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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SYNOD OF

The Presbyterian Church of Canada

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

October,



1872.

Everything intended for insertion must be forwarded by the 15th of the month.

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All Communications to be addressed to JAMES CROLL, Esq., Montreal.

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THE PRESBYTERIAN

OCTOBER, 1872.

JOTTINGS FROM OLD SCOTIA.

In endeavouring to fulfil the promise of sending a few lines to the "Presbyterian," from this side the Atlantic, I find myself confronted by two formidable difficulties. The first is, the difficulty of finding the time for careful preparation, when one is shifting headquarters almost daily. The second is even more discouraging, because you cannot divest yourself of the feeling, that, do your best, you will after all, be but sending "coals to Newcastle." Long before your lucubrations shall have appeared in print, the cream of your observations has become stale. Even supposing that your communication at the first could be likened to salt, it is pretty certain that, before it reaches its ultimate destination, the salt must have lost its savour. But, as I see no other way of evidencing my good intentions, waiving further apologies, I will endeavour, as opportunity may offer, to jot down a few thoughts, just as they come uppermost.

A summer passage across the ocean has now become so easy of accomplishment, so denuded of novelty and romance, that one can scarcely say any thing about it that every body does not already know. Nothing less than shipwreck or hair-breadth escapes from drowning, suggest themselves as fitting topics, now-a-days, to point a nautical moral, or adorn a nautical tale. Fortunately for the traveller, such occurrences, in so far as our own admirably equipped steamships of the "Allan Line" are concerned, are so few and far between that the chances of encountering either the one or the other have come to be regarded as very small. Still, to the occasional passenger, who, perhaps once in ten years or so, crosses the deep, there is in the isolated grandeur of the sea that which carries one's thoughts captive and directs them into new channels. Recollections of everyday work and worry drop astern and gradually fade from view. You undergo a kind of mental emancipation. Taking literally no thought for the morrow, you are content to eat and drink and sleep, accepting as a cardinal point in your creed the maxim, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

We sailed in the "St. Andrew" from Quebec towards Glasgow, on the 15th July. The

weather being fine, we had a pleasant run down the Gulf in smooth water, without any thing worthy of note, till we reached the Straits of Belleisle, when we first became sensible of a marked change in the atmosphere. We had left Montreal with the thermometer at 98° in the shade, here we observe that it ranges from 45° to 50°, and we have only to look around for the explanation. Far as the eye can reach, pyramids of ice, rising from the deep green sea and in some instances towering mast-head high, present themselves to our admiring eyes. On nearer approach, they assume every conceivable variety of outline. Sometimes you are reminded of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, again of the dazzling white minarets of the Duomo of Milan, while darker forms loom out like a St. Peter's or a St. Paul's. You have no idea whence those icebergs have come, nor whither they are going. You listen to every explanation that sager companions pour into your ear, but you are not much the wiser. You are simply lost in admiration. We will not reverse the picture by conjuring up the tempest and shrouding the beautiful vision with darkness and fog. God protect the mariner who, in such a case, shapes his course through these waters!

We had not more than a dozen cabin passengers, and each enjoyed the luxury of a separate state room. All of us were brave sailors, until, having passed through the Straits, we encountered the long rolling swells of the Atlantic, when our patron saint gave such evidence of buoyancy as took us somewhat by surprise. We could not have thought it possible for such a weighty mass of iron thus to disport itself. The usual consequences ensued. The inconveniences described by Artemus Ward, most of us felt, viz., the difficulty of keeping inside of one's berth and outside of one's dinner. Those who took to their berths at least escaped vulgar criticism. As for myself, and the only male companion who kept on deck, we were afterwards told that, despite our pretensions to the status of able bodied seamen, during a couple of days we looked very much like a brace of escaped convicts. But, on the whole, we had a very pleasant and enjoyable time of it. We could not help being struck with the order and discipline of the crew, the subdivision of work, and the thorough devotion to duty in every

department. The broad Doric accent of "the hands" left no doubt that we were in a Scotch ship. Your genuine salt water sailor is a very different individual from the fresh water imitation. He may be bluff and blunt in his mode of expression, but he is never rude intentionally. For his superiors, Jack has always a touch of his hat and a ready "aye, aye Sir!" His treatment of inferiors is also characteristic. To hear the boatswain singing out to his "watch," you might suppose he was swearing at a gang of galley-slaves, but it is only his peculiar method of encouraging the fellows, and they quite understand it. His idiom of speech too is quite original and, at times, ludicrous; as, for example, while shortening sail one night, I overheard the officer address the exhortation to one of the men, who was doing his best at a clue line, "haul awa' man, haul awa', man, ye wadna haul the tail out o' a sparrow!"

You would like to know how we spent the Sabbath day at sea. I was a little disappointed. At ten o'clock, the ship-bell tolled the hour for service. The cabin table was covered with Bibles and psalm books. The Captain's chair became the pulpit and the ships' Doctor the officiating Priest, but the congregation consisted only of the passengers and a few of the ship's officers; not a single sailor nor stoker, though there was room for all. I suspect, if the truth had been told, Jack would have given emphatic expression to his preference for the services of a "regularly ordained minister." On this northern route there is little danger of collision with other vessels, for it is rarely frequented, saving by the steamships of the Glasgow line. We did, however, meet the "Hibernian," which passed us in fine style: the whole of her upper deck being black with passengers as much interested in our appearance, as we were in theirs. What a blessing to thousands of poor emigrants to be thus speedily and comfortably conveyed to the land of their adoption, as compared with the long and dreary voyages of the earlier settlers, who had to undergo the unmitigated horrors of a tedious passage of eight or ten weeks, cooped up like cattle in a crowded 'tween decks, living meanwhile on coarse salt junk and its wretched accompaniments! Here are a thousand emigrants speeding across the sea, at the rate of three hundred miles a day, who will reach their destination in the far West in a much shorter space of time than their predecessors could accomplish the distance between Montreal and Toronto! We made land on the morning of the thirteenth day out, but it was thick weather with a drizzly rain, so that we had no view of the magnificent scenery through which our course lay as we passed up the estuary of the Clyde, and we landed at Mavisbank amid a deluge of rain.

Glasgow has grown to be a great city, with a population of five hundred thousand inhabitants. There hangs over it a perpetual cloud of smoke, which gives it a gloomy appearance and has transformed many of its fine public buildings into wierd-looking, dingy structures

in which you fail at first sight to recognise a single trace of their original beauty. But then, the ceaseless clanking of hammers in the ship-yards, the forest of masts at the Broomielaw, and the din of traffic through the spacious and crowded thoroughfares, impress you with the feeling that you are in the midst of the busiest and most prosperous of Britain's work-shops, and, excepting London, in the largest city in the United Kingdom. After a fortnight's seclusion from the world, it was interesting to learn what subjects were just then stirring men's minds. Well, the news had just arrived that Stanley, the American newspaper correspondent, had returned from Africa with despatches from Dr. Livingston, and full details as to the Great Explorer's discoveries and future plans, all of which was considered too good news to be true. Then there had been a most mysterious and terrific explosion, by which the Tradeston Mills, the largest in Glasgow, having thirty-six pairs of stairs, were blown to atoms; most of the workmen in the premises having been buried beneath its ruins. The death of the Rev. Dr. Macleod of the Barony Parish, was, also, in every one's mouth, and one could not help remarking how universal was the respect for his memory. It was not confined to class, nor creed, nor locality, but, everywhere throughout Scotland, it seemed as though the whole body of the people were in mourning for a dear departed relative—for "our Norman."

The season of the year is the most unfortunate that could be chosen for obtaining information in regard to matters Ecclesiastical. It is the Minister's holiday time; you can, therefore, neither expect to hear the great preachers of the day nor see their congregations. But, as time goes on, we may be more fortunate in this regard, and meanwhile, as many readers of the "Presbyterian" as choose to accompany your humble Correspondent in his rambles through this lovely land—

"Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood—"

are cordially invited to do so. We shall make it our business to take note of what we hear, and see of men and things in general, and, especially, of such men and things as attract notice through Canadian spectacles. Reserving details about the City of Saint Mungo, till a more convenient season, we start first, in a southerly direction, to Peebles, en route spending the Sabbath at Hamilton. The valley of the Clyde, as is well known to the reader, is at once picturesque and extremely fertile—fertile in its agricultural products and abounding in rich historical associations. Here is the principal seat of the noble House of Hamilton and Brandon—a large classical building, after the style of the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, two hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and sixty feet in height. The interior of the Palace contains a fine collection of paintings and articles of *certu*. It is surrounded by a noble park, in which stand grand old oak trees of the Ancient Caledonian Forest, where the celebrated Scottish white cattle still roam in untainted purity of breed. But it is justly a matter of deep re-

gret to every patriotic Scotchman, that His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, whose ancestry figure so largely in Scottish history, but rarely deigns to visit this princely demesne, where his forefathers sleep in a gorgeous Mausoleum, the doors of which are said to be a fac-simile of those famous ones, through which you enter the Baptistery of Florence—doors that were pronounced, by Michael Angelo, to be “worthy the gates of Paradise.” In the vicinity of Hamilton, we have Bothwell, now a place of fashionable resort for Glasgow merchants; but greatly more interesting for its ancient Castle, mantled in ivy—a noble relic of Norman Architecture, covering an area of two hundred and thirty-four feet in length and ninety-nine feet in breadth, and having walls fourteen feet in thickness and sixty feet in height. Here too is “Bothwell Brig,” famous in Scottish story as the scene of a memorable Battle, fought in 1679 between the Royal forces under Monmouth and the Covenanters, and so well described in Sir Walter Scott’s novel of “Old Mortality.” And not far off are the ruins of Craignethan Castle, the “Tillietudlem” of the same tale; and “Lee House,” where may be still seen the “Lee Penny,” which suggested the novel of “The Talisman.” A short distance takes us to Lanark and the Falls of Clyde, a region full of legends respecting Wallace Wight. Our pawky guide, by way of giving us full value for our money, informs us that these are the grandest falls in creation; cautiously adding “except may-be the bit they ca’ Niagara, that’s said to beat them.” The Parish of Hamilton is a Collegiate charge, having two Churches in which the Incumbents officiate alternately, morning and afternoon. The observance of Evening Service, as practised by us in Canada, is, as a rule, unknown in Scotland; and our observation leads us to wish that the closing hours of the day of rest were, always and everywhere, sacredly set apart for the holiest of purposes, family fellowship and instruction. The Old Church and the New Church of Hamilton, happily, accommodate themselves to the diversified tastes of the Parishioners, in respect of æsthetics. In the one you find the old modes and postures, in the other you have the more advanced forms of worship, where the people lean forward at prayer, as the nearest convenient approach to kneeling, while they stand at singing, which is aided by an Organ and practised Choir. The senior Minister, Rev. Dr. Keith, who is much respected, has for some time been incapacitated for the active duties of his office by sickness, so that the chief burden of the work devolves upon his Colleague, Rev. H. M. Hamilton, who appears to be a man of considerable ability and of polished and pleasing address—a descendant of one of the old families of that name.

