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MEMORIALS
OF THE REV. JOHN SPROTT



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OF THE
REV. JOHN SPROTT

EDITED BY HIS SON
THE REV. GEORGE W. SPROTT, D.D.
NORTH BERWICK

"The glory of children are their fathers."—*Proverbs* xvii. 6.

"No distance breaks the tie of blood."

EDINBURGH
GEORGE A. MORTON
42 GEORGE STREET
1906

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3 Dedicate

THESE MEMORIALS OF
ANCESTRAL WORTH TO MY
FATHER'S GRANDCHILDREN AND
GREAT - GRANDCHILDREN, IN THE HOPE
AND WITH THE PRAYER THAT THEY
MAY BE INCITED TO WELL-
DOING BY HIS PRECEPTS
AND EXAMPLE

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PREFACE

MY father made copies of many of his letters, which are in my possession, and others have been procured from newspapers and from friends. To the Librarian of Knox's College, Toronto, I am much indebted for the letters from the Records of the Glasgow Society for providing Ministers for Canada. These Records were handed over to the library by the Rev. Dr. R. Burns, formerly of Paisley. My father's notebooks also contain articles on a variety of subjects. I have found it difficult to make a satisfactory selection from his writings and to decide upon omissions and abbreviations. As I have had chiefly in view the choice of material which may be interesting and profitable to his descendants, in order to be more free to print what may not be thought suitable for the public, I have decided to issue the volume as a private publication. It will give my sister Elizabeth and myself much pleasure to present copies to relatives and friends, and to surviving members of the different congregations to which my father ministered. Others who may wish for copies can obtain them from Mr G. A. Morton, 42 George Street, Edinburgh, or from Messrs T. C. Allen & Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia. Should a wider circulation be thought desirable, the volume can afterwards be revised and published.

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MEMOIR, 1780—1869

THE REV. JOHN SPROTT was born at Caldon Park, Stoneykirk, Wigtownshire, Scotland, 3rd February 1780, and was the eldest son of James Sprott, farmer there, and Margaret Hannay, his wife. He was baptized and brought up in the Church of Scotland, of which his parents were God-fearing members. He was wont to say of himself that he "could not remember a time when he did not love the Saviour, or neglected secret prayer," and in old age it was matter of deep thankfulness to him, that he had been preserved all his life from any great wickedness. At the age of eighteen he resolved to devote himself to the ministry, and after two years of preparatory study, he entered the University of Edinburgh, and continued there four years. Having connected himself with the Reformed Presbyterians, he studied at their Divinity Hall and was licensed as a preacher in 1809. After some years he joined the Synod of Relief.

He received several calls in Scotland, but was not settled, and in 1818 he sailed for America, and landed at St. John, New Brunswick, where he was welcomed by the Rev. Dr. G. Burns, afterwards of Tweedsmuir, who had been his fellow-student in Edinburgh. During the next few years, he preached in almost every part of Nova Scotia, and he was then ordained, and admitted to the pastoral charge of Windsor, Newport, and Rawdon.

In October 1821, he was married to Sarah, daughter of Mr. Clarke, of Windsor. This highly accomplished and excellent woman died in April 1823. In June 1824, Mr. Sprott was married to Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Leslie, of Shelburne, and was again left a widower in July 1825. At that time he was at Sheet Harbour, where he had been preaching every day for a week, and had just celebrated the Lord's Supper. When he finished, an express arrived from Halifax, informing him of his wife's dangerous illness. He at once mounted his horse, and rode on in the darkness, through the uninhabited forest and wilderness. At midnight he made a brief halt at Musquodoboit, and then pushed on, with the same horse, for fifty miles further, but ere he reached the city, his "inexpressibly beloved" wife was in her grave. In September 1825, he was admitted to the pastoral charge of Musquodoboit, when Messrs. Graham, Waddell, and Blackwood took part in the induction services. In May 1826, he sailed for Scotland, and in August was married to Jane, daughter of Mr. Charles Neilson, Wigtownshire, who was a helpmeet to him indeed, and he returned with her to his field of labour in October. For nearly twenty-eight years he devoted his whole strength to the duties of his charge, including the Eastern Shore, which he visited several times yearly, and to the people of which he was greatly attached. His labours were uninterrupted save by two "pilgrimages of affection" to his native land in 1834 and in 1844. During all this period the work prospered greatly in his hands, but in 1849, some division having arisen among the people, he resigned his charge. He was then on the verge of seventy, but he found "idleness very inconvenient," and for many years afterwards he preached wherever his services were most needed, as among the labourers employed in the con-

struction of the railway, and to the congregations of the Church of Scotland, which were destitute of pastors. In 1850 he paid a visit to the United States, and in 1854 he spent some time in Newfoundland, supplying the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church in St. John's. In old age, he visited again nearly every part of Nova Scotia, preaching wherever he went, as he had done more than thirty years before, and he used to say that "his horse had been in almost every stable in the province."

During these missionary tours, early and late, he had many hair-breadth escapes. He had crossed rivers on floating cakes of ice; once the floor of the house where he was preaching gave way, and the whole congregation was precipitated to the bottom of the cellar. On one occasion his horse and waggon went over the side of a bridge and fell into the stream below, and, on another, over the edge of a declivity, where a tree arrested their downward course, and his life was saved. In the forest, the bear and the moose frequently crossed his path, and once, on Sheet Harbour road, a pack of wolves pursued his dog, and chased it under the horse's feet.

In 1859 his jubilee was kept, when all classes of his old flock, and many friends from a distance, met to offer their congratulations, and to testify their respect for his character and services. The last time he officiated in public was in December 1867, at New Antrim, when he assisted at the opening of a new church in connection with the Kirk, and in the celebration of the communion. He was in his eighty-eighth year, and was so much crippled with rheumatism, that he had to be lifted in and out of the carriage. He died on the 15th of September 1869, having nearly completed his ninetieth year. By his third wife, who survived

him, he had five children—Jane, married to the Rev. Dr. Murray, Cape Breton ; Rev. George W. Sprött, D.D., minister of North Berwick, Scotland ; Elizabeth, wife of R. Putnam, Fort Belcher ; Charles, who inherited his father's land in Musquodoboit ; and John, who studied medicine in Edinburgh, and died in early life.

Mr. Sprött was a man of middle height, stoutly built, and of great strength and endurance. Through life he enjoyed almost perfect health, and often said that he never felt the infirmities of age till after he was eighty. He was endowed with a powerful and original mind, a rich imagination, and, to use his own expression, "a memory like a camel." In one of several high testimonials which he carried with him from Scotland, he was described as "a man of genius." He was a great reader and a keen observer, and in the course of a long life had accumulated large stores of knowledge. He was one of the most humorous men of his time in Nova Scotia, and his humour was accompanied with a vein of satire which he did not always repress. This, together with his plain speaking and his disregard of conventionalities, sometimes provoked hostile comments, but he was greatly beloved and revered by his family and friends, and was regarded by all classes as a man of genuine and solid worth. He had a warm and tender heart, and his piety was deep and ardent. In an early testimonial given him by the minister of his native parish, he is described as filled with "a strong inclination to do good," and this was the ruling principle of his life. Wherever he was, on sea or land, and in all companies, he sought to advance his Master's cause. He was one of the most pleasant of companions, and his was one of those larger natures which can pass at once from mirth and laughter to seriousness and devotion. He made little of ecclesiastical differences,

and deplored the divisions among Christians. To the Church of Scotland he cherished a warm affection, and he often said that there were "many things in the Church of England which Presbyterians would do well to imitate." His sermons were carefully prepared and committed to memory, except in later years, when he frequently extemporised. They were earnest and practical, full of common sense and weighty matter, set forth in plain and forcible language, and, though less ornate than his other compositions, were not wanting in the flowers of imagination. His public prayers, to which he gave much consideration, were richly devotional and often very beautiful. Almost his only contributions to the Press were letters written to the Wigtownshire and Halifax newspapers. One of his chosen fields of usefulness was the writing of letters to those mourning the death of friends. These letters were often exceedingly beautiful and touching, and were greatly appreciated.

NOTE

THE Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia was formed in 1817, and the first meeting was held at Truro on 3rd July of that year. "A few clergymen, partly from the Church [of Scotland] and partly from different branches of the Secession, convinced that their combined exertions would more effectually promote the interests of religion, formed themselves into one Society, which, overlooking the party distinctions of Scotland, adopted the standards of its National Church, and this Union, with a single exception, included the whole Presbyterian clergy of the above mentioned provinces" (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island).—Letter from Rev. Dr. McCulloch, 5th August 1826, in Supplement to 1st Report of the Glasgow Society for Promoting the Religious Interests of the Scottish Settlers in B.N.A. The exception referred to was the Rev. Dr. Gray of St. Matthew's, Halifax, and his reason was the constitution of that Church which was originally Congregational. His own sympathies were with the Union. There was another exception, the Rev. Mr. Comingoe of the Dutch Reformed Church in Lunenburg, who had been ordained in St. Matthew's, Halifax, on the 3rd of July 1770, by the Rev. James Murdoch, then of Horton, afterwards of Meaghers Grant, and other ministers. At the time of the Union Mr. Comingoe

was in his ninety-third year. In 1817 there "was no barrier to Union, between Seceders and ministers of the Church of Scotland, arising from differences of opinion, regarding the connection between Church and State, in so far as money for the support of the Church was concerned. For all were at that time waiting to receive, and indeed afterwards applied for a share in the funds appropriated by Government for religious purposes" (Rev. Dr. Gregg). I was informed by the late Dr. Paterson of New Glasgow that they purposed seeking incorporation with the National Church, but that the ministers who had come from the Secession, and who formed the great majority (though it was otherwise with their flocks) were dissuaded from this step by their brethren at home. New immigrants from the Highlands were anxious to obtain ministers from the Church of Scotland, and Dr. McGregor made application to eminent parish clergymen in Scotland for such men to be sent out. The Glasgow Society for providing Ministers from the Church of Scotland for British North America was formed in 1825, but the rise of the voluntary controversy and other causes led to the formation of a separate Synod of the Church of Scotland in 1833. This deplorable schism did much injury to the cause of religion, and was a great hindrance to the progress of the Church. In a few years, proposals for reunion were set on foot, but the Disruption of 1843 led to a fresh schism. The congregations with which my father was connected remained in the Union, though those of their number who were from Scotland had been for the most part members of the National Church. He mentions in one of his letters that five of his elders were Kirkmen. After praying in church for "the lands of our fathers, Great Britain and Ireland," he frequently prayed for "our National

Zion." I thought he meant the Church of Scotland, but a friend suggested that he referred to the Church of England, which had then a quasi-establishment in the province, and, considering his ecclesiastical views, this is quite probable.

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MEMORIALS OF
THE REV. JOHN SPROTT

1819.

TO JOHN McCAIG (1), KILHILT, STRANRAER.

CLYDESBIDGE, 24th Aug.

IT appears you still take an interest in my fortunes, and wish to know how I am employed. From the day that I reached this great continent to this day I have been constantly employed in proclaiming the doctrines of the Cross to sinners. I am satisfied that I am doing good. Many a blessing has warmed my heart. I am much fatigued, having preached four or five times every week during the summer. This has been one of the warmest summers seen for many years. I often visit from house to house. This is the most effectual mode of operation in this country. Mr. Blackwood (2) and I were appointed on a mission to the west of this province, a place not visited before by any of the Scottish Presbyterians. We travelled together for about three hundred miles nearly one half the journey, and then he left me to return to his flock and family. I was sorry at his departure; he was a cheerful companion and a good preacher. I am proceeding round the sea-beaten shore by Shelbourne, Cape Sable and Digby. When I reach the latter place I shall be within forty-five miles by sea

of the place where Charles M'Clew (1) and his wife landed. I preach in every settlement. I almost always meet with a kind reception, particularly from Baptists and Methodists. I must freely mingle with these classes, and even preach in their pulpits, because we have no Presbyterian Churches in the western part of the province. I meet with Presbyterians continually, and the reason they joined other parties was that they had no pastors of their own. Some of them will come fifteen miles to hear me preach an old Cameronian sermon. I have often seen them shed tears when I mentioned the devout and orderly assemblies of our dear native land. I am continually in the midst of strangers, yet I am happy. I have met with much kindness in this country. To know a country you must see it with your own eyes. My own opinion is, that it is no country for a gentleman. He would have but few of those things which are called comforts in the old country. An absurd equality prevails, and the rights of the master are continually overthrown by the servants. But I do think that it is a good country for a poor man. If he wishes for a supply of fish, he may almost stand in his own door and catch them at pleasure; and in the midst of winter he has nothing to do but break the ice and put down the hook. If he wishes for game, he may have it at all times. If he wishes for fruit or wild berries, he may have it all the summer as one kind of fruit succeeds another. Even in winter, berries are fresh and fair under the snow. Remember me to your father, wife, and sister, and the people of Barnernie. It is probable I shall settle soon. When settled I cannot do alone. As there are ten women for one man here, it is easy to get a wife. I wish I had a Scottish girl. I could wish to meet with Miss Jane N. God bless you all.

1821.

NEWPORT, 28th Oct.—This day, rose at four of the clock, read the last chapter of Proverbs on the qualifications of a good wife, and wrote a letter to Miss Sarah Clarke of Windsor. I set out before daylight unaccompanied for Windsor, and reached it at eight of the clock. The Rev. Robert Blackwood united Miss Clarke and me in marriage. None were present except her father, John Hall and Mr. MacDonald. The servants did not know it till I told them of it.

After breakfast I rode to Newport, preached the anniversary sermon of the Hants Bible Society, and returned to Windsor late in the evening, having travelled on that day nearly forty miles.

My wife is country born, but a sprig of the shamrock, being the youngest daughter of John Clarke, Esq., who sixty years ago left Donegal, Ireland, and landed without fortune or friends in Nova Scotia. He is still in life in his eighty-second year, has a good flow of spirits, and is a fair and respectable specimen of his countrymen.

My wife is the youngest of eight daughters. She is a lively, energetic character, and the most valuable woman I have seen at any period of my life. For piety, prudence, decorum and general eminence she is worthy to stand in the same rank with the very best of my acquaintance on either side of the Atlantic. Sarah Sprott, for such I now call her, has an Irish heart, a Scottish head, and English hands. I cannot be too thankful to the Almighty for such a gift. May I long enjoy her, and may we both be prepared for separation on earth and a meeting in heaven. The Rev. Dr. Cochran (1), the Honourable Judge Wilkins, Rev. W. King, Mr. Haliburton (2), Captain Mackay, Mrs.

Tongue, Dr. MacLeay, the Honourable James Fraser, and all our friends in town and country called on us.

Nov.—Mr. John Stevenson (1) came to Windsor, a young man of great modesty, good sense and good morals. He often spends with us the heel of an evening, talking over the tales of our dear native country.

25th Dec.—Rode to Falmouth to hear Dr. Cochran preach.

1822.

24th Feb.—Visited Cheverie, attended a funeral, and preached. While thus employed the flooring of the house on which we stood gave way, and precipitated the whole company to the bottom of a deep cellar. No lives were lost.

1st Mar.—James took a farm at Windsor.

11th April.—Married James Sprott to Lamira Smith of Newport.

1st May.—Planted a hundred apple trees on the Ferry farm.

28th Oct.—It is one year since I was married. The honeymoon still continues, the streams of social felicity flow on smoothly. My wife has equalled my highest anticipations and doubled my happiness.

1823.

12th Jan.—This morning my wife became the mother of a still-born infant. It perished on the very threshold of life. Fell death, like an untimely frost, nipped this young budding flower. We often see the parent build the tomb of the child.

27th.—Sarah is still poorly. She is not so strong as

she was this day fortnight being the day of her confinement. She cannot sit with a lame leg, but she is free of pain. I hope she will recover. That true religion, which has been the business and bliss of her life, has supported her during this trying period.

28th.—This day I counted my manuscript sermons. I have about 120 bound, and about 30 in loose papers—a small stock. I hope to add 10 every year.

2nd Feb.—One of the greatest storms I have seen in Nova Scotia. No person called on us but Mr. Stevenson. I went to the Ferry farm on foot. It was as much as I could do. I was nearly exhausted with fatigue. I could scarcely face the storm. It nearly choked me.

11th.—Sarah is better, but awful and anxious times pass over our heads, and our minds are agitated by fear and hope.

24th.—Had some affecting conversation with Sarah on the probable issue of the disorder and the final prospect of man. She has all that consolation which a well-spent life and unshaken faith in the merits of the Redeemer can afford. In the evening we had a prayer meeting for her recovery. She took great delight in the meeting, and most cheerfully raised her feeble voice in the praises of her Redeemer.

16th Mar.—There has not been such a storm since 1798. Sarah has been nine weeks confined to her bed, and has had heavy affliction all that time. She said to me that she had no wish to live, that we must part soon to meet again. Resignation is the highest attainment of a Christian, and she seems to possess it in a high degree. I still hope she will recover and have reason to bless God for her present affliction.

This is the Sabbath day. The roads are so bad that I cannot go to Newport. Hard is the lot of many

emigrants who have lately been removed from the full light of religious institutions to the darkness which spreads its gloomy shades beyond the western main. Their children relieved from Christian restraints are daily ripening to be outcasts from God. The Sabbath returns, but where are its wonted joys? No temple is there, no messenger of salvation, no song of Zion ushers in this blessed morning. The voice of devotion is not heard, except in the whispers of a broken heart, and the children are not baptized except by a mother's tears.

17th.—Sarah is rather better. She took a glass of wine and drank our health, which cheered us greatly and brightened our prospects.

18th.—Sarah is much worse; she never was so ill. This evening she told me that she could give me up to be with Christ which was far better. She took farewell of her father, and gave all good counsel. Her mind is full of immortality.

23rd.—On going in this morning, my dear wife said to me that it was the Sabbath, the day she liked best, and that God had given her ten Sabbaths since she was confined to prepare for eternity. I stated my conviction that in a short time she would enter on an eternal Sabbath. She assented, avoided any positive declaration on that subject, but spoke with humble confidence. I was oppressed with grief. She gently rebuked me, saying that I retarded her in her flight to heaven. During the day I preached at ——. The audience was much affected. I mentioned this circumstance to her, and she was pleased to hear that tears were shed at —— Hill, and she encouraged me to persevere in well-doing.

26th.—On going in this morning, she said to me that she longed to be home at her Father's house.

She mentioned her mother and some pious friends that she would meet in heaven. She stated to me distinctly her assurance of a happy immortality.

29th.—Dr. Bayard last night proposed to cut off Sarah's leg as the best chance of saving her life, and gave her till this morning to consider of it, but as it only amounted to a mere possibility, she refused to consent, and wished to die in peace.

30th.—A prayer meeting was held this day at James Harvey's for her recovery. I went over and found them at prayer. They were afraid to speak. They supposed she was gone, but learning she was still on praying ground, they resumed their pious services. The scene refreshed my mind.

4th April.—She stated to me that she had a pleasant dream. She dreamed that she and many of her acquaintances had sailed for the better country. When she awoke and found herself on a bed of suffering she was much disappointed.

8th.—Our prospects are still becoming darker, but the Lord can easily restore her if it seem good to Him.

11th.—My painful journal has at last come to a conclusion. At half-past eleven my prayerful and peaceful wife closed her earthly career, and we believe and are sure that she has entered into rest, and is with her Saviour and her God. She remained sensible till nearly the last. In the evening I read to her the 12th chapter of Isaiah's prophecy, and prayed with her three times. She delighted in those services even when death was making terrible havoc of her frame. She is now gathered to her fathers, and her death will be regarded as a public calamity.

I wish to follow her example. She was very sensible, highly pious and cheerful. I hope to meet with her in a better world to part no more. I hope

the Lord will support me under this afflicting trial. I hope it will yet be for my good.

It was rather singular that on the Monday evening previous to her death, we all heard three smart raps on the middle-room window. Sarah heard it too, and asked what I thought of it. The same rap was heard before — death.

13th.—Sarah Sprott was yesterday committed to the dust in full hopes of a blessed resurrection. She was followed to the grave by a numerous train of mourners. The Almighty has taken away the highest of my created comforts. I hope to live nearer to Himself and to enjoy higher measures of grace.

15th.—Came to Newport along with brother James. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers met us at the door, and received us kindly.

20th.—Preached at Rawdon a funeral sermon for my dear wife from these words, "Man dieth and wasteth away." The people were much affected and shed tears in abundance.

TO THE REV. W. KING, RECTOR OF WINDSOR.

24th April.

I am here and well, and have received every attention from kind friends, but the wounds of the heart are too deep to be suddenly healed. The sun of my prosperity has set in a cloud, and my earthly happiness and hopes are buried in the grave of my wife. Her early death has made sad havoc of my affections and darkened all my prospects. She, whom I loved as my own soul, is as the clods of the valley. Her active limbs are mouldering in the clay, and her gentle and deathless spirit has escaped to the mansions of the just, to be

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joined to her friends, and to receive that sentence of approbation which consummates the felicity of all the saints, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

She was too good a gift long to enjoy, and the Lord has been pleased to take her to Himself. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Time is short; the separation which I lament will not perhaps be of long duration, and in glory pious friends shall meet again to renew a friendship which never shall be dissolved. Sarah Sprott was no ordinary character. Every word she said was a lesson of instruction, and every action was an example. I wish to follow such a pattern in the ways of well-doing, that when fell death shall shut these weeping eyes I may share her tomb, and meet with her in that world of light and love where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God.

The death of near and dear friends is one of the severest trials of human life.

I walk among the hills and valleys. I listen to the music of the grove. I contemplate the beauties of spring; I think on the days that are past and joys which are departed never to return, and which like music on the sea are pleasant and melancholy. I bend my eyes to brighter regions where we shall meet again with the friends of our hearts, where the inconveniences of life shall be removed, where objects worthy of our affections shall be placed before us and within our reach, and where God Himself shall dry up all our tears; but in spite of all my efforts the wound often bleeds afresh and renews itself.

Miss Clarke, in infancy and childhood, was tender and delicate, and from the small-pox received an injury which materially affected her constitution. In maturer years she enjoyed better health, but in her best days was of a delicate and slender habit of body.

In common with the rest of her sisters she received a good education, which she improved by reading and observation.

In her youthful days she was said to have had a keen warm temper, and to have possessed a portion of the fire of her fatherland, but this temper was mellowed and subdued by the influence of pure religion, and no person ever had a better command of it. To the liveliness and vivacity of the Irish character, she united the coolness and sagacity of the Scottish and the sincerity of the English. She was of a thoughtful turn of mind, laid her plans wisely, and executed them with energy and decision. She spoke and wrote with equal care, and in manners and in dress always showed her good sense. Her countenance was very expressive, and her eye beamed benevolence. Innocency, cheerfulness, propriety and decorum were the reigning features of her whole life ; but about the twenty-seventh year of her age an important change took place in her feelings and affections. The great things of eternity which formerly had occupied but a slender portion of her attention now appeared to her in their awful grandeur and importance. She saw herself a sinner in the sight of God and liable to the vengeance of His violated law, and she sought a refuge in the blood of Christ, and the humbling doctrines of the Cross. Her deep conviction of sin ended in a sound conversion and open profession of the Gospel. From that period she gave a decided preference to divine things, and was distinguished by a tender walk and conversation. Gay

and fashionable amusements lost all their charms. She relished more the improving conversation of the wise and good, and sought happiness in moral and religious joys. After her mother's death the cares of the family at Willowhill devolved on her, and she managed it with great propriety. I saw her for the first time in November 1818. We were married seventeen months, and the stream of social felicity rolled on and increased, and as it rolled a thousand nameless pleasures were given and received. We paid each other every dutiful attention and loved each other with double affection. She was fitted to shine in every sphere of life, and would have made a man happy either in a palace or a cottage. We were never so happy as when in each other's company. She sometimes accompanied me in my ministerial labours to Newport and Rawdon, and by her good sense and deep piety gained me friends and aided me in every good purpose. In this state of composed felicity fourteen months passed away, beyond comparison the happiest period of my life. But what is happiness but a drop of honey in a draught of gall! Our happiness was not to continue long, and the gift was so good that, had it been continued, I might have forgotten the giver. During the whole of her illness her mind was calm, and a murmur never escaped from her lips. She frequently spoke of her approaching dissolution with dignified composure, and she frequently beguiled her pains during the watches of the night by singing the songs of Zion. In the early part of her disorder she had some doubts and fears, but her prospects brightened as she approached the end of the journey. She recommended religion to her husband, her father and sister and all around her, and fell asleep in Jesus in the full hope of a blissful eternity. Sarah Sprott was no ordinary character. She was gifted with

mental powers of a high order, which were cultivated by reflection and polished by intercourse with the world. There was in her character a firm dignity which could never bend to anything mean or unbecoming, and a complacency of manners which gave a charm to her society. Her heart was sincere, friendly and compassionate ; her hand was the unsparing distributor of bounty to the poor, and, lest it should not reach the truly worthy, it was sometimes diffused among the imposing and ungrateful. Her mind shone with equal splendour in adversity and prosperity. Her sufferings brightened her virtues and ennobled her character. They are now over, and nothing of them remains but a grateful remembrance of the friendly hand which supported her under them.

10th June.—I visited the grave of my amiable and lovely wife. I cast my eye over the dominions of the dead. I could not think of a more noble victim than Sarah. I am thankful to Providence for such a wife. I bless God that He permitted me to enjoy her so long, that He supported her in death, and made her meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. She is now cold as the clods which cover her, but her deathless spirit is before the throne of God. I hope to meet with her and many dear departed friends clothed in the unfading beauties of immortality.

5th July.—Dispensed the communion at Newport. I wept sore when I thought that last year my dear wife had sat with me at that table. She now enjoys the society of angels.

Last of August visited Musquodoboit, preached in the higher, middle and lower settlements. The congregations were good ; the people seem to be intelligent,

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serious and attractive. I baptized sixteen children. They are anxious for my return. I have no objection to visit them again. There are many pious people among them, and it is a rising settlement.

In the end of September I set out for Shelburne, and was overtaken at La Have by the equinoctial gales. It rained hard for three days. I reached Shelburne on the Friday. The kind attentions of that ministering angel, Mrs. Dripps, prevented me from feeling the injuries of the weather. I assisted at the sacrament, preached six times, and attended three prayer meetings. I never spent the time more agreeably. I must visit them again.

I was daily in company with Miss C. L. I had some affection for this lady before I was married, but at that time Miss Sarah Clarke was the idol of my soul. Her name still operates on my feelings like a charm.

21st Nov.—Visited Sarah's grave to record my sympathy for her sufferings, my gratitude for her friendly services, my admiration for her virtues, my veneration for her piety and attachment to her principles.

22nd.—I never spend a day without thinking on Sarah, but she is now in the land of deep forgetfulness. She is rushing into oblivion, but though she has faded from my view, I still see her through the lustre of her virtues.

C. L. sometimes comes across my mind; my affections are increasing for her. She has good sense and prudence, and these qualities are the jewels of a woman and wife. Miss C. L. is a sprig of Caledonia. I love her on that account—she will honour her country. The women of this country make good wives, but they have little that is cheerful or playful, and nothing romantic in their dispositions.

16th Dec.—Had a letter from the favourite maid of the west. Miss Clarke kept alive the flame of love by

kind actions. She always met me with a smile. I preferred her company to all others. She always seemed to think me wiser than herself, and did everything to please me.

1824.

19th Jan.—When going out to preach, I received a letter from Brother William, stating that my father had suddenly but serenely and safely closed his career in October, in the seventy-fourth year. He was only three days ill. He was calm and collected at the approach of death. He took a glass of wine, and said it would be the last repast he would need on earth; it would serve him till he would drink it new in the kingdom of heaven. My father was a man of piety, integrity and honesty. I hope his virtues will outlive his tomb and be engraved on the minds of his children. Visited Musquodoboit, preached seventeen times in four weeks. The people seemed anxious to hear. Had some prayer meetings, which were pleasant and profitable.

24th Feb.—My dear wife was extremely ill this time last year, and my mind was dreadfully agitated between fear and hope. I have had many long and fatiguing journeys this winter, all which might be easily endured, if I had a smiling wife to meet me at the door, to administer cordials and cheer my spirits. I hope to have Charlotte before this time next year, and she will minister to my convenience, improve my joys, and double the value of my existence. I have received a letter from Charlotte, in which she expresses a strong regard for the memory of Sarah Sprott. She will not be displeased to hear her virtues proposed as a standard for imitation.

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22nd March.—Resigned my charge at Windsor.

24th.—It is two months since I have heard from Miss Leslie. I think of her daily. I hope to have her for company before next winter. By her winning manners I hope she will gain me friends. It is a great matter to be admired, but it is more to be loved. Kind actions and courtesy move the people. On these accounts Titus was called the delight of mankind. I will love Charlotte with the pure and holy affections of the days of other years. I hope she will in some measure restore to me joys which have departed.

10th April.—It is one year since the portals of the tomb closed on Sarah Sprott.

20th.—Received a letter from Miss Leslie, full of kindness and affection. In all matters relating to matrimony, she expresses herself in a proper manner. I hope she will be an amiable and exemplary wife.

18th May.—Met the favourite maid, Miss Leslie, and spent the day with her. We agreed to exchange vows of fidelity and perpetual love early in June. When about to visit Halifax to see Miss Leslie, my gig went over a bridge. I received no injury; had it not been for the merciful interposition of Providence, I might have finished my earthly career.

8th June.—Was united in matrimony to Miss Charlotte Leslie by the Rev. Robert Blackwood at Halifax. It took place before breakfast in the house of her brother-in-law. We got breakfast, set sail for Windsor, and reached it in the evening. Charlotte is the eldest daughter of Mr. James Leslie, lately deceased in Shelburne, but a native of Perthshire. She is a lady, jimp the ordinary size, of tender feelings and gentle affections, of industrious habits and pious disposition, and has many of the virtues of the amiable and excellent Sarah. The females are the most

tender friends we have, and we seek a retreat in their society from the sorrows and cares of life. I hope to spend my remaining days in her company, and to part with her on earth to meet in heaven.

20th July.—Sailed from Halifax to Shelburne with Capt. McAlpine. Mr. Dripps still poorly. The influential people called on my wife. Heard the Rev. John McLean preach one discourse. His instructions were acceptable and salutary.

Sept.—Dispensed the sacrament at Musquodoboit. Twenty-three new communicants, whole number at the table 150. At the beginning of the year, the demon of division was wasting the energies of the community and distracting its councils, but happily a favourable change has taken place, and the society has returned to a better feeling. The stormy spirit of discord has passed away, and has given place to things that are holy and pure. The sacrament has been twice dispensed with much apparent solemnity and seeming devotion. Sixty-six new communicants have been added to the society, a revival more refreshing than the breath of spring has taken place, and many are inquiring the way to Zion.

1825.

Jan.—Preached a new year's sermon—"This year thou shalt die." The audience was attentive, and the scene solemn. Last year has been one of the happiest years of my life. It has brought me many mercies and a good wife.

April.—Preached my farewell sermons at Newport and Rawdon to overflowing audiences.

18th May.—Reached Onslow, stopped eight days, preached nine times to overflowing audiences. On the last day nearly two hundred people came from

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Truro—the largest congregation I have seen since I came to Nova Scotia.

19th June.—Dispensed the sacrament. The weather was excellent ; the congregation was the largest seen in Musquodoboit : 158 sat down at the table, and received the pledges of the Saviour's love. Mr. Graham (1) assisted me. He is like the setting sun,—he has lost his brilliancy—he dazzles less but pleases more.

21st.—Set out with Charlotte for Halifax, and left her in charge of Dr. Russell. May a merciful Providence watch over her.

13th July.—Great want of rain—eight fires in sight, destroying the forest ; about sunset a fine shower which extinguished the fires and refreshed the earth.

18th.—Set out before daylight for Sheet Harbour with a wedding party ; reached it at three of the clock, and married Stutely Horton to Lydia Balcom. Same evening visited the grave of the Rev. John Young. It lies on the sea-beaten shore within a few yards of the water, and within a few yards of the forest. In his more prosperous days he had a large congregation at Montreal in Canada. He had a mingled lot on earth, but he now rests from his labours. He was a searching and close preacher, and his last days were a blessing to the people of Sheet Harbour. I stood on his ashes, and preached a funeral sermon. I preached every day, and visited the most of the settlement. The communion was observed on the Sabbath ; we had in all sixty-six communicants, but ten of them came from Musquodoboit.

I left Sheet Harbour at two of the clock. Immediately after the table was served, an express arrived informing me that my dear wife was delivered on Friday of a still-born child, and that her recovery was doubtful. I reached home at midnight, and learned

that she had died one hour after she was delivered,—on Friday at twelve of the clock, on 22nd July, an hour after the express left Halifax. I pursued my journey with the hope of reaching Halifax before her interment, and reached it at five of the clock. She had been buried on the day before with due respect. Wife and child now swept into the narrow house! I had not the melancholy pleasure of seeing her in her last illness. She was a woman of great value, and she loved me with the fervour of a woman's early love.

31st.—Preached a funeral sermon to a large and a weeping congregation.

26th Aug.

DEAR SISTER ELEANOR (1)—Charlotte was inexpressibly beloved as a wife, and was in full possession of every earthly happiness. It is the will of our Heavenly Father, and we ought to silence every murmur, and say with meek submission, It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth good unto Him. These severe afflictions are designed by Providence to purify and perfect our characters, to bring us nearer to God, and increase our affection for that better country where the days of our mourning shall be ended, and where, under the beams of the divine countenance, we shall enjoy perpetual felicity. Charlotte and Sarah have both returned to the land of their kindred, and left me to lament their loss. They were both women of great virtue, solid piety, and amiable and gentle affections. Brother MacKenna and Jane are deeply affected with Charlotte's early death. I hope it will make a salutary and saving impression upon them. My dear Sister, I am sure the mournful tidings would pierce your heart like a keen two-edged sword. Human sympathy cannot

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heal the wound. You must call in the powerful aids of religion, spread your sorrows, trials and cares before the throne of God. He leads the blind by a way which they know not, and the meek will He guide in judgment. If He who cannot err becomes your guide, you may cheerfully acquiesce in the measures of His Providence. Our trials here will soon be over, and then, if we belong to Christ, we shall take our departure for a purer and a higher world.

13th Sept.—The Presbytery of Truro met at Musquodoboit, and admitted the Rev. John Sprott to the pastoral relation. Mr. Waddell preached, Mr. Graham gave the charge, and Mr. Blackwood addressed the people. The responsibilities of the pastoral office are high; God grant that pastor and people may do their duty, and may the happiest results spring from this relation.

12th Oct.—Visited Sheet Harbour, Pope's Harbour, Cape Spray; preached eight times in eight days; baptized some children and married two couples. In the course of four months I have assisted at seven communions. I am much fatigued; all this could have been endured, if poor Charlotte had been in life. The prosperity of fortune is like the blossoms of spring or the golden tint of the evening cloud, it delights the spirit, but soon passes away.

1826.

Jan.—This last year has claimed a fearful tribute from my relations. Death has set his seal on my father-in-law, Mr. Clarke; sisters-in-law, Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Campbell; mother-in-law, Mrs. Leslie. These

were only the beginning of sorrows, compared with the death of the amiable and excellent Charlotte. The Almighty has sustained my spirits under heavy trials. Mercies have greatly abounded. I want nothing but gratitude to God.

TO THE REV. DR. SCOTT, GREENOCK.

WINDSOR, N.S., 12th Jan.

In July last I was favoured with a letter from the Rev. Robert Burns, giving me an account of the society for sending ministers to this country, and stating that the operations of the society were confined to the Establishment, yet the Secretaries wished to correspond with other labourers whom they regarded as brethren. It gives me much pleasure to learn that the waste places of our transatlantic Zion are to be enclosed and cultivated by labourers from the North British Church. I sincerely hope that this infant society will form a bright pillar in the temple of benevolence, and be an important means of staying the religious indifference which ignorance has engendered in our young settlements. The souls of men are as precious in Nova Scotia, and in Canada, as in Africa or Asia. The Gospel can be sent to them at little expense, and the happiest results may be speedily expected from the labours of good ministers. Men of knowledge, piety and prudence, under the fostering care of Heaven, shall soon be able to form new societies, able to maintain their own teachers.

It is true, indeed, that some ministers have crossed the western main, who, like Noah's dove, could find no resting-place for the sole of their feet; but it is

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also true that many of them could not obtain situations in their own country.

The cause of missions requires men of iron constitutions, the first order of intellect and piety, and an easy accommodation of manners suited to all varieties of characters. It is comparatively an easy task to be a minister in an old established congregation, held together by many ties ; but new societies are often held together by a rope of sand, and it requires high mental energies, good pulpit talents, and great prudence to form new churches, and lay the foundations of society. It is devoutly to be wished that all the Presbyterians in this colony were united in one body ; the people born here cannot comprehend any difference in doctrine and discipline, and they cannot see the shadow of a reason why there should be any distinction. Such a union would have many advantages ; it is practicable, and I hope, in due time, it shall be accomplished. It is not improbable that jealous sectarians, and rival religionists, will, at first, look rather shy at your missionaries ; but I trust that good men and good ministers of all denominations will give them a hearty welcome to our rugged shores, and afford them every facility in their power. Wide is the dominion of sin in this country, and there is work enough for us all ; there are yet many dark and dreary settlements without religious instruction and Christian ordinances. I am glad to learn from Mr. Martin that the people of Porter's Lake, Preston, etc., are to obtain a minister in the spring ; he will be within thirty miles of me. I shall be glad to have him for a neighbour. In the fall, I visited Sheet Harbour, and preached a sermon over the ashes of the late Rev. John Young, originally from the Presbytery of Irvine ; his death was much lamented by that infant settlement. I visited Cape Spray,

Pope's Harbour, and Jedore. There is a hundred miles between St. Mary's River and Halifax; the harbour is full of people, and not a single minister of any denomination, except a Catholic priest at Chezzit Cook. It would be a fine field for missionary labours. I advised them to apply to your society. I remained among them eight days and preached eight times. I visited them again, and preached daily to attentive congregations. The work of the Lord prospers in this country, and the time is come when every man, and every minister, ought to task all his powers to promote the good cause of the Presbyterians.

17th Mar.—Rapid changes. On St. Patrick's day, 1821, I was in company with Miss Clarke, gathering evergreens in the woods of Windsor. On the same day, 1822, she was my faithful and affectionate wife. In 1823 she was in her last illness, and drank my health in a glass of wine. In 1824 I was a widower, rejoicing in the hope of soon getting Miss Charlotte Leslie. In 1825 I was happy as the beloved husband of Charlotte. In 1826 I am a widower without the intimate knowledge of any.

3rd April.—Sister Betty died on the 23rd of December; was eleven days ill, had a tranquil death and the hope of a happy immortality. The hope of meeting with our friends in the exalted kingdom of our Redeemer should illumine the darkness of our path. We shall soon enjoy their company, and then they shall richly repay us for the tears we have shed for them on earth.

10th April.—It is three years since my dear Sarah entered into a happy eternity. She was a lady of

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splendid endowments and elegant accomplishments. Her strength of judgment, firmness of purpose, and elevation of piety, fitted her to share in the responsibilities, sympathise in the trials, and alleviate the burdens of a minister's life. Charlotte was innocent and strongly devoted to her husband. She possessed a great share of moral virtue, and had a serene and contented disposition. Both were gifted with high household virtues and deep piety.

23rd April.—Set out for Shelburne. Travelled the second day with Colonel McDougal. He had been in all the wars of the continent. We were fellow-students twenty-four years ago in Edinburgh. It was curious that we met on Chester Heights. Reached Jordan River on the fifth day, remained three weeks, preached as often as the Providence of God afforded me an opportunity.

11th May.—Preached a farewell sermon at Shelburne. The meek and lowly Matthew Dripps seems to be in his last illness—the hectic flush on his face—the feet swelled, and all the symptoms of mortality.

27th.—Took farewell of my people at the close of divine service. Shook hands with all the congregation.

28th.—Set out for Windsor, distance seventy-three miles. Reached it with my luggage same evening.

3rd June.—Sailed for the city of St. John in the *Reindeer*; a passage of four days.

9th.—Sailed for Wigtonshire on board Thomson's Packet, Captain Whitehead, loaded with 274 tons of timber.

18th.—Had divine service on board. Prayers every day.

6th July.—At three of the clock was called out of bed by the captain to see the high land above Bantry Bay. During the day were frequently boarded by Irish fishermen, who all begged for rum, tobacco, beef, etc.

9th.—Landed at Wigton. Kissed affectionately the green earth. A kind Providence watched over us, and enabled us once more to see country and kindred. Landed on the day of the sacrament, and attended divine service on the green in the open air. Reached Kirkowen. Found my friends well. Reached my native place in Stoneykirk at the dismissal of divine service on the Monday of the sacrament. The news of my arrival spread like lightning; my mother's house soon filled with people.

16th.—Accepted an invitation to preach at Portpatrick, and preached to a large congregation in the open air. A great change for the better has taken place in Portpatrick and in Stranraer.

23rd.—Visited my father's grave. Preached a funeral sermon to a large congregation.

Visited the old house where I was born, where I enjoyed so many social joys, received the elements of instruction, and enjoyed so many signal proofs of the divine care. Harvest unusually early, crops very poor, not equal to one-third, cattle starving for want of grass. No rain since March. The cattle uncommonly cheap. Never was there such a season since the year 1762.

14th Aug.—Was this day united in marriage with Jane Neilson by Dr. Stewart [minister of Kirkowen]. The courtship was the shortest possible, but she was one of the companions of my youth. I would have married her earlier in life, but we were eight years separated by the pathless foamy ocean (1). Both married; at this time both single without children, and by a strange and mysterious Providence brought together. I have sought in her company a solace from the ills of life. I hope God will bless us and make us blessings to each other.

20th.—Took farewell of my worthy old mother

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without any strong hope of seeing her again in life. I prayed, sang a part of the 46th Psalm, and pronounced the word "Farewell." In the afternoon heard Mr. William Symington (1) preach a good sermon. He unites many of the qualities of an orator.

29th.—Went on board the fine ship *Margaret Pollok*, Captain McArthur, 900 tons, bound for New Brunswick. Waited for a fair wind in full view of the most beautiful scenery in the world—the high mountains of Argyleshire, the castle of Dunbarton in view—the steamboats continually coming and going—five of them sometimes in sight at one time.

31st.—Sailed from Gourock Bay.

1st Sept.—At breakfast time near the Craig of Ailsa. We must soon lose sight of the land which gave me birth. I have spent seven weeks in my native country. It was like music on the sea, pleasant and mournful. When I reached the land of my fathers, a tide of tender emotions entered my heart. I thought on the length of time I had been from home, the great distance which separated me from objects which I still hold dear, the vast expanse of ocean I had traversed, the diversity of character I had witnessed, the many dangers I had escaped. I could not but feel emotions of rapture and delight, but they were chastened by the consideration that some of my nearest friends were shut up in the narrow house.

13th Oct.—Reached St. John; a fine passage, a good ship, a good captain, a good crew, many proofs of the divine care.

24th.—Sailed for Londonderry on board the *Relief*, of Truro.

26th.—Reached home in safety. We have reason to be thankful that we had a fine passage, and did not meet with a single accident.

TO REV. ROBERT BURNS, PAISLEY.

WINDSOR, N.S., 20th Nov.

I know that many ministers of the Scottish Church take a deep interest in the welfare of other countries, and would gladly do anything in their power to promote Messiah's kingdom in foreign lands. We are labouring to extend the limits of that kingdom in this country. I sincerely hope that amid our labours and trials we have your good wishes and ardent prayers. It is long since the banners of the Cross were unfurled on the rugged shores of Nova Scotia, and, compared with some regions in the great Republic of the West, it may be regarded a moral and religious country, but compared with our dear native land it is a moral wilderness. Many new settlements have scarcely yet been visited with the divine light of Christianity, and the settlers are sunk in ignorance and depravity. Some of them are without Christian Sabbaths, or Christian ordinances of any kind. Much indeed has been done of late to promote schools and domestic missions. Sinners have been converted and new gems have been added to Messiah's crown. The Bible Society has conferred many substantial blessings on this colony.

There is scarcely a family in the county of Hants that has not a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Our little branch society has sent into circulation nearly 100 copies in the last year. I had the pleasure of distributing most of them with my own hand. But in general men pay little attention to the Bible unless they have ministers to explain it and force it upon their attention. When men have no public worship they seldom have any religion. The Sabbath is spent in idleness and dissipation, and unless the Gospel is sent unto them free of expense, they must live and

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die without it. Needy emigrants have to contend with bad roads and unsubdued forests ; it is long before they turn their attention to the temples of religion. The country is too poor to support regular ministers, and in the absence of competent teachers we have swarms of self-appointed prophets who come and depart like shadows without leaving behind them any memorials of virtuous labour. They bequeath a spirit of resistance to good order and to regular ministers. The people often become a prey to error and delusion. The temporal support of good ministers is extremely precarious. The ministers in all America may be compared to the camels of Arabia. They carry jewels and treasures, and yet often feed on shrubs and brambles. We have all reason to be thankful that real poverty is almost unknown. We have a rich and noble soil, which requires only the hand of man to make it produce abundantly. Provisions are cheap, the laws are mild, and taxation is unknown. It is a good country for a poor man, but no country for a gentleman. It is, however, rapidly improving. Trees are cut down, roads are formed, bridges built. Schools and the altars of religion are established. Science is cultivated and a brighter day dawns. The condition of the lower orders of society has been greatly improved by the distribution of religious tracts. They have penetrated the abodes of ignorance and carried Christian consolation to many a sorrowful heart.

I have every year imported religious tracts, catechisms, and little rewards for Sabbath night schools, and they have produced a powerful effect. Wherever I travel there is a constant demand for them. I wish you would speak to some of the tract societies to send us a donation. You cannot calculate the amount of good they will do, but the light of eternity will declare it, and it will

exceed your highest anticipations. Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Dickson, Sir Henry Moncrieff, and many others are favourable to missions. I wish we could enlist their sympathies and procure their friendly regards. The seminary at Pictou has already forty students. We are making every effort to increase the library. I wish that some of our friends in Scotland would send us a few volumes for that institution. We have thirty-two ministers and preachers. Our Synod wishes to regard all orthodox Presbyterians as brethren. We intend to petition the King for a small annual salary. We are doing the greatest good in the Province, and are firmly attached to the British Crown. I do not suppose that you know me. I recollect you at College, "in the days of other years," when you acquired those stores which have since shed a lustre on your character. Your brother, Dr. Burns, was the first friend I had in the New World. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and he is the constant friend of Scottish ministers. He indeed set his face against Mr. — and his brethren. But they were imprudent; they lessened the credit of the Presbyterian Church. We cannot admit them into our body. They seem to have been the spawn of the Irish Secession. I had lately a letter from Dr. Geo. Burns with a copy of his sermons as a present to our little parish library.

1827.

1st Jan.—Another year has rolled into eternity. The last year has carried away many. It has enfeebled many with sickness. God grant that we may be all prepared for the change that awaits us.

22nd Feb.—I have now 170 sermons bound in boards, besides about 30 in loose papers.

4th *May*.—A fall of snow ; very cold weather. The winter was uncommonly mild, little sleighing before the 20th of January. The robins, the harbingers of spring, appeared earlier than usual. In the latter end of March a black triangle of wild geese sounded their bugle in the sky, carrying with them to the north the tidings of spring. The first of April was very warm, but the latter end of the month was cold.

TO THE REV. ROBERT BURNS, PAISLEY.

May.

I regret that I did not see you in Glasgow to have a little conversation respecting the field for missions in the British Provinces. It is a truth not to be questioned that the field for missions is wide, and the want of ministers great. By want of ministers, I do not mean that clergymen cannot be obtained to take charge of old congregations able to maintain them ; such congregations seldom want ministers in any country. But we want an increase of active and efficient ministers to meet the intellectual and spiritual wants of our new settlers. We want men to go out in the spirit of the Apostles to gather perishing souls to the Saviour and to build up Christian temples to His service. We want men of freshness of thought and force of character to awaken an interest in the bosom of careless sinners. The country is young and does not hold out alluring prospects to aspiring clergymen. But though we have not the snug conveniences and petty comforts of an old country, we feel no real want. We have all the elements of a solid felicity, and, if we are faithful in the discharge of our duties, we may double our eternal reward and brighten our immortal crown.

Hard is the lot of the emigrant who has removed from the holy light of religious institutions to that darkness which spreads its shade beyond the western main. His children, relieved from Christian restraints, are daily ripening to be outcasts from God. The Sabbath returns, but where are its wonted joys? No temple, no missionary of salvation, no songs of Zion usher in that blessed day. The wind roars among the trees, but he hears not the voice of devotion; his children are not baptized except it be by a mother's tears; but were the Gospel once stately fixed among them, their condition would speedily improve. It is a well-known fact that any settlement containing a few pious families will be increased by emigrants. Where there is a certainty of the Gospel waiting their arrival, emigrants usually plant themselves on those spots where they indulge the hope of sitting under the droppings of the sanctuary, and when once they experience the power and pleasures of religion they will sacrifice every comfort rather than live without its ordinances. In a young country ministers can scarcely be maintained without some aid from abroad. The first settlers usually carry little other wealth with them than bones and sinews. Every man must do his own labour. It is many years before they can do much more than clear their farms and maintain their families. Some of them, however, can do a little, and they are generally willing to do it. Now the question is, whether they shall be compelled to live in a state of spiritual starvation till they have lost all relish for spiritual food, or whether they shall receive missionary aid during the perilous state of infancy, and thus be prepared to support public worship for themselves. This is a solemn question, and it deserves consideration. The Church of England has made ample provision for her members. Her ministers have good

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livings and are fanned by the breath of Royal favour. The Methodists have been nursed with the sympathies and charities of the mother country. But the Church of Scotland, the fairest daughter of the Reformation, has done little for her children in a foreign land, and yet, where is there a Christian denomination among whom there is a greater proportion of wealthy men? They have long sent out their merchandise to North America; will they do nothing to enlighten her dark and destitute settlements? It is a real disgrace to them that they have been so indifferent to the colonies. The people are strongly prepossessed in favour of Scotland and Scottish men. We look to it with a hallowed feeling of tenderness and veneration as the land of our fathers, the birthplace of a Knox and a Melville, a Blair and a Robertson, the repository of religious principles and practical wisdom. Our earliest labourers, too, are from that country. The Presbytery of Truro has earned an honest reputation by half a century of hard labour. The Rev. John Waddell, the Rev. John Brown, and the Rev. Hugh Graham deserve honourable mention in the annals of Nova Scotia. They have not had time to write learned volumes, but souls have every year been converted by their ministry. The Presbytery of Pictou has been a nursing mother to the eastern district, and Pictou itself may become the metropolis of the Presbyterians. The western shores were chiefly settled from New England, and as yet there are few Presbyterian ministers in that quarter. In travelling between Halifax and Shelburne, 145 miles, you see many places of worship, but the Dutch Reformed [German] Church at Lunenburg and the Congregational Church at Liverpool are the only societies nearly allied to the Presbyterians. It is 200 miles between Shelburne and Cornwallis, and there is

no Presbyterian Church in all that district. Some of the people have lived many years without hearing a minister of their own persuasion. Some of them confess to me with much regret that they had united with other societies out of pure necessity. The Rev. James Munro had made the same tour about twenty years before me. I found some traces of the good man's labours in many settlements. Cornwallis and Horton are full of people, and yet the only Presbyterian minister in these townships is the Rev. Mr. Forsyth. The Rev. Mr. Martin (1) and the Rev. Mr. Scott (2) are pursuing their labours with diligence and success at Halifax. The Rev. Mr. Murdoch is likely to succeed at Windsor and Newport, the scene of my labours before I was translated to Musquodoboit. The Lord has a seed in this barren land. Many of them are looking to our synod and the young men at Pictou for assistance, and not a few of them are looking to the proffered aid of your society. Orthodox Presbyterians are one people, and they ought to be united. Let not the golden band of brotherhood be broken by any indiscreet interference or unkind feeling. Both have a wide field for the high objects of Christian benevolence, and both may reap the fair fruits of well-doing. Let there be no jealousies and strife among brethren. Let our sole object be to provoke each other to love and good works and to manifest our goodwill to a work going on in our country for the benefit of our common Christianity.

Remember me kindly to Dr. Burns, to the Rev. Mr. Geddes, and Mr. Symington, to Dr. MacGill in Glasgow. I brought with me a large supply of tracts and Brown's little catechisms. They are gone sowing the seeds of instruction on the limits of Messiah's kingdom. I wish some of our pious people would send me some more.

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1st July.—Jane Mackenna was born when I returned from church.

5th Nov.—A storm. In a squall off Pope's Harbour the foresail of the shallop was split, but being refitted we safely reached Ship Harbour.

25th Dec.—Preached up the river to a good congregation. The year approaches its close; many proofs of the divine goodness.

1837.

[Written by one of the children from dictation.]

Feb.

DEAR UNCLE—We are well, but our friends are falling around us like the leaves of trees in autumn. Father is just going out to attend two funerals. Two days ago he returned from attending a funeral in Newport. It was the head of a family, and he was suddenly summoned to an early grave. Mrs. James Sprott is now a widow, and her seven children fatherless. On the 7th of February my uncle and your brother James Sprott went into the woods to see his men felling a tree, and it lodged coming down. He and his servant went in to cut away the underbrush. After the underbrush was cleared away the servant made his escape, and cried aloud unto his master to stand off, and he repeated the call. James had his eye upon the tree, and he said, there it comes, but on its descent it swept down a sapling of which he was not aware, and which he had just cut with his own hands. He never knew what killed him. In an instant his head was opened and his brains were scattered on the snow. The sunbeams rest on his grave on a green knoll close to Newport Church. This was the very spot on which

he met with father on a Sabbath morning. Here father found him, and here he left him. He was a man much esteemed in life, and universally lamented in death.

TO MR. M. McCURDY.

17th April.

In the regions of the east the natives place their happiness chiefly in domestic enjoyments. A Hindoo first digs a well, plants a tree, and becomes the father of a child. Much of the happiness of parents consists in the dutiful behaviour of their children. A little cluster of olive-plants around our fireside is a fine prospect. It lightens the toils of parents and sweetens their joys. Your fine prospects have been suddenly and sadly overcast. Fell death like an untimely frost has nipped these young budding flowers. Spring will return, and you will soon see the flowers in the path, and hear the birds sing in the wood, but you will meet with your little babes no more till the last day shall dawn. It is a sad pull to the affections. The sight of children of the same age, of the same name or appearance, will awaken tender feelings. Our Saviour shed tears at the foreseen sufferings of Jerusalem. He wept at the grave of Lazarus. This noble example consecrates the tear of affection, but we must not sorrow as those who have no hope. We trust that your children have safely reached a cloudless shore. They are not lost but gone before. They are safe in the bosom of celestial love.

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TO MISS ARCHIBALD.

We planted three rose bushes in the garden in memory of Mr. McCurdy's children. They are beginning to bud, and afford a beautiful emblem of a future state. That kind Providence which watches over the flowers of the field, and renews the foliage of the plant will in due time repair the desolations of the grave. If the plant sends forth its leaves and loveliness after the seed from which it sprung has suffered corruption in the ground, shall not the same law of renovation extend to the human body, and reanimate its lovely form? The youth and the child will rise with those who wept over their untimely graves, perfect as the first-born of the sons of light, to meet the gracious welcome of Him who, in the days of His flesh, took little children in His arms, and blessed them.

1838.

TO THE REV. DR. BURNS, PAISLEY.

Feb.

At the formation of the Colonial Society you wrote me a letter and expressed a willingness to cultivate a friendly correspondence in order to prevent any collision between your missions and our settled congregations. I approved of the measure, but the fathers of our Church rather declined it. Jealousy, distrust, and other hateful plants speedily sprang up and poisoned the Colonial vineyard. Our ministers accused the society of attempting to break up some of our congregations by injudiciously sending a missionary to Shelburne, St. Mary's, and places in connection with our Church. War was proclaimed and fighting men

threw away the scabbard. I never took any part in these bickerings. I considered them injurious to all parties. I wrote in favour of a union of all orthodox Presbyterians. They would command more respect if they were united in one grand efficient body. . . .

I rejoice that the Church of Scotland has arisen in her might and majesty and successfully defended herself against the Voluntaries. We had a sprinkling of Voluntaryism in Nova Scotia. But it has no charm for ministers. It is no favourite with us. We are too well acquainted with its weakness and worthlessness.

I am delighted with the Church of Scotland Magazine. The Editor has made me a present of the magazine from its commencement. The Rev. Mr. Willis made me a present of many tracts on the Voluntary question. The defeat of Dr. Ritchie at — by Dr. Cook has delighted many firesides in Nova Scotia. My brother-in-law, the Rev. Thos. Neilson of Rothesay, sends me news and magazines and frequently religious tracts for gratis distribution. My dear sir, perhaps you would, through the same channel, send me a parcel of tracts. I have a small claim on your affectionate regards. I have been long sowing the seeds of truth among the hills and valleys of Nova Scotia. Thirty-two years ago I stood beside you in the Hebrew Class. I take a deep interest in your welfare and rejoice in your rising fame. Your brother was the first friend I had in the New World. I see in the *Christian World* a beautiful description of the Scottish emigrants by your brother.

I think you might use your influence with the College to confer a degree on the Rev. John Scott of Halifax. He is a respectable man and a good scholar. His predecessor was clothed with academical honours.

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It would shed some lustre on the Church. When last home, the late minister of Rothesay said to me that he would use his influence with the Rev. Dr. MacGill to obtain a degree for Mr. Scott. But, alas! he was summoned to an early tomb, or it would have been attempted.

1839.

TO MR. C. ROBSON, HALIFAX.

Jan.

I learn that your house is again darkened with the shadow of death, and that your excellent father has dropt his mantle of clay, and returned to the bosom of the Divinity. I am happy to hear that in his last hours he was supported with the full energy of religious principle and the presence of his Master. Your father was one of my earliest acquaintances in Nova Scotia, and my respect for him increased with his years. He was regarded by all his brethren in the ministry as a man of much good sense and correct feeling, solid scholarship and ardent piety. His piety was deep and silent. It was not the stream of brooks that soon passeth away, but an ever-refreshing current supplied from a never-failing spring. We had few better men among us, and when he leaves us we feel the earth grow poorer. When I pronounced his funeral eulogium the congregation was deeply affected. You need shed no tears but those of joy for the removal of your honourable father. He trod the thorny path of life, and had to encounter no ordinary portion of trials in the ministry, and this we must all expect because our Master was crucified; but his trials are now over, and he has quitted the sorrows of humanity for the

land of everlasting joy. I fondly hope your father's instructions and example will not be lost upon you, but under the divine blessing be the means of guiding you creditably through life, and preparing you for your last change.

GOOD MATTHEW.

Died at Musquodoboit, on the 8th inst., Mr. Matthew T. Archibald, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was one of the early settlers, and was justly esteemed a wise and a good man. He loved religion in his youth, and he found it to be the support of declining years. His hopes and prospects in his last illness were worthy of his early professions, and he bequeathed to his family and acquaintances a character and a name of great value.

1840.

TO MRS. McCLEW.

Sept.

We have just received Mr. Hannay's (1) letter stating that your husband had lately left you in this vale of tears and gone home. We are truly sorry that the separation took place so early in the autumn of life; yet we are really glad to hear that he has cleared the wilderness, crossed in safety the dark rolling Jordan and entered the Canaan above. The separation you now lament may not be of long duration, and when you meet with him again it will repay you for all the tears you have shed for him upon earth. I hope the mantle of his piety will fall in deep folds on his children and that God will bless them and make them all useful in life, and happy in death. I always esteemed your husband

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as a wise and good man. He was a constant attendant upon public worship. I doubt not that his affection for his Saviour would steadily increase in America. I have often seen him at prayer meetings, and enjoyed with him much improving conversation. These golden hours have gone, but they have left a fragrance on the mind never to be effaced. You are now a widow, far from the home of your childhood and the house of your fathers, but God is all-sufficient, and He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." I parted with you and your sainted husband at St. John. I have since had some trials, but mercies have greatly preponderated. We have five fine children, the joy of our joy and the essence of all our other felicities. We have a good farm, and a large congregation, and an increasing field of usefulness. We need nothing but divine grace to make us humble and thankful. If we are without true religion we are poor, whatever else we may have ; but if we have true religion we are rich, whatever we may want.

1841.

TO THE REV. MR. WADDELL, TRURO.

5th Jan.

I often hear of you, but seldom see you. I know you think I have entirely forgotten you, but it is not so. I still remember you at my best times. I know that you have many dark and melancholy days, but I trust you know how to draw comfort from our Saviour's words : "Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted." Afflictions are part of our education for heaven, and are essential to our improvement in the graces and virtues of the divine life. Our natures are fitted for suffering as well as for action. Some of

the noblest qualities of the mind and the best affections of the heart would be dormant, were it not for the adversities of life. The most beautiful colours in the rainbow are painted on the darkest clouds. The stars shine most brilliantly in the darkest nights. The saints often appear to the best advantage in the winter of affliction. Had it not been for the adversities of life, we would never have heard of the faith of Abraham, the meekness of Moses, or the patience of Job. Had they passed through life with the littleness of wealth their names would have been lost in oblivion ; but as tried saints and favourites of God, they shine in the moral heavens and instruct all generations. Afflictions are ill to bear ; and when they are not wisely improved they fill the mind with distrust and discontent, for the same fire that melts the gold will harden the clay ; but when borne with patience and surmounted with fortitude, they will brighten the happiness of better days, when nothing shall be remembered of them but the friendly hand that supported us under them. I trust that a few more stormy nights will bring you to Immanuel's land. You have already reached the days of your fathers ; you are a venerable relic of other times ; you dwell in the midst of a new generation that cannot fully enter into your feelings and affections. Nearly all your early friends and many of later years have faded from your view. Your wife died the summer I came to Nova Scotia, and she has since been followed by several of her children. Few of us can think of a father's house without remembering relations who are sleeping in the dust. We cannot commit a parent, a wife, or a child to the dust without indulging the fond hope of meeting in heaven. At the grave of a friend the world appears a wilderness, and life itself dark and unlovely. But death shall not

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reign forever over man's imperial race. He who comes shall come, and will not tarry, and the last morn shall dawn on the long night of the grave.

TO THE HON. GEORGE YOUNG, HALIFAX.

It is but lately since the king of shadows seized a noble victim, and removed your excellent father from this world in the autumn of life. I see from the papers that your house is again darkened with the shadow of death, and one nearer to you than father or mother has been removed from this vale of tears in the bloom of life. I did not know that Mrs. Young was unwell. I hope it would be no death to her, but to her woes and her sufferings. She appeared to be a woman worthy of the noblest love, and your house seemed to be an Eden. But who knows what a day may bring forth! Our lives are a tale, a dream, a nothing. But there is another and a better world where all believers shall meet to part no more. In the day of the manifestations of the sons of God none shall be wanting worthy of our affections. Amidst the wrecks and ruins of our race we hear a voice saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The death of friends is among the severest trials of human life. Here the wound ever bleeds afresh and renews itself. It would have been worse for you if you had no children. In that case your heart would have been like an old ruined tower without inhabitants. Your children will add to your cares, but they will also add to your comfort; they will call up the memory of the maid of your early love, they

will awaken your tender sympathies, and cheer you in your most melancholy hour. It is the religion of Jesus that affords the most effectual consolation under the afflictions of life.

1842.

TO VEN. ARCHDEACON WILLIS, OF ST. PAUL'S, HALIFAX.

10th May.

I learn that you are about to start for your native land. I cannot allow you to depart without expressing my affection and esteem for your person and character. I saw you for the first time in the city of St. John in the year 1818. Since that time you, sir, and I have had our share of afflictions, and have experienced some of the sweets and bitters of human life, but we have much reason to be thankful that mercies have greatly prevailed. Many of the stars of our Nova Scotia Zion have set and we very soon must put off our priestly robes; may we meet in a higher temple and unite in a purer worship. My dear sir, you have done much good in this country. It will now afford you some pleasure on the long sea, to reflect that during your sojourn you have contributed your share to plant the rose of Sharon in our green woods and snow-clad regions. I hope that a kind Providence will preserve you amidst the wild waves of the ocean, give you a happy sight of your fatherland, and speedily restore you to your people.

TO MR. NEILSON.

Sept.

I am glad that the old Cameronian garrison at Newton Stewart is repaired, and the banners unfurled,

indicating the approach of better days. I well recollect that near half a century ago it was regarded by the old dissenters as one of the strongholds of truth in Galloway, a kind of nursing mother to all the rest, and the chosen spot to which the spiritual tribes repaired at stated times to pay their vows. The Rev. James Reid was then in the flower of his fame, and his charge extended from Portpatrick to Dumfries. Newton Stewart was his headquarters, and imagination invested it with a more hallowed character than it has had of late years. For about the second Sabbath of June the sacrament of the last supper of our Lord was celebrated with much solemnity and deep devotional feeling. Much preparation was made and great crowds attended. The well-known tent was set up in John Gordon's garden, or some retired spot near the town. The Rev. Thomas Rowatt from Penpont, and the Rev. Robert Douglas as assistants to Mr. Reid, probably arrived on the Wednesday evening. Thursday was the fast day. It was kept with strict solemnity. The discourses on that day usually turned on the evil of sin, and the duty of confessing and forsaking it. Little pastoral groups were seen streaming away to the house of prayer, for discipline was so strict, that unless they kept the fast, they could scarcely be admitted to the banquet. Many of them came thirty miles from Stranraer and Castle Douglas, Colmonell and Whithorn. The forenoon of Friday was the men's day, and it was devoted to special prayer meetings. Some of the brethren had signal gifts in prayer, and it was refreshing to hear them. On the afternoon of Friday we had a sermon from one of the ministers, and it was usually on communion with God. A rich repast was expected, because the earnest prayers of the forenoon were supposed to have a powerful effect on the pulpit

in the afternoon. On the Saturday the vision was doubled. We had two long discourses, