

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							J				

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

No. 2.

"**LET NOT THY RIGHT HAND FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING.**"—*Ps. 137, v. 5.*

SERMON,

By the Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, late Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee.

"He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."—*Rom. ii. 28, 29.*

FORMALITY is, perhaps, the most besetting sin of the human mind. It is found in every bosom and in every clime; it reigns triumphant in every natural mind; and it constantly tries to re-usurp the throne in the heart of every child of God. If we were to seek for proof that fallen man is "without understanding"—that he hath altogether fallen from his primitive clearness and dignity of intelligence—that he hath utterly lost the image of God and his knowledge, after which he was created—we would point to this one strange, irrational conceit by which more than one-half the world are befooled to their eternal undoing—that God may be pleased with mere bodily prostrations and services—that it is possible to worship God with the lips, when the heart is far from him. It is against this error—the besetting error of humanity, and pre-eminent-ly the besetting error of the Jewish mind—that Paul directs the words before us; and it is very noticeable, that he does not condescend to argue the matter. He speaks with all the decisiveness and with all the authority of one who was not a whit behind the very chiefest of the apostles, and he lays it down as a kind of first principle to which every man of ordinary intelligence, provided only he will soberly consider the matter, must yield his immed-

Vol. VIII. No. 2.

iate assent—that "he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."

In the following discourse I shall show very briefly, 1st: That external observances are of no avail to justify the sinner; and, 2d: That external observances can never stand in the stead of sanctification to the believer.

L. External observances are of no avail to justify the sinner.

In a former discourse I attempted to show several of the refuges of lies to which the awakened soul will run, before he can be persuaded to betake himself to the righteousness of God; and in every one of them we saw that he that compassed himself about with sparks of his own kindling received only this of God's hand to lie down in sorrow. First of all, the soul generally contents himself with slight views of the divine law, and says: "All these have I kept from my youth up;" then, when the spirituality of the law is revealed, he tries to escape by undermining the whole fabric of the law; when that will not do, he flies to his past virtues to balance accounts with his sins; and then, when that will not do either, he begins a work of self-reformation in order to buy off the follies of youth by the sobrieties of age. Alas! how vain are all such contrivances, invented by a blinded heart—urged on by the malignant enemy of souls.

But there is another refuge of lies which I have not yet described, and to which the awakened mind often betakes itself with avi-

city, to find peace from the whips of conscience and the scorpions of God's law: and that is, a form of godliness. He will become a religious man, and surely that will save him. His whole course of life is now changed. Before, it may be, he neglected the outward ordinances of religion. He used not to kneel by his bedside—he never used to read the Word in secret, or in the family—he seldom went to the house of God in company with the multitude that kept holy day—he did not eat of that bread which, to the believer, is meat indeed, nor drink of that cup which is drink indeed.

But now his whole usages are reversed—his whole course is changed. He kneels to pray even when alone—he reads the Word with periodical regularity—he even raises an altar for morning and evening sacrifice in his family—his sobered countenance is never wanting in his wonted position in the house of prayer. He looks back now to his baptism with a soothing complacency, and sits down to eat the children's bread at the table of the Lord. His friends and neighbors all observe the change. Some make a jest of it, and some make it a subject of rejoicing; but one thing is obvious, that he is an altered man; and yet it is far from obvious that he is a new man, or a justified man. All this routine of bodily exercise, if it be entered on before the man has put on the divine righteousness, is just another way of going about to establish his own righteousness, that he may not be constrained to submit to put on the righteousness of God. Nay, so utterly perverted is the understanding of the unconverted, that many men are found to persevere in such a course of bodily worship of God, while, at the same time, they persevere as diligently in some course of open or secret iniquity. Such men seem to regard external observances not only as an atonement for sins that are past, but as a price paid to purchase a license to sin in time to come. Such appears to have been the refuge of lies which the poor woman of Samaria would fain have set down in, when the blessed Traveller, sitting by the well, awakened all the anxieties of her heart, by the searching words: "Go call thy husband, and come hither." Her anxious mind sought hither and thither for a refuge, and found it. Where? In her religious observances: "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship?" She thrusts away the pointed conviction of sin by a question as to her outward observances—she changes her anxiety about the soul into anxiety about the place where men ought to worship Mount Zion or Mount Gerizim. Oh! if he would only settle that question—if he would only tell her on which of these mountains God ought to be worshipped—she was ready to worship all her lifetime in that favored place. If Zion be the place, she would leave her native mountain and go and worship there, that

that might save her. Oh! how fain she would have found here a refuge for her anxious soul. With what divine kindness, then, did the Saviour sweep away this refuge of lies by the answer: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, and now is, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, worship the Father. God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Now it is with the very same object, and with the very same kindness, that Paul here sweeps away the same refuge of lies from every anxious soul, in these decisive words: "he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly and circumcision is that of the heart in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men but of God."

Is there any of you whom God hath awakened out of the deadly slumber of the natural mind?—has he drawn aside the curtains, and made the light of truth to fall upon your heart revealing the true condition of your soul? has he made you start to your feet alarmed, that you might go, and weep as you go to seek the Lord your God?—has he made you exchange the careless smile of gaiety for the tears of anxiety—the loud laugh of folly, for the cry of bitter distress about your soul?—are you asking the way to Zion with your face directed thitherward?—then take heed, I beseech you of sitting down contented in this refuge of lies. Remember, he is not a Jew which is one outwardly—remember, no outward observances—no prayers, or church-going, or Bible-reading—can ever justify you in the sight of God.

I am quite aware that when anxiety for the soul enters in, then anxiety to attend ordinances will also enter in. Like as the stricken deer goes apart from the herd to bleed and weep alone, so the stricken soul goes aside too from his merry companions, to weep, and read, and pray, alone. He will desire the preached Word, and press after it more and more; but remember, he finds no peace in this change that is wrought in himself. When a man goes thirsty to the well, his thirst is not allayed merely by going there. On the contrary, it is increased every step he goes. It is by what he draws out of the well that his thirst is satisfied. And just so it is not by the mere bodily exercise of waiting on ordinances that you will ever come to peace; but by tasting of Jesus in the ordinances—whose flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed.

If ever, then, you are tempted to think that you are surely safe for eternity, because you have been brought to change your treatment of the outward ordinances of religion, remember, I beseech you, the parable of the marriage feast, where many were called—many were invited to come in, but few, few were found having on the wed-

ding garment. Many are brought within the pale of ordinances, and read and hear, it may be, with considerable interest and anxiety about the things that are ready—the things of the kingdom of God: but of these many, few are persuaded to abhor their own filthy rags and to put on the wedding garment of the Redeemer's righteousness. And these few alone shall sit still to partake of the feast—the joy of their Lord; the rest shall stand speechless, and be cast out into outer darkness, where shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. You may read your Bible, and pray over it till you die—you may wait on the preached Word every Sabbath-day, and sit down at every sacrament till you die; yet if you do not find Christ in the ordinances—if he do not reveal himself to your soul in the preached Word, in the broken bread and poured out wine—if you are not brought to cleave to him—to look to him—to believe in him—to cry out with inward adoration: “My Lord, and my God”—“How great is his goodness! how great is his beauty?”—then the outward observance of the ordinances is all in vain to you. You have come to the well of salvation, but have gone away with the pitcher empty; and however proud and boastful you may now be of your bodily exercise, you will find in that day that it profits little, and that you will stand speechless before the King.

II. *External observances can never stand in the stead of sanctification to the believer.*

If it be a common thing for awakened minds to seek for peace in their external observances—to make a Christ of them, and rest in them as their means of acceptance with God—it is also a common thing for those who have been brought into Christ, and enjoy the peace of believing, to place mere external observances in the stead of growth in holiness. Every believer among you knows how fain the old heart within you would substitute the hearing of sermons, and the repeating of prayers, in the place of that faith which worketh by love, and which overcometh the world. Now, the great reason why the believer is often tempted to do this, is, that he loves the ordinances. Unconverted souls seldom take delight in the ordinances of Christ. They see no beauty in Jesus—they see no form nor comeliness in him—they hide their faces from him. Why should you wonder, then, that they take no delight in praying to him continually—in praising him daily—in calling him blessed? Why should you wonder then that the preaching of the cross is foolishness to them—that his tabernacles are not amiable in their eyes—that they forsake the assembling of themselves together? They never knew the Saviour—they never loved him—how, then, should they love the memorials which he has left behind him?

When you are weeping by the chiselled monument of a departed friend, you do not

wonder that the careless crowd pass by without a tear. They did not know the virtues of your departed friend—they do not know the fragrance of his memory. Just so the world care not for the house of prayer—the sprinkled water—the broken bread—the poured-out wine; for they never knew the excellency of Jesus. But with believers it is far otherwise. You have been divinely taught your need of Jesus; and therefore you delight to hear Christ preached. You have seen the beauty of Christ crucified; and therefore you love the place where he is evidently set forth. You love the very name of Jesus—it is as an ointment poured forth; therefore you could join for ever in the melody of his praises. The Sabbath-day—of which you once said: “What a weariness is it!” when will it be over, that we may set forth corn?”—it is now a “delight,” and “honorable”—the sweetest day of all the seven. The ordinances, which were once a dull and sickening routine, are now green pastures and waters of stillness to your soul; and surely this is a blessed change. But still you are in the body—heaven is not yet gained—Satan is hovering near; and since he cannot destroy the work of God in your soul, therefore he tries all the more to spoil it. He cannot stem the current: therefore he tries to make it turn aside. He cannot drive back God's arrow; and therefore he tries to make it turn awry, and spend its strength in vain. When he finds that you love the ordinances, and it is vain to tempt you to forsake them he lets you love them; ay, he helps you to love them more and more. He becomes an angel of light—he helps in the decoration of the house of God—he throws around its services a fascinating beauty—hurries you on from one house of God to another—from prayer meetings to sermon-hearing—from sermons to sacraments. And why does he do all this? He does all this just that he may make this the whole of your sanctification—that outward ordinances may be the all in all of your religion—that in your anxiety to preserve the shell, you may let fall the kernel.

If there be one of you, then, in whose heart God hath wrought the amazing change of turning you from loathing to loving his ordinances, let me beseech you to be jealous over your heart with godly jealousy. Pause, this hour, and see if in your hasty and anxious pursuit of the ordinances, you have not left the pursuit of that holiness without which the ordinances are sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. I have a message from God unto thee. It is written: “He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision, is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of man, but of God.” He is not a Christian which is one outwardly, neither is that baptism which is merely the outward washing of the body; but he is a Christian which is one inwardly, and

true baptism is that of the heart—when the heart is washed from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit; whose praise is not of men, but of God.

Remember, I beseech you, that the ordinances are means to an end; they are stepping stones, by which you may arrive at a landing-place. Is your soul sitting down in the ordinances, and saying, It is enough? Are you so satisfied that you can enjoy the ordinances of Christ, that you desire no higher attainments? Remember the word that is written: "This is not your rest." Would you not say he was a foolish traveller, who should take every inn he came to for his home—who should take up his settled rest, and instead of preparing himself for a hard journeying on the morrow, should begin to take the ease and enjoyment of the house as his all? Take heed that you be not this foolish traveller. The ordinances are intended by God to be but the inns and refectories where the traveller Zion-ward, weary in well-doing, and faint in faith, may betake him to tarry for a night, that, being refreshed, he may, with new alacrity, press forward on his journey home upon eagles' wings.

Take, then, this one rule of life along with you, founded on the blessed words: "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly"—that if your outward religion is helping on your inward religion—if your hearing of Christ on the Sabbath-day makes you grow more like Christ through all the week—if the words of God lead your heart to love more, and your hand to do more—then, and then only, are you using the ordinances of God aright.

