of her most distinguished guests. “I hear she is quite well. How is it, my lord, that she did not accompany you?”

“Emily is sadly changed, I grieve to say,” replied Lord Elton, looking very grave. “A few weeks ago the prospect of this ball of yours would have enchanted her. It seems but yesterday that she was one of the gayest of the gay; but now, even the opera has lost its charm, and she has become a perfect recluse. It is an extraordinary caprice, is it not, for a girl of her age?”

“Strange, indeed. I had heard something of this, but I could scarcely credit it, till I heard it from your own lips. Had it, been

Lady Sarah, with her delicate health, who had tired of the whirl of our London life, I should have been less surprised; but Emily, the brilliant *belle*, it does, indeed, seem incredible. How do you account for such a change in her?”

“Well, she attributes it herself to a sermon which she heard at S—— chapel. Her friends, the Dudleys, persuaded her to go there with them, and she has been like a different creature ever since. The only thing she seems to enjoy is going there with them, two or three times a-week, and reading books which I suppose they lend her.”

“And you do not interfere?”

“I hardly know how to do so. Emily knows my wishes, and is quite aware that she is causing both her mother and myself great uneasiness and vexation. This, we think, she is really too amiable to persevere in. Neither could we directly overrule what we believe to be conscientious scruples, however foolish and mistaken they may be. My only hope is, that it is but a passing fancy, which will wear itself away; and you, dear Mrs. Annesley, must help us with your influence to make Emily herself again.”

“I shall be delighted to make the attempt,” said the lady, with a smile of acknowledgment; “but I begin to feel half afraid of Emily, she must be so changed. It really was unkind in her not to come to my first ball, such friends as we have always been. It is a sad disappointment; and you will easily believe there are some here to-night who feel it even more keenly than I do.”

“I know it,” Lord Elton replied, gloomily; and as other guests now crowded around the young hostess, he moved away from the glittering throng, and threw himself wearily down on one of the sofas. The long perspective of the rooms lay before him, dazzling with rank, and beauty, and fashion; and who shall say that such a scene is not stirring to the pride of man, and captivating to the eye of sense? It was a brilliant assemblage; the splendour of noble names linking it in the imagination with many a historic scene, or with knightly honours newly won, and added to their country’s glory. But in the arena of youth, and beauty, and grace, one form was wanting, which, among them all, might have shone the fairest of the fair; and it was with real mortification and disappointment that the father felt the absence of his favourite child.

“What infatuation,” he thought, “has possessed her to desert scenes like these, where she is so fitted to shine? She might be here to-night, gracing the name she bears, the loveliest by far in all this gay crowd, the noblest and most distinguished seeking her favour. And where is she? Gone to those canting Dudleys—people without the slightest pretension of fashion—and probably to some wretched meeting, or to listen to that ranting preacher! It is unaccount-

able; positive madness! If it were not that such folly cannot last, in a mind like hers, I should be in perfect despair."

He moved about through the brilliant rooms, wrapped in his own bitter thoughts, and felt relieved when Lady Elton at last expressed her wish to leave. The pale, drooping lady Sarah was exhausted by the fatigue of dancing, and threw herself quickly into a corner of the carriage.

"Poor child," said her scarcely less languid mother, "no wonder you are tired. The heat of the rooms was so great I thought I should have fainted; and we have all this to go through again on Saturday, at Lady Vere's. I fear it is too much for you, dear."

"Oh, never mind, mamma: I shall keep up very well," was Lady Sarah's reply, in a faint husky voice. "One must go through it, you know; and better die of fatigue than of ennui. But, dear mamma, we must be sure to give Emily a glowing account of it, and make her repent her desertion."

"Silly child!" said her mother. "I really think we are to blame for indulging such whims. I have no patience with young people setting up to be wiser than their parents!"

"Direct opposition would only do harm," said her husband. "A mind like hers must be led, not coerced. Leave Emily to me, and you will see if I do not win her back."

They arrived at home, and the ladies immediately withdrew. Too anxious for sleep, Lord Elton wandered into his daughter's sitting room, and threw himself into the chair which she had lately occupied. A hymn-book lay on the table near it. He took it up, and glancing over a few pages, threw it down with an expression of intense disgust.

"Wretched doggerel!" he thought; "is it this that occupies that fine intellect? She that could appreciate and delight in the noblest and most difficult authors, to descend to such contemptible stuff as this! More my companion and friend than my child, she was everything to me; but now I feel as if I had lost her. It must not go on—it cannot be. Nothing shall be left untried to win her back, and bring her to her right senses again. Unluckily, her mother never understood her; and Sarah has so little mind, she could not influence her. But Mrs. Annesley; ah, she will be a powerful assistant, so engaging and attractive, and really attached to Emily. I will enlist her good offices, and help her ingenuitly in every way. Emily must be recovered from this disgraceful infatuation."

And where was this daughter, whose absence left such a blank, and caused so many regrets and such painful anxiety? Let us seek her out, and discover the cause of her strange withdrawal.

It is a quiet drawing room that we enter now, and a scene very different from the brilliant one we have so lately left. There is no lack of elegance, but it is the elegance of re-

finement rather than of fashion. A beautiful harp and piano, thrown invitingly open, tell of musical powers cultivated and prized. Books, too, are not wanting; and, without possessing a single unmeaning luxury, the room looks charming, homelike, intellectual, and cheerful. A little party are gathered round the table, deeply engaged in an employment worthy of immortal minds,—the study of the Bible.

As we look on them and mark the holy and reverential thought beaming in those countenances, as they bend over the inspired page, it seems as though they are beings of a different sphere from the gay revellers we have left; and so in truth they are. Born from above, they are citizens of a heavenly country, and in daily, constant communication with the land of their birth. Illustrious exiles! their nobility is hidden, but it is not the less real; and though despised by the "world-lying in wickedness," in which they must sojourn for a season, celestial eyes see in them a beauty and perfection beyond all that earth can offer. To them the senses of the soul have been unsealed, and their ears hear, and their eyes see, things which have not entered into the heart of the natural man to conceive. Heirs of a glorious immortality, of a divine inheritance, already its sunshine glows in their hearts, already its climate has begun in their souls. Even now they are tasting a rich cluster from that land of promise, which shall cheer and refresh them on their journey, and lead them to press on with new courage. Ah! their joys are indeed very different from those of earth; and as far above them, as the soarings of the lark in the skies to the shining of the glow-worm, cleaving to her native mire.

Lady Emily Lisle is one of this little circle. She speaks little; but the expression of her face, as from time to time she lifts her deep-lustrous eyes from the sacred page, and her look of earnest attention, as she listens to the explanations given, show with what gladness she is partaking of the fruit of the Tree of Life. So lately a subject of the god of this world,—so lately an ardent votary at his shrine of self-indulging pleasure and artificial glare,—so newly emancipated from the bondage of corruption,—how wondrous to see already such keen relish for things true and pure, and lovely and divine!

But there is nothing so hard for the Lord; and, through the effectual working of His Spirit, Lady Emily had indeed become transformed in the spirit of her mind.

It was but a few weeks before, that at the persuasion of her friend, Mrs. Dudley, she had accompanied her to S— chapel. Entering with the most perfect indifference and unconcern, she had no thought except to have her mind amused for an hour with the preacher's novelty, and, perhaps, to find material for a hearty laugh on her return. But insensibly she found her attention almost pain-

fully rivetted, and she felt constrained to listen in serious earnest. Truths, with which she had all her life been familiar, suddenly appeared before her in a new point of view. In astonishment and great dismay, she discovered that she was guilty, lost, undone. Instead of entertainment, she had found terror; and when she left the chapel, it was in deep anxiety and distress. But an instinctive feeling whispered, that where the wound had been given, there the balm would be found. She came again and again, and at length Calvary burst upon her view, and she found herself a member of that church of the redeemed, which the Saviour has purchased with His own blood. Lady Emily could never tell how it was that she had become convinced, or why these things, so familiar to the outward ear from childhood, had never before affected her, or come home, as they now did, with telling power to her heart. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Like the man blind from his birth, and restored by the Saviour's healing touch, he could only say, "This one thing I know; that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Dear reader, may it be yours to know this transformation! May the Spirit breathe with life-giving power into your soul! May you realize in your own happy experience the meaning of that comprehensive word, "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

"Oh, what an evening of happiness we have spent!" Lady Emily exclaimed, when, after having joined in prayer, and mingled their voices in praise, the party at length separated, and she was left alone with her friend; "how strengthened and refreshed I feel after such a season as this! Dearest Anna, how little I knew a short time ago of what was meant by the 'communion of saints'; how little I imagined that it was a deep and delightful reality!"

"And had you free consent to come to us this evening?" said Mrs. Dudley.

"I was not forbidden; and that is the best I can expect. You know mamma never interferes with me. She says papa has given me more the education of a man than of a woman, and she knew it would never come to good. Dear papa only seems disposed to kill me with kindness; but, indeed, I can hardly bear to receive his gifts, when I know how deeply I am grieving him. I meet with plenty of cold looks and altered manners, but nothing is so hard to resist as dear papa's unvarying kindness. I see that he is vexed and mortified beyond expression, and it is hard to bear, that religion must make me seem ungrateful for all his love. Still, it is sweet to bear the cross, when I think for whose sake I bear it. And one day I am sure my prayers will be answered, and we shall again be one in mind. But, oh, Anna,

you cannot think how painful it is to feel that there is an estrangement between us, and that I am living under the disapproval of those dear parents whom, hitherto, I have always felt it my first duty to please."

"I know it, dearest. It is thus that vital Christianity has come as a sword into many a household. But be you faithful; be true to your trust. You stand alone now as a witness for Christ in your home, but keep your light steadily burning, and one after another will come to your side. Strive to show the 'beauty of holiness' in your family. Let your parents feel more than ever your dutiful affection, and show them that it is only your supreme duty to God that leads you in anything to differ from them."

"Oh! how I feel now that the 'friendship of the world is enmity against God!' Light and darkness cannot be more opposed than the spirit of gay life to the mind of Christ. I feel that it would be death to all spirituality of mind to be dragged again into those scenes. No wonder the command has been made so clear and so emphatic to the Lord's people—'Come out from among them, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing.'"

"But we find something to compensate even now, for the loss of all these worldly pleasures, do we not?"

"Compensate!" Lady Emily repeated, with her bright, sunny smile; "that is too cold a word. The returned prodigal found the bread in his father's house more than *compensate* for the loss of the 'husks which the swine did eat.' Just like husks, those amusements of the world, they are so unsatisfying, such famishing diet. Oh, that dear papa may soon join me in tasting of the 'bread of life.' Dearest Anna, I hope you will all join your prayers with mine, that he too may be 'converted and live.' Ah, if I should be the happy means of leading him to Christ, I might then feel indeed that all his love and tenderness was repaid 'tenfold into his bosom.' Let us pray without ceasing till he, too, becomes a Christian."

And now, from this time, began a contest between the powers of darkness and of light, which, ever opposed, are in some cases roused to peculiarly active conflict. It was a choice bird that had escaped from the snare of the fowler, and eagerly did he seek to lure her back again beneath its deadly meshes; but "a stronger than he" was her deliverer. Hidden in the "clefts of the Rock," she was safe from his wiles; and those "silver wings, and feathers like gold," should never more be dragged into the pollutions of the dust.

Vainly did her youthful and affectionate friend, Mrs. Annesley, exert all her fascinating powers, and seek to win her back to the world. Vainly did Lord Elton lavish gold at her feet, hoping she might be induced to indulge her natural taste for splendour.

Not through coldness or apathy—for Emily, decided as she was, possessed as ten-

her feelings, as delicate sensibilities, as any feminine soul,—but through the wondrous power of a new principle of life, a divine strength continually sought and continually supplied, she was enabled to maintain the even tenour of her way, the path of holy and loving obedience.

Change of scene was now proposed in the hope of turning the current of her thoughts, and banishing the engrossing power of religion from her mind. Lord Elton spared no pains to make their tour delightful, and Emily was grateful for his care, while she lamented its object. Never had she so enjoyed travelling, for now all nature breathed a new and eloquent language to her ear; she seemed to be in a new world. She found "honey in the wilderness;" and when she returned, it was to hasten with fresh delight to those ordinances and means of grace from which for a time she had been exiled.

Lord Elton now resolved on adopting more decisive measures. He would have more gaiety at home, in which Emily could not refuse to join without giving serious offence. She should no longer evade these scenes, and seek shelter with her methodistical friends. She must be actually present, and do the honours of the house, which would now devolve on her more exclusively, as Lady Elton, with her other daughter, was for the present remaining at the German baths. A musical assembly were invited, in which Emily's well-known and brilliant powers would compel her to take a prominent part. The hour arrived, the party assembled, and, well knowing the real object of their meeting, many a heart beat high with hope of victory. The siege was pressing closer; no way of escape appeared possible; she *must* join in the gay amusements of her father's house; she *must* add her own voice to swell the chorus of revelry; she *must* surrender at last. The company were in high spirits, song after song was sung, and folly, vanity, and godless mirth were at their height. And now the decisive moment came. Lady Emily Lisle was solicited to sing. Breathless was the silence as she arose, moved across the room, and took her place at the instrument. It was the moment to seal her fate. With perfect self-possession she ran her fingers over the keys of the pianoforte, and commenced singing, in a sweet and thrilling voice, the following words:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

"No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?"

She arose from her seat amid profound silence; the whole party were subdued; not a word was spoken: Lord Elton wept aloud; one by one the guests left the house, and the father and daughter were alone. Her prayers were answered! the victory was won! Borne on the melody of her voice, the message of life had been wafted into his soul. He awoke to the belief that religion is a deep, a glorious reality; and henceforth it became the great work of his life. He sought and found salvation, and ever after devoted himself to his Redeemer's service.

Spreading the glad tidings of peace—winning souls to Christ, now became his delightful employment. Duty and inclination mingled in the exquisite luxury of doing good, and his memory is a bright and noble example of christian munificence, earnestness, and zeal.

Immortal one! you whose eyes are now bending over this page, a sound will one day pierce *your ear* which you will have no power to resist or to withstand. No longer the language of entreaty, or the note of warning,—their time will have passed,—but the "voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God," electrifying you from your grave, and citing you to appear before the "great white throne."

Shall you be able to stand the ordeal of that dread day?

Oh, seek refuge *now* in the riven side of the Rock of Ages, that you may not then be one of that wretched multitude who will call upon the mountains and the rocks to fall on them, to hide them "from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

Listen, oh, listen now, to the pleading of that voice of divine compassion,—"**TURN YE, TURN YE, WHY WILL YE DIE?**"—*British Tract.*

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Meeting of the Synod of New Brunswick in connection with the Church of Scotland.

The Synod of New Brunswick in connection with the Church of Scotland, met in St. James' Church, Newcastle, on Wednesday, the 8th August, at half-past seven in the evening. The Rev. Dr. Donald of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, the retiring Moderator, preached a very appropriate and excellent discourse from 2 Timothy iv. 2.: "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." The Synod was then constituted, and the roll called, ten ministers and three elders being present, together with Dr. Inglis, a corresponding member from the Synod of Nova Scotia. Three ministers were absent, namely, Dr.

Brooke of Fredericton, Mr. Ross of St. Andrew's, and J. A. Murray of Bathurst.

A letter was read from the Rev. Dr. Brooke, expressing his regret at not being able to be present, not having yet sufficiently recovered from an accident he had met with, and requesting the Synod to allow the Rev. Mr. Keay to act as Clerk in his stead. The Synod expressed their sympathy with Dr. Brooke, and their regret at the cause of his absence, and appointed the Rev. Mr. Keay to act as Clerk *pro tempore*.

The Rev. John Wells of New Richmond was appointed Moderator for the ensuing year, and the usual committees were appointed.

The Synod continued in session till Monday forenoon, a portion of time being set apart each day for devotional exercises previous to the opening of the Synod.

The most important of the matters which came before the Synod were,—

1. A proposal of Union between the Synods of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in connection with the Church of Scotland. Such a union has for some time been desired by the Synods, as likely to strengthen the hands of both, by co-operating in missionary and educational undertakings, and by mutual counsel and encouragement; but as doubts existed whether there might not be some difficulties in the way, in consequence of the Provincial Acts incorporating our Synod and congregations, a committee was appointed at the meeting of Synod held at Fredericton in August 1865, to take legal advice on the subject. The Committee now reported that they had fulfilled the duty committed to them by the Synod, and had taken the opinion of legal gentlemen, who agreed that said Acts threw no barrier in the way of such union as was proposed. It was therefore unanimously resolved, that steps should immediately be taken for carrying out the object contemplated, as soon as possible.

It was therefore unanimously agreed, that the different ministers should bring the subject before their Kirk Sessions and congregations for their approval, within three months of this time. They also appointed a Committee to correspond with the Synod of Nova Scotia, instructing them to open a correspondence with that Synod within six months from the present time, provided there were not a majority of the Kirk Sessions or congregations objecting to said Union, and that they should endeavor to have all preliminary matters so arranged that the proposed Union might be completed at the next meeting of our Synod, to be held in St. John, in August, 1867.

2. "A draft of a proposed Minute" from the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, in regard to the manner of their granting of money to Missionaries sent out to this Province, was brought under the notice of the Synod, when it was resolved that

a Synodical Committee should be appointed for collecting statistics in regard to the different congregations connected with our Synod, to be transmitted to the General Assembly's Committee for their information. Also, that no supplement should be requested from the Colonial Committee for any district unless the people belonging to it shall have shewn, by entering into subscriptions suitable to their means, that they are earnestly desirous of obtaining a minister; and also that the Colonial Committee should not be requested to guarantee to any missionary the whole amount of £150, but only what shall be sufficient to raise the sum offered in the district to that amount.

The Synod are exceedingly desirous that the resources of our own people in the Province should be drawn out as far as possible, so as to lessen the burden which so long has been thrown upon the liberality of the Church at Home, and which, notwithstanding all that can be done here, must be had recourse to, to some extent, for a considerable time yet to come.

3. The Report concerning the Foreign Mission, to be carried on by joint efforts of the Synod of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, shewed that collections had yet been made only by three congregations, as the mission is not yet actually in operation; but a collection was appointed to be made for it in all our churches next year,—Dr. Geddie, who is now on his way returning to the South Sea Islands, having promised to select an Island, and send some native catechists to prepare the way for a missionary to be sent out to labour there under the superintendence of the two Synods.

4. The Report on the Hindoo Orphanage Scheme shewed that a deep interest was taken in this Scheme by the Sabbath Schools connected with our various congregations, eight orphans being now supported in Hindoostan by the children attending Sabbath Schools connected with our Church in New Brunswick.