By the ubiquitous railway, we reach Strathaven easily in an hour. We pass on our way near the Kirk of Glasford, styled from its prominent site, “The Church veesable.” This Church is seen nine miles off. Adjoining it, beautifully situated and recently enlarged and improved, stands the Manse of Glasford, which was occupied, for nearly forty years, by one of the wor-

thiest and most highly esteemed of Parish Ministers, Rev. Gavin Lang, and, on his death and at the earnest solicitation of the Parishioners, by his son of the same name, who had, for five years previously, been Minister of the large, populous, and influential Parish of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire. The readers of the *Presbyterian* will have no difficulty in recognizing, in this son, the veritable Minister of St. Andrew’s Church, Montreal. It must have been a considerable wrench for Mr. Lang to leave so sweet a spot—a Parish with an excellent living, no Dissenting place of worship near, very moderate work, and a Manse which was made even more than usually comfortable and commodious for him and his family. It is interesting to note that the Manse Glasford has given, during the present generation, no fewer than four Ministers to the Church of Scotland; the others being Rev. John Marshall Lang of Morningside Parish, Edinburgh, (appointed successor to Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, in the Barony Parish, Glasgow), and Rev. James P. Lang, of Sealkote, India. The railway to Strathaven is, I suppose, one of the steepest grade in Scotland: at least I observe from the sign posts that the deviation from the level at several points was as much as one foot in sixty five; yet there appeared to be no difficulty in making the ascent with an ordinary engine. If the reader knows what it is to visit the scenes of earliest recollection after an absence of say forty years, he will be able in some measure to understand the mingled feelings of pain and pleasure created by the survey. If he has not, it were vain to attempt a description. As an honest farmer, whom I had never seen before, but who received me with open arms, when I told him the old story, that I had lived in the house he then occupied long before he was born, remarked, “Ah Sir, it’s a strange thing Nateevity!” I was interested in the old castle of Strathaven, the little I could gather of its history. In the brave days of old, it had been a strong tower of defence, and, when the iron grasp of Cromwell had confiscated the Duke’s estates, here “the good Duchess Anne,” had sought and found shelter, attended by one faithful servant who earned support for her mistress and herself by spinning wool with her distaff, until these calamities were overpast. In testimony of her Grace’s appreciation of kindness then received, she afterwards presented the Parish with a pair of silver Communion vessels that are still in use. The Parish is large and includes within its bounds the famed field of “Drumclog,” where the Covenanters, during the time of bloody persecution, claimed a signal victory over the Dragoons of Claverhouse. A monument to the memory of the slain still stands on the hill side among the heather, and, until lately, it was customary to preach an annual sermon at the spot, which drew large crowds. But by common consent it is thought better to let sleeping dogs lie, especially dogs of war.

I have scarcely left myself room to say anything about Peebles, and the beautiful valley of the Tweed, every foot of which is classic ground, and has been made the subject of

song and story by the Ettrick Shepherd and Sir Walter Scott. The town itself is small, having only about 2000 inhabitants, but is romantically situated, and has a very quiet, clean and quaint appearance. A dilapidated tower, standing in the middle of the grave yard, is all that remains of the old Kirk, which has been replaced by a commodious new one. The character of the country is mountainous, but the hills are smoothly rounded; a large area being covered with thriving woods, above which the purple heath-clad mounds rise to a height of 2000 feet. The lower reaches appear to be in a high state of cultivation. It is a sheep grazing district. In reply to the question, "how many sheep are counted to an acre?" we learned that, "down by the Tweed about half a score, but, up yonder among the heath, about two acres to a sheep!" I was anxious to pay my respects to the Parish Minister of Manor, the Rev. Peter MacVicar, favourably known to us in Canada, as at one time the Minister of Martintown. The Manse is distant from Peebles about three miles, and the drive is one of the most beautiful imaginable. The road is richly wooded and overhangs the Tweed, affording some magnificent views. On a projecting rock, by the river side, stands Nidpath Castle, a portion of what must once have been a very large structure. Unlike most of the old Scottish strongholds it is in tolerably good preservation, being still covered with a roof, and even inhabited by a game keeper. A little above this we ford the Tweed, and a little further on cross the Manor water in the same primitive style. Both these rivers are full of trout, and are a favourite resort of anglers from far and near. The Minister being away at the far end of the Parish on duty, the main object of my visit was frustrated; but I was delighted with the appearance of things about the Manse and the Kirk. The neatly trimmed hedge rows, the closely shaven lawn, the well kept flower garden, the cleanest of gravel walks—all bespoke comfort, taste, and excellent management. From many quarters, I learned that the Minister is universally respected. The Church is a long, narrow, low edifice; had in reverence for its antiquity, being two hundred years old. As it seems to defy the destructive tooth of time and betrays no symptoms of tumbling down, it has been wisely resolved to expedite the process of decay by uncovering the walls, so soon as the new building, to be commenced immediately, is ready for occupation. The cost will of course be defrayed by the Heritors, of whom Lord Wemyss is the principal—a staunch friend of the Minister as well as of the Kirk. I can testify that the interior of the Manse corresponds with the goodly exterior. The announcement that I was a Canadian was a sufficient passport. A more cordial welcome could not have been extended, and it was with the greatest reluctance, that, owing to the limited time at my disposal, I was forced to decline the hospitality that was pressed upon me.

An unexpected pleasure attended my arrival in Edinburgh. It would be wrong to say I

had a letter of introduction to the Minister of North Leith, but the card of a mutual friend, Rev. W. M. Black, of St. Mark's Church, Montreal, with my name ingeniously blended with his, proved an all-sufficient passport to the fullest enjoyment of the rights and privileges pertaining to the inmate of a Scottish Manse, which are neither few nor small. I had looked forward with no ordinary desire to making the acquaintance of some of those leading Ministers of the Church of Scotland, whose names had long been familiar as household words, and now I found myself in the company of perhaps one of the very foremost, the Rev. Dr. Smith, the Convenor of the Endowment Scheme. His Parish is one of the largest in Scotland, numbering over two thousand communicants. The living is said to be one of the largest, though in reality it does not much exceed £1000 a year. He himself is about as fine a looking man as one could wish to see, and his address so polished and fascinating as easily to account for his immense popularity. In course of conversation, I made enquiry respecting two of our ex-Canadian ministers, the Rev. Wm. Bell, formerly of Pittsburg, and for some time minister of the Grass-market Church in Edinburgh, and the Rev. John Whyte, erst of Arthur. The former I was told had been inducted to an excellent charge in a beautiful part of the country at Aberfoyle. With respect to the latter, Dr. Smith informed me that he was under an engagement to introduce Mr. Whyte to the charge of Queensferry on the following Sabbath, and invited me to accompany him. This, I was only too glad to do. The distance from Leith to the Ferry is about eight or nine miles, and the drive is a very beautiful one. Incomparably the finest view of Edinburgh is obtained from this road which skirts the shore of the Forth. Though from a lower level, you seem to get a bird's-eye view of the whole City, which, for beauty of situation and varied outline, is unequalled in the world. The Parish to which we were going had been long vacant—worse than vacant. It had become notorious in Ecclesiastical annals as "the Queensferry case." The patronage lies with the Town Council. The Town Council had presented more than one unacceptable Minister. The parishioners in the exercise of their rights had "objected;" most likely unpleasant things had been said. At all events, a dead lock seemed imminent. At this critical juncture, Mr. Whyte's name was brought under consideration, and the result was an immediate reconciliation of opposing factions and a harmonious "call." His Induction followed in due course, and was celebrated by a public dinner, at which the Earl of Rosebery, the chief proprietor in the neighbourhood, presided, and expressed his great satisfaction at the happy settlement which had been effected. In further proof of the unanimity of the people, I observed in the vestry a handsome Pulpit Bible, the gift of the congregation to their new Minister, a silk gown and cassock presented by the ladies, and a set of bands and case, the offering of the Sunday-School. I wish I had room for an outline of

Dr. Smith's admirable sermon, which was delivered extempore from the text, "But wisdom is justified of her children." The pervading sentiment was this, "Do the right, no matter for the consequences. Face the world with the consciousness of an honest purpose, and in the long run you will be justified in the eyes of God and man."

I have heard only one opinion about the Rev. Dr. Jenkins' appearance before the General Assembly. His speech is allowed to have been "just the thing that was wanted." It has done us good. It is a significant fact, that the circular and form of questions issued by the Canadian Committee on the state of Religion form an appendix to the Report submitted to the General Assembly, and the Canadian Church, instead of being ranked as a weak dependency, is designated "*The Sister Church*," out of whose book it is allowed that a leaf may now and then be profitably taken.

3.

THE LATE COL. KENNETH CAMERON OF THORAH.

The death of this gentleman took place at his residence, situated on the shores of the beautiful Lake Simcoe, on the 20th of last June, in the 85th year of his age. The Colonel had been ill for six months. His disease was in his chest. His friends were fondly hoping that, the severity of the weather once past, he might recruit; he himself thought otherwise. "If it be," he said, "the will of the Lord, I will recover, but I do not much expect it." He judged aright. With the return of the warm season, he sunk rapidly. He patiently bore his lingering illness.

Colonel Cameron was born in Lochaber, in the year 1787. He was descended, by both his parents, from old and well-connected Highland families. His father was a commissioned officer. He had four brothers commissioned officers. The time devoted to his education could not have been very long, for he entered the army at an early age. He once remarked that the proficiency made by him in his studies was limited. If so, this defect was certainly remedied afterwards. The Colonel was a man of varied, accurate, and extensive knowledge. Few, indeed, were the subjects in the discussion of which he could take no part.

It would delight the writer of these sentences to be able here to give even a brief sketch of the military career of Colonel Cameron: but neither materials, nor space, nor talents, will permit this. The Colonel joined the army about the year 1802, as an ensign in the 79th or Cameron Highlanders. "The service of the regiment"—during the wars of the First French Empire—"is well known." "The regiment was twice mentioned in the public despatches, as having satisfactorily distinguished itself." The Colonel "never" was an instant absent throughout the wars in which the regiment took part. "He was in seven campaigns in the Peninsula, the south of France, and elsewhere." Some of his acts were "specified in papers laid

before Lord Fitzroy Somerset." It is seen by his medal that he fought at—"Corunna—Busaco—Fuentes D'Onor—Salamanca—Pyrenees—Nivelle—Nive—Toulouse." He was once wounded.

A good observer of human character, were he introduced with the Colonel, would, persuaded, say, that, as a soldier, his watchword would be *duty*, and he would be calm at the approach of danger, and a hero in the hottest of the battle. Our observer, in making this statement, would in effect say that the Colonel was a soldier after the mould of his mighty Captain "The Iron Duke;" and our observer would say right. In a company of superior officers, one of whom was General Lord Hill, some remarks were passed on the Colonel. "That is an officer," said his lordship, "of distinguished merit." This is no trivial praise, when it is considered that the personage who uttered it was not apt to bestow undeserved encomiums; while he was, perhaps, as competent a judge of a good soldier as any man of his time. The Colonel retired from the service in 1835. He took, as was natural, lively interest in all the late wars from the Crimean downwards. His conversations as regards them were always both interesting and instructive; they were, at times, charming. We venture to assert, that, were an individual to spend an evening with this veteran of simple habits, this "gentleman of George the Third's time," and to get him into a conversational mood, he would have it within his power to form a more correct estimate of the state of *affairs* at the seat of war, than he would by perusing some "leaders on the war", issued though they might be by some of our "leading journals." He spoke as if he were at the scene of action, and saw everything he spoke about.

After the Colonel had retired from the service, he was for a short time Sheriff of Niagara, and for a short time Surveyor General. These periods excepted, he made Thorah his home from his leaving the army to his death. He took interest in the affairs of the Township. He was prepared to advance whatever he considered to be for the benefit of the Township. He was able to give sound advice in almost any matter. That advice asked, it was always frankly given. He would labour to help a person out of difficulties. His deeds of kindness to the poor were many; while all of them were performed on the principle that the one hand was not to know what the other did. He had a friendly eye towards the young. Himself without either wife or child, he evinced more concern for the intellectual and moral training of the rising generation than scores whom God had blessed with large families. The Colonel was a man of strong will,—ready to pay deference to the views of others, he claimed the right of thinking for himself. He could be a formidable opponent. He feared no human being. Few indeed, however, were they of whom he had nothing good to say. Often was he observed to throw in a kind word for the individual whose conduct he had felt it his duty, the moment before, to censure.

The attachment of Colonel Cameron to the Church of Scotland was very strong. That attachment was as free from narrow-mindedness and prejudice as it was strong. One who knew him intimately, and knew him long, cannot this moment tax his memory with his having ever heard him utter a disrespectful sentence of a single denomination of the Christian Church — of a single Minister of the Christian Church. The Church was a mainstay in the congregation to which he belonged—he stood by it in trying times. The congregation honoured him; but the place of honour he never sought—the farthest from it possible. One evening, during his illness, a certain friend was by his bedside. Among other things, he made remarks to the Colonel on those precious words of our Lord: “I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die. Believest thou this?” Observing that the patient was exhausted, he said — “Am I engaging your attention too long, sir?” With difficulty, but with solemnity, he answered. “By no means.” In a few moments the friend left the sick chamber and returned home; sadly suspecting that he had seen the last of him whom he loved so well. Nor was he mistaken. A little longer, and the noble heart ceased to beat.

A number of years ago Colonel Cameron, Miss Cameron and Mrs. Bethune, his sisters, and Robert Bethune, Esq., his brother-in-law, all lived under the same roof. A virtuous and elegant little circle this was. Alas! the last enemy has made wide inroads on it now. Mr. Bethune died in 1864. He was the youngest son of the Rev. John Bethune, D.D., once Minister of Dornoch. Miss Cameron died in 1867; and now the Colonel, a few weeks since. Thus Mrs. Bethune alone survives. They are not the few who deeply sympathize with her. By faith in her compassionate Redeemer, may it be hers to say — “It is good for me that I have been afflicted!” May the Lord long spare her to go in and out in a neighbourhood, in which she is so very highly and deservedly esteemed!

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, HAMILTON.

This Church was re-opened on 1st of September, under the sanction of the Presbytery of Hamilton, by the Rev. George Bell, LL.D., of Clifton. The event deserves a separate chronicle in these pages. In itself, it is most interesting. After some months of utter silence in that large and beautiful Church—one of the most beautiful in the Dominion—it must rejoice all the friends of the Church of Scotland in Canada to learn, that the sound of praise, prayer, the reading of the Word, and the preaching of the Gospel has been once more heard within its walls.

It is gratifying to know that, at the re-opening, very respectable and influential congregations assembled, and that, on the Monday evening following, an enthusiastic meeting was held, at which the new Congregation was organized under the name of “St. Andrew's Church, James Street,” in accordance with the requirements of the Synod. We hope that the efforts, already being made, to procure the services of “a fixed Pastor” will be speedily crowned with success. But, while all this is most encouraging, there is another view in which to look at this event. It is, in our opinion, very significant as well as interesting. We trust that it is only the beginning of a movement which will give two Churches, in connection with the Church of Scotland, to all the large centres of our population. It is manifest that this is most desirable, and our Church has grievously suffered in the past from the want of such an arrangement. We are glad to hear that the Congregation in Hamilton, under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Burnett, are making vigorous exertions to secure a proper Church for themselves. There is room for both it and old St. Andrew's Church. Will not Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, and other growing cities follow suit? The necessity has to be faced some day, not far off—the sooner the better.

Our Own Church.

Presbyteries and Parishes.

NOTES OF PASSING EVENTS.

The Annual Report of ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, for the year ending 31st August, 1872, has come to hand, and cannot fail to be interesting to the Church generally. The name of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, the Pastor, is so well and widely known, that the affairs of his Congregation must ever possess an importance which will extend even beyond our own Church and the Dominion itself. As our readers are aware, St. Paul's Church, Montreal, has a membership which, mea-

sured by the standard of money and influence, is surpassed by few Churches on the American Continent. Their place of worship is truly "a holy and beautiful House." When the tower is finished and the graceful railing, seen in the original plan, surrounds the sacred edifice, it will be one of the greatest ornaments, in the shape of buildings, which Montreal possesses. To a people, so rich and accustomed to set value upon good appearances, it does seem strange that these improvements have not, long ere this, commended themselves in such a way as to secure their speedy execution. There is a reason, however, for this—too commonly made a reason for either dropping, or not beginning, active Christian work! The Report before us tells of a huge debt upon the Church, amounting to \$22,441.98. But it also tells us of a huge effort, now in progress, to extinguish this debt. Up to the time of the meeting, at which the Report was read, \$19,400 had been subscribed for this purpose, and a portion of the Congregation have yet to be seen on the subject. The balance required, \$3,041.98, will, of course, be forthcoming at call, and, when the whole sum is got, our friends in St. Paul's Church will wonder why they have been so long in doing, to them, so simple a thing. Thereafter, they will perhaps also wonder whether it might not be a good thing to complete their Ecclesiastical surroundings, and, in addition to putting up their tower and laying down their rails, build a Manse for their Clergyman. With regard to the different items of "Revenue and Expenditure," the Report gives full information. During the past year, the item of "Pew rents" alone realised \$4,503.25, and "Ordinary and Special Collections," \$3,193.70. The special Collections include the usual Church Schemes and a liberal grant to the Sunday School, of which James Croil, Esq., the Agent of the Church, is the successful Superintendent. The Sabbath scholars are numerous, and support an orphan, Wilhelmina, at Madras. The Bible and Infant classes are largely attended. The Young Men's Association is particularly flourishing, and, besides doing the usual work of such Associations,

has lately entered upon the Home Mission field in the City. The support of the Sabbath School at Forfar street, Victoria Bridge, has been undertaken entirely by the young men of St. Paul's Church, who find both the teachers and the funds needed. We cannot commend too highly the spirit and enterprise of this band of "labourers together with God."

Before closing our notice of this Report, we cannot refrain from calling attention to one of the resolutions passed at the Annual Meeting, which reads thus:

"That the Kirk Session be requested to appoint a Committee of their number to confer with the Congregation or Kirk Session of St. Andrew's Church, with a view to making a joint arrangement by which St. Paul's and St. Andrew's Churches can be closed alternately for a short time during the summer months."

We mention this resolution, not to pronounce any opinion as to the wisdom or otherwise of the step contemplated, but only to express the pleasure it gives us to see the harmony which evidently exists between two Churches, so similar in almost every congregational peculiarity; and also to express the hope that such harmony may always continue. Congregations, so wealthy and powerful as those of St. Andrew's Church and St. Paul's Church, can, hand in hand, do much to promote the prosperity of the Church of Scotland in Canada, and, what is of even more moment, the cause and kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. We heartily wish continued good and success to accompany all the efforts of the Kirk Session, Trustees and every other body of workers in St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

We have given, elsewhere, the notice, promised in the September number, of the late Colonel Kenneth Cameron of Thorah. As that event has a wider than mere Ecclesiastical, almost an Imperial, interest, in consequence of Col. Cameron's connection with the British army and the service he rendered in the Peninsular War, a separate place seems due to this sketch of his singularly good and useful life. The heroes of the Wellington Era are fast dying out—one by one following their illustrious leader into "that warfare"

in which there is no discharge. The veteran, whose death we recorded last month, is worthy to be had in remembrance—"the memory of the just is blessed."

Another of the same blessed company—no less blessed in her memory because she was a woman—deserves more than a passing notice. We allude to Mrs. Sym, wife of the Minister of BEAUHARNOIS, in the PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL. Had St. Paul been writing of her, he would have spoken of her as one of "those women which laboured with me in the Gospel," and St. John would have called her "the elect lady." The following remarks and minute, kindly furnished by one who knew Mrs. Sym well, we gladly print *in extenso*. They speak for themselves. To the fervent and devout wishes which they express, we fervently and devoutly say "Amen."

It is with sorrow, yet with satisfaction, that we insert the following minute, passed at a meeting of the members and adherents of our Church at Beauharnois. With sorrow for the occasion that led to the framing of the minute, a sorrow that we feel assured is shared in by all the Rev. Mr. Sym's brethren in the Church, and especially by those who had been privileged to enjoy the friendship of his deceased beloved partner! Yet, with satisfaction, that the people among whom she lived and died, and for whose good she was ever ready to sacrifice herself, should have been so prompt to record their sense of her great worth! After a brief illness, which terminated with unexpected suddenness, she died on the morning of the 14th August, having scarcely yet passed the meridian of life, leaving behind, with her sorely stricken husband, five children, most of them yet in tender years. But she has left them a precious legacy, the memory of a noble life, delightful reminiscences of one of the most devoted and considerate of wives, and of the wisest, tenderest and most self-sacrificing of mothers. To her native capacity, which was great, many accomplishments had been added, so that she was not only able to fill creditably, but even to adorn, the somewhat critical position of a Minister's wife. To all human seeming she could be but ill-spared from the family, from the Church, and from the friends with whom she associated; but to the Lord it seemed otherwise. He was satisfied with the work she had done for Him, and took her to her reward. In all the relations of life she was a model occupant of the Manse; and the people of Beauharnois have shown a proper appreciation of her excellences in the movement, which we understand has been entirely successful, to commemorate her many virtues and her great self-denying labours among them.

"At a meeting held in the School House, Beauharnois, on Monday, the 19th August, 1872, for the purpose of considering in what manner the friends of the late Mrs. Sym could most suitably give expression to their feelings on the occasion of her death, and of the great loss they had sustained, and also to put on record their deep sympathy for Mr. Sym and his family in their affliction, it was resolved: 1. "That the members of the Presbyterian Church, Beauharnois, in connection with the Church of Scotland, together with the friends of the late Mrs. Sym now residing in Beauharnois, record their deep and sincere sympathy with the Rev. F. P. Sym and his family, on the occasion of their late severe bereavement, in the death of a beloved wife and mother, whose devotedness to her Church, unwearied attention and kindness to all in time of sickness or trial, most exemplary conduct as a Christian, a Wife, and a Mother, and unselfish and self-sacrificing disposition, had endeared her to every one who had the privilege of knowing her." 2. "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the most becoming way in which we can express our love and respect for the late Mrs. Sym, is to erect a suitable monument to her memory in the Beauharnois Church yard, and that a committee, composed of Mrs. Robert, Mrs. James Smith and Miss Ewart, for Beauharnois, and Miss Watt and Miss McFarlane, for Chateauguay, be appointed to take up subscriptions with a view to carrying out the above object." 3. "That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to the Rev. F. P. Sym."

J. M. BROWNING,
Chairman.

An event which has transpired in another of the parishes of the Presbytery of Montreal cannot fail to be gratifying to friends of the Church beyond, as well as within, its bounds. In the month of July, the Rev. William Simpson, LACHINE, who has laboured there for nearly 30 years, was prostrated by sickness and rendered unable to discharge his duties. His state was so critical as to necessitate immediate change of air. It was evident that he would require a complete rest. In these circumstances, the ladies of Lachine, belonging to the Church of Scotland, resolved to do what they could to make his stay at Kamouraska, to which place he went first, as pleasant as possible. Realising that a few weeks' residence in that rising watering-place could not be had for nothing, and that Ministers' Stipends in these days are very inadequate to meet extraordinary expenses, they set about getting up a purse to enable their Clergyman to enjoy all the requisite comforts.

The result of their raid upon the Congregation was most successful, and no people could give more willingly and heartily. We believe that the idea originated with the summer visitors, notably Mrs. A. Law and several others, who delight to assist in Christian work during their stay in the parish. But it was taken up, with equal eagerness, by the residents and members of St. Andrew's Church, with Miss Dawes at their head. By the combined efforts of all, a sum of \$112 was subscribed in a very few days, and presented to Mr. Simpson on the eve of his departure—Mrs. Law and Duncan Macpherson Esq., making the presentation. It is needless to say that the Rev. gentleman received the presentation with great thankfulness. We learn that he has returned to Lachine, much improved in health, and full of desire to give back to his kind people such benefits as his Sacred Office enables him to bestow, in return for their seasonable generosity.

We have good news from the PRESBYTERY OF PERTH, from which quarter there is always something worth retailing. It will be seen from the account given below, that a very happy event has taken place in one of its most desirable and important country parishes :

"The Presbytery of Perth met in Almonte on the 17th September, and inducted the Rev. John Bennett, of Three Rivers, into the Church and Congregation of RAMSAY. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Lanark, preached and presided on the occasion; Rev. Mr. Mann, of Pakenham, addressed the Minister; and Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of Middleville and Dalhousie, the people. There was a large Congregation present, and the services were all solemn and appropriate. This, we are happy to say, is a very harmonious settlement, and Mr. Bennett commences his Ministry in this important and growing Congregation in circumstances full of encouragement and promise. The Congregation have guaranteed Mr. Bennett an annual stipend of \$1100. payable half-yearly. In the liberal provision thus made for the support of their Minister—liberal, we mean, as compared with that of most of the surrounding Congregations, and as being an advance upon the amount formerly paid by themselves,—the Congregation have given considerate and praise-worthy evidence of their purpose that their Minister and his family shall not be allowed to suffer from the general prosperity of the country which has so considerably, of late, increased the expenses of living, and has pressed so hard upon Ministers

and others having fixed and small incomes, in all cases where such salaries have not been increased. This is a matter which, we feel, demands the immediate consideration of Christian Congregations. From the want of this consideration, and of a few persons in such Congregations to move in the matter, not a few Ministers, we believe, are suffering grievous inconvenience."

From the PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON, we have the report of a meeting recently held, which is important from the circumstance that an additional labourer has entered the field and gives good promise of usefulness. We give, in a separate paragraph, some remarks on the re-opening of St. Andrew's Church, Hamilton.

"The Presbytery of Hamilton met at Guelph on the third Wednesday of August. Sederunt, Rev. Dr. Bell, Moderator pro-tem; Rev. Dr. Hogg, Rev. Messrs. Burnett, Edmison and Yeomans, Ministers, and Messrs. Allan and Dickson, Elders. The Minutes of the former meetings were read and sustained. The Rev. Mr. Waits, from the Primitive Methodist Church, applied for admission into our Church. He was examined by a committee of the Presbytery, whose report was received and approved. So far as the Presbytery could receive Mr. Waits, he was received. They resolved to recommend his application to the favourable consideration of the Synod. Mr. Waits was appointed to preach at Richwood and Shower's corners. The Presbytery meets next in Hamilton on the third Wednesday of December."

THE PRESBYTERY OF LONDON supplies, this month, a valuable contribution to our columns. We gladly transfer the account given in the local paper of its proceedings at a recent meeting :

"The Presbytery of London met in St. James' Church, London, on Sept. 4. The Rev. R. Chambers, Moderator. Mr. Chambers reported that he had, according to instructions, duly received the adherents of our Church at Parkhill as a congregation. Thereupon T. Elliot, Esq., appeared as a delegate from Parkhill, and Wm. Armstrong from Lucknow, and addressed the Court in reference to the congregations at these places. The Presbytery resolved to continue supply, and afford every possible facility to the people of these charges to choose pastors. Mr. James Chambers, Catechist, read a report of his labors in Parkhill, and of the progress of the Congregation there. It was resolved that the Presbytery gratefully receive the report read by Mr. Chambers, thank him for his fidelity and zeal in the work of the Church, and commend the managers of the Congregation of Parkhill, and the people generally, for the earnestness and liberality displayed by them. There was laid on the table and read a report of the labors of Rev. Mr. McRae, catechist in Fingal, Glencoe

and Dunwich, for the period of two months. The Presbytery agreed to express satisfaction with the report, and join with Mr. McRae in the hope that good has been done, and in the prayer that soon suitable pastors may be settled over the Congregations where he labored. In terms of the request made by the Congregation of Parkhill, the Presbytery appointed the Rev. R. Chambers and Messrs. Robert Chambers and John Cluness, Elders, to act as a session for the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, and to take the necessary steps to elect and ordain Elders for that Congregation. Application for aid to the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, from Parkhill and Woodstock, obtained the sanction of the Presbytery. The Presbytery, according to agreement, spent a portion of the evening in devotional exercises, specially for the Divine guidance in the work of the Presbytery, and a blessing on the Congregations of the bounds. It was resolved to continue these exercises at future meetings, the Moderator to preside. The clerk reported that he had written to the Rev. Mr. Johnson, M.A., according to instructions, and laid on the table and read the following papers furnished by Mr. Johnson:—An extract minute transference from the Presbytery of Toronto, of date Jan. 16th, 1872, and Presbyterial certificate of full ministerial standing, of date August 27th, 1872. The Presbytery received these documents as satisfactory. There was read a memorial from the Congregation of Woodstock, craving the moderation of a call in favor of the Rev. Mr. Johnson. The Presbytery agreed to grant the prayer of the memorial, and appointed the Rev. David Camelon to moderate in a call on the 17th inst. A report having been presented from the East Oxford congregation by the Rev. R. Chambers, in which the state of the Congregation was reviewed at length, the peculiar circumstances revealed called forth the following resolution:—That the Presbytery accord an expression of their sympathy with the Congregation in its present disturbed state; express their approbation of the zeal and liberality displayed in sustaining ordinances, and assure the Congregation of the Presbytery's continued interest and desire to promote their interests in a very legitimate way.

The Presbytery continued the meeting on Thursday, on which day, after being duly constituted, there was laid on the table and read a letter from Rev. Mr. McLeod in reference to claims he had against the Congregations of Glenceo, Dunwich and East Williams. The Presbytery appointed Mr. Chambers to enquire into Mr. McLeod's claims on the Congregation of East Williams and the Rev. J. McEwen to do the same in Glenceo and Dunwich, and report at next meeting. The Rev. T. S. Eakin was appointed to draft a scheme of missionary meetings and Presbyterial visitations, and report at next meeting. Mr. Chambers was appointed to preach in East Oxford on the 15th inst., and, in company with Mr. Camelon, confer with the people of that Congregation on Monday, the 16th inst. Arrangements having been made to supply vacant charges, the Presbytery adjourned to meet on the third Tuesday of October, at 11

a.m., in St. James' Church, London, and was closed with prayer."

Tidings reach us of the death of the Rev. Archibald Colquhoun, late Minister of Mulmur and Tossorontio, in the PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO. We subjoin an interesting notice of the deceased.

The Rev. Archibald Colquhoun was the only son of the Rev. Mr. Colquhoun, an eminent and pious Gaelic minister, of Dundee, Scotland. His mother was also one of the excellent of the earth. From his birth, we find, by his father's diary, he was dedicated to God. We quote the following entry of his birth and dedication:—

"Dundee, 1800, June 14, Archibald Colquhoun my son, was born on the 6th day of this month. I dedicate him to the Lord. I also continue to dedicate his sister, Mary, to God. O Lord! be pleased to accept of them. May they be clothed with Thy righteousness, and beautified with Thy salvation! May they be sealed by the Holy Ghost, unto the day of Redemption!" The prayers of his pious parents must have been heard, as we find that, from his early youth up, Mr. Colquhoun's mind was set upon the Holy ministry. He commenced his preparation for the ministry, in his fifteenth year, at the College of St. Andrews, where he studied for one session. He attended other seven sessions at the University of Edinburgh, under the eminent professorships of Hunter, Dunbar, Christison, Playfair and Ritchie. He was licensed to preach the Gospel, in 1828, by the Presbytery of Lochcarron. In the year 1832, at a meeting, held in Glasgow, of the Directors of the Society for promoting the Religious interests of the Scottish settlers in British North America," Mr. Colquhoun having been highly recommended to the committee, it was unanimously resolved, to make offer to him of the pastoral charge of the congregations at the united stations of South Georgetown and Ormatown, in the neighborhood of Montreal. Mr. Colquhoun having accepted the call, the Presbytery of Lochcarron accordingly, by prayer and the imposition of hands, solemnly ordained him to that charge. It is now forty years since our departed brother left his native land, and up to the last ten years of his life he has wrought, to the best of his ability, in the vineyard of his Divine Master—no doubt midst many trials and difficulties—at Montreal, at Dummer, and at Mulmur and Tossorontio. Although a true-hearted Scotchman, he felt a true interest in the spiritual welfare of Canada, and often said that he felt himself henceforward devoted to this great country and the eternal interests of its inhabitants. Mr. Colquhoun labored for many years under the disease of which he died, and, for about a year past, he has been mostly confined to the house, able only occasionally to attend the house of God. He was taken violently ill on the morning of Thursday, the 15th of August last. He told his wife and family that he was dying, and that he died in peace with all men—forgiving all men as he wished to be forgiven. He also

told them that he would meet them at the last great judgment, adding, "O! what a great day that will be." After suffering several attacks of extreme pain he began to sink rapidly, and by the following morning, about 5 o'clock, he closed his eyes in death. He has, we have no doubt, gone to God, to dwell for ever and ever in the sacred light of his unchanging glory. He leaves a sorrowing widow, three sons and one daughter, to mourn his loss.

Mr. Colquhoun was a man of marvellous memory, great powers of conversation, a sound preacher of Gospel truth, an excellent Theologian, an earnest minister. "faithfully dividing the word of life." He was an obliging neighbor, a kind and affectionate husband and parent, ever shewing his family a pious example by word and deed. He was as conscientious as any man of his shortcomings and imperfections, yet we firmly believe he was a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. For the last ten years of his life, since we have had the pleasure of knowing him, his whole walk and conversation has been becoming the Gospel of Christ. His mind seemed at all times to be full of sacred thoughts, and his conversations ever turned on the great realities of eternity. "He was a good man, and his end was peace."

Two items of news, very gratifying to those receiving marks of kindness and very creditable to those who offered them, reach us from two different Parishes in the Metropolitan PRESBYTERY OF OTTAWA.

1. "We have much pleasure in referring to an occurrence which took place on Monday, the 25th inst. at Hawkesbury village. On the day in question a number of ladies from L'ORIGNAL AND HAWKESBURY waited on the Rev. Mr. McLennan, at his residence in the latter place, and on the part of the congregation, presented him with a purse containing over three hundred dollars. In addition, the same appreciative friends have presented the Revd. gentleman with a valuable cow. Not having been present we are unable to give a detailed account of the proceedings which took place on the interesting occasion, though we are informed that they were such as to reflect much credit on all concerned. The mere fact, however, of the presentation taking place at all, speaks trumpet-tongued for the high estimation in which the Rev. Mr. McLennan is held by the numerous friends whom he has succeeded in securing during the comparatively short time that he has been sojourning amongst us."

2. "On the 5th September, the congregation of CHELSEA presented to Mr. George Allan, on the eve of his departure from among them, a small token of their gratitude. During his stay in that place Mr. Allan always manifested great interest in Church matters. He wrought zealously for the usefulness and prosperity of the Sabbath School. He faithfully performed the duties of Librarian of the Church and Sabbath School Library. For nine years he gratuitously acted as Precentor of the congregation. We certainly think the people of Chelsea could not

but esteem such a man, and feel thankful to him for his faithful and disinterested services."

The Schemes.

THE PRESBYTERIAN.

It will be seen that, from the title page, one name, which has appeared there for nine months as the Receiver-General of all communications for insertion in these pages, has disappeared and another name is now substituted. The retiring Editor gives place, with great pleasure, to Mr. Croil, in whose hands the general conduct of the *Presbyterian* has been reposed by the Synod, with the full concurrence of the Church, and indeed at the suggestion of his Predecessor and the other members of the Editorial Committee. The continued prosperity of the *Presbyterian* is surely placed beyond any danger.

SYNOD FUND.

Kirk-Sessions in arrear to this Fund are earnestly requested to send in the amounts due *at once*. Very considerable claims for printing, and other expenses incurred at the last meeting of Synod, are payable now, and those holding them press payment. The committee are, at times, exposed to very humiliating embarrassment by the great dilatoriness of many Kirk Sessions in sending in the amounts for which they are assessed. It is manifestly impossible to defray necessary expenses with punctuality, and maintain our credit aright with those who serve us, unless the revenue of the Fund come in more promptly and steadily. It is hoped this respectful reminder will suffice for those who have been offending.

K. MACLENNAN,
Con. Fin. Com.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR 1871.

Our attention has been called to an error, which the Minister of Dummer owns to be his own, in the statistics of that charge. It is there stated, that his congregation promised the stipend of \$50. The sum promised was £50, so that the figures in the table should be \$200, and the stipend paid \$400.

Sunday Schools and their Work.

JUVENILE INDIAN MISSION.

In response to a request for a little more explicit information about the individual orphans supported at Madras, Calcutta, and Poona by our schools, the Lady Superintendents have kindly forwarded a short notice of each girl, a selection of which is given below. It will be seen that their accounts are very candid, and that they do not withhold what is unfavourable with regard to the children. By means of the information thus afforded them, the children of our Sunday schools will be able to form a better idea of the real character and *special needs* of their little *protégées* than they could do from the usual formal reports, and to bear those needs on their hearts to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

WILHELMINA.—A quiet and well behaved girl about 17. Not at all clever, and still unconverted. I should much rejoice to see her decided, and request you will pray for this. Being a dull girl, she is only going on with Tamil and arithmetic and Scripture, but still her progress is slow.

EMMY MORRIS.—A very sharp intelligent child. She is making good progress in all her lessons. She is very young and very promising. No sign yet of conversion to God.

MARTHA *alias* MAGGIE CAMPBELL.—One of the most troublesome girls in the school, and, on account of her constant disobedience and general bad behaviour, she forfeited the prize to which she was entitled last year. She is sharp and clever, and will, when properly instructed, be a well-educated girl but she is not very

healthy, and frequently has a gathering in her neck, and also has some great defect in sight.

LOUISA.—A girl who gives us every reason to believe that she has indeed become a child of God. Grace has done much for her, and, though still rather clumsy and dull, she has improved very much during the past year. She is very painstaking and has a fair knowledge of Tamil and English.

LYDIA.—A bright, intelligent girl; very much interested in Bible teaching. She is quiet, and, on the whole, well behaved, though apparently still without a change of heart.

BESSIE.—A remarkably well-behaved little girl, and very anxious to get on with her lessons. She is not very bright, but as she is young she will get on very well. She is very obedient and attentive to the Bible Lesson, though not as yet decided for Christ.

ELIZA KINLOCH.—A very little girl: she is very thoughtless, careless and troublesome. As she is only about five, I do not press her lessons much. She is, however, clever, and will learn fast whenever she begins to wish to learn.

SOPHY.—A bright intelligent girl: very attentive to her Bible lesson. She is very young, and promises to be a good scholar.

EMILY.—A girl who professes to have found Christ, but she still gives us much cause for anxiety. She is naturally a very careless, lazy, stupid girl; and, though her character is much changed since her mind was turned to religion, still I am not satisfied about her. I hope she will soon give more decided evidence of a change of heart.

ELLEN.—A very well-behaved little girl, about thirteen years of age. She is the younger sister of "Louisa," and a very intelligent, nice child she is; but she is leprous. This is a terrible trial, and the poor child feels it to be so; but she is patient. Though she has never professed herself on the Lord's side, I believe that she is almost, if not altogether, a Christian.

HANNAH.—An intelligent nice child, very attentive to Bible teaching, though still apparently indifferent to God's truth. sweet, low voice, and may often be heard singing favorite hymns—

"I want to be like Jesus,"
and "I sing of the realms of the blest."

ESTHER.—One of four sisters. She is the youngest sister of Rebecca; quiet and well-behaved and intelligent. She is one of the first girls in the third class, and is making fair progress in her studies. She is about thirteen, but as yet undecided for Christ. Her other name is Thayer, and by this she is sometimes called.

RACHEL.—A very quiet, good child; her conduct is very satisfactory, and she is happy and amiable in play. She promises to do well, and prove worthy of the kindness of her supporters.

JESSIE BAIN.—The younger daughter of "Elizabeth Maggie," a very clever little girl. Though not above twelve, she keeps a high place in the class, and will be, if spared for a few years, a very well educated girl, with a good knowledge of Tamil and English. Still, at present, there is no sign of any interest in spiritual things. Pray for this.

JANET HARKNESS.—A very quiet, industrious girl, who does not care for play, but is constantly to be seen sitting quietly with her work. She likes to speak to the little ones about Jesus.

From Poona we have the following:—

LYDIA CHAMBERS.—The younger sister of Louisa and Ellen. She is young and careless and often in mischief, but she is bright and clever, and will, I hope, become steadier soon.

LANOWKI.—An immense girl of sixteen years, stout, and considered good-looking. She is fond of household work, and is able to cook very well. She is also neat at needle-work, and tries to excel in it.

SARAH HAMILTON.—A pleasant-looking, healthy, strong child. She is also, I trust, a Christian girl. She was, however, a big girl at the time that she was admitted to school, and, consequently, has made very little progress in her studies. However, she really is getting on, though slowly.

PREMA.—About fourteen years of age. A plain-looking girl and very little of her age, and, though not clever at her lessons, she seems willing and does her best to learn them. She is fond of singing, and will take up a tune sooner than some of the others. She is fond of needlework, and very good tempered.

From Calcutta we have the following:

CATHERINE.—Plain-looking and slight, about fourteen; fond of household work and attending to the sick, but not at all clever at her lessons. She is, however, a good, quiet, obedient girl, and one who requires to be seldom reprov'd.

SETA.—Has very delicate health. Notwithstanding, she is very industrious,—always ready for any amount of household work. She is exceedingly intelligent, and, but for her health, she would excel in her lessons. She is a deserving girl and obtained a good conduct prize last year.

MARY ARKANZA.—A tall, slight girl, rather nice-looking and very affectionate; she is fond of needlework, but not clever at her lessons. She will, I think, improve as she grows older.

HELEN.—Her conduct is very satisfactory, is very much liked, and has great attraction for her companions by her extreme cleverness for telling stories. She is often to be seen so surrounded. The best matter she can glean from story books she repeats with great animation. Sometimes, too, she takes Bible characters and delineates them with great impressiveness. I trust this talent may be improved to be blessed to her heathen sisters. She has a

SERAPHINE.—About seven years of age; a nice-looking little girl, very little of her age. She is intelligent and can say her lessons well. She is able to do plain needlework very neatly, and is an obedient, good little girl.

DOORKIE.—About eleven years of age; slight, and not very good-looking: quick at her lessons, but has not a very good memory. She is a little rough in her ways, but is obedient and quiet.

The following Letters are interesting, as giving some slight indication of the progress and results of the Orphanages in India to which they refer. We are indebted for their copies, as also for the above notices of Orphans, to Miss Machar, Kingston, the Correspondent in all matters relating to the support of Orphans and Zenana Teachers:

Copy of Letter from Gopa to her supporter—J. D. MASON, ESQ., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Poona, Feb. 13, 1872.

My dear Sir,—I am very sorry that I have been so long in writing to you. I hope you will excuse me. I thank you very much for all your kindness to me. I was married to a convert in a far country, when Mrs. Ross went to Scotland, by Mr. Paton. Sir, I am very happy to tell you, by the grace of God I have got a son. Since then, Mrs. Ross has very kindly given me service in the 2nd Grenadiers. It is to teach the girls in the lines, and my husband has also got service in the Mission in Poona. My school was examined by the commanding officer, and he was well pleased with it. I think you will be pleased to hear this to show that I have not forgotten what I learned at school. May God bless you for all you did for me!

I am, yours obediently,
Gopa.

From Mrs Ross, accompanying the preceding.

My dear Sir,—I have often regretted that you had not received any intelligence about the girl for whom you did so much. She was married, as she tells you during my absence in Scotland, about three years ago, but it was a hasty marriage, no fault of hers, poor girl! and no one had thought of bidding her write to you. At the time I came out again, I fully intended that she should write to you, but at that time her husband was out of employment, in the "far country" of which she speaks, which only means up in the interior, perhaps one hundred or two hundred miles. There is nothing

very bad about her husband, and he is well enough educated to be a clerk in our office, as he can write his own language well. But he was rash in throwing up his situation, and has not been able to find another, so she has had her trials. I am very glad, however, to tell you that she is a very good girl herself. She has been a good deal with her step-father, who is a servant of ours, and has been very kind to his wife's two daughters, who were both brought up in the Orphanage. Gopa is giving great satisfaction in the school I got for her in the 2nd Grenadier regiment, a native one, of course. She teaches Marathi and needle-work, and gets about £1.4s. (about \$6) per month for it. The Orphanage continues to prosper.

I am yours very sincerely,

ELIZA ROSS.

Copy of Letter from Mrs. Clarke (Madras) to the Secretary.

Feb. 10th, 1872.

I received your kind letter long ago, and would have replied sooner, but wishing to answer you at some length, I waited for the Christmas holidays in order to have time to write fully. The holidays came and went; I was ill all the time and we are now busy as we can be, and your letter is still unanswered.

I must therefore content myself with replying shortly to some of your questions.

The Orphanage at present occupies a house that stands in the Church garden. There is plenty of grass, some nice trees, but not many flowers. The house is large and healthy, the rooms are high. There is no upstairs, the whole building is built on the ground floor. The dress of the young children is a petticoat of Turkish red, and a loose print jacket, generally lilac. The elder girls wear the red petticoat, a tight print jacket, and a short white uppercloth, i. e., a piece of long-cloth, two yards long, over the shoulders and bosom. On special occasions they wear a long white cloth, which comes down to the feet.

When I took charge of the school, one girl only, Rebecca, appeared converted. Six more last year were admitted to the

Lord's table, and of these four are very consistent. The other two cause me some anxiety, although on the whole, I hope well of them.

There is much to interest in our work. The Caste schools are full of interest; the number brought under religious influence is large; and the girls are far more intelligent than the non-Caste, which alone fill our Orphanage.

Those who have never been in India can hardly understand the power of caste, nor the importance of reaching the caste people.

With kind regards,
Yours very truly,
E. CLARKE.

Church of Scotland.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE REV. DR.
NORMAN MACLEOD.

The Barony Parish, Glasgow, has not been long vacant. It was evident that the choice of a suitable successor to the late Dr. Macleod was limited to a very few. The charge has been offered to, and accepted by, the Rev. John Marshall Lang of the Parish of Morningside, Edinburgh, of whom many of our readers know something, in connection with the recent visit of the Deputation from the Mother Church, of which he and the Rev. Professor Milligan were the members—a visit which will be long remembered with delight and gratitude. Mr. Lang, who is a brother of the Rev. Gavin Lang, of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, was ordained, in 1856, to his first charge, the East Parish of Aberdeen. Since then, he has filled no fewer than three charges of great prominence in the Church. Higher than that of the Barony Parish, Glasgow, it seems impossible to go. The living, which is in the gift of the Crown, is one of the largest, if not the largest, in the Church of Scotland, being upwards of £1000 stg. with Manse, &c. The population of the Parish is said to be over 200,000; half of which, however, is provided with Quoad Sacra Parish Churches or Chapels, over

which ordained Ministers are placed. Alluding to Mr. Lang's presentation to the Barony, Mr. Croil writes from Scotland, that it "will give great satisfaction, not only to the Congregation, but to the Presbytery of Glasgow where he is well known, and to the Church at large."

Church of the Maritime Provinces.

SAINT STEPHEN'S CHURCH, ST. JOHN,
NEW BRUNSWICK.

Saint Stephen's Church has a history, and an interesting one too. But we are not going to enter upon it just now; chiefly, because we hope by and by to give our readers a connected history of the Churches in the Lower Provinces, the materials for which, gathered from authentic sources, have been in our possession for a considerable length of time. The neatly printed "first annual report of new St. Stephens" for 1871-2, may, however be noticed in the meantime, and all the more that it contains a satisfactory record of progress and prosperity.

The Sacrament of the Lord's supper was dispensed in this Church for the first time on 22nd May, 1870, when there were on the roll eighty members. At that time it had no Session of its own. During the year and nine months that have elapsed since the Kirk Session was organized, the quarterly Communion has been celebrated seven times, with an increase of membership on each occasion. At the last dispensation of the Sacrament, on the 10th March, 1871, the number on the roll was one hundred and forty. A weekly prayer meeting has been held regularly. The congregation has been divided into districts, over which the respective Elders take the oversight—visit the families, and report cases of sickness and distress to the Moderator of the Session.

Collections for the schemes of the Church have been made by the "schedule system," which is found to work well, and seventy-five copies of the "Monthly Record" have been taken and paid for.

There are sixty-eight on the roll of the Bible class, which is taught by the Minister at the close of the afternoon service. The Sabbath School is superintended by Mr. John Wilson, and is increasing steadily. At present there are three hundred and twenty on the roll, "including the Bible class." We like to see it put in this way. That is a stupid idea entertained by some young men and women now-a-days, who profess willingness to attend a Bible class on condition that they be not ranked with "the children." Surely they forget the honourable *status* accorded to children by the loving Saviour Himself, "OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN!" "Except ye be converted, and become as *little* children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, *the same is greatest* in the Kingdom of Heaven."

St. Stephens has its Ladies Benevolent Society, of which Mrs. Caie is president; Mrs. Reed, treasurer, and Mrs. Smith, secretary. These "honourable women" and those who are associated with them, work with a will for the relief of "the deserving poor."

The finances of the Church are reported to be in a flourishing condition. At the last meeting of the Trustees, it was resolved to recommend that the Minister's stipend be increased by such a sum as the congregation should decide. The congregation liberally and unanimously agreed, that instead of \$1000, it should henceforth be \$1500 per annum. They could not do less. When the Church was opened, two or three years ago, there were but twenty families belonging to it; now there are over *one hundred and twenty* families, many of whom are wealthy and influential. We heartily congratulate the Minister of this charge, the Rev. George J. Caie, B.A., in that the work of the Lord is thus prospering in his hands.

Literary Notice.

"*Lights and Shadows of New York Life; or, the Sights and Sensations of*

the Great City." A work descriptive of New York City in all its various phases. Its Splendors and Wretchedness; Its High and Low Life; Its Marble Palaces and Dark Dens; Its Attractions and Dangers; Its Rings and Frauds; Its Leading Men and Politicians; Its Adventurers; Its Mysteries and Crimes. By James D. McCabe, Jr.

What Paris is to the Frenchman, or London to the Briton, New York is to the American. It is not only the Metropolis, but it is the chief attraction upon this continent, the great centre to which men and women resort for both business and pleasure, and as such is a source of never-failing interest. Of late years several attempts have been made to reproduce its varied attractions in book form. The most successful result of these efforts is the book now before us. The author has had unusual facilities to see every feature of the great city, and has written the work with an enthusiasm which is apparent in every page. He has not merely produced a sensational story, but has given us a record of actual facts, of which he is personally cognizant.

The book is as fascinating and absorbing as a novel, and were it not for the evidence he furnishes, we should be tempted to believe that he has carried us into the realm of fiction. He tells us the history of the great city which has grown to be the most remarkable in America, and relates its old traditions with zest and humor. He introduces us to all classes of people, and initiates us into their ways and manner of life. He brings us face to face with great merchants and bankers, actors, editors, working women, ballet girls, thieves, gamblers, sailors, quacks, firemen, and a host of others. He delights us with his sketches of the better and brighter side of city life, of the genius, enterprise, charity and humanity of the great city, and appals us with his thrilling accounts of the darker and more terrible side of the life he is delineating.

A truthful picture of New York life cannot be otherwise than deeply interesting. Our author has succeeded admirably in his task, and we predict for his book a large sale. It is brim-full of useful information, brilliant and fascinating, and an emphatic warning against the vices of the city. It is pure and lofty in tone, and, while it discusses fully many of the darker sides of city life, it does so with delicacy and candor. An interesting feature of the book is a powerfully written history of the Tammany Ring frauds with sketches of the actors therein.

It is comprised in one large octavo volume of 659 pages, illustrated with nearly 200 fine engravings of noted places, life and scenes in New York, and published by the National Publishing Co., of Philadelphia.

The low price at which the work is issued, brings it within the reach of all, and no one who wants to know New York as it really is, should fail to buy this book. It is published in English and German, sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every county.

Family Reading for the Lord's Day.

In these days, when Noblemen are coming forward to instruct their fellow-men on religious subjects, we have the greatest pleasure in being able to claim the writer of the following searching address as one of the most active, interested and earnest Elders of the Church of Scotland—the Right Hon. Baron Polwarth. His Lordship and the Marquis of Lorne, also warmly attached to, and a member of, the Church of Scotland, are both engaged in the blessed work of evangelizing, along with the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Radstock in the Church of England, and the Earl of Dalhousie and the Earl of Kintore in the Free Church. Most interesting meetings are being held in various parts of the United Kingdom, and addressed by, among others, those and several besides of our aristocracy. We are sure this admirable paper of Lord Polwarth's will be read with unbounded satisfaction.

"GO FORWARD."

As another Sabbath dawns upon us, let us take one of those precious words which are light to those who sit in darkness, and guiding stars to all who would journey heavenward. Like the shining lamps which the voyager on the Danube may observe at various points to guide the steersman up the tortuous course of the gliding river by night, so do the clear, unmistakable words of the living God come to guide the sinner into the way of peace, and thereafter through all the dangers and difficulties that beset his course, until he reach the haven of rest where he longs to be.

It was after Israel had left the land of dreary captivity, and entered on their pilgrim journey of many trials and many mercies, that they found themselves with the apparently impassable barrier of the Red Sea in front of them and the pursuing hosts of the cruel oppressor hard on their rear. Despair and terror were speedily depriving the great multitude of all hope and energy. Long oppression and hard bondage had doubtless rendered them less independent and more easily alarmed than they would otherwise have been, and now the very sight of their former tyrant caused them to faint in the way. Then it was, in the moment of their extremity,

that the word of the Lord came, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

"Go forward!" Can we say these words to all our readers? Judge for yourselves. Can we say so to the man who has his back turned on his God, whose daily life is but a constant departure from the Source of life and light—to the man who is content to live without God in the world? Can we say so to the careless, worldly-minded person who is pursuing the world and the things of the world as his chief delight, who makes of riches, honour, pleasure, or aught else of earth his *good things*? Can we say so to the man who glories in his own uprightness, morality, decency and general good behaviour, and believes his character, at any rate, to be untarnished, but turns away from the Saviour? Can we say so to any one who is as yet Christless, unsaved, no matter what else there may be to render him beautiful and loveable in the eyes of men? No! Alas! there are many, very many, to whom we cannot say "Go forward," for they are treading a downward path which leads to ruin, and to go forward is to go on to eternal woe.

This is strange, but sadly true. Few are surprised to learn that profligates, drunkards, liars, and such-like need to be turned round, and their course of life changed, before we can truly bid them "go forward"; but it passes the comprehension of many that men and women who are doing their best, living as far as they can a religious life, who are held in high repute for their gentleness, amiability, and generosity of character, may need as much as the others to undergo a great change. One of old who came to Jesus by night was astonished at this teaching, although it came to him from the lips of the Lord of life Himself. *He* never would have said anything to be needful which was not, and yet that ruler of the Jews, that Pharisee of strictest religious principle, of external yet careful practice, was told he must be born from above. Reader! if time, as it passes away, bears with it testimony that *y. u* have not yet passed from death to life, from darkness unto

light—if there is no turning to Jesus as the Saviour of the lost—how can you expect us to say to you “Go forward?” In your present state what does that imply but a going further away from God, either in the paths of sin and worldliness, which lead to ruin, or in the paths of self-righteousness, which apparently conduct to heaven, but which turn you away from the only righteousness which will stand at last, the righteousness of Jesus, and thus cause you to lose God’s greatest, costliest gift?

We cannot bid you “Go forward” if you are going like the man who went to the wedding feast in his own garment, to the neglect of the wedding robe provided; only, however, to be cast out from the festive table, and from amongst the favoured guests, to the place of endless, unutterable anguish.

Nay, we will plead with you, “Go no farther in your present course.” The Lord calls to you “Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? A course of wilful sin which violates God’s holy law, and a course of religious life which would lead you to do without the Saviour, are alike destructive to the soul. If the former is an insult to God’s majesty and holiness, by plain disobedience, the latter is despising the gift of a free, full salvation purchased at infinite cost, and a vain attempt to work out a righteousness for yourself, which the holy and majestic requirements of God’s law, and the wondrous offer of the righteousness of Christ, alike prove to be utterly useless. It is true, indeed, that “the wages of sin is death,” and bold is the man who denies it; and it is equally true that “there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death,” for “by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified.”

Does it seem hard that we cannot give way a little to you whose pleasure is in what God prohibits, and say “Go forward,” for God is merciful? Say, does it seem hard that with the voice of pleading and entreaty we should beseech you to repent, be converted, turn to the Lord, and receive at His hands a free pardon, and the gift

of life-eternal through Jesus Christ? Perhaps it does seem somewhat hard that we should come to the large-hearted philanthropist—to the gentle, amiable woman—to the sterling, honest, upright man—to the respectable, steady church-goer—to the regular communicant—to the moral and well behaved—and say that these things, though right and becoming to all men, will prove altogether insufficient for their salvation when brought to the test of God’s law. It demands *perfection*. Every flaw and failure is by it sternly, strictly noted. “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” And what is sin? Is it only purposed transgression? Is it not likewise omission or neglect—thoughts as well as deeds? What heights of holiness there are in God’s law; and he who turns away from the narrow wicket gate, Christ Jesus, must of necessity try to climb the lofty barriers of that law whose claims are commensurate with the holiness of Him who cannot endure iniquity. Try to climb them, and again and yet again you will fall back wearied and baffled, only to get a broken heart and bitter disappointment.

We cannot bid you “Go forward” in seeking to render yourself just before God; no, not even though you allow that your righteousness will prove imperfect, but hope that God will pardon imperfection, or make up what is lacking; for those garments you would fain retain as some sort of covering—better than nothing—are at their very best but filthy rags, the product of a sinful nature, nothing better than splendid sins. We plead with you to quit all, and as poor and miserable and naked, to take that perfect comeliness offered in the gospel, “Christ the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.”

It would only be deception to bid you “Go forward” so long as you cling to your own righteousness, for it would inevitably fail you at the last, even as it now fails to bring you near to God with anything like confidence. The conviction that something is yet lacking must ever disturb the conscience, and set it striving to work

out that which remains to be done; but weary, hopeless is the task.

"In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long desire the spirit breaks
Till it rely on Christ alone."

The first step forward must be out of self into Christ. It may seem a terrible thing to leave the fine vessel you have sailed in so long and hopefully, and admired so much, and entrust yourself to what seems to you as a little boat. The gospel message, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," seems to many at first sight but a slight foundation to build on; but whosoever puts it to the test finds it to be "the power of God unto salvation." Multitudes now in glory, multitudes still on earth, have taken that step forward, have gone forth from the tottering ruin in which they vainly sought rest, and have hidden themselves in the clefts of the great Rock. And I am persuaded that one and all unite in saying, "From the first moment we discovered it until now the greatness and the abundant all-sufficiency of that salvation is the more apparent."

There is this great difference between our righteousness and Christ's—the one is prospective—the other is finished; the one you fancy *may* be reached—the other is reached. "Christ is the END of the law"—i.e., the law fulfilled—to every one that believeth." Human righteousness men set before them as attainable, and strive, yet strive in vain, to reach; Christ's is perfect, and freely offered to all.

There was a time when there was no more zealous religionist than Paul; but, when the Lord appeared to him on the road to Damascus, all his righteousness melted away like snow, and revealed all blackness beneath. But happily for him and millions more, he learned of the Lord that he was only stripped of his own rags that he might be clothed in the spotless, glorious righteousness of the Lord Jesus. Thereafter it was his to live and love and labour with all the gratitude and liberty of a happy freedman, as one accepted in the Beloved. There are some who fear they are not God's children at all. Not unlike Israel of old, they have felt their

helplessness, they have relinquished hope, and are lying crying for mercy, hoping that some day, through earnest pleading, they may draw down upon their wearied souls some drops of comfort, or that, if they lie long enough there, some ray of mercy may at length beam upon them. Poor, comfortless souls, they will not recognise the simple blessed truth, that already the Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in His wings. To them now come the heart-stirring words, "Go forward! Lie no longer groaning; lift up your sin-burdened spirit; look out from your poor self, and learn that Jesus hath borne all your guilt and sin—hath made a full propitiation for the sins of the whole world. Go forward: the way you fancied closed for ever by your sin is opened by God's grace. Behold a door opened for you through the rent veil of our dear Redeemer's flesh." Do you say, "I cannot go forward; I have no power; I cannot believe?" O trembler, hear the whisper of divine love telling you that the Lord hath laid on Jesus the iniquity of us all, and let that word sink deep down into your heart, till it reach the sorest wound of conscience, and by the power of the Holy Spirit speak peace to you.

You are in His presence—*go forward* to Him, like the leper of old, saying, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean;" and take from His word the answer, "If we confess our sins, *He* is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Yes; go forward, like blind Bartimeus, even though you see Him not, even though sense aid you not, even though a crowd of difficulties intervene, even though you feel miserable. Be thy misery and His mercy all thy plea.

You need not try to go forward unaided, for the heavenly Teacher, the Comforter, will lead you, bear you on into the green pastures of God's own truth, where you will learn ever more and more of all His grace and love in Christ Jesus towards poor needy sinners. Believer, is not the word "Go forward" specially for you? Israel's history here is helpful still. God gave the great command, yet Israel could

not have gone had He not led them. No more can we now. From first to last we feel that grace must be our all. Powerless to move on, we hear the command, "Go forward," and grace is at hand to lead us on. At conversion we are, as it were, launched upon a mighty river, and bidden to speed our way down it to the vast ocean. From the very first it bears us up. Its deep waters bear us along, yet we are to ply our oars. Vain, indeed, would it be to ply them on dry ground, just as it is vain for a Christless man to try to be a Christian without first coming to Christ; but, once afloat, it is alike our duty and our pleasure. In this, as in other things, the diligent shall prosper. Christian! the river on which you are launched will be ever grander and grander to your eyes as you urge on your course.

You have been brought within the current of God's love. He saith to you, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with love-kindness have I drawn thee." From all eternity that love hath flowed to you, and to all eternity it shall be yours. Just think of it, and your heart will willingly acquiesce in the command, "Go forward."

There is a need for it, too, for we are prone to think conversion is enough. There is much temptation to Christians to rest on their oars. When Satan cannot hinder a man from being a Christian, he will strive to impede his progress. We have tasted the sweetness of the cup of salvation which we have received from Him who so generously took away from us the cup of trembling.

But might we not have drunk deeper of it by this time had we been in earnest, had we been more willing to credit to the full all that our blessed Saviour saith of his love, all that our heavenly Father telleth of His affection for His children? Are the wells of salvation so shallow that we have nearly exhausted them? Nay, let us chide ourselves that we have not gone forward in the happy employment of drawing water from their hidden depths.

Did the Lord Jesus bring us nigh to His Father that we might get a glimpse of grace and glory? Was it not rather

that we might receive the adoption of children, and as such abide near Him, in the constant enjoyment of His love, and experience of His fatherly care and wise affection? Paul's earnest desire for the Ephesian Christians was that they might be able "to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that they might be filled with all the fulness of God." Surely, we have not exhausted this yet? We never can. We are called to know that which passeth knowledge. Beginning now, we are to go forward, searching out to our own happiness the inexhaustible treasures of grace which are given us in Christ Jesus, in order that we may be filled with all the fulness of God. As believers it is both our duty and our privilege to be explorers of the scriptures, wherein are revealed, for our enlightenment and enrichment, God's purposes of grace and loving kindness. How apt we are to think only of the first part of that word, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor," and omit the latter, "that ye through His poverty might be rich." Yes, Paul preached "THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST"—riches of salvation, riches of peace, riches of love, riches of joy, riches of grace, that believers might be filled with all joy and peace in believing, might abound in hope, might receive power to be, in the inward spirit and outward life, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty—"partakers of His holiness." Is it not for this, above all, that your heart longs, child of God, even that you may grow in holiness of heart and life? You have seen the dark, dull clouds filled with a glorious brightness,—vast temples, as it were, of glowing light. Whence got they all that beauty? From heaven's sun. Believer! Jesus is your sun as well as your shield. As once you took refuge beneath His shelter from the penalty of your sins, and even now abide in safety there, so now and henceforward seek to be in His light, that you may be filled with His spirit and made

like Him, because of His gracious indwelling. The clouds that are nearest to the setting sun are most transformed by its brightness, and, as it were, melted away in the greatness of its light. Let this, then, be yours, to be pressing nearer and nearer to the Sun of Righteousness, till self shall be altogether swallowed up in the power of divine grace and imparted holiness.

How much we have missed! What times of refreshing! What discoveries of divine love! How empty we have been, when we might have been full! How small our influence for good!

But whatever the past may have been, it will avail us nothing merely to bewail ourselves that we have not made more speedy progress. Better to commence the future, with the words "Go forward" ringing in our ears. Of all the sins we have to confess, there is none more clear than this, that we have by our practical unbelief limited God, and too often in spirit laid the blame of our coldness and emptiness on Him, while He has been graciously saying to us, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." The fountain of living waters has never ceased to flow with unwavering fulness, but we have failed to bring our empty vessels thither:

Happy are they that "come:" happier and ever happier they that never cease receiving, but become so filled that their hearts run over with the goodness of the Lord. Like one who, while these pages have been written, has passed from the bed where he drank deeply of the cup of affliction, into the glorious presence of his Saviour. Trial upon trial had come to that home, yet all was bright in that sick chamber. Though the room was cheerless, and the sufferer wasted to a shadow, there came over that pale face a bright smile which was lit from above, and shed gladness all around. Comparatively young in years, he had fallen into consumption, and soon the loving wife's unceasing care and hard struggle in life laid her low likewise. One was not long with him before discovering a nature singularly loving and bright. His dark eyes would run down with tears as he spoke of "the wife" who had nursed him so tenderly till she too

needed to be nursed. One day, pointing to a slit in the partition wall, he said, "We talked to one another through it." And it was thus he saw her die, and he and his little ones were left alone. It was impossible to be with him without feeling he was overflowing with love to his risen, living Lord. "I wish they would all come to Jesus, and they would never need to fear death," he said one day; and again when very weak and ill, "We're nothing but poor sinners: we owe all to grace." I once asked if he never had any clouds: "No, never," was his prompt reply; "I just keep looking to Jesus." Towards the end, as I went in one day, he exclaimed, "I'll soon be a star of glory! I'll soon be with Jesus." And often in times of great breathlessness he would say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;" and to the faithful Christian nurse, "Will He soon be here?"

Happy, happy one! Poor in earthly circumstances; poor in spirit; rich in Christ, thy Saviour; thy long, long hours of suffering are over, and thou hast entered into the presence of that Sun which ever shineth, where no clouds can intervene, and where thy sun shall no more go down. Thou camest to Christ a lost one. Thou foundest in Him a Saviour. Thou camest to Him poor; and lo, He made thee rich. Thou camest to Him foul; and lo, He hath made thee by His blood whiter than the new-fallen snow. Thou camest to Him naked; and He cast around thee the robe of His own peerless righteousness. Thou camest to Him full of sin; and lo, He gave thee a new heart, and a new spirit. He took thee from the filth of sin, and called thee into the furnace of affliction; that, as His ransomed gem, He might make thee partaker of His holiness. And now He hath called thee into His presence, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. Now thou art satisfied, and the Good Shepherd rejoices over another sheep within the fold. Beloved reader shall we follow? Yes; and, in all time coming, let us seek to abide close to that risen Lord, and in His strength to live out the glorious motto, "Go forward!"

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE LAMENTED DEATH OF THE LATE REV. DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

A sorrowful sound came sighing across the wide, blue sea,
Just when 'the summer beauty lay fairest on wood and lea—

A sound that bore sad tidings from Scotland's hills abroad ;

A leader is fallen,—a gap is made in the ranks of the Church of God !

Stilled for aye is the brave, warm heart, that beat so true and strong

For the *Truth* against all false pretence, for the *Right* against the wrong ;

For the weal of the dear old Scottish land, for the Church, to his heart so near ;

But, most of all, for the Master's cause,—than all earthly things more dear.

Hushed for aye is the clear-toned voice, that stirred like a trumpet-call,

Awaking echoes in human hearts as well as in Church and hall,

As it pleaded with men for the Love Divine, as freely as sunshine given ;

And called them to fight against sin and hell, on the side of the hosts of heaven !

Sheathed is the sword he used so well,—the blade so strong and keen,—

Though he raised it not that the world might gaze on the glitter of its sheen ;

But, only, as fitted a red-cross knight in Christian chivalry,

To cut the meshes that falsehood spreads, and let the Truth go free !

We looked to have seen him once again in our own Canadian land,

To have heard the tones of his manly voice—to have grasped his cordial hand ;

But we bow to the Voice that called him *home* when his earthly work was done,

While we join in the tears that Scotland weeps o'er the grave of her noblest son.

We know not what higher and nobler work may be his in the Courts above,

Where the "spirits of just men perfect" serve for ever the Lord they love ;

We only know that his place is still in the Host of the living God ;

And, though "dead, he speaketh," to call us on to follow the path he trod.

And when the noblest and the best are called from our side away,

'Tis only that we may more fully prove our *only* unfailling Stay ;

He will show us how His power alone can bless us and defend,

For we know that *He* is with His Church *alway unto the end!* CANADENSIS.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY GAZING ON THE CORPSE OF A YOUNG LADY OF SEVENTEEN.

Asleep in death, the young, the fair,
The loved and loving cold lies there ;
The form unchanged, as yet the same,
A casket worthy of its gem.

But hushed the voice once musical,
And still the heart and closed the eyes ;
Nor love nor hate nor duty's call
Can mar her rest, or make her rise.

The clustering curls, the pale cold brow,
The look of peace, the lips closed now—
These are, my friends ; but tell me where
The spirit of earth that once dwelt there ?

My words of love poured in her ear,
Wake in her no responsive love ;
This is not she ! She is not here—
Gone to the Spirit land above.

Earth is not all—she dwells in bliss ;
There is a fairer world than this,

A home for ransomed ones above,
Mansions of light and life and love.

Death is not in that better land,
Nor pain nor fever—griefs nor fears ;
Around the Eternal One they stand.

And praise him through unending years.

While here, she sang redeeming love ;
And there in loftier strains above,

The Lamb once slain she glorifies,
And swells the anthems of the skies.

There, too, she meets those loved below,
Where time nor death nor sin can sever ;

There, friends of earth shall live and know
And love, as here they loved, for ever.

Now safely won the heavenly prize,
Amid the glories of the skies ;

Dost thou remember friends once dear,
And trials of time we still must bear ?

Art thou a ministering angel now ?
With us still are thy sympathies ?

Unseen by us, dost thou still know ?
Dost thou behold us from the skies ?

Wait in thy happy glorious heaven,
Short is the time for trial given ;

Thou canst not come to us, but we,
Released from earth, will go to thee.

O glorious day when we will stand
With those once loved around the throne !

How blest the friendships of that land,
Where sin and sorrow are unknown !

L.

NOTES FOR SABBATH MEDITATION,
SELECTED.

1. We can never know Christ aright, nor the wonders of His grace, till we become acquainted with our fallen state, and see the depths of sin, in which we were by nature and practice sunk, irrecoverably but for His interposition.

2. Every redeemed soul is Christ's spoil, rescued out of the hands of Satan, sin, and death.

3. Though there may be but few faithful in any age or place, yet, when they shall be collected together at the last day, they will appear an host which no man can number.

4. It is a matter of great joy to every true member of Christ, to see His kingdom flourish, and His gospel preached.

5. They who enjoy fewer means and ordinances, are yet often seen to exceed, in their growth in grace, others who possess much greater privileges.

6. It will be the labour of every faithful soul to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes—to spread the knowledge of Christ, and build up each other in their most holy faith.

7. Our Redeemer is mighty, and the more firmly we trust Him, the more surely we shall stand.

8. We see that, from the beginning, the grand point of true religion consisted in the vicarious substitution of the beast for the sinners. The gospel thus was preached to them, even as unto us.

9. We are not safe from temptation, nor from the suggestions of Satan, even when on our knees; but let not that discourage us from continual waiting upon God.

10. The commendations of others in the ears of envy grate harsh discord.

11. Worldly ends and mercenary motives are often made, by Satan's instruments, the accusations against those whose conduct affords no evil thing justly to say of them. They cannot prove them vile like themselves, therefore they call them hypocrites.

12. A sly question often conveys the vilest insinuation.

13. They who use imprecations and oaths in common show with what master they have been, though even the devil here speaks with more reserve than many profane swearers, who openly blaspheme God, and invoke horrid vengeance on their souls.

14. In our happiest state, we need ever to rejoice with trembling.

15. Sudden and unexpected strokes are apt to ruffle the most composed temper.

16. The children of God must not count it strange if evil upon evil pursues them; it is not to destroy, but to prove them. SENEC.

NAE STRIFE UP HERE.

It is related that an old Scotch Elder had once a serious dispute with his Minister at an Elders' meeting. He said some things which nearly broke the Minister's heart. Afterward he went home, and the Minister went home, too. The next morning the Elder came down, and his wife said to him:

"Ye look sad, John; what is the matter with ye?"

"Ah," he replied, "you would look sad, too, if you had such a dream as I have. I dreamed that I had been at the Elders' meeting, and had said some hard things, and grieved the Minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to Heaven; and I thought afterward that I died, too, and went to Heaven; and when I got to the gate of Heaven, out came the Minister, and put out his hand to take me, saying, 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here—I'm happy to see ye.'"

The Elder went to his Minister directly, to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The Elder was so stricken with the blow that, two weeks after, he also departed.

"And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he met the Minister at Heaven's gate, and heard him say, 'Come along, John, there's nae strife up here.'"—*British Workman*.

QUEENS UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE.

The thirty-first Session will begin on the first Wednesday (2nd) of October next. Matriculation Examinations will commence the day after. Copies of the Calendar, for Session 1872-3, giving full information as to course and subjects of study, scholarships, &c., may be obtained on application to the Registrar, Professor Mowat. The Registrar will also attend to applications for Endowment nominations to the privilege of free attendance.

Queen's College, 13th May, 1862.

Acknowledgments.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE ENDOWMENT FUND.

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| Subscriptions acknowledged to the 15th June, 1872..... | \$948 77 6 |
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Queen's College,
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Kingston, Sept. 15, 1872.

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