There is not a more miserably deceived soul in the world than that soul among you who, like Herod, hears the preached gospel gladly, and yet, like Herod, lives in sin. You love the Sabbath-day—you love the house of God—you love to hear Christ preached in all his fulness; yes, you think you could listen for ever if only Christ be the theme—you love to sit down at sacraments, and to commemorate the death of your Lord. And is this all—is this all your holiness? Does your religion end here? Is this all that believing in Jesus has done for you? Remember, I beseech you, that the ordinances of Christ are not the means of *enjoyment*, but means of *grace*; and though it is said that the travellers in the valley of Baca dig up wells, which are filled with the rain from on high, yet it is also said: "They go from strength to strength." Awake, then, my friends, and let it no more be said of us, that our religion is confined to the house of God and to the Sabbath-day. Let us draw water with joy from these wells, just in order that we may travel the wilderness with joy and strength, and love and hope—blessed in ourselves and a blessing to all about us. And if we speak thus to those of you whose religion seems to go no further than the ordinances, what shall we say to those of you who contradict the very

nse and end of the ordinances in your lives? Is it possible you can delight in worldliness, and vanity, and covetousness, and pride, and luxury? Is it possible that the very lips which are ready to sing praises, or to join in prayers, are also ready to speak the words of guile—of malice—of envy—of bitterness? Awake, we beseech you; we are not ignorant of Satan's devices. To you he hath made himself an angel of light. Remember it is written: "If any among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God!" Amen.

Duncan and the Elder.

Elder.—Good evening Duncan. I hope you and your family have been well since I last saw you.

Duncan.—I have reason to be thankful for good health—a kind Providence has spared me and mine. I thought you would have called sooner.

E.—I thought the same myself, and was anxious to do so, but other things prevented me. Having a little time to spare this evening, I walked over to spend an hour or two with you.

D.—Indeed, my dear neighbor, I feel very thankful. Your last visit gave me much to think about. I find that nothing tends to set me a-thinking like conversation with a friend with whom I can speak freely. When I try to read, I find my mind always inclined to wander, and just as soon as I close the book, it is all forgotten. But when taking part in conversation, whatever the subject is, I feel interested—I can easily remember a good deal of what is said, but what is better still, I find myself drawn to think of it for days and weeks afterwards.

E.—The subject, if I remember aright, of which we were speaking, the last time I saw you, was the interest which all Christians should feel in the progress of Christ's Kingdom.

D.—It was just that—I have not forgotten it, and I hope I will not while I live. It was never before made so plain to me, that unless a man feels interested in the cause of Christ, he cannot be a true disciple of His. I have much reason to remember every word of that conversation—many a thought it gave me since. It led me to think over my past life,

What met me there, gave me reason to fear that my religion was only a form. I have to own that I was cold and heartless in all that concerned the cause of Christ, compared to the feelings which I had, in worldly things, even of the most trifling nature.

E.—You have reason to be thankful, that you have been made sensible of that want of zeal and devotedness. You know the remedy. The Bible tells you how to act, and it gives the assurance, that, if you follow its directions, the evil you complain of will be effectually removed. You must go with that coldness and worldliness to the throne of grace, and there lay it out in the presence of God. He is more willing to give a new heart and a right spirit than you or any other sinner can be to ask for it. Plead with Him for Jesus sake—continue to plead and He will not despise your supplications.

D.—I do wish to be thankful that I was led to consider these things, while I still fear that I feel not that constraining love to Christ, which the Bible tells me must distinguish all his true disciples. I hope I have attained to this much, that I can securely say, “Enough and too much is the time that is past, to have wrought the will of the flesh,” and that henceforth it shall be my aim to have my heart and life devoted to my blessed Redeemer, and do what my feeble efforts may to lead others to Him.

E.—Let it be your constant and earnest prayer, that God would strengthen these feelings and this purpose. The more wholly you are brought under this influence, and the stronger your desire to benefit your fellow-men, the more your mind will be in harmony with the mind and the spirit of Christ, and the more largely will the peace and the happiness of your soul be promoted.

D.—It is a heavy burden on my mind, to feel that the best part of my life was spent in opposing the will of Christ. I imagined myself as good and as religious as my neighbors, and with that I was content. I contributed to religious purposes as others in my circumstances, were accustomed to do, and that was all that concerned me. The plain truth now stares me in the face, that, whatever was the case with my neighbors, I was dead to God and the interests of my own soul. Old age is now creeping upon me, and should I be ever so zealous, it is but little I can do. If I could but redeem the years, that I lost in the follies of the world, I think I would employ them differently. O, that every young man and woman could see the misery, which mispent youth treasures up for the infirmities of old age, then would they be saved the bitter experience, that now grieves my heart. I acknowledge that I might justly be left to seek in vain, what I so long despised; but the blessed Bible tells me there is hope even for me.

E.—God’s ways are not like men’s ways. The penitent sinner, who pleads for mercy,

will not be asked regarding the past. “Who-soever will, let him come and take the waters of life freely.” We should often reflect on the past, but the use we should make of every neglect of duty, and every act of disobedience, is to employ them as motives to urge us to greater diligence in availing ourselves of present opportunity. Sorrow for past sins will not benefit, but in so far as it serves that purpose.

D.—Is it not strange, that men who profess themselves the disciples of Christ, and declare that their hopes, for the eternal world, rest entirely on Him, can be indifferent to any command or direction of His, that is clearly revealed. Surely, it must arise from real hypocrisy in their professions, or else from ignorance of His will.

E.—There can be no doubt, that it must arise from either the one or the other of the causes you have mentioned. But whatever might be said for our fathers, who could not read the word of God for themselves, I do not see how ignorance, of what Christ wills. His people to do, can be pleaded as in any degree lessening our guilt, if living in disobedience. If any among us are ignorant of the obligations which rest upon us, it is because they do not wish to know them. The Bible tells us what Christ would have us believe and do, and it does so in language so simple and plain, that no man can be at a loss to understand. The man, therefore, who can read the Bible, cannot say, but he could know the life of Christ were he truly desirous to do so.

D.—How then can you explain the fact, that not only individual men, and esteemed too, as good and pious men, but entire branches of the Church, continue year after year in the neglect of some of the plainest and most solemn commands?

E.—You have asked me a question that I find indeed very difficult to answer. This much, however, is certain, whatever may be pleaded for such neglect from the peculiar circumstances of the parties, and the contracted and imperfect views of Christian duty, into which early training may have led them, that, just as soon as their attention is directed to that neglect, and their duty clearly pointed out, there can be nothing further pleaded in their behalf. If then, they treat the matter with indifference, they evidently disown the authority of Christ, and declare themselves to be none of His. There is no doubt, that a real disciple of Christ may thus from the effects of early training and example, be under the influence of mistaken views regarding some parts of duty, but the instant you point to the divine command, and convince that man that it is the voice of Christ that speaks, he will not only admit the duty—he will heartily obey. If he acts otherwise—if while he admits that Christ has assuredly given the command in question, he refuses obedience, or, which amounts to the same thing, evades—

vors to shift the obligation aside and lose sight of it, then it is manifest that he is actuated by the spirit of disobedience, and is therefore, whatever his profession of religion, a child of the wicked one.

D.—When I asked that question, I had especially in my mind that commandment of Christ to his Apostles, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” It does not become me to offer an opinion, but this command seems, as I read it, to be as plain as any in the Bible, and I do not think there is any other command given in a more solemn manner.

B.—You might well have that command in view, in putting the question. It is indeed given in language so plain, that even the very child can understand what it means. It was uttered by the risen Saviour—it was His last command ere he was received up into heaven. On that command are suspended the salvation and happiness of all the nations of mankind. It was reserved for the last command, that it might never be forgotten by his disciples. In the case of an earthly friend, we know well, whatever might happen regarding the other directions given by him, the last request must be attended to—that we could not forget.

D.—Can you, then, tell me how it happened, that our Synod, with so many ministers and congregations, has not yet, sent any message to tell the poor, dying and perishing heathen, what the Son of God is able and willing to do for them. I hope you are not going to tell me, that our Church is guilty of disobedience to that solemn command. These two things I can see plainly enough, that is, that this is the command of Christ, and that no messenger went from us to teach and comfort even one poor dying heathen, and that no effort was made to send one. Now, when I put these two parts together, the result comes out in the shape of that *significant* and *startling* word “disobedience.”

E.—That this solemn duty has been so long neglected must be a source of grief to every sincere follower of Christ. If it has been caused by difficulties, in their nature insurmountable, then truly we have reason to lament that our way was thus blocked up, so that as a Church we had not access to the labors and the triumphs of the mission field, but if we must admit, that the real cause is to be found in our own want of zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls, then truly our guilt is very aggravated.

D.—Is it true, that our Synod, this year, established a Foreign Mission Scheme?

E.—I am sorry to say, that such a scheme has not as yet been established, but the Synod did what they could. They appointed a Committee in order to ascertain if our people were prepared to join in such an undertaking.

D.—How were the Committee to ascertain that.

E.—They were expected to do so in the

only way, in which such a thing could be done. They were to call the attention of the different congregations to the matter, and urge upon them the duty and the privilege of contributing as God had prospered them.

D.—I do not think they will succeed, for our people, the great multitude of them will like well enough to hear the ministers talk about missions and missionaries, but when you ask them for money, the matter at once assumes a different character.

E.—I am satisfied you are mistaken in your opinion of our people. There are among them many sincere disciples of Christ, and every such individual will rejoice to hear of this undertaking, and gladly give according to his means. Nay, every such man and woman will cheerfully deny themselves to many comforts, in order to be enabled to give liberally in such a cause.

D.—Well, I shall be most agreeably disappointed, if our congregations in the Sabbath collections, of any day the Synod may appoint, will give what will be sufficient to support a missionary. I fear the collections will turn out, as usual, the most made up of copper.

E.—From all that I have seen of collections, I am entitled to think, what you say is quite correct, but surely you do not imagine, that an undertaking like this is to depend on collections. However willing people might be, many of them would not be able to give largely in a collection, besides, I fear that not a few would take advantage of the fact that they might give as little as they pleased, in the crowd, without drawing on themselves the reproach of illiberality. In order to succeed, the mode must be adopted, which is known to be best fitted to secure liberal contributions.

D.—Why, if that is the case, do not the ministers agree in adopting the mode to which you refer.—Some of them think the collections sufficient. I saw a letter in a late number of the *Record*, recommending collections as the best fitted to secure success.

E.—I see there is some difference of opinion among them. We need not be surprised at that. Some of them have not yet had sufficient experience of the state of things in this country, to know what the character of our collections generally is, but this little difference of opinion will not do much harm. There is no difference in the sentiments of our ministers, regarding the duty of making a united and determined effort to wipe off the reproach that rests upon us as a missionaryless Church—that they are in earnest, and that they will do their part, is evident in the fact, that out of their scanty incomes, they subscribed about or upwards of £50. Let us but imitate their example according to our number and our

means, and we shall be able to sustain not one missionary, but several.

D.—I see my neighbor, Donald, coming this way; we shall see what he thinks about the matter.

Donald.—I see you have the Elder with you, to-night. I suppose you are getting a lecture from him. I think I will go home. I can come some other evening, when I may find you alone.

D.—Indeed, my good neighbor, you will do no such thing—just come in—the Elder, as well as myself, will be glad to see you.

E.—How are you, Donald. I am glad you happened to call. Your neighbor and myself were just talking on a subject, in which every one of us is deeply and equally interested, and we shall both be happy to hear what you think of it.

Donald.—I did not know that you would care much for my opinion, but what is that subject you find so interesting?

E.—We were talking of the obligations, under which every professing Christian is to be concerned in the cause of Christ, and in connection with that, we were speaking of the intention of our Synod to attempt establishing a Foreign Mission Scheme.

Donald.—They are intending to send a missionary to the heathen, are they? Well, that would be a good thing no doubt, but I think they need not send him far away—we have plenty heathen at home—you better convert them first. If the heathen you talk of converting, will not be better men than the most of these I have to deal with, I think you may as well leave them as they are.

E.—When you say, that many, who possess Christianity and have the means of knowing its holy and blessed precepts, show by their life and actions, that they are ignorant of its spirit, you are, alas! but too near the truth; but when you make that a reason why the poor heathen should be uncared for, to go down to the grave without hearing the name of Jesus, there you are entirely wrong. If we have in the midst of us, men who live without God and without hope, it is not because they want the means that might make them wise unto Salvation, but because they dispise these means. The Bible tells them, what the end of a godless life must be, and it tells them also how they may be delivered from the bondage and the wages of sin, if desirous to obtain that deliverance. We wish to give our perishing brethren and sisters, the same privileges which God, in His mercy, so freely bestowed on ourselves. They may value and improve what, in too many cases, we disregard and abuse. Besides, you should know, that although in many cases the word of God does not appear to influence the life and conversation, it is not read and preached, in vain among us. There are some who profit by the means of grace. Wherever the word of God is preached, Christ will there see the travail of His soul. There will be sin-

ners converted to God, and should the world not regard them, Christ will own them as His, in the day He maketh up his jewels.

It is the command of Christ to all His people, to do what they can to spread abroad, far and wide, the knowledge of His name. His wish is, that the Gospel should be preached to every creature. He enjoins this, and He does so, because He means thereby to save immortal souls. You will not be offended at me, when I say, that I fear you are devoting too much of your attention to the finding out how bad your neighbors are. If so, the labor you bestow, will bring you but a poor reward indeed. The great matter for you and for me, is to watch over our own hearts and actions, and make sure of it, that they are conformed to the will of God. If otherwise we employ our time, whatever becomes of our happiness our doom is certain—we must perish.

D.—O, that is indeed the truth. He is his own enemy who takes pleasure in watching the failings and errors of his fellowmen. There is no habit that tends to make a man more unhappy in this world, and alas! the precious time is squandered, that might be employed in securing the salvation of his own soul.

E.—I see it is getting late—I must be going—I am sorry we have not more time to converse on the subject we had in hand. The more frequently we speak on these matters, the more important they will become to us. If Christians made the cause of Christ the frequent subject of their conversation, there is reason to think, their feelings and their actions would be very different from what they are. In former times, they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and they were blessed into acting.

Now, Duncan, as I may not be able to come here for some time, could you not take a walk over to my house, some evening soon, and perhaps Donald would come with you. It may do us all good to speak of our shortcomings in the past, and the spirit which should animate us for the future.

D.—Will you promise to go with me, Donald.

Donald.—The Elder thinks there is no harm how severely he speaks to me, but Elders are not perfect any more than others. I think, perhaps, I may go; I would like to hear from the Elder how the money is to be got, which is to support the missionary. I hope it is not to be asked of the poor people—we have enough to do to pay our stipends.

For the "Record."
THE QUEEN.

SHE stood before her people,
 And bent her young fair head,
 As the golden crown was lifted,
 The anointing incense shed.
 She seemed so young and fragile
 To hold the guiding helm,
 And sway the ancient sceptre
 Of Britain's mighty realm;
 So lofty, yet so lonely,
 A gentle, timid girl,
 Though round her stood, as vanguard,
 Proud knight and belted earl.
 As the promise of her glory
 Shone in her gracious mien,
 More prayed "God bless the maiden"
 Than "God exalt the Queen."

She knelt before her people,
 Beside the altar rail,
 Pure in her early womanhood,
 Beneath her bridal veil.
 Her voice rang clear and steadfast
 Throughout God's house that day,
 As she gave her loyal promise
 To honour and obey.
 Not now as England's sovereign—
 Queen of the wise and brave,
 A trusting woman only,
 Her wifely homage gave.
 And as they saw her kneeling,
 Her husband by her side,
 While thousands cried "God save the Queen,"
 More prayed "God bless the bride."

She dwelt among her people,
 And joy went through the land
 To see her royal children
 Hold fast their mother's hand.
 Daughters and sons of beauty—
 Fair children of the Isles.
 A happy home their birthright
 Pure life and parent smiles.
 They saw her girt with blessings
 As Queens are seldom blessed,
 Her noble, loving husband,
 At once her strength and rest.
 They knew her blest and honoured
 In that dear household scene,
 A happy wife and mother,
 A great and glorious Queen.
 With health and wealth replenished,
 God gave her long to live,
 His hand for many a lustre
 Was opened but to give.
 She saw her kingdom prosper
 In arms—in peace—at home,
 Within her distant Colonies,
 And where the white waves foam.
 The triumph of the sovereign,
 Whose fame the spirit stirs,
 The blessings of the woman
 In double share were her's.
 Her people saw such glory
 As England ne'er had seen,
 And more as boast than humble prayer,
 Cried out "God save the Queen."

She weeps among her people,
 Her staff is broken now,
 The lover of her girlhood—
 The husband of her vow—
 Is lying cold and silent
 In a vaulted chamber dim,
 And Victoria sits a widow
 So desolate for him!
 Her people weep around her
 In grief which love redeems,

For dearer in her sorrow
 Their royal Lady seems,
 Like her they sit in sackcloth,
 Like her they kneel and pray,
 And humbly own that He who gave
 Can also take away.
 From homestead, hearth, and altar,
 Where angels downward lean,
 A nation's bleeding heart implores
 God's comfort for our Queen.

HALIFAX, Jan. 14, 1862.

M. J. K.

[FROM GOOD WORDS.]

Medical Odds and Ends.

THE CONCLUDING LAY SERMON TO WORKING PEOPLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—We are going to ring in now, and end our course. I will be sorry and glad, and you will be the same. We are this about everything; it is the proportion that settles it. I am, upon the whole, as we say, sorry, and I dare say on the whole you are not glad. I dislike parting with anything or anybody I like, for it is ten to one if we meet again.

My text is, "That his way may be known upon earth; his saving health to all nations." You will find it in that perfect little psalm, the 67th. But before taking it up, I will, as my dear father used to say,—you all remember him, his keen eye and voice; his white hair, and his grave, earnest, penetrating look; and you should remember and possess his Canongate Sermon to you—"The Bible, what it is, and what it does,"—well, he used to say, let us *recapitulate* a little. It is a long and rather kittle word, but it is the only one that we have. He made it longer, but not less alive, by turning it into "a few recapitulatory remarks." What ground then have we travelled over? *First*, Our duties to and about the Doctor; to call him in time, to trust him, to obey him, to be grateful to, and to pay him with our money and our hearts and our good word, if we have all these; if we have not the first, with twice as much of the others. *Second*, The Doctor's duties to us. He should be able and willing to cure us. That is what he is there for. He should be sincere, attentive, and tender to us, keeping his time and our secrets. We must tell him all we know about our ailments and their causes, and he must tell us all that is good for us to know, and no more. *Third*, Your duties to your children; to the wee Willie Winkies and the little wifes that come toddlin' home. It is your duty to *mind* them. It is a capital Scotch use of this word: they are to be in your mind; you are to exercise your understanding about them; to give them simple food; to keep goodies and trash, and raw pears and whisky, away from their tender mouths and stomachs; to give them that

never-ending meal of good air, night and day, which is truly food and fire to them and you; to be good before as well as to them, to speak and require the truth in love—that is a wonderful expression, isn't it?—the truth in love, that if acted on by us all, would bring the millennium next week; to be plain and homely with them, never *spaining* their minds from you. You are all sorry, you mothers, when you have to spain their mouths; it is a dreadful business that to both parties; but there is a spaining of the affections still more dreadful, and that need never be, no, never, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. Dr. Waugh, of London, used to say to bereaved mothers, Rachels weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted, for that simplest of all reasons, because they were not; after giving them God's words of comfort, clapping them on the shoulders, and fixing his mild deep eyes on them (those who remember those eyes, and no one else, will know what they could mean), "My woman, your bairn is where it will have two fathers, but never one mother."

You should also, when the time comes, explain to your children what about their own health and the ways of the world they ought to know, and for the want of the timely knowledge of which many a life and character has been lost. Show them, moreover, the value you put upon health, by caring for your own.

Do your best to get your sons well married, and soon. By well married, I mean that they should be married old-fashionedly, for love, and marry what deserves to be loved, as well as what is lovely. I confess I think falling in love is the best way to begin; but then the moment you fall, you should get up and look about you, and see how the land lies, and whether it is as goodly as it looks. I don't like walking into love, or being carried into love; or, above all, being sold or selling yourself into it, which, after all, is not it. And by soon, I mean as soon as they are keeping themselves; for a wife—such a wife as alone I mean, is cheaper to a young man than no wife, and is his best companion.

Then for your duties to yourselves. See that you make yourself do what is *immediately* just to your body, feed it when it is really hungry; let it sleep when it, not its master, desires sleep; make it happy, poor hard-working fellow! and give it a gambol when it wants it and deserves it, and as long as it can execute it. Dancing is just the music of the feet, and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. It is like all other natural pleasures, given to be used, and not to be abused, either by yourself or by those who don't like it, and don't enjoy your doing it—slabby dogs these, beware of them! And if this is done, it is a good and a grace, as well as a pleasure, and satisfies some good end of our being, and in its own way glorifies our Maker. Did you ever see anything in this world more beauti-

ful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stone of the field; and does not your heart get young when you hear,—

"Here we go by jingo ring,
Jin-go ring, jingo ring;
Here we go by jingo ring,
About the merry ma tanzie."

This is just a dance in honor of old Jingo; measured movements arising from and giving happiness. We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures; and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others; hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, know the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the juba, empty old heart, like a duck and ghostly fire burnt out, into the feet and the eyes, and the heart and the head of the young. I remember a story of a good old Antiburgher minister. It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session. Jessie, a bonnie, and good, and blithe young woman, a great favorite of the minister's, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the Session to be "dealt with"—the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her, as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown; and her pretty bare feet. The Doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie.

"Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie."

"I wull, sir; I wull promise," with a cursey.

"Now, what were ye thinking o', Jessie, when ye were dancin'?" tell us truly," said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

"Na ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman.

"Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance," cried the delighted doctor.

And so say I, to the extent, that so long as our young girls think "nae ill," they may dance their own and their feet's fills; and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children.

Lastly, your duties to your own bodies: to preserve them; to make, or rather let—for they are made so to go—their wheels go sweetly; to keep the *girs* firm round the old barrel; neither to over nor under work our bodies, and to listen to their teachings and their requests, their cries of pain and sorrow; and to keep them as well as your souls spotted from the world. If you want to know a good book on Physiology, or the Laws of Health and of Life, get Dr. Combe's *Physiology*; and let all you mothers get his delightful *Management of Infancy*. You will love him for his motherly words. You will almost think he might have worn petti-

coats—for tenderness he might; but in mind and will and eye he was every inch a man. It is now long since he wrote, but I have seen nothing so good since; he is so intelligent, so reverent, so full of the solemnity, the sacredness, the beauty and joy of life, and his work; so full of sympathy for suffering, himself not ignorant of such evil,—for the latter half of his life was a daily, hourly struggle with death, fighting the destroyer from within with the weapons of life, his brain and his conscience. It is very little physiology that you require, so that it is physiology, and is suitable for your need. I can't say I like our common people, or, indeed, what we call our ladies and gentlemen, poking curiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment, and something to talk of. No, I don't like it. I would rather they chose some other *doggy*. But let them get enough to give them awe and love, light and help, guidance and foresight. These, with good sense and good senses, humility, and a thought of a hereafter, in this world as in the next, will make us as able to doctor ourselves,—especially to act in the *preventive service*, which is your main region of power for good—as in this mortal world we have any reason to expect. And let us keep our hearts young, and they will keep our legs and our arms the same. For we know now that hearts are kept going by having strong, pure, lively blood; if bad blood goes into the heart, it gets angry, and shows this by beating at our breasts, and frightening us; and sometimes it dies of sheer anger and disgust, if its blood is poor or poisoned, thin and white. "He may dee, but he'll never grow auld," said a carty old wife of her old minister, whose cheek was ruddy like an apple.

Run for the Doctor; don't saunter to him, or go in, by the bye, as the old elder of my father's did when his house was on fire. He was a perfect Nathanael, and lived more in the next world than in this, as you will soon see. One winter night he slipped gently into his neighbor's cottage, and found James Somerville reading aloud by the blaze of the light coal; he leant over the chair, and waited till James closed the book, when he said, "By the bye, I am thinkin' ma hoose is on fire!" and out he and they all ran, in time to see the auld biggin fall in with a glorious blaze. So it is too often when that earthly house of ours—our cottage, our tabernacle—is going on fire. One moment your finger would put out what in an hour all the waters of Clyde would be too late for. If the Doctor is needed, the sooner the better. If he is not, he can tell you so, and you can rejoice that he had a needless journey, and pay him all the more thankfully. So run early and at once. How many deaths—how many lives of suffering and incapacity—may be spared by being in time? being a day or two sooner. With

children this is especially the case, and with working-men in the full prime of life. A mustard-plaster, a leech, a pill, fifteen drops of Ipecacuanha wine, a bran poultice, a shirt or a stitch in time, may do all and at once; when a red-hot iron, a basinful of blood, all the wisdom of our art, and all the energy of the Doctor, all your tenderness and care are in vain. Many a child's life is saved by an emetic at night, who would be lost in twelve hours. So send in time; it is just to your child or the patient, and to yourself; it is just to your Doctor; for I assure you we Doctors are often sorry, and angry enough, when we find we are too late. It affronts us and our powers, besides affronting life and all its meanings, and Him who gives it. And we really *enjoy* curing; it is like running and winning a race—like hunting and finding and killing our game. And then remember to go to the Doctor early in the day, as well as in the disease. I always like my patient to send and say that they would like the Doctor "to call before he goes out!" This is like an Irish message, you will say, but there is "sinse" in it. Fancy a Doctor being sent for, just as he is in bed, to see some one, and on going he finds they had been thinking of sending in the morning, and that he has to run neck and neck with death, with the odds all against him.

I now wind up with some other odds and ends. I give you them as an old wife would empty her pockets—such wallets they used to be!—in no regular order; here a bit of string, now a bit of gingerbread, now an "apple," now a bunch of keys, now an old almanac, now three *bercebes* and a bad shilling, a "when" buttons, all marrowless, a thimble, and maybe at the very bottom a "goold guinea."

Shoes.—It is amazing the misery the people of civilisation endure in and from their shoes. Nobody is ever, as they should be, comfortable at once in them; they hope in the long-run and after much agony, and when they are nearly done, to make them fit, especially if they can get them once well wet, so that the mighty knob of the big toe may adjust himself and be at ease. For my part, if I were rich, I would advertise for a clean, wholesome man, whose foot was exactly my size, and I would make him wear my shoes till I could put them on, and not know I was in them. Why is all this? Why do you see every man's and woman's feet so out of all shape? Why are there corns, with their miseries and maledictions? why the virulence and unreachableness of those that are "soft?" Why do our nails grow in and have sometimes to be torn violently off? Why are shoes so dear?

All because the makers and users of shoes have not common sense, and common reverence for God and his works enough to study the shape and motions of that wonderful pivot

on which we turn and progress. Because FASHION—that demon which I wish I saw dressed in her own crinoline, in bad shoes, a man's old hat, and trailing petticoats, and with her (for she must be a *her*) waist well nipt by a circlet of nails with the points inmost, and any other of the small torments, mischiefs, and absurdities she destroys and makes fools of us with,—whom, I say, I wish I saw drummed and hissed, blazing and shrieking, out of the world; because this contemptible slave, which domineers over her makers, says the shoe must be elegant, must be so and so, and the beautiful living foot must be crushed into it, and human nature must limp along Princes Street, and through life natty and wretched.

It makes me angry when I think of all this. Now, do you want to know how to put your feet into new shoes, and yourself into a new world? go and buy from Edmonston and Douglas sixpence worth of sense, in *Why the Shoe pinches*; you will, if you get your shoemaker to do as it bids you, go on your ways rejoicing; no more knobby, half-dislocated big toes; no more secret parings, and slashes desperate, in order to get on that pair of exquisite boots or shoes.

I had a word about *Teeth*. Don't get young children's teeth drawn. At least, let this be the rule. Bad teeth come of bad health and bad food, and much sugar. I can't say I am a great advocate for the common people going in for tooth-brushes. No, they are not necessary in full health. The healthy man's teeth clean themselves, and so does his skin. A good dose of Gregory often puts away the toothache. It is a great thing, however, to get them early stuffed, if they need it; that really keeps them and your temper whole. For appearance' sake merely, I hate false teeth, as I hate a wig. But this is not a matter to dogmatize about. I never, was, I think, deceived by either false hair, or false teeth, or false eyes, or false cheeks, for there are in the high—I don't call it the great—world, plumpers for making the cheeks, round, as well as a certain dust for making them bloom. But you and I don't enjoy such advantages.

Rheumatism is peculiarly a disease of the working man. One old physician said its only cure was patience and flannel. Another said six weeks. But I think good flannel and no drunkenness (observe, I don't say no drinking, though very nearly so) are its best preventives. It is a curious thing the way in which cold gives rheumatism. Suppose a man is heated and gets cooled, not being very well at any rate, and is sitting or sleeping in a draught; the exposed part is chilled; the pores of its skin, which are always exuding and exhaling waste from the body, contract and shut in this bad stuff; it—this is my theory—not getting out is taken up by a blunder of the deluded absorbents, who are always prowling about for something, and it is re-

turned back to the centre, and finds its way into the blood, and poisons it, affecting the heart, and carrying bad money, bad change, bad fat, bad capital all over the body, making nerves, lungs, everything unhappy and angry. This vitiated blood arrives by and bye at the origin of its mischief, the chilled shoulder, and here it wreaks its vengeance, and in doing so, does some general good at local expense. It gives pain; it produces a certain inflammation of its own, and if it is not got rid of by the skin and other ways, it may possibly kill by the rage the body get in, and the heat or it may inflame the ill-used heart itself, and then either kill, or give the patient a life of suffering and peril. The medicines we give act not only by detecting this poison of blood which, like yeast, leavens all in its neighbourhood; but by sending it out of the body like a culprit.

Vaccination.—One word for this. Never neglect it; get it done within two months after birth, and see that it is well done; and get all your neighbours to do it.

Infectious Diseases.—Keep out of their way; kill them by fresh air and cleanliness; defy them by cheerfulness, good food, (*better* food than usual, in such epidemics as cholera) good sleep, and a good conscience.

When in the midst of and waiting on those who are under the scourge of an epidemic, be as little very close to the patient as you can, and don't inhale his or her breath or exhalations when you can help it; be rather in the current to, than from him. Be very cleanly in putting away all excretions at once, and quite away; go frequently into the fresh air; and don't sleep in your day clothes. Do what the Doctor bids you; don't crowd round your dying friend; you are stealing his life in taking his air, and you are quietly killing yourself. This is one of the worst and most unmanageable of our Scottish habits, and many a time have I cleared the room of all but one, and dared them to enter it.

Then you should, in such things as small-pox, as indeed in everything, carry out the Divine injunction, "*Whosoever* ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Don't send for the minister to pray with and over the body of a patient in fever or delirium, or a child dying of small-pox or malignant scarlet fever; tell him, by all means, and let him pray with you, and for your child. Prayers, you know, are like gravitation, or the light of heaven; they will go from whatever place they are uttered; and if they are real prayers, they go straight and home to the centre, the focus of all things; and you know that poor fellow with the crust of typhus on his lips, and its nonsense on his tongue—that child tossing in misery, not knowing even its own mother—what can they know, what heed can they give to the prayer of the minister? He may do all the good he can, the most good maybe, when, like Moses on the hill . . . the battle with Amalek, he

uplifts his hands apart. No! a word spoken by your minister to himself and his God, a single sigh for mercy to Him who is Mercy, a cry of hope, of despair of self, opening into trust in Him, may save that child's life, when an angel might pour forth in vain his burning, imploring words into the dull, or wild ears of the sufferer, in the vain hope of getting him to pray. I never would allow my father to go to typhus cases; and I don't think they lost anything by it. I have seen him rising in the dark of his room from his knees, and I knew whose case he had been laying at the footstool.

And now, my dear friends, I find I have exhausted our time, and never yet got to the sermon—and its text—“*That the way of God*”—what is it? it is his design in setting you here; it is the road he wishes you to walk in; it is his providence in your minutest as in the world's mightiest things; it is his will expressed in his works and word, and in your own soul it is his salvation. *That it “may be known”* that the understandings of his intelligent, responsible, mortal and immortal creatures should be directed to it, to study and (as far as we ever can or need) to understand that which, in its fulness, passes all understanding; that it may be known “*on the earth,*” here, in this very room, this very minute; not as too many preachers and performers do, to be known only in the next world, men who, looking at the stars, stumble at their own door, and it may be smoor their own child, besides despising, upsetting, and extinguishing their own lantern. No! the next world is only to be reached through this, and our road through this our wilderness is not safe unless on the far beyond there is shining the lighthouse on the other side of the dark river that has no bridge. Then “*his saving health;*” his health—whose? God's—his soundness, the wholeness, the perfectness that is alone in and from him—health of body, of heart and brain, health to the finger-ends, health for eternity as well as time. “*Saving;*” we need to be saved, and we are salvageable, this is much; and God's health can save us, that is more. When a man or woman is fainting from loss of blood, we sometimes try to save them, when all but gone, by transfusing the warm rich blood of another into their veins. Now this is what God, through His Son, desires to do; to transfuse his blood, himself, through his Son, who is himself, into us, diseased and weak. “*And*” refers to his health being “*known,*” recognized, accepted, used, “*among all nations;*” not among the U. Ps., or the Frees, or the Residuaries, or the Baptists, or the New Jerusalem people—nor to us in the Canongate, or in Edinburgh, or even in old Scotland, but “*among all nations;*” then, and only then, will the people praise thee, O God; will all the people praise thee. Then, and then only, will the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own

God, will bless us. God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

And now, my dear and patient friends, we must say good-night. You have been very attentive, and it has been a great pleasure to me as we went on to preach to you. We came to understand one another. You saw through my jokes, and that they were not always nothing but jokes. You bore with my solemnities, because I am not altogether solemn; and so good-night, and God bless you and may you, as Don Quixote, on his death bed, says to Sancho, May you have your eyes closed by the soft fingers of your great-grandchildren. But no, I must shake hands with you, and kiss the bairns—why shouldnt I? if their mouths are clean and their breath sweet? As for you, *Ailie*, you are wearying for the child; and he is tumbling and fretting in his cradle, and wearying for you; good-bye, and away you go on your milky way. I wish I could (unseen) see you two enjoying each other. And good-night, my bonnie wee wife; you are sleepy, and you must be up to make your father's porridge; and *Master William Winkie*, will you be still for one moment while I address you? Well, *Master William*, *reamble* not off your mother's lap, neither rattle in your excruciating way in an airn jong wi' an airn spoon; no more crawling like a cock or skirlin' like a ken-nawhat. I had much more to say to you, air; but you will not bide still; off with you, and a blessing with you.

Good-night, *Hugh Cleland*, the best smith of any smiddy; with your bowly back, your huge arms, your big heavy brows and eyebrows, your clear eye and warm unforgetting heart. And you, *John Noble*, let me grip your horny hand, and count the queer knobs made by the perpetual mell. I used, when I was a Willie Winkie, and wee, to think that you were born with them. Never mind, you were born for them, and of old you handled the trowel well, and hault to the plumb. *James Bertram*, your loom is at a discount, but many's the happy day I have watched you and your shuttle, and the interweaving treads, and all the mysteries of setting the “*wab.*” You are looking well, and though not the least of an ass, you might play Bottom most substantially yet.

Rob Rough, you smell of rosin, and your look is stern, nevertheless, or all the rather give me your hand. What a grip! You have been the most sceptical of all my hearers; you like to try everything, and you hold fast only what you consider good; and then, on your *crepnda* or stool, you have your own think about everything human and divine, as you smite down errors on the lapstone, and “*yerk*” your arguments with a well-rosined lingle; throw your window open for yourself as well as for your blackbird; and make your shoes not to pinch. I present you, sir, with a copy of the book of the wise Switzer.

And nimble *Pillans*, the clothier of the race,

and quick as your needle, strong as your corduroys, I bid you good-night. May you and the cooper be like him of Fogo, each a better man than his father; and you, *Mungo*, the mole-catcher, and *Tod Laurie*, and *Sir William* the cadger, and all the other odd people, I shake your fists twice, for I like your line. I often wish I had been a mole-catcher, with a brown velvetene, or (fine touch of tailor's fancy!) a moleskin coat,—not that I dislike moles, I once ate the fore-quarter of one, having stewed it in a Florence flask, some forty years ago, and liked it; but I like the killing of them, and the country bye-ways, and the regularly irregular life, and the importance of my trade.

And good-night to you all, you women folks. *Marion Graham*, the milkwoman; *Tibbie Meek*, the single servant; *Jenny Muir*, the sempstress; *Mother Johnston*, the howdie, thou consequential Mrs. Gamp, presiding at the gates of life; and you in the corner there, *Nancy Cairns*, gray-haired, meek and old, with your crimped mutch as white as snow; the shepherd's widow, the now childless mother, you are stepping home to your bein and lonely room, where your cat is now ravelling a' her thrums, wondering where "she" is.

Good-night to you all, big and little, young and old; and go home to your bedside, there is Some One waiting for you, and His Son is here ready to take you to him. Yes, He is waiting for every one of you, and you have only to say, Father, I have sinned—make me—and He sees you a great way off. But to reverse the parable. It is the first born, your elder brother, who is at your side, and leads you to your Father, and says, "I have paid his debt;" that Son who is ever with him, whose is all that He hath.

I need not say more. You know what I mean. You know who is waiting, and you know who it is who stands beside you having the likeness of the Son of Man. Good-night! The night cometh in which neither you nor I can work—may we work while it is day; whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device in the grave, whither we are all of us hastening; and when the night is spent, may we all enter on a healthful, a happy, an everlasting to-morrow!

JOHN BROWN.

Shall we have a Foreign Missionary?

So far as the pecuniary portion of the question is concerned, the prospects are good, even encouraging, and we trust the time is not far distant when the reproach that our Church is not a Missionary Church shall be for ever wiped away. So far as we have had

an opportunity of observing and judging, we should say that there is even a certain amount of enthusiasm among our people about this important and interesting subject. There is an instinctive feeling, whose arguments are stronger and more effectual than any that can be used from the pulpit, which is telling them that the time has now come when they should take their part in helping to evangelize the world. They feel that they themselves have been highly favoured and beneficently dealt with by the Parent Church. When weak and poor and discouraged, a strong arm held them up and assisted them along the way. Missionaries were not only sent among them, but supported with a bountiful hand for a considerable term of years. And what was scarcely less valuable, the ever-ready sympathy of friends on the other side of the Atlantic was to them at once a staff and a comfort. Last year, and for some years previous, the amount received by Nova Scotia has not been less, but several times over £1000 a year. With feelings of the deepest gratitude we find ourselves at the beginning of the present year almost self-sustaining. There are but two missionaries now receiving aid from home, and both have succeeded in gathering round them, and organizing into congregations, a number of missionary stations which even now are nearly self-supporting—and in a year or two will be altogether so, thanks to the indefatigable labors and self-sacrificing exertions of two such men as the Rev. Messrs Stewart and Grant. The latter gentleman has of his own accord, accepted perhaps the smallest and poorest station connected with our Synod, and by his fidelity and zeal has already in connection with another very weak station gathered the people together as one man, and filled them with hope and enthusiasm to such an extent that they have undertaken during the first year to pay £100 sterling towards his stipend. All honour both to missionary and people—and to both we would say, in the words of the old latin motto: *perge et prospera*—"go on and prosper." We may say, therefore, with some degree of confidence, that we are almost self-supporting, and in another year, we trust, with the aid of the Home Mission Scheme, the Lay Association, and the Halifax Missionary Association, to be altogether so. We are thus quite justified in making preparations for entering

on the Foreign Mission field, and it is to be hoped that these preparations will be at once judicious and successful. We will enter upon the undertaking with all the advantage of the knowledge gained by the experience of others. We will have a wide and various field to choose from, whether it shall be India or Africa, China or Japan, or the distant islands of the sea.

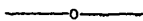
We have much to encourage us in the labours of others. We see what, with feeble and comparatively inefficient machinery, has already been effected by other Churches. Is it no encouragement that the American Board of Missions on this continent has succeeded in christianizing and civilizing two numerous and powerful Indian nations—the Cherokees and Choctaws,—not only giving them the Bible in their own language, but giving them Churches and education, conveying to them not only a knowledge of the Christian faith, but training them in the feelings and habits of civilized life, so that they have cast off not only their old superstitions, but have abandoned their wandering way of life, their cruel and savage customs, and, in short, have advanced so far that now the missionary or minister is often an intelligent and well-educated native, preaching to his fellow-countrymen, in their own language, the great truths of the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ? In the great Presidency of Madras in India, whole districts have been turned from error to truth, and many native regiments make an open profession of Christianity. The natives of the Sandwich Islands—once only too famous for their blood-thirsty and savage character—the murderers of the illustrious navigator, Cook—are a partially civilized and wholly Christian people, possessing a written language and a dawning literature, Schools, Churches, and newspapers—all brought about by missionary effort. Would not these alone, were there nothing else, be sufficient reward for all the toils and dangers and sufferings and sacrifices which have been endured to bring them about, by the Churches of Evangelical Christendom? But these are not all the rewards, nor even a large portion of them. In every clime, no matter how barbarous or how inhospitable, their blessed influence is being felt. The Cannibal of New Zealand has not only abandoned his unnatural propensity, but has become an earnest and intelligent believ-

er. The wandering tribes of Australia, almost brutish in their habits and instincts, are being elevated and enlightened. The Sun of Righteousness is beginning to shine on some of the many thousand Islands of the Pacific Ocean, long and still debased by dark ignorance and darker superstition. The far distant kingdom of Burmah, the ancient empire of China, the great Islands of Japan, the long-neglected continent of Africa, are all beginning to feel the impact, if we may so speak, of missionary labour. To be sure, progress in some places is slow, so slow as to be almost insensible. Nations are not now born in a day; while sometimes some deed of blood reaches our ear, bringing sorrow and exciting sympathy. But these are incidents which must be looked for, and to which the faithful soldier of the cross must lay his account. It has been so in all ages from the time of the Apostles until now—and never yet have they daunted or deterred one true disciple of his Master.

We are not aware how far steps have been taken by the various congregations in connection with the Synod of Nova Scotia, but we have heard enough to convince us that there will be no difficulty whatever in raising and continuing to raise as much money as will support at least one missionary in the Foreign field. We will feel obliged to any of our friends who will forward to us any information as to what is doing or has been done by the various congregations in connection with any of the Presbyteries.

A meeting of the congregation of Pictou took place in the Church on Monday the 20th ult. immediately after divine service, when the people were addressed on the subject by the Rev. Mr. Sinclair of Roger's Hill, and the Rev. Mr. Herdman, the minister of the congregation. A large portion of the people remained and took a deep interest in the business of the meeting, which was presided over by William Gordon, Esq., who headed the list with the handsome subscription of £5, to be continued yearly. The object of the meeting having been carefully explained by the chairman, to the effect that the time had now come when our Church was in a position to enter on the Mission field, and that all who subscribed should understand that the subscription was not intended for one year, but for every year, consistent with the ability of

the subscriber; invited parties to give proof of what they thought of the undertaking by putting what sums they thought fit opposite their names on the subscription paper. We are gratified in being able to state that several who signed their names, expressed, with some emotion, that they considered it a privilege to do so—and rejoiced that the Church of Scotland in this Province was now about to enter on a high and noble duty. We believe that every head of a family, without exception, who remained, put down his or her name for some amount; and at the time we left, something like £30 had been subscribed to be continued annually. Several of the wealthiest of the congregation were not present at the meeting, and when all the adherents of the Church have been waited upon by the collectors appointed for that purpose, this liberal sum will be materially increased. Let it be understood that it is to be desired that *all* should contribute, and that small contributions from many are, for many reasons, more to be desired than large contributions only from a few—though large contributions will be gladly accepted also. But our hope and strength are in numbers—in the support, hearty and loyal, of the whole Church,—a support, be it remembered, to be kept up from year to year—for itself alone—and not at the expense of any of the other Schemes, for the individual who would withdraw his support from any of the other Schemes, such as the Young Mens', would not only be doing a great wrong, but would be entitled to no credit whatever, inasmuch as he would be only weakening the Church in one point to strengthen it in another. But of this we have no fears; but rather we believe that a spirit will be implanted in the Church, giving it increased vitality and creating an enlarged liberality every where.



Reminiscences of a Trip to Canada.

THE WINE LAW IN MAINE.

As it was just before day-break when we arrived at Portland, and the train was to leave in a few hours, I deposited my luggage in the station-house of the Grand Trunk and went out on a stroll through the sleeping city. How very solemn is the aspect of a city during the hours of midnight! The most unreasonable of revellers have retired

to rest, exhausted in spite of all attempts to force nature to afford them unnatural pleasure. The most keen in the contest for wealth have as yet no motive to awake to the excitement, the bustle and fatigue of business. Thousands of hearts, that a few hours before palpitated with the full gush of life are now still as death, except a few from whom misery or disease has chased away "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The occasional tread of a single passenger sounds far along the street. Thus shall they labor and sleep and sleep and labor till they fall into that longer and deeper repose out of which the trump of the archangel alone shall awake them.

I see, however, that all are not asleep, as several lights burn here and there. They are too glaring to be supposed the feeble tapers that glimmer in the sick chamber. Then what is the urgent business that must be carried on by night as by day? Alas for the Maine law. I saw at least two shops and probably three in full blast, selling what the whole world believed to have been banished for ever from the State of Maine. It seems that, what made Maine famous throughout the world, is no longer a glory in which she may pride herself.

Such instances lead to obvious reflections and lessons. This scheme was attempted in Maine with every advantage in its favor. The people of that State were its originators and it must have been brought into existence by a strong popular current. It was no slavish imitation, as in other countries, but the offspring of a genuine enthusiasm. Yet it has failed. There will be a difference of opinion about this, but it proves to me 1st, That the realization of this idea is impossible, where there is a strong minority opposed to the measure, and 2nd, There will always be up to the period of the millennium at least a powerful minority, who will resist the restriction of their appetites. 3rd, A few thousand people in a free country where the power of law is felt only occasionally (public opinion is felt constantly) cannot be prevented from gratifying their taste for spirituous liquors. Even the Emperor of China, the Sun of the Celestial empire cannot prevent his people from eating opium. 4th, The fact that spirits are required for medical and industrial purposes and must be imported, renders the object more difficult of attainment. 5th, While it is certain that total abstinence is the only cure for a drunkard, yet it is *his* abstinence: it is *his* total withdrawal from it and not its total withdrawal from him. A thief is still a thief, though he has nothing to steal, if his thievish propensities will gratify themselves, whenever he has opportunity. And a drunkard is still a drunkard, if whenever he crosses the boundary of Maine or any other State he will proceed to get drunk. If *he* withdraw *himself*, if his soul be filled with higher and nobler principles and desires, and

if in the strength of God he will resolve for his deliverance from ruin, not to touch his enemy, then he becomes sober in a way that renders him independent of enactments and boundary lines—sober both in spirit and in action. I have been led into these reflections by the circumstances that contrary to my expectations and to repeated assertions, I saw what I never saw in any other city in the old or new world, two rum-shops near each other, in full blast selling liquor at them in the morning, in the capital of Maine.

PORTLAND.

This city exhibits in an eminent degree those features for which the New England cities are so remarkable. The situation is favorable for commerce and salubrism. There are indeed, larger cities than Portland, but few better situated or more beautiful. Having about 30 churches, of which 7 or 8 are Presbyterians, its religious interests are tolerably well represented. In those streets where are located the dwelling houses of the citizens, one is struck with the neatness and cleanliness of everything. Every object is painted and kept in apple-pie order. The flower-pots, the fence, the gate, the windows, the blinds, everything is as neat and clean as if the inhabitants lived but to scrub and paint. I have seen nothing like it since I visited Holland. Then the large massy trees in the public streets are a peculiar beauty. To stroll forth on a cold morning, to mark the moist and bedewed look of the ground, to mark the little birds hopping contentedly from bough to bough and chirping with joy in the middle of a great city, is indeed a rare pleasure. Such arrangements indicate great good taste, love of nature and industrious habits among the people. These qualities combined with the general advancement of the State of Maine, will yet make Portland as great a city as it is at present a most agreeable residence.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH.

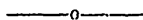
Among the persons whom one meets in travel, representing the trading and mercantile community, there seemed to exist an infinite diversity of opinion concerning the war. Of talk, there was plenty, but also an utter absence of fixed views and opinions. Confidence was universally felt that the South could not withstand the shock of the Northern armies when they should muster their strength. The regret was general that the North should be compelled to fight for the integrity of the republic and a painful conviction was felt, if not expressed, that republican institutions were not so unmistakably good as had often been pretended, and that their prestige was suffering an obscuration. Intelligent men could talk of the matter coolly, but among persons of a different and more numerous grade, there was a deep rooted bitterness, not against slavery, but against

Southern ideas, Southern manners, Southern habits, and Southern men and women. The Northern republican, the representative man of the large trading class, believing in human equality, American greatness and the almighty power of the dollar, dislikes a people who live without work in the ordinary sense of the term, who have been developed into a superior civilization by the labor of an oppressed race, who were the best debaters in Congress, who are admirers of the fine arts, who are willing to admit the superiority of Europe in intellectual and esthetic culture, and who are ready at any moment to imperil their lives in defence of their honor. With the North, the matter is a political quarrel, more bloody and expensive than usual, but with the South it is a war of independence. There is no feeling of nationality in it as in European wars, but it is in some measure a war of ideas, which in the South almost amounts to a national quarrel. The liberation of the slave would give definiteness to Northern views, but the North is not willing to liberate the slave except to make him a thorn in the side of his master. The people seemed to be drifting into a great and exhausting war without realizing that this was a conflict of old and new ideas, and that it was in some measure the resurrection in America of a conflict that was felt in the seven-hilled city of old, in ancient Greece, in England and in France, the conflict between national liberty and prerogative or power and that republican institutions were threatened with serious danger.

RECRUITING FOR THE FEDERAL ARMY.

I have often seen the recruiting sergeant at the cross of Glasgow, marching about, with ribbons at his cap, well fed and rosy in countenance, evidently selected with a view to persuade loafers of the excellence of the trade of war, and have often marked his disinterested efforts to persuade his victims, the simple, the reckless and the miserable, to take the shilling and follow the drum: and I was naturally curious to see how republican armies were formed. Recruiting was going on in different parts of the city, the places being indicated by the stars and stripes. Politicians had harangued in public places with a view to excite a warlike spirit and rouse the youth to emulation. It must be allowed that they were quite successful. Regiments were got up in an incredibly short space of time. Young men seemed to talk of it with a lightness that augured either ignorance, brag, or uncommon courage. In fact, the war was with many a question of pay and provision. The American recruit calculates that in the present state of the country it is the best trade that he can turn his hand to. Immense pay is offered, and artizans have nothing else to do. But, as I said, there was a lightness in the manner in which these youths talked of it that amazed me. I should

think it a serious matter to enter upon a campaign of active service and follow the bugle with a very fair prospect of being shot or stabbed to the unmusical battle-cry of Abraham Lincoln and high tariffs: but to these volunteers it seemed an excellent joke—or a fresh occasion for big talk and vapour. I much fear that in the case of many subsequent events brought an unexpected change upon the spirit of their dream. A. P.



JANUARY 10th, 1862.

Unto the Moderator of the Presbytery of Picton in connection with the Church of Scotland.

REV. SIR,

Nearly twelve months have elapsed since the Reverend John Sinclair and myself were appointed by your Presbytery & missionary deputation to visit the Island of Cape Breton. In accordance with our instructions we left New Glasgow on the evening of the 19th of March, and after a tedious and fatiguing journey—enduring perils by land and sea we at length arrived at our destination in River Inhabitants—on the evening of the 23rd where we both preached on the following Sabbath and were much pleased to witness so large an assemblage notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the state of the roads.

The Presbytery in appointing us did not appear to have a very correct idea of the extent of the field in which we were to labour, and in order that we might be able to travel over as much of the ground as possible in the eight weeks allotted, my worthy friend and colleague suggested the propriety of ceasing to act on the dual principle after the first Sabbath. To this I readily consented, although, as a young minister and without experience in missionary labours, I was extremely loath to lose the counsel of a brother of such large experience, and one in whose judgment I had the greatest confidence.

Accordingly the following report is an account merely of my own labours while endeavouring to carry out the mind and intention of the Presbytery in that corner of the vineyard. I preached at the places mentioned below on the dates given:—

March 24	River Inhabitants.
“ 25	“ “
“ 28	“ “
“ 31	River Dennis.
April 1	River Dennis.
“ 3	The Portage.
“ 7	Whycocomah.
“ 8	“
“ 9	Skre Glen.
“ 14	Lake Ainslie.
“ 15	“
“ 21	Middle River.
“ 22	Up. Sett. M. Riv.
“ 28	Little Narrows.

May 5	Baddeck.
“ 10	Whycocomah.
“ 12	Malagawatch.
“ 15	Big Marsh.
“ 16	River Dennis.
“ 19	River Inhabitants.
“ 20	“
“ 26	Grand River.
“ 27	Loch Lomond.

If I know my own heart, and unless I am utterly mistaken in interpreting my own feelings, I can safely say that I left home with a sincere wish to do the right in the sight of God, and with a strong desire to collect such facts as might be useful in guiding the Presbytery to adopt a course of procedure towards our people scattered over the Island. But it will be seen from the above dates and figures that the greater part of my time must have been occupied in travelling and preaching, so that I did not, at the time of my leaving, find myself in possession of such information as I had promised myself before setting out.

Various reports, greatly at variance with, and sufficiently contradictory of, each other, were, and I suppose are still, circulated throughout the Church,—some parties maintaining that we had no people—others, that they could be numbered by thousands— and a third class, while acknowledging that we had a considerable number, huddled them all up together under the category of “recusants,” “nonconformists”; that is to say, such as refused to submit to the discipline of the Church. Now the fact is, we have a great number of adherents, and not at all of such a character as some of our friends in the United Body would give us to understand. In River Inhabitants there are 25 families who have never yet forsaken the Church of their fathers—and here the present Church in which the people worship is our property. In and around Plaister Cove, a distance of 12 miles from the former place, there are 14 families. In River Dennis, 10 miles from River Inhabitants, there are 12 families; and in all these places where I preached, the meetings were well attended. It is undeniable that at the secession of '43 a great many, perhaps a majority, left the Church, and a still greater number were long in doubt and suspense, and the seceding party being more fortunate in securing a minister's services, gained a footing all at once; but equally so is it, that our people—while they could not and would not cease to love the Church within whose pale they were dedicated to the Lord and brought up—with a wisdom and a prudence that we cannot too much admire, were willing, for the sake of peace and amity, to merge their differences in their common faith, that the name of God might not be blasphemed, and that the ordinances of religion might not be banished from their shores. Accordingly, all along to the present time, in the places above referred to, they have con-

tributed their due proportion to the support of the minister. These are simple facts. I offer no comments upon them further than saying that in these three stations the minister is barely enough supported by the united efforts of all parties. At Whycocomah the Church was refused. When I arrived, Mr. Ross, the minister of the place, was from home, and his elders would not, of course, take the liberty of opening it in his absence; but personally they had no objection—indeed they would rejoice to see such a friendly spirit as that which such an act would indicate, predominate! The minister, after his return, on being asked, would not take the liberty without consulting his session, but, personally, he also had no objections. One would have supposed that when the session met, the response would certainly be in the affirmative. But no. The walls must not be polluted. The pulpit must not be degraded. I remember being puzzled, when a boy, at the rule in grammar that two negatives make an affirmative, but I am no less puzzled now to ascertain or understand the logical process by which Mr. Ross and his session arrived at the conclusion that two affirmatives make a negative. It is certainly worthy of such wise heads.

In this district our adherents are few—about a dozen families, as nearly as I could make out; and about half that number at the Little Narrows. In Lake Ainslie, at that time, the Rev. John Gunn of Broad Cove preached every fourth Sabbath. There are 20 families here in connection with our Church, but as in the former places during the late Mr. Farquharson's time, they contributed their due proportion towards the maintenance of the gospel. In Middle River, at least a moiety of the population profess to adhere to our Church, but until Mr. Farquharson's death they were a united congregation—partly from such reasons as induced those in other places to unite their efforts, but chiefly from the great respect they bore towards him as their minister. At Baddeck, where I expected the largest congregation, I met the smallest I preached to in the island. The day was very unfavourable. At Malagawatch they never had a settled minister; they are only few in number altogether, and these few are divided. It is a most painful sight to any one who has the interest of his fellow-men at heart, to see men, by their folly and ignorance, giving the glory and the cause of rejoicing to Satan and not to God. If the people of Malagawatch were of one mind, they, along with River Dennis congregation, might be able to support a minister; but so long as they lead "the dog and cat" life in matters ecclesiastical, I see no prospect that this will take place: and the same remark might apply to many other places. At Grand River and Lochlomond we have a large number of adherents who are now ministered unto by Mr. Ross. The reception Mr. Sinclair

and myself received here was very gratifying. And I am sure I can never forget their last farewells, accompanied by the sincere prayer, "May God bless you."

I have thus endeavored to give you a few facts and comparing notes with my excellent colleague, I found his substantially the same, and these I allow to speak for themselves. During the whole time I was in the field, I interfered with nothing extraneous to the object of the mission which was simply to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified. I did not return railing for railing, but strove as God gave me wisdom and strength to become all things unto all men. And now after so long a period has elapsed I can only say that I am more fully convinced of that which struck me so forcibly while there, that *disunion* is an evil—an *instrument of Satan*, and that schism is a crime and if any one has doubts on the subject let him, as an honest man, and in the light of an awful eternity, regard men—their sayings and doings; let him strive to realize within him that spirit that would exalt the Cross on the ruins of sect and party—that would abnegate self and selfish interests for the promotion of God's glory;—and I hesitate not to aver that he will, with fervency and ardour, give utterance to the prayer: "May they all become one!"

To the many kind friends who showed me such great kindness and attention during my sojourn amongst them, I beg to return my warmest and best thanks; and hoping and praying that it may be seen in that great day when all secrets shall be revealed, that my labour was not in vain,

I am, &c.,

JOHN CAMERON.

Dundee, Canada East.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

To the Editor of the Record.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am sure it must be unpleasant to you as well as to others, to admit personal remarks or alterations of any kind into the *Record*. I am equally sure that were the *Record* left to your discretion, nothing of the kind would appear offensive to any one. I am therefore very sorry that I should be again compelled to come forward; but I am acting in self-defence. I never troubled you or the *Record* with any remarks in any way, until repeated imputations were made against me. There is a limit beyond which forbearance is not a grace.—I must there claim the right of being heard in self-defence, in the *Record* while I take any interest in it, and as often as personal insinuations or imputations are brought against me, or against any one whom I feel bound to vindicate.

I observe in January's *Record*, that the P.

E. I. Presbytery made it their business to sit to consider my letter, which appeared in the *Record*, and that they complain of animadversion on them, and declare that the allegations are "both uncalled for and groundless." It is worthy of special notice here that they did so in the absence and wanting the counsel of the Clerk, whose name is to the deliverance. This is manifest, as appears from the date of the sederunt, that the Clerk was on this side of the channel, if not in this manse, at the time. This singular fact, unless observed, may mislead.

1. In reply, I observe first, that I did not commence to animadvert, in the *Record*, on that Presbytery. It were a difficult task to show, who really began this; but it was first brought out in the *Record*, with characteristic honesty, by one among themselves, who had considerable knowledge of their proceedings, and must therefore have known that they were called for.

2. A letter appeared in a former *Record*, from one associated with that Presbytery, containing statements, which appeared to every one, who spoke to me on the subject, to reflect on members who formerly sat in that Presbytery, as contrasted with those who now belong to it. As one who had belonged to that Presbytery, from the time of its first meeting of which there is any record in existence, attended all its meetings but one, for nearly five years, (being absent on that occasion from ill health), and expended more time, labour and means than any other one in seeking to maintain its honour and integrity, had I not a right to be heard in my own and other worthy members' defence, who were associated with me? What impartial judge but will say I was not called upon to do so?

3. I repel the charge of anything I had advanced being "groundless." This is enough to meet a childish vindication. I cast the onus on them, until they attempt to offer proof, and I merely ask the considerate, to suspend their judgment in the matter, till they have heard my reply thereto. I shall feel some curiosity to know their next manner of defence. As a friend I advise them to use the prudence they exercised at their last meeting—to keep silence, knowing that the least they say the better.

Should this matter be again brought before the higher court, I only request that, as on a former occasion, it be not taken up in my absence.

I only remark further, with reference to the charity which the Presbytery professes to have exercised, that it ought not to have required a concert of divines to declare that their charity did not allow them to adjudicate on another's "motives"—that with which they had nothing to do; and that that charity which has sole reference to self interest, is not entitled to the name of "Christian chari-

ty." Thus exercised, none need wonder to read such a blunt deliverance.

I am yours, very truly,

ALEXANDER MCKAY.

[In reference to the subject of the Rev. Mr McKay's letter we have but a single observation to make. It has now occupied a portion of three or four *Records*, and we have published each succeeding communication with increased pain and reluctance. The whole affair arose out of the merest trifle. We have done everything in our power, by public explanation, to show that in reality, nobody had intentionally, either on one side or another, done anything wrong. We have made private explanations by letter, to both parties which ought to have satisfied them, that the whole difficulty was a misconception, and we have had the mortification to find our labour thrown away—and this distressing controversy extend its proportions, and deepen in bitterness. We have no feeling towards one more than another, beyond a sincere desire to bring about a mutual understanding. It would seem that this is beyond our power;—while we feel that we cannot consistently refuse a clergyman of our own body the claim to be heard, in his own person, in our columns and still less refuse insertion to the formal minute of a Presbytery. But we can bear it no longer; it is evident that the continuation of these communications will be injurious both to the Periodical and the credit of the Church, and we will not publish another line of personal controversy from any quarter. If such should be sent us, we will at once hand it and the *Record* itself over to the Committee charged with its management, to deal with as they list. This single matter has caused us more concern and anxiety than the whole editorial labours of the last two years. We are called upon to bear the whole responsibility; and we cannot do it.]—ED. MONTHLY RECORD.

THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The Record.

WE have to thank many of our clergymen for the interest they take in the success of our publication, and our agents for their diligence in securing for us, in many instances, such

largely increased lists. There are still a good many places from which we have not yet heard, and we would urge upon our friends the necessity of forwarding their lists immediately. The tardiness in transmitting these lists will lead to unavoidable disappointment in some quarters, which we regret exceedingly. So slowly did they come in at first that we did not think ourselves justified in printing more than our usual number, which we find will not be nearly sufficient to supply the probable orders. We cannot, however, blame ourselves for this, but will do every thing we can to oblige all. We trust that all the lists will be in our hands by the middle of this month at farthest, and that by that time we shall have added 50 per cent. to our circulation.

We have received several new lists from New Brunswick, and, so far, all our old ones are larger than last year. Those from P. E. Island are also largely in excess of last year. A good many places in Pictou Presbytery are yet to be heard from, but so far as heard from the lists are greater than before—in three or four cases more than double. Halifax Presbytery—leaving out Newfoundland which has always supported us nobly—alone continues to retrograde. There is something altogether unaccountable to us in this matter. While the smallest station in Pictou, River John, takes 30 copies, not one of Mr. Martin's many stations takes a single copy, nor have we heard that he has ever made the slightest attempt to introduce one, why, we are totally at a loss to discover. We beg to thank the Rev. Mr. Stewart for having begun to introduce the *Record* among his people—of his own good will, we ought to have no doubt, as it has already been proved by a liberal donation out of his own pocket to our publication fund. But we know not what we have done to the ministers of Halifax. We know we have advocated the cause of the Church to the best of our humble ability, and also their cause. We have never been neglectful of the interests of that Presbytery where opportunity offered, though our only reward has been neglect. However, we suppose we must bear what we cannot help; it shall not daunt us, however, from continuing to give our best efforts to the cause of our beloved Church throughout the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

Dr. — — — — — PAY ASSOCIATION — — — — — in account with — — — — — JAMES FRASER, Jr., Treasurer. — — — — — Cr.

1861.					
July 16.—	To paid Rev. John Sinclair, per receipt,	£50	0	0	
Oct. 25.	" Simon H. Holmes, for <i>Record</i> , per order,	30	0	0	
1862.					
Jan. 21.—	To balance on hand,	92	2	2½	
					£172 2 14
1861.					
June 19.—	By balance per account rendered Synod,	£133	16	3½	
July 16.—	" Wallace congregation, per Rev. J. Christie at Hx.	1	6	3	
Sept. 2.—	" New Glasgow congregation,	6	5	3	
" 24.—	" E. B. F. Jr. congregation,	3	18	0	
Oct. 26.—	" West Pictou to date, received from John Crear, Esq.,	13	0	0	
Nov. 14.—	" New Glasgow congregation,	5	5	6	
1862.					
Jan. 18.—	" Pictou section, received from John Crear, Esq.,	7	10	10	
" 20.—	" Bannockburn congregation,	1	0	0	
					£172 2 1½
Jan. 21.—	" balance brought down,	£92	2	1½	
					J. W. FRASER, Jr., Treasurer.

Synodical Notice.

WE have received a communication from the Rev. Mr. Christie, Synod Clerk, for publication in the *Record*, intimating that the stringent order of Synod relative to the return of Statistics of the various congregations within the bounds, by the first of January at farthest, had been neglected by six congregations. He mentions the names of the defaulters, which, however, we would rather not publish at present. But we hope that on the appearance of this notice, this very important matter will be attended to without a moment's delay by those who may have forgotten it, in order that the general return may be ready for our March number.

CHURCH AT HOME.

FAREWELL SERMON.—On Sabbath, Nov. 3rd, the Rev. Dr. Leitch, our talented minister of the Established Church here, preached his farewell sermon previous to his departure from amongst us to fulfil the important and responsible office as Principal of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. The Church was well filled, chiefly by his own parishioners, very few strangers being present, as it was imperfectly known. The Rev. gentleman chose the same text as he gave when first entering upon his ministry 18 years ago—1st Cor. ii. 2, "For I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He briefly but feelingly alluded to the many changes that have taken place in the parish since that time; of the many witnesses who then heard him declare these words one-third of them have departed this life. He said that, although he may have come short of these determinations, still he hoped that he had been instrumental in some means in leading souls unto Christ, although perhaps the fruits may not be known until many days hence. He went on to say that he leaves here with great reluctance, having lived so cordially and agreeably and spent so many of his best and happiest days during his incumbency here; and in his advancing years it was not for ease nor worldly aggrandisement, as he had every comfort here that he could desire; but, being called to a wider sphere of usefulness and active life, he found it to be his duty to accept of it—as it would not be asked at the great day of reckoning what enjoyment you have had but what services you have rendered. And, when bidding us all farewell, he said, although the broad Atlantic was between us, he would always cherish the recollection and remember us in his prayers, and hoped that he would not be altogether forgotten by us. We part with Dr. Leitch

with feelings of deep regret, being sensible of the many spiritual advantages which we have derived from him. He took a great interest in the welfare of the young in Sunday Schools, and took not only a prominent part in the cause of education in his parish but throughout the country where his aid could extend, and was unwearied in missionary efforts. And from his abilities, high and varied attainments and Christian worth he will be ably qualified to occupy and discharge efficiently his duties in the new sphere of labour into which he is now to enter, and will be able to extend and further the interests of the Church of Scotland.—*Fifeshire Journal*.

The Canada "Presbyterian."

WE have received the *Canada Presbyterian* in an enlarged form. It now contains 32 pages, and is published at a dollar instead of half a dollar as formerly. We wish our contemporary every possible success. When we take into account the fact of the number of adherents of the Church of Scotland in Canada, we are rather surprised at the meagre circulation of this periodical. It ought to be at least 5000, and could easily be raised to that point if ministers of the Church willed it. We can testify, that as a general rule, where the *Record* circulates most largely, there the collections are the most satisfactory, and the interest in the affairs of the Church greatest. But we suppose in Canada as in N. Scotia—there are those whom no appeal will move to raise a finger in behalf of the organ of their Church. As an illustration of this state of matters, we may mention that one small and very poor station in the Presbytery of P. E. Island sends us very nearly as many subscribers as a Presbytery containing four ministers and five or six Churches. We regret the cause which has obliged our respected contemporary to alter his form, but trust it will have the effect of rallying the Church around him, and making the organ of that Church more efficient than it has ever been before.

Hymns for Public Worship.*

The Church of Scotland certainly cannot be charged with rashly innovating on its forms of public worship. It is now ten or fifteen years since the General Assembly first remitted to a committee certain overtures on the propriety of introducing hymns in the public service of the Church. Since then, committee after committee has been appointed, convener has succeeded convener, and various selections of hymns have been submitted, but it was only last General Assembly which at

* Hymns for Public Worship. Selected by the Committee of the General Assembly on Psalmody. Published by authority of the Committee, David Arnot, D. D., Convener. Paton & Ritchie, Edinburgh.

length sanctioned the publication of a selection of hymns for public worship—not with the authority of the Church—but simply “by authority of the Committee of the General Assembly on Psalmody.” It is mainly owing to the zealous and persevering exertions of the Rev. Dr. Anot, Convener of the Committee, that this stage has been at last reached. “Hymns” now stand in exactly the same position as the “Paraphrases.” The latter have never been formally authorised by the Church, but simply bear that they are “collected and prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly.” So far, then, as ecclesiastical sanction is concerned, there is now just the same authority for using the “Hymns” in public worship as the “Paraphrases.” We don’t suppose that the delay—we might almost say the reluctance—with which the Hymns have been so far sanctioned, has arisen from any conscientious scruple about the propriety of using “psalms and hymns and spiritual songs” in the Church service, but rather from a repugnance to any innovation whatever, and from a dread lest some of these human productions might in any degree vary from the rigid orthodoxy of the Church of Scotland. Some feeling of this kind seems to have unduly hampered the compilers; for, while the selection contains many hymns of great beauty and excellence, some of them are more to be admired for their sound doctrine than for their poetic merits. This, however, will be amended in time. The collection of Paraphrases was not perfected at once, but underwent many additions, corrections, and excisions before it assumed its present shape. When the Hymns come generally into use, popular taste will point out what may be advantageously omitted or added. And as, after all, the use of hymns, rather than of the metrical psalms, is merely a matter of taste, we trust that no clergyman will seek to introduce them unless the congregation cordially concurs. It in any quarter there be a prejudice against them, it should be tenderly dealt with. The Paraphrases will doubtless retain their popularity, for, besides their own merits, they are interwoven with many early and pleasing associations in the minds of the Scotch people, but in due time the Hymns may be so too. They have been already introduced with much acceptance into several churches both in Edinburgh and throughout the country, and as they become better known their peculiar appropriateness to the different trains of devotional feeling, and to the varied circumstances of a congregation, will be fully appreciated. For instance, we should think that few collections will now be made for missionary purposes without being followed by Bishop Heber’s beautiful hymn, “From Greenland’s jey mountains.” Most of the hymns in this selection can be sung to the ordinary psalm tunes, and we understand that a music book is in preparation for the more unusual metres.

The Rev. George Gilfillan on the Recent Catastrophe.

ON Sunday afternoon, in his own church in School Wynd, Dundee, the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan preached a sermon with special reference to the recent accident in Edinburgh. In the course of his sermon the Rev. gentleman said: An ancient house of vast size, and vaster height, is, with all its inmates, hushed in repose. Still and starry is the midnight sky; thousands of worlds are shining in the frosty firmament with dazzling splendour over the old Castle rock; Orion—the great Orion—is passing with slow and martial pomp, as if he were the sentinel of the ancient edifice; over the Calton Hill to the north there shines out in peaceful rivalry the Great Bear, or Plough with its seven large tremulous stars, resembling mighty tears—such tears as angels weep. Under the roof of the old tenement, aged men, middle-aged women, and tender babes have lain themselves down in perfect security. There are venerable sires—and grandsires too—there are careful matrons—there are blooming virgins—and there are infants “who cannot discern between their right hand and their left.” There the debauchee is sleeping off his debauch—there the pious man has newly ended his devotions—there the kind mother has just consigned her babes to rest, and has lain herself down beside them—there, among many other, is one expecting that the next morning shall be the morning of his birthday, and is reposing in glad expectation thereof. All is hushed in the unity of sleep, or in the fantastic variety of dreams. Suddenly, at the hour just past the midnight, when all that mighty heart of Edinburgh is lying still, there is heard a deep dull shock like the first gasp of an earthquake, followed by a sharp and rushing sound, as if it were the reverberation of innumerable waterfalls. Ah! that shock and that sound are the beginning of sorrows—they are the rehearsal of the cry. “Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him!” Startled by the first sounds, the sleepers awake—some to feel themselves crushed to death—others to find themselves sinking down into a horrible gulf—others, half choked with dust and blinded by darkness, to hear on every side of them a terrible variety of woful sounds—the crashing of rafters, the sinking of floors, the wail of women, the cries of strong men, and the “still small voice” of weeping and of perishing infants. Oh, the horror which spreads at the appalling news through the darkened streets! Oh, the confusion in which thousands in the neighbourhood awake, as they hear of the tidings, and rush half-naked to rescue the victims, meeting others, who are almost wholly naked, leaping out to avoid their doom! Oh, the daring and desperate energy with which many leap among the ruins, and proceed immediate to dig for

those that are whelmed therein! Oh, the ghastly revelations which they find in every step of their downward progress!—of mutilated men, of women lying crushed in the arms of their husbands, and worst—worst,—oh! worst of all—of little babes, innocent as Heaven, lying with blackened limbs, with hands held up as if in silent protest, and with a ghastly smile arrested on their countenances. Oh, the horrors of that morning which arose on the city, and the miserable feelings of the thousands who, assembled in church, instead of listening to the word of eternal life were in reality listening to the crash of the fallen house and the cries of its miserable victims! And if they listened aright that hoarse midnight voice would teach them many a lesson. Seldom if ever has that proud city, since it had a being, seen the dawning arise amid such miserable circumstances—and with about forty men, women, and children, all massed together in dreary and horrible death. May God grant that the impression made last Sabbath morning in that city may not only remain there, but may remain everywhere, where the thrill of its horror has vibrated, and where the lesson to be derived from it has been circulated!

National Sorrow.

We enter sorrowfully on the New Year. At a time when it is customary to dismiss the weight of domestic and industrial, of political and national care, and to give expression to those good wishes and hopes which at other times are silently cherished, the heavy clouds of care and sadness have darkened our horizon. The whole nation has been plunged into grief by the death of the Prince Consort. At a period of his life, and at a period of our national history when his counsel and aid as the beloved partner of our gracious Queen will be most woefully missed, he is unexpectedly removed. The loss is felt with remarkable keenness by every one, because the ties by which our noble and amiable Sovereign is related to us all are ties of peculiar tenderness and strength. Never was a monarch more beloved by his people. Never was there a monarch in whom all classes of the people were so sincerely interested, or who was welcomed with heartier acclaim in our Scottish territories, when she and her beloved Consort annually visited this part of her kingdom. Her loss is felt as *ours also*. The nation mingles its tears with the tears of a widowed Queen, in a spirit of sympathy which we believe has never been equalled.

Nor on our Queen's account alone was the Prince Consort valued. He taught a nation jealous of the foreigner, to respect him for his own sake, and to look upon him as at once the most amiable and most intelligent of princes. His manly form has bowed to disease and death, and will no more be seen in the Royal halls of England, on the breezy

mountain sides of Scotland, or on the streets of our cities, where his appearance by the side of the Queen constantly called forth the enthusiastic applause of the multitude. On his low bier the last fond tributes of affection have been laid—wreaths twined by the hands he loved. The tears of the youthful mourners who stood beside his bier, have made the people renew their grief, and think afresh of the gloom so early thrown around those young steps, a gloom which through the prayers of the nation, will, we trust, be dispelled from the Royal dwellings, and from the future paths of our beloved Queen and her children.

We cannot murmur against Divine Providence—Christian feelings and principles prevent us. We must imitate the submission of the wisest and best of our race, in these mournful circumstances. "I was dumb," said the Psalmist, "I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," was the utterance of Job; "Blessed be the name of the Lord." A greater Sufferer, and a holier than these hath said, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done!"

Many a prayer has arisen from English and Scottish homes for the royal lady who is now a widow, and for the royal children who are now fatherless. And many a prayer will rise for them in the year on which we enter.

The tidings will take long to spread through the British dominions; but wherever they speed their flight they will produce deep sadness and sympathy. Vessels on the lonely sea will tell the sad news by word or by signal, and the low flag of England waving mournfully on many a coast, and in many a harbor around the world, will speak for months to come of England's loss.—*H. & F. Record.*

Review of the Past Month.

The war excitement has sensibly subsided. The Government of the neighboring Republic has given up the Southern Commissioners. The act, however has left a feeling of great bitterness behind it, as well as of humiliation in the Northern mind. So long as they thought that Great Britain would hesitate or only remonstrate, Government and people were equally resolute not to surrender Mason and Slidell. It was only after it became perfectly evident that to retain them would provoke a war, inevitable and speedy that they consented to what was just though with the worst possible grace. It ought however to be to us a matter of the deepest gratitude that the horrors of such a war are not at least at present to come upon us. The preparations of England were of the most vigorous character. From the first hour after the news of the outrage reached her shores, till the arrival of the steamer in-

timating compliance with her demands, every department naval and military was at work literally night and day—and had the Americans been mad enough to provoke a collision, it is probable that within six weeks they would have had scarcely a ship of war on the ocean, and would have seen every one of their ports hermetically sealed by a blockade. We are thankful however that matters were not carried so far, and we trust that the two nations will now understand each other better—and one of them at least respect the other more.

From the seat of war there is not much intelligence of a reliable nature. The Federalists claim some important advantages in Kentucky and Missouri, and tell us to a man the number of the enemy killed and wounded, but are seldom able to speak so precisely of their own loss, which is a somewhat curious matter. There can be little doubt however, that the Northern party are gaining important ground along the seaboard, and are causing much loss and suffering to the South. The attempted destruction of the harbors of Charleston and Savannah, by sinking vessels filled with stone, is a barbarous and most infamous proceeding, which of itself is enough to cover with everlasting shame and execration the perpetrators of such deeds. All sympathy for the North seems to have died out, both in Great Britain and France—and is all but gone in these Colonies—and for this moral and material loss they have to thank their own ineffable folly.

In the course of a few weeks a larger British fleet will be on this station than ever was before, numbering nearly 100 vessels altogether, many of them of tremendous power. We regret to observe that a line of battle ship, the Conqueror of 101 guns has become a total wreck on this coast, having struck a sunken rock. No lives were lost.

It is said that the amount required by the Northern States till June next, ending their fiscal year, will be £122 millions sterling—being more than was expended by Great Britain during the year in which the battle of Waterloo was fought. Of this large sum more than 100 millions must be borrowed.

The all absorbing thought in Great Britain for the past month, keeping out of sight the American difficulty, has been the death of the Prince Consort. The grief for his loss has been deep and universal, and along with that grief there has been a consuming anxiety, with regard to the effect it may have on our beloved Sovereign. The feeling towards the present Monarch of the British empire, existing in the hearts of her people has in it something almost approaching veneration. It exhibits in a wonderful manner the power of a virtuous and noble life—characterised by the loftiest attributes that can adorn humanity. The highest station on earth surrounded with every domestic virtue—a lofty spirit accompanied with a sound judgment—an all-

pervading interest in a people's welfare, with a watchful regard for constitutional liberty—all the graces and tenderness of a woman; allied with the dignity of a queen—a devoted wife, an affectionate and judicious mother—a wise and virtuous ruler. No monarch ever sat on the throne of England who reigned so entirely in the hearts of her subjects. They now mourn with her in her great calamity as sincerely as if the loss had been their own. Let us hope and pray that time, though it may not dispel the sorrow, may bring resignation and support in this great bereavement.

We regret to learn that there is no immediate prospect of the English Government lending a helping hand to the construction of the great Intercolonial Railway. We had strong hopes that the probability of difficulties with our neighbors would have decided the matter in our favor, but it seems it is not so, at least for the present.

The gold yield in different parts of Nova Scotia, if we may credit common report, appears to continue increasingly favorable, though it must be confessed, in the form of coin, gold continues with most people a scarce commodity.

There is not much of any great importance going on at present in the ecclesiastical world. Our Church has lost two distinguished ornaments, Dr. Simpson and Dr. Barr, who both died very suddenly—though both had seen much service and reached a good old age. Dr. Simpson only lately succeeded the lamented Dr. Lee as Clerk to the General Assembly—an office for which he was well qualified, as his mind was at once elegant and exact, his learning considerable, his habits methodical, and his manner dignified. Dr. Barr was an able and popular preacher—sound and evangelical in doctrine—clear and terse both in thought and expression. Both men will be much missed in the Church.

The Free Church has lost another of its great men. Dr. Cunningham, a giant in debate, who wielded arguments in as trenchant a style as a Douglas a battle-axe, and was almost as formidable to an opponent. He was a man of great parts and astonishing controversial powers—and though never popular as a preacher, was, we believe a very efficient instructor. With the exception of Drs. Candlish and Guthrie, he might perhaps be called the ultimus Romanorum of the Free Church.

We are willing to allow agents a commission to the extent of forwarding six copies for the price of five; or we will send ten copies for 5 dollars. Single copies, 3s. 1-2d.

All communications intended for publication to be addressed to John Costley, Pictou Academy; letters on business to be addressed to Mr. William Jack.

Printed and published for the proprietors, on the first Saturday of each month, by SIMON H. HOLMES, Standard Office, Pictou.