5. The Report on the Bursary Fund shewed that there would be no need for taking any collection for it this year, as there was at present no student requiring its aid; Mr. Wilkins, having finished his course of study, and been licensed, is now employed as a missionary at Woodstock, Northampton, &c.

6. An overture was brought up from the Committee on Bills and Overtures, requesting the Synod to give directions concerning the proper manner of settling those in their Churches who were sent out by the General Assembly's Colonial Committee to particular charges for a period of three years. After reasoning, the Synod resolved that it was most in accordance with the principles and practice of our Church, that after the minister has for a short time been in his charge, the people should be stirred up to give him a call, and that the Presbytery

should proceed in this case in the usual way of settling those who have received a call.

7. The Synod Home Mission Fund was dissolved, and Presbyteries appointed to carry on this Scheme by raising contributions either by collections or subscriptions for Home Missionary purposes, and that each Presbytery should have the control of all monies raised within their bounds for this purpose.

The meeting of Synod was a very pleasant, and we trust a very profitable season to all. One wish seemed to animate all the members, viz.: to unite in whatever would most promote the advancement of the kingdom of Christ on earth.

The presence of Dr. Inglis was a great pleasure to the members of Synod, and his valuable advice on many occasions was highly appreciated. To the Rev. Mr. Pollok of New Glasgow the Synod are under deep obligations for his presence among them, though at considerable trouble to himself. Their only regret was that unavoidable delays prevented his appearance among them until the last day of their meeting.

The Synod appointed the Rev. Dr. Henderson, of Newcastle, their corresponding member to the Synod of Nova Scotia, indicted to meet in Charlottetown, P. E. I., next year; and if he should be unable to attend, the Rev. P. Keay, of Nashwaak, was appointed his alternate.

The Synod adjourned to meet in St. John, on the second Wednesday of August, 1867.

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Letter from Rev. Wm. McCullagh,

MISSIONARY, NEW HEBRIDES, TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, PICTOU.

[The following letter, received from one of the Missionaries in the New Hebrides, and addressed to our Sabbath Scholars, St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, was read to them on Sabbath, 16th September, but is here inserted, as it shews so unsectarian a spirit on the part of the writer, and so warm an interest taken in the children, with the prayer that its perusal may incite some one from our midst to volunteer and cry, "Here am I, send me":—]

ANEITYUM, NEW HEBRIDES, }
June 1, 1866. }

To the Children attending the Sabbath School in connection with the Rev. Mr. Herdman's Church, Pictou:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

At the request of one who is well known to you, and who taught for a considerable time in your midst, I now take my pen to write you a little about the work that is going on at Aneityum.

As I am writing at present in the school-room, I may just give you a description of it, and the nature of the work carried on in it.

This room is about 40 feet in length, and 20

in breadth. The walls are about 10 feet in height, formed of lath and plaster, and nicely whitewashed from time to time. The roof is formed of the cocoa-nut leaf, with grass over this again, or, rather, a kind of reed which grows in marshy ground, and is very good for this purpose. But the roof has often to be repaired, like bad leather, and is attended with much trouble and labor. Often, when a hurricane comes, the whole roof is carried away, and the clear sky may then be seen to advantage. Two years may be considered as a long period here for a roof to require no repairs.

There are two doors in this school-room,—one for the boys to enter, and the other for the girls. There are desks all round the room, close to the wall, for writing on copy-books and working sums, just as you do at home. There are places for books, pens, paper, ink, and other things required at school. The walls are covered with pictures of various kinds. These are changed from time to time, for the sake of variety, and to afford more information. The pictures in the room at present are arranged in this manner:—As you enter the room at the girls' side, you see a number of animals, such as the elephant, the wolf, the bear, the dog, the horse, the lion. Then comes a variety of birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects, such as the natives know something about, but which have to be more fully and frequently explained to them. I need not tell you that native children are as much interested in the animal creation as any little boys or girls in Pictou. When I am explaining to them, every eye is turned towards me; and should I ask a question, I can easily get a dozen of answers. I fear the Aneityumese boys and girls would surpass many boys and girls at home who think they know a great deal about Natural History.

Passing from Natural History, we come to Geography. We find maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, England, Ireland, Scotland, Palestine, so that you see the Aneityumese have some idea of places, and countries, and rivers, and mountains. Time was when they knew nothing but the few islands around them. Now they know of continents, islands, oceans, seas, and many things of the people of other lands.

The next collection of pictures refers to cities and remarkable places, such as London, Paris, Edinburgh, Dublin; and beautiful scenery on lakes and along rivers. The Falls of Niagara, with a profusion of fruits, flowers, birds and fishes, are next introduced, and many things are explained concerning them. The natives often wonder, when they hear of other countries, and how the people succeed there. They cannot imagine any cold such as you have in Nova Scotia, for they have never seen snow nor ice, and they think it dreadful to live in such a cold country.

The next series of pictures consists of Scripture scenes and subjects, such as Jacob's reconciliation with Esau, Noah's sacrifice on leaving the Ark, the captive Hebrew maid that waited on Naaman's wife, Elijah and the widow of Zarephath, Moses praying for the success of Israel against the Amalekites, Jesus announced to the Shepherds, Jesus with the doctors in the Temple, Jesus conversing with the woman of Samaria, the last charge to Peter, the Widow's Son raised to life. These form subjects for numerous questions and explanations, and we never leave one subject without knowing the most important lessons taught by it.

The last series of pictures is to show how rice and sugar are cultivated in Egypt, China, and the West Indies.

Now for a word or two about the children in school.

Some of them come from a distance of some

miles, and assemble with the rest around the school-room when they hear the sound of the *megow*. This is a small canoe which is held in one hand like a violin, resting on the breast, and is struck with a hard stick or piece of iron. The sound can be heard a considerable distance from the mission premises. In a *megow* way the children are collected at all the *megows* on this island.

When the time arrives for commencing school, a small bell is rung, and the children enter singing a hymn, such as "There is a happy land, far, far away," in their own language, of course, for English is more difficult to them than Aneityumese is to us. The boys enter by one door, and the girls by another, and quietly seat themselves and engage in short prayer. A hymn is then sung, and all join standing. A short prayer is offered, and then the Scriptures are read. After reading is over, the children are examined in spelling and on the portion of Scripture read. They are also required to find texts of Scripture expertly, and to turn up any book as soon as mentioned. After a variety of exercises in the New Testament as the text-book, they proceed next to writing, either on slates or copy-books, or to cyphering, as the case may be. After these exercises comes Geography or Natural History, and the business of the day is ended with practice in singing. We seldom keep the children longer than two hours in school, for this is a trying climate—trying both to body and mind.

The children sing very well, considering their advantages. They are not so fond of music as many of you, nor is their language very musical; still, they are willing to learn, and try to do their best. They leave school in the same orderly manner in which they enter. So much for the school and scholars on Aneityum. Now let me address you in a few words concerning your duty in Pictou.

You have been blessed with kind parents, ministers, teachers, and books, from your earliest years. Think of the millions of children who know not any of these blessed privileges. When visiting heathen islands lately, I saw many fine little boys and girls without a teacher, without a book, but who looked intelligent, and seemed to say, "We would like to read, but we have no books." Oh! how sad to see fine children perishing, for want of knowledge, just like the beasts of the field! Your duty, then, my young friends, is to pray for them, to contribute for them, and do all in your power to aid those who are sent to preach the Gospel to them, and teach them the way to Jesus and to heaven. You know that a penny can do much good; and when thousands of children join with their pence, a great sum can be raised. I read once the following lines which the late Montgomery wrote on the value of a penny, and these lines come up to my mind when I think of the good that may be done by so small a sum. Here are the lines:—

"A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en the poor man's child can fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million-fold;
For lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.
That soul can scarce be saved alone;
It must, it will its bliss make known.
'Come,' it will cry, 'and you shall see
What great things God hath done for me.'
Hundreds that joyful sound shall hear—
Hear with their heart as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the 'Only Name.'"

My dear young friends, I am sure you will think more of every penny hereafter, when you know how much good can be done by it. A single tract may be blessed to save many souls. The simple reading of a plain tract has had wonderful influence over many a thoughtless youth. Even many men, hardened in wickedness, have owned that God blessed the mere reading of a little tract to their souls. Oh! then, be active in collecting and distributing good tracts among the poor and the ignorant and neglected around you. Every Sabbath School scholar ought to be a home missionary, and bring some ignorant and thoughtless one to the Sabbath School. You know the result of Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria. She went to her neighbors, and said, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city, and came unto him"—John iv. 38, 39. Is there no one whom you can bring to Jesus? Think again, and surely you will find some even in your neighborhood who are not savingly acquainted with Christ or His great salvation. You are all expected to do something for Jesus. You can speak for Him, plead for Him, labor for Him, live for Him, spend for Him, and then die for Him, and abide for ever with Him. Do you ask me, "What is my mission?" I answer it in the following beautiful lines, which the late President Lincoln esteemed very highly, and caused to be sung more than once. They are entitled

YOUR MISSION.

BY MRS. E. M. H. GATES.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant, in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot, to the needy,
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot, in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go, with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do!
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Hoping that some youth from Mr. Herdman's

Church may soon be led to devote himself or herself to the cause of the poor perishing heathen, I remain, my young friends,
Yours faithfully,
W. McCULLAGH.

Pictou Island.

THIS is an island ten miles out in the Gulf, of about fifteen miles round, and five broad. When it first rose from the sea is not known, but it seems to resemble, in its physical features, the mainland of Nova Scotia much more than the Erythrean soil of Prince Edward Island. It possesses ordinary fertility, and was once famed for its fishing, and is yet an excellent place of resort for visitors and bathers in summer. When the writer first set foot on it, it was inhabited by some remarkable men. There was the Governor, as honest a man as ever lived, who stood upon no ceremony, but waited upon the visitor, and welcomed him to the island. The Prophet, alas! now no more, whose spirit searched deep into the future, and who could discourse learnedly upon apocalyptic scenes. And there were distinguished Warriors who had done service to their country, and, both by sea and land, contended for her honour—one in the East Indies, another in the North of Europe, and a third in the Spanish Peninsula—some of whom also bore on their persons the scars of bravery, so that I doubt if often, in so small a space, there congregated so many illustrious men. And then they all attended on the preaching, and gave willing audience to the message, and in their houses showed hospitality to the messenger, be he of what Church he may.

I should explain that there are about twenty-five families in the island, twenty-two of whom belong to the Parent Kirk. This entails a responsibility upon the ministers of our Church, to supply them with service, which, however, has never been very systematically done. For one thing, the Island could not at all seasons be visited. In winter, it is hermetically sealed against comers; and even at some other seasons inconvenient to be got at. And for another thing, it required Gaelic labours to do it justice, and these could not at times be easily had. Failing these, it was the custom of the writer to go in company with a Gaelic Elder and preach a plain English sermon, the Elder doing the rest of the service in Gaelic. In this way service has been performed for a series of years, and some good effected, I trust, although not to the extent one would have wished. Sabbath readings have been started and are still kept up, a Sunday School commenced, and of late a Temperance Society has been formed by the inhabitants themselves, so that those visiting this island will find some seed sown and some fruit

borne, and some people of whom it may be said, they are travellers to Zion.

Various ministers of our Church have visited this island and from time to time performed service; and when any of them have officiated on the Sabbath day, never failed to receive some substantial token, more so, indeed, than is proportionally done in another Island that has received far more service, and yet which, according to records, is not without unseemly contention and bitterness. Things are otherwise here. It is a Free Church man that presents at the meetings, a United Presbyterian that takes a lead at the Temperance Society, and Free Church and Kirk unite in coming for the minister who is expected to visit them. This is as it should be, and long may its spirit reign, till it has spread to other islands and taught them that should know better, to conduct themselves as Christians. "Although I had the tongue of men and angels, and had not charity," i. e., Christian love, (says the eloquent apostle,) my profession and gifts are as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

I wish particularly to recommend this island to our Gaelic-speaking preachers, and to such of them especially as have not got or accepted a call. Here they may confidently calculate upon a hearty one—aye, both to teach school and preach, if so minded. Once, the leading members of our Church there went so far in their despair as to apply to the Presbytery of the other Church for a certain amount of regular service, but in this they were not successful. In fact, there appears no other way of managing this little isle, unless it can be done under the regular provision of other vacancies, and, during the six months of the year, get service, say once in the two months. This, I believe, would give satisfaction; and if our Presbytery would see fit, and were able to do so, one object of writing this sketch would be answered. For this the islanders have and do pray, and the work would not be in vain in the Lord.

"Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice;
Till, 'midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound His praise.
And all combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise."

Pictou, Sept. 1866.

A. W. H.

The Nova Scotian Giantess.

THE Giantess is public property. We shall violate no rules of social courtesy by using her name as a peg to hang a few reflections on. She advertises herself for exhibition in the Temperance Hall—adults, 9d, and children 3d; but as all mankind are children compared with her, the advertisement read from her point of view, is somewhat

equivocal. As we had an opportunity of beholding this *lusus nature*—this remarkable specimen of natural history—(not in the Temperance Hall, but on the Queen's highway,) it may be edifying to meditate on her a little. Of one fact there can be no doubt, that she is built on a grand scale, on a scale out of all proportion to this Planet. Had she belonged to the planet Jupiter, which, astronomers tell us, is 1414 times bigger than our earth, it might have been more convenient for her. Of a verity, it is a great misfortune to be fashioned unlike the rest of our fellow-creatures. In Edinburgh, there once lived a gentleman, who filled an important public office, and who may be living there still, on whom nature had conferred a superabundant quantity of nose. That conspicuous feature hung down past his chin, and swung from side to side as he walked, and was very rubicund, and every stranger who met the man was constrained to violate the laws of good breeding, and to make him, or rather his nose, a definite object of study for a few minutes. When he drank his coffee in the morning, he was obliged to seize the inconvenient member and hold it aside. It was an unnatural growth, but not the result of intemperance, as strangers generally imagined. Mr. B——, however, got used to people staring at his nose, and, methodically planting his staff on the pavement, walked through the world in philosophical indifference. He enjoyed an income of £600 stg. a year. To have all the parts of the body on a similar scale of magnitude, is not a thing to be desired. We wish to be fashioned like the rest of our fellow-mortals, for in those instances in which individuals are not so fashioned, the human tie seems to be broken, and the unfortunate creatures are, in a measure, alienated from their kind. What a misfortune for many a poor soul it has been to be born with a black skin and woolly locks! It is a common remark that dwarfs are very splenetic and spiteful, wreaking on humanity their disappointment at the ill-favour of nature. Richard III., King of England, was a dwarfish man, and, in addition, was condemned to carry a huge hump on his shoulders. We know that he was a wicked and remorseless creature, and the great English dramatist, who introduces him conspicuously in one of his historical dramas, puts all manner of mischief into his head, and makes him speak the language of a fiend. Several great men have been very small in stature. Napoleon I. was a small man. One day he tried to take down a book from a shelf of his library, but couldn't. A tall General of his staff, reaching his hand over the Emperor's head, fetched him the volume, observing, "You see, Sire, I am higher than you." "Taller, you mean, Sir," replied the proud autocrat. Pope the poet was a deformed pigmy, but, intellectually, he was the tallest man of his generation, the terror of knaves

and fools, and many a one of these did he spit upon his rapier's point. The Duke of Luxemburg, who commanded the armies of France during a crisis of great danger, was the first General of his age, and, in a series of battles, humbled the genius of our greatest William. This man was almost a dwarf, and hideously ugly, and, had he lived in an age when the chief qualities of the soldier were physical strength and personal prowess, his place would not have been in the field of battle. History furnishes us with many instances of small men who possessed powerful intellects, but I do not recollect the names of any gigantic men similarly endowed. Belzoni the traveller, and John Leyden the poet, were remarkable for stature and strength, but the little men we have mentioned beat them in genius. Providence never lavishes all his gifts on one. Samson was a mighty man in bone and muscle, very useful in his day and generation, but he could not have filled the place of the apostle Paul, the man of "weak presence," who had to play the gladiator in a different way with Jew and Greek and Roman, and vanquished them all. The day when strength of limb could make a man a hero is long since gone. The only way in which a giant can make anything by his body now-a-days, is, by showing it from town to town for a moderate fee. Once a year, at a Scottish Gathering like that which we had the pleasure of seeing at New Glasgow the other day, he may be a hero for an hour, but he has ceased to be a historical personage. It is not so much strength, however, as skill, that enables the mighty men of the hammer, like the McLellans, to shame all competitors. Roderick McLellan has studied, consciously or unconsciously, the laws of dynamics, and has trained his muscles to perform a single act with singular success.

But what about our Nova Scotian Giantess? We began to discourse about her. Well, poor woman, I felt sorry when, one day, by chance, I met her in a wagon, driving along the road in the County of Cumberland. Her mother, who was sitting by her side, seemed like a child. I knew not who she was, but looked instinctively at so unwonted a sight. It creates no pleasant feeling in the mind to see a Giant or Giantess, or any creature that bears our likeness and yet seems removed beyond the pale of our sympathies. When you look up to that great face, when you contemplate these enormous feet, you wonder if this being has ideas and feelings like your own. Can she laugh? Can she weep? Does she take any interest in Confederation or anti-Confederation? Is there anybody that she loves or hates? Would she like to be married, and has she any chance of getting a mate? Does she take porridge to her breakfast, like the rest of us, or does she devour a lamb at a sitting? Now, one would think that your social Giants, your Emperors and Kings, must feel a similar kind of isola-

tion, and often be at a loss for occupations and companions suitable to their stature. They are too tall to get in at the doors of common mortals, and they are so big that when they want to enter into the matrimonial state, it is a serious question how they are to find a mate. The consequence of this isolation is, that the greater number of them are very ignorant of the world and of the human creatures in it, and, as they are human themselves, this ignorance is sometimes extremely inconvenient to them. It has cost many of them their crowns, and several of them their heads. It would help greatly to improve the race of what is called "legitimate" Monarchs, if they would follow the example of good King Cophetua, who took to wife a pretty beggar-maid, and gat him sons and daughters with fresh blood and clear brains, and with a strong dash of common humanity in them.

It is a misfortune to be born a Giant or Giantess. Even in a *physical* point of view, it is a misfortune. Your Giants are not long livers, and the reason seems obvious. The vital machinery within cannot long sustain such a gross weight. The balance of nature is wanting. The enormous quantity of flesh, bone and muscle which has to be fed, produces too great a strain on the lungs and other delicate organs, and Giants generally die of consumption. Men and women, such as Peter Garden and Isabel Walker, (natives of Scotland,) who have lived long past the common date, have generally been small persons. McGaskill is dead, but Tom Thumb survives. I once saw a Lapland woman about 8 feet in height, but it was quite apparent from her sunken cheeks, and languid eyes, and drooping chest, that she was dying in consumption. And, to take a parallel case, does it not frequently happen that the *spiritual* life is crushed out of a man by too great a weight of worldly goods and honors? It is dangerous for a man to have more in *that* shape than he can well carry. There are, no doubt, individuals who possess such a sweet grace and dignity of nature that riches and honors sit as lightly on them as the leaves and blossoms sit on a tree; but these individuals are few in number.

In another point of view it is a misfortune to be born a Giant or Giantess. A body built on such a scale is not well adapted for any of the ordinary occupations or pursuits in which mortals engage, and there arises the temptation to turn it to account in the way in which Miss Swan has made her "fortune." That there is something degrading to the individual in such a mode of life, is a truth which everybody instinctively feels, but few attempt to explain. The feeling may arise from the fact that the life so led seems a lazy life, unprofitable to the community, and ministering only to the vulgar passion of wonder. Nothing is really more respectable in the eyes of men than industry, nothing (if we except positive vice) more disreputable than

idleness. Industry is a great preservative of virtue, idleness is the parent of every vice. Besides the above consideration, when a man or a woman (especially a woman) exhibits his or her monstrous body to the gaze of every rabble that may collect, for the sake of gain, what a humiliating position is this! Where is self-respect when an individual condescends to this kind of trade? That last refuge of frail humanity is gone, and, although virtue may remain behind, it has lost all its comeliness and beauty. The flower *may* survive, but it has parted with its color and its fragrance. We have numerous examples of individuals who have made it their sole pursuit to minister to the amusement of mankind. There is nothing essentially or necessarily degrading in such a profession, but the tendency is to injure the sentiment of self-respect, and this is one reason why actors and professional singers, &c., are so highly remunerated. Their pay is high, not only on account of the superior skill displayed, but on account of the social odium attached to all such professions. There have been, and still are, great preachers, who, if they had taken to the stage, could have soon realised large fortunes, but who chose comparative poverty that they might exercise their talents in a nobler cause. In these remarks I would not be understood as insinuating anything against the moral character of Miss Swan. On the contrary, I believe she is a woman of correct and virtuous habits, and I understand she has been so kind as to purchase a farm for her parents; but it is lawful to offer some meditations on such professions. Something may be said by way of apology for her mode of life. Nature has unfitted her for ordinary work, and she cannot afford to do nothing for herself. She may be said to have had no choice in the matter, for, since she was a child, she has been the property of Showmen. What sin, it may be said, does she commit—which of the commandments does she break—by exhibiting herself to people for a shilling or ninepence a head? Is she doing anything that other people don't do? Does not the Tailor sell his fingers to anybody that wants them, for as much as they will fetch? Does not the Blacksmith sell his arms? Does not the Soldier sell his limbs, the Advocate his tongue, the Statesman his brain, the Poet his heart? Alfred Tennyson got £1000 for some tears over Arthur Hallam; Herr Von Bismarck sold his brains to the King of Prussia, and His Majesty has made a very good bargain in the meantime. Bismarck got a coronet, and the King an empire. Don't ladies sometimes sell or mortgage their rosy cheeks to old men, when a high price is given? Really, Miss Swan ought to be allowed to sell a look of herself when people are willing to buy so harmless a thing. The Giantess is not more mercenary than the majority of her fellow-mortals. Would that

there were less selling and buying of various kinds on the earth! Let us, in all cases, strive to buy the truth, but sell it not. Neither, under any stress, Oh! reader, sell thy moral *self-respect*, otherwise thou shalt be poor indeed. Remember that there are better and more precious things in this world than money. There is an inward wealth such as the world can neither give nor take away.

W. M. P.

Albion Mines, Sept. 1866.

The Deputation to Cape Breton.

THIS deputation, consisting of two Ministers of the Presbytery of Pictou, have, before this time, reached their homes and their congregations, after having passed three weeks assisting at as many communions in this Island, namely, at Broad Cove, Middle River, and River Inhabitants. And, though their own impressions of the visit will be forthcoming, I may presume, in due time, in the proper place, yet now I feel I cannot deny myself, and many more here besides, the satisfaction of briefly presenting this tribute to their efficient, acceptable services on the occasion.

But, first, I would take the liberty, as representing in the case the whole people in those quarters, of thus thanking their congregations, who had so generously consented to be deprived of their ministrations for such a length of time. Not, indeed, that I think a temporary seaparan in this way tends to the disadvantage of either party, but the very opposite; for whilst the former must have their appetites considerably sharpened by a reasonable fast, the latter cannot but feel refreshed, in both the outer and inner man, by an occasional release from the exhausting monotony of their home work, all the year round.

Including our Missionary, we had a little effective staff of preachers at the time. One is cool, clear, didactic, with the healthy feeling of the old country; another, naturally solemn, dignified, but not pompous; flowery, but not flighty; the Missionary, combining with his various acquirements all the qualifications of his office, as energy, devotedness, patience, endurance, and, in his case, great vehemence of delivery. Still, using an ancient dialect of the noble Celtic tongue, his manner and his words never fail to reach the heart of his Highland countrymen.

On their arrival, the people everywhere were all in raptures. For, long before they had anxiously inquired, "Will they come the year?" many prayers had been put up that, when they should come, it would not be alone. Nor was it; they have left a blessing behind them. And they that water shall themselves also be watered in return. Our annual Eucharist is beginning to attract general notice here, as the mission is gradually gaining ground on the scruples, prejudice, and chagrin of all parties. The only want, in its way, we most

feel, at present, is a missionary or two, with the cloven tongue of Gaelic and English, for the meantime. The communicants in all the places numbered one-third more this time than last year; whilst thousands attended the preaching under peculiar circumstances of the community, as well as of the season of the year. There were new communicants, and new speakers on the "question" on the Friday. In many places, our loyal adherents are raising up their heads and their hands. We have four Churches in course of erection, with a number under repair, in the Island. The new Church recently erected at Broad Cove is, and that justly, admired by everybody, and for which that poor but united congregation deserves no small commendation, especially the trustees and leaders generally, with a few merchants,—the latter rather wealthy,—and who, I understand, contemplate again to contribute something to Dalhousie College. Middle River is still striving to hold its own, legally and peaceably. River Inhabitants (I wish the Pope would re-baptize that fine river) is overflowing its banks with love to our cause. So is the Strait of Canso. So is Loch Lomond. So is Cape North.

It was at this river we had our last "occasion," as the Scotch say. On Sunday, the Gaelic congregation met on the hill side, close by the little old Church, led, in their devotions, by a young man of the noble though wild clan MCGREGOR at one time. I and the Missionary remained with the Brother who held forth before a few English people, with others, in the Church; sitting one on each side of him, after the fashion of Aaron and Hur of old. Going all out to the great congregation, there our eyes fell on a scene forming the most unique, perfect picture of the kind I had ever marked before.

The air was still as in Paradise before the spirit of evil had raised the storms. Yet a dark cloud in the west seemed heedlessly about to mix its liquid contents with the worshipping assembly; but against which liberty to be taken with the lightly clad people,—especially with the *sacred things* now in hand,—many protested in their hearts, and so, somehow, it took another way.

The Highlanders—Protestants and Roman Catholics alike—with their rugged brows and dark mustachos, with the usual proportion of well-dressed, modest-looking young women, many old people—some very old and white-headed—and little boys and girls, reclined in a hollow on the face of the hill, surrounded with their horses, fixed to the bushes, and content to stand quiet for a while. There were many Bibles to be seen among them; and it was pleasant, at any time, to notice some, with spectacles on nose, turn up the Gaelic Psalm, and sing out with all their might. The large wooden tent for the minister stood at the base of the natural amphitheatre, and in which one of them kept regular watch, looking out over the desk. I and a

minister of a royal clan, in bad times of yore, acted as Elders, standing one on each side of the presiding minister, who had preached there all day, and who now appeared before the tent to read, constitute, and, as the manner is, to serve the first table. The little covered table on which lay the elements of bread and wine, and the long covered plank at which sat the communicants, extended up before the officiating minister. Struck with the uniqueness of all about me, I took a side glance at him as he stood, tall, straight, with hands raised up to the clouds, flowing hair, long, graceful mustachos, mild face, meek eyes, and grateful, eloquent lips, thanking God for His unspeakable Gift, in the act of consecrating the sacred symbols of His body broken and of His blood shed for the sins of mankind. We took up the tokens. The minister took the bread, and broke it, and gave it; then, the wine, to the communicants. We handed round the plate and the cup to them. The solemn service had its natural effect on all present. It was a beautiful sight, whilst the sublimest scene possible, next to that on Calvary, or Sinai, or the day of judgment. And from their pathway of the firmament overhead, angels and spirits of departed saints,—some our acquaintances, some our friends,—may have looked down upon us, and witnessed, with interest and approbation, all that was going on at the time. Finally, the missionary gave a short address, which, if it did not pierce the hearers in their hearts, at least penetrated a good way into the earth's centre, and was resounded by the woods and hills around. And now, after prayer and praise, and the benediction given, all, after a long but patient sitting, started to their feet, and broke up, and spread out, and so gradually disappeared from the view in all directions, never all again to meet on earth. But may they all one day meet in heaven. J. G.

Lock Lomond, C. B., 30th August, 1866.

Austria and Prussia.

The following remarks from the September No. of the *Sunday Magazine* are so apposite and excellent, with reference to the results of the late war, that we make no apology to our readers for inserting them:—

“The magnitude of the blow which the Papacy has received by the humiliation of Austria is gradually becoming apparent. Attention is turned to the decadence of those countries which bow to the sceptre of Rome, and their utter want of ability to cope with the vigour of the Protestant nations. It is some time since Spain ceased to be a great power, and Austria would now seem to be following in its wake. France and Italy are vigorous and bold, but both have spurned the Papal yoke, although they have not become Protestant. The consternation that prevails at Rome is said to be very great.

Austria, as an able journalist has remarked the last of the great ultramontane Powers, has been hopelessly beaten. The new Germany that is rising on her ruins is either Protestant or liberal Catholic, and is ruled by a king who is almost fanatically Lutheran. The world, as it appears at the Vatican, will be divided between six great states, and of these France will be Voltairian, Prussia Lutheran, Britain, on all Papal questions, Calvinistic, Russia Greek and hostile, Italy Catholic but anti-Papal, and Austria Papal, but bound by the evil prejudices of the Hungarians. The changes, too, are so sudden and violent as to leave no room for intrigue. Things are worse than in 1848, when, despite the spirit of liberalism, the Papacy had great powers behind her; and far worse than in 1800, when her calamities depended on a single man. It is most interesting to Protestants to think that in such countries as Bohemia and Hungary, the long-crushed plant of Protestantism has now some chance of recovering its vigour, as it has done in some measure among the Vaudois and in the north of Italy. That loss of prestige which has befallen the Papacy, that rude dissipation of her mysterious glory which has had such an effect in subduing men's minds and keeping them subdued, may now, in Austria, as for some time past in Italy, awaken a spirit of religious inquiry, and create a thirst for the Word of God. While we cherish such hopes in regard to the issue of the wonderful events of the past few weeks, we are of course not to be held as approving of the means by which these events have been accomplished. Wherever injustice and violence have prevailed, God will take his own way of punishing them; but not the less may He make the events themselves instrumental in preparing the way for the triumphs of the Gospel.

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Eighth Annual Report of the Cape John Young Men's Christian Association.

A BRIEF review of the present state and operations of this Association, during the past year, must certainly be interesting and profitable. The Association has now successfully completed the eighth year of its existence. The total number of subscribed members on the roll, since its formation, is thirty-seven, (all alive by latest accounts,) one of whom joined during the past year; but of these, sixteen are not residing within reach of attendance. Of twenty-one members whose residence are within three miles of the place of meeting, a majority appear to take an interest in its affairs, and occasionally attend the meetings. The weekly meetings for social worship and Bible study were held regularly throughout the year, without exception. At these meetings, the general attendance was from six to eight members; the

subjects of meditation were chiefly from St. Matthew's Gospel, and the exercises were highly pleasant, hopeful, harmonious, and, we trust, beneficial. Public prayer-meetings were held regularly on the first Monday evening of each month. At these meetings the average attendance would be about forty.

By reviewing the financial position of the Association, it will be seen that it is clear of debt.

The object of the Association—"the promotion of vital piety and intellectual improvement"—being always in view at its meetings, caused the members to be exceedingly guarded; consequently, they were not occupied in discussing the unnecessary and mysterious doctrines which serve as a barrier between the different denominations of Christians; but chiefly in conversing on the means of obtaining salvation, and the application of those means to all within its influence.

In this brief statement of the affairs of the Association, we see much that is hopeful. "Be not weary in well-doing: for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

C. R. STRUMBERG, Sec'y.

Sept. 6th, 1866.

The Scottish Gathering at New Glasgow.

Is it lawful for Christian men to meet together occasionally in crowds for the express purpose of playing themselves? It is not only lawful, but it is well, for men need play as well as children. It is good for their bodies and for their minds. It is assumed that order and peace are on such occasions to be preserved, and that every form of licentiousness is to be excluded from the programme and prevented on the scene. We are happy to state that, as far as we observed, the great "Scottish Gathering" which took place the other day at New Glasgow, was entitled to this character. No intoxicants of any kind were to be seen or to be got there, and so resolved were the Committee and the community that the amusements of the day should not be marred nor dishonoured by intemperance and disorder, that every door was shut where folly might enter and madness come out. It may be that some stragglers found means, in the end, to gratify their individual tastes, but loiterers of this class were few in number, and the great assemblage which witnessed the games quietly dissolved in the happiest mood. The Scottish people are remarkable for their national individuality; and the scene which was witnessed in Pictou County the other week, testified the profound veneration with which they regard everything that reminds them of the father-land. The ties which bind these colonies to the mother country, are stronger than some people believe. They would be frail and insecure if they depended solely on material interests.

The chain of historic continuity which extends from the Scotland over which Malcolm Canmore ruled, to the Scotland over which Queen Victoria reigns, reaches round the globe, and binds all Scotchmen on the face of the earth in one grand nationality. I saw an old man amid the throng, whose appearance was somewhat remarkable. Like the majority of those around him, he had lost every outward sign of his Celtic origin. He was clad in good woollen cloth which had come from the looms of Leeds, the silk handkerchief about his neck acknowledged the skill of Macclesfield, and, doubtless, the cotton which lined his back had passed through the mills of Manchester. He wore no Scotch bonnet with feather in it, but a plain black cap of Saxon origin, but,—here follows the notable and significant circumstance,—in the front of the foresaid cap there was stuck a sprig of real heather. *That* was something England could not produce, and the small sprig of heather, in its own pathetic way, spake volumes concerning the inner consciousness of the man. Time and circumstance had abolished all the visible characteristics which distinguish a Scotchman from an Englishman, and the Celt of the mountains was concealed in the fabrics of Yorkshire—claymore and tartan, and kilt and brogue, far lost in the distance. Yet *there* flourished the little sprig of heather, a touching memento of vanished times, a quiet but deep expression of the undying loyalty of the heart to its first love; and the old mountaineer, Saxonised from head to foot, shouted forth, as he passed, in an English tongue, "Scotland for ever."

There may be those who will sneer at these Scottish Gatherings, and wonder what good they can serve. The notions some people have of good are as narrow as those which some people have of utility. There are sundry philosophical spirits that can detect no utility in anything but barrels of meal and bales of cloth, or what helps to make human flesh, and to keep it comfortable. There is likewise a certain class of men who are unable to perceive good in anything which does not minister, *directly and immediately*, to the religious sentiments. This latter class is as much mistaken as the former. Men may and actually do engage in a thousand acts and exercises, the *immediate* effect of which on the mind has nothing of a religious character, while the *remote* effect may be highly favourable or unfavourable to the religion of the individual. There seems to be little connection between foul air and foul actions. Yet experience proves that these two things stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect; and Mr. Peabody, the great philanthropist, understood this law well when he handed over £150,000 of his fortune to build houses for the poor of London, in which they might have the privilege of breathing pure air. Foul air vitiates the blood, the vitiated

blood, stagnating on the brain, produces dullness and stupor, and the unhappy sufferer rushes to stimulants to get rid of the mental depression. Character is the result of a great variety of influences, physical as well as moral; and before a man become either a hero or a pick-pocket, he has passed through a long unconscious training.

A day of real physical enjoyment is good for every man, woman and child.

These Scottish Gatherings have a tendency to keep alive the national sentiment, and to feed the mind with the grand historical associations of the past. It has been said, "Happy is that country which has no history." The point and truth of the saying is, that most histories are written in blood. This is a pity. It is a pity that "principles must be reined in blood;" but if principles are to be got in no other way, they are still worth the price. Scotland has a red enough history, but she has no reason to be ashamed that there are things for which she was not unwilling to pour out her best blood. The loss was material, the gain was spiritual. The loss was temporary, the gain perpetual. She reaps this day in joy what she sowed in tears five centuries ago. Why is it, that while *Scotchmen* meet in merry "Gatherings" on this side the Atlantic, to celebrate the peaceful sports, and renew the pleasant memories of their father-land, Irishmen assemble in "masses" to scowl wrath in the face of England, and to organize conspiracy and bloodshed against a peaceful and unoffending people? The histories of the two countries explain the difference. Scotland has a prosperous and happy present, because she has a proud and glorious past; and long may our Scottish Gatherings be renewed to revive and strengthen the sacred associations that bind us to home. Fenian mass-meetings and Scottish Gatherings are very different things!

Sept. 19th, 1866.

THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The Presbytery of Pictou.

The ordinary quarterly meeting of the Pictou Presbytery was held in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on the 5th inst. There were present the Rev'ds. Messrs. Herdman, Philip, McGregor, Anderson, McCunn, Goodwill, McDonald, Brodie, and McMillan; and D. A. Fraser, Esq., M. P. P., John McLean, Alex. McLean, Robert Reid, D. McDonald, — Strumberg, and W. Fraser, Elders.

The Rev. Mr. Goodwill was unanimously elected Moderator for the current year, after which a vote of thanks was conveyed to the Rev. Mr. McCunn, the retiring moderator, for his uniform courtesy while presiding over this court.

The delegation sent to Cape Breton having returned, and being present, were called upon

to report. They stated that they had fulfilled their appointments, and gave a very interesting and gratifying account of their labors on the Island, also of the present state of the Church there, and especially of the section of it at Pleister Cove, at present small and struggling, but promising at no far distant day to be strong and self-sustaining.

It was then proposed, and unanimously agreed to, that the Presbytery express themselves highly gratified with the Report, thank the delegates, and instruct them to have the same published in the *Monthly Record*.

The Rev Mr. Brodie, being present, also gave interesting details of the state of the Church in his mission field, corroborating the statements of Messrs. Stewart and McGregor.

It was moved by Mr. Anderson, seconded by Mr. Philip, and agreed to, that Mr. Brodie be instructed to give in a Report of his labors, together with a statement of all monies received by him from the Colonial Committee and other sources, towards his salary, during his missionaryship in Cape Breton, and also of Monies received for the Church Schemes.

The Rev. Mr. McGregor stated that he had received £5 for Dalhousie College, and £2 for the Lay Association, from the Rev. John Gunn, Broad Cove Intervale.

There was received and read a letter from the Rev. Daniel McCurdy, demitting the pastoral charge of Folly Mountain and Wallace River congregation, owing to indifferent health and increasing debility.

It was proposed, and agreed to, that Messrs. McCunn and McMillan be appointed a deputation to meet and confer with Mr. McCurdy, and Messrs. Anderson and McDonald, Elders, with the congregations, anent said demission, and that the letter of demission be allowed to lie on the table meanwhile.

Messrs. McCunn and McDonald stated that, on reconsidering the leave of absence from duty granted them, they did not deem it proper, under present circumstances, to avail themselves of it.

The Presbytery then adjourned to meet in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wednesday, the 26th current, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

Closed with the benediction.

W. McMILLAN, Presbytery Clerk.

Obituary.

We consider it our duty, as a small tribute of respect, to record, in the pages of this month, the death of Mr. David Ross, of Mount Pleasant, Six Mile Brook. The deceased, who was a native of Rosshire, Scotland, emigrated to Nova Scotia in the year 1841, and settled in the place in which his days ended, where he made for himself a comfortable living, and gained, by his straightforward, honest, and upright conduct and character, many sincere friends. His death, although hastened towards the end of his life, was not unexpected by his family and friends.

For some years previous to his illness, he was feeling the effects of the toil and hard labor of days gone by; and for about a year and a half before his decease, he had been unable to attend to his ordinary out-door duties, because of a continued depressing dizziness in one side of his head, accompanied by constitutional debility, in consequence of which he had been at times confined to his bed. During the whole of his illness he displayed much christian fortitude, as well as patience and resignation to God's will. Very seldom, if ever, complaints or murmurings were heard from his lips; on the contrary, repeated acknowledgments of God's goodness and mercy were frequently audible, which may evidence the work of the Spirit and the grace of God in him, as well as show the strength of his faith in and love to Christ Jesus, the Saviour. There was something so warm and heavenly in his appearance, manner, and conversation, as to do good to all in whom he had the least interest.

Mr. Ross was an elder of St. John's Church, Roger's Hill, for the last 13 years of his life. As an office-bearer in the Church, he was always faithful, honest, and upright, as well as prudent, gentle, and dutiful. He was one of the few who always remained true and faithful to the Church of his fathers, and whose liberality and zeal for her cause never favoured any lukewarmness or indifference. And, while he was a "follower of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises," and endeavoured to maintain the true and pure doctrine, worship and government, so happily established in the Church of Scotland, he showed no bigotry, asperity, or ill-feeling toward other Christian Churches; for to him a spirit of self-righteousness, self-purity, and self-exaltation, followed by imprudent declamations or invidious insinuations against others who hold a different opinion in ecclesiastical matters, was always distasteful.

This true and faithful member and office-bearer of our Church ceased from his labours on the 11th Sept., in a good old age—seventy-five, to enter into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God,"—at the same time mourned by a wife and family, and by all who knew him.

J. G.

*The Manse, Roger's Hill, }
Sept. 25th, 1866. }*

Arrival of Missionaries.

The Rev. Messrs. Gordon, Fraser and Grant, three young gentlemen who have just completed a collegiate curriculum as Theological students in connection with the Church of Scotland, returned to this, their native province, the week before last. The first Sabbath after their arrival was passed in Hali-

fax, where they officiated in St. Andrew's and St. Matthew's Churches with much acceptance. They are all natives of this country and have each of them secured distinguished honors in the Universities of Scotland. They will for some time officiate as missionaries throughout the extensive and inviting field which awaits their labours in this province, and where their advent will be cheerfully hailed. The Rev. Mr. Gordon preached on Sabbath last in St. Andrew's Church, in this town, to a crowded audience, who assembled to hear their talented and accomplished fellow-townman.—*Colonial Standard of 25th.*

Prince Edward Island.

Meeting of Presbytery.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, }
Charlottetown, 6th Sept., 1866. }

Which day the Presbytery of P. E. Island being met and constituted,—present, Rev'd. Messrs. Duncan, McWilliam, Stewart, (Ministers), Dr. Inglis, Alexander Robertson, Esq., and James N. Cogswell, Esq., (Elders), Mr. Duncan, Moderator. Allan McDougal, Esq., Elder, formerly of Belfast, now residing at Egmont Bay, being present, was requested to take his place in the Presbytery and to deliberate. Mr. McDougal was warmly welcomed by the members of Presbytery, and took his seat accordingly.

In the absence of the Clerk of Presbytery; Dr. Inglis was appointed Clerk, *pro tem.*

The Minutes of last meeting were read and sustained.

Owing to the absence of the Presbytery Clerk, no report was given in from Little Sands. Mr. McWilliam stated that he had forwarded to the *Record* his Report in reference to Georgetown and Cardigan, and that it had duly appeared in the pages of that publication. Mr. Stewart stated that he had also sent his Report, which had been duly published.

Messrs. Duncan and Stewart reported that they had severally fulfilled their appointments at Clyde River, and were much encouraged by a large attendance. The Presbytery were gratified to find that at this station a suitable building is now so far advanced as to be fit for public services, and that it is clear of debt. Dr. Inglis agreed to hold a meeting at Clyde River on Sabbath, the 16th current. The Presbytery appointed Mr. Stewart to hold services there on the 7th October, and Mr. Duncan on the 28th of the same month.

Mr. Stewart reported that a Presbyterial visitation was made by several members of Presbytery to Georgetown, for the purpose of conferring with the congregation there in regard to their spiritual and temporal affairs,

—that on its being intimated to them that the appointment of Mr. McWilliam by the Colonial Committee for three years was about to expire, and that, therefore, it now became necessary for them to state what provision they could make for his future services, it was agreed that Georgetown, conjointly with Cardigan, would give £120 currency per annum, with the addition of a fine manse. The Presbytery were much pleased with the success that had marked the labors of Mr. McWilliam, with the increased attendance on ordinances, and the flourishing state of the congregation generally, and resolved accordingly to make application to the Colonial Committee for a grant to supplement his salary. They instructed the Clerk forthwith to correspond with the Colonial Committee on this point, and likewise enjoined the Clerk to give Mr. McWilliam the requisite certificate to enable him to draw his salary for the last half year.

The Presbytery are very desirous that a permanent connection should be formed, as soon as convenient, between Mr. McWilliam and the Georgetown congregation, and recommend that this subject be brought immediately under the consideration of that congregation with a view to his early induction.

The Presbytery then adjourned to meet again at Charlottetown on the first Thursday of January next, at 11 o'clock, forenoon.

ALEX. INGLIS, *Clerk, pro tem.*

One Month's Tidings from the Mission Field.

INDIA.—A small Tamil book, published by a heathen for circulation in Madura, has been found to contain a summary of the Ten Commandments; and it also declares that a time of judgment must come when men shall give account of all that they have done. This is a heathen book!

At Ahmednuggur, eight persons have been baptised; at Shalopoor, two, one an aged man, father of a convert; at Madras, a young man of good caste, connected with the Free Church Mission. This last case was that of a native of Tinnevely, who had been educated in the Church of England schools, and had been a reader of Christian tracts. Intercourse with native christians is also said to have been of much use to him.

The churches in South India, in connection with the Church of England Missionary Society, have during the last year subscribed the sum of £2010 for missionary and charitable purposes. Of this sum £531 was for "Native Church Agency," and £348 for the "building and repair of churches." The method of gathering in these sums seems to be that of having "collectors, all natives, who are supplied with collecting cards, and who bring their collections quarterly or monthly;" at half-yearly meetings the women bring what they have gathered "in their own houses, in small pots," &c.

A young Brahmin recently called on a Baptist missionary in Delhi, and stated that, from statistics he had carefully prepared, he was satisfied there are in that city more than 5000 who are convinced of the truth of Christianity, and "heartily sick of their own religions." He added that he knew of at least two secret societies which met occasionally to discuss the questions arising out of their position.

POLYNESIA.—The story of Missions in Polynesia is told very simply in the London Missionary Society's Report for last year. Sixty years ago there was not a native Christian in Polynesia; to day it would be difficult to find a professed idolater in certain of the islands. A local divinity hall has sent forth 21 native pastors to labor among the people, and there are now 85 young men under instruction. Here is the story of the missions in one island (Upolu):—The population is 2000. There are 438 members of the Church. There are 644 children at the mission schools. The contributions to pay their teachers were, last year, £116; to the London Missionary Society, £87; and within two years the sale of Bibles in Samoa has produced £2000. In Savage Island, again, the work has not been less prosperous. Some native missionaries had been laboring there before, but the first European mission was stationed there in 1861. The population (5000) had been christianised by those men. "Not a vestige of idolatry remained upon the island." There are now 1075 in church fellowship! The contributions of the island last year were £324, 7s. 6d. The number of children at school is 2256.

THE JEWS.—On the 1st of July, three young Jews were baptised in London, at the chapel in Palestine Place, by Dr. Gerald, of the London Society.

News of the conversion of a Jew reaches us from America. A young man was visited, when in sickness, by the missionary. He appeared to be very much impressed by the conversation which they had together. His illness increasing, he was removed to the Jews' hospital; and then he seemed, indeed renewed in the spirit of his mind. He rested by faith in Jesus, but death came ere he could be baptised.

The very unusual news of two conversions to Judaism come to us, one from America, the other from Prussia. At Chicago, "a young American lady, brought up in the Christian faith, was admitted into the Jewish Church, after publicly professing her belief in its doctrines." And in Prussia, a soldier, who is now connected with mining pursuits, was so impressed by the lives and conversation of Jewish soldiers whom he knew, that he asked for and obtained admission to the Jewish Church. These conversions, though they strike us at first as almost incredible, may yet be susceptible of easy explanation. No only had there been no life of faith in those

who were thus turned aside, there had possible been no belief in Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah at all. The creed of the Unitarian, or the Rationalist, is already Judaism in unbelief; and is wanting in certain elements which even Judaism has.

A great plague of locusts has again fallen on Galilee. The insects seem to be of a peculiarly horrible character, and they illustrate powerfully the well-known description of the prophet Joel. Here is the appearance of one of them, given in the 'Jewish Chronicle,'—"Its size is that of a bird; its length exceeds a hand-breadth and a half; its head is like that of a lion, and upon its head it has two horns; it has six feet, which resemble saws and sharp swords, with which and with its teeth it devours every plant; its color is reddish or greenish."

A proposal has been put forth by M. Dunant, of Gen'va, for the colonisation of the Holy Land. It is attracting considerable attention from the influence which its author is supposed to have on such subjects with the French Emperor. The scheme is, that an international society should raise funds for developing the resources and colonising the waste places of Palestine. A railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem is one prominent part of the undertaking. An Israelitish emigration from various lands is another. "Its programme," says M. Dunant, "at the same time economic, humanitarian, scientific, &c., is also international. Influential men in France, England, and elsewhere, are favorably disposed to the scheme."

A Child's Thought of Heaven.

Our little Frank, when about four years old, was playing in his mother's room, who was busy reading. As the sound of his play had ceased, she looked up to see what was the matter. She found he was lying on the floor, looking up out of the window at the clear, blue sky, which, from our suburban residence, could be seen to great advantage.

He gazed for some time with an earnest, puzzled look. At length his lips began to move. Closing her book and listening attentively, his mother caught the following soliloquy, which is given *verbatim*, as it murmured from his own childish lips:

"Heaven is a great way off. I wonder how I can get there? Oh! I know how. I will get a ladder, and put it on the top of a great big tree. Then I'll climb up and knock at the door of heaven. Then God will open the door and say, 'Who is there?' And I'll say, 'It's me—little Frankie.' Then God will open the door and say, 'Come in, little Frankie.'"—*S. S. Times.*

Notes of the Month.

THE war in Europe having closed, the con-

solidation of the Prussian acquisitions goes forward. Rumor speaks of a close alliance between France, Italy and Prussia. The French claims are, however, not abandoned. A new order of things is rising in the political state of Europe. The people of Britain are congratulating themselves upon a good harvest. Patriotic men, who wish well to their country, must lament the wholesale bribery which has been proved to be practiced at many elections. These facts must have an influence upon the question of Reform in the franchise qualification. With the lowering of franchise, corruption will increase. There is among the people generally an apathy on the subject, which no monster meetings got up by political agitators have not sufficed to remove.

THE Roman Catholic organs speak despondingly of the prospects of the Pope, when the French troops leave Rome, as to all appearance they are about to do. Should he remain in Rome, he will of course receive the protection of a citizen; but will the nations of the world continue their submission even in spiritual matters to a citizen of Victor Emmanuel? Will they have faith in the independence of his judgment in spiritual things? Will they not suspect illegitimate influences? And thus will he retain his spiritual power in the world? These are questions. The temporal power and Popery are indeed different things, but will the loss of the former not impair the influence of the latter? Apart from other arguments of weight, such as the loss of prestige, the acknowledgement of bad government and the contingency of the Bishop of Rome being no longer able to live in Rome—his diocese, we would be inclined to answer the last question in the affirmative.

In this country, we have been celebrating the successful close of the Atlantic Cable enterprise—the scientific glory of our age—an awful mystery proclaiming that in this our earthly dwelling place we are in constant contact with invisible forces that Almighty power can employ to bless or blast, to beautify or burn the earth, as may be most for His glory. The triumphs of science will tempt no man of enlightened piety to deify man, but to behold the littleness of man brought into comparison with the power and goodness of the Almighty, who permits a puny creature to place his puny hand upon, and use for his little purposes, a mechanism which, turned against himself, would destroy him in a moment. It is generally admitted that the picking up of the Cable of 1865 is the greater feat. The grappling line was nearly three miles long. In ten minutes an answer was received from London, and cheers arose from the middle of the ocean. By the other Cable the news was also sent at once to America. There has been a controversy as to the claims of Messrs. Field, Gisborne, and Morse, to be the projec-

tors of this enterprise. The project was first publicly advocated by one whose name has not yet been generally named in connection with it, viz., Dr. Mulock, R. C. Bishop of St. John's, who published a letter on the subject. The matter was then taken up by Gisborne, and after he had done much to carry it out, upon his retirement, was carried out by Mr. Field. The practical and scientific skill of natives of Great Britain have been, under God, the means of bringing to a successful conclusion a work which, used well, may do much to promote peace and increase the power, comforts and privileges of the human race. The political aspect of matters in the United States is not encouraging. Factious strife seems to mar the peace and happiness of the people of that great country. There appears to be more of passion and less of principle there than in any country of the civilized world. It may be that they are more demonstrative than other nations, but occurrences there teach us to hate democracy more than ever. President Johnson, to his face, and in a most extensive way, is assailed by the foulest epithets that can be picked up out of the gutter, and even assassination has been threatened. The Americans may deem this a proof of freedom, but it is not the freedom that becomes humanity. Surely the thirteenth Chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans is omitted in American Bibles! The Canadians fear that these internal troubles may afford aid to the Fenians, and are in a state of preparation. The Bark of Upper Canada has failed—a great misfortune to Canadian credit.

THE most important event in Church matters, at least to us, is the arrival of three young Nova Scotian Ministers amongst us. The older ministers can appreciate the importance of this event much better than others. They can remember when the arrival of *one* would create a greater sensation among our adherents than the greatest national achievement. If it be otherwise now, must we ascribe it to prosperity or apathy, or both? The mass of the people are now supplied, and the Church begins its Home Mission life—a new phase of development to us. It is inconceivable that our people can be indifferent to the importance of the arrival of three young, able and enthusiastic ministers, who, seven years ago, went from our midst, and who, after a distinguished course, have returned to devote their gifts and acquirements to Christ's cause in their native land. We thank God for preserving and restoring them, and we pray God to continue his mercy to them and bless their labors. In the meantime, Mr. Gordon has been directed to labor in Truro, Folly Mountain, and Acadia Mines, Mr. Fraser in Cape Breton, and Mr. Grant in Halifax Presbytery.

The death of Dr. Edgar, a prominent minister of the Irish Presbyterian Church, is announced.

WE have been requested to explain that the Montreal Church, which was in last *Record* mentioned by us as having introduced an organ, was, before the Union, a Free Church.

Lay Association.

Joseph Hart, Esq., Baddeck, C. B. £1 5 0
River Inhabitants 1 8 8

JAMES FRASER, JR.

New Glasgow, 21st Sept., 1866.

Presbytery Clerk's Fee.

St. Andrew's Kirk-session, Pictou \$4 00
Wallace and Pugwash Kirk-session 4 00

W. M. M.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

1866
Sept.—Barney's River congregation £1 8 8
Roger's Hill do 1 16 8
McLennan's Mountain do 2 9 0
Albion Mines do 2 8 0
Saltsprings do 3 7 0
Musquodoboit do 2 0 0
E. Branch E. River do 2 12 6
Lochaber do 2 2 6

SYNOD FUND.

1866
Sept.—Rev. Mr. Duncan, Charl'town. £3 10 6
P. E. Island
W. GORDON, Treasurer.
Pictou, Sept. 1866.

FOREIGN MISSION FUND.

Sums collected by Miss McDougall, Whycomagh, C. B.:
L. McDougall, Esq. 1 5 0
M. McRae 1 1 3
J. McDougall 1 0 0
Mrs. McPherson 1 5 0
Donald McLean 1 5 0
W. McPherson 1 5 0
£1 15 0

Sept. 18, 1866.—To cash paid James J. Bremner, Esq., Halifax, Treasurer Foreign Mission Scheme £1 15 0
W. GORDON.

The following sums, in addition to those acknowledged above for the Foreign Mission, collected in Cape Breton, in aid of the Scheme of the Church, have been paid over to the Treasurer:—

Miss Mary McDougall, Whycomagh £6 5 0
Miss E. Jane Campbell, Baddeck 8 10 0

Acknowledged in August No.

DEPUTATION FUND.

L. McDougall, Esq. £1 5 0
J. S. Hart, Esq. 2 8 0

HOME MISSION FUND.

L. McDougall, Esq. 2 10 0
Alex. McEachren 10 0 0

YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

J. S. Hart, Esq. 5 0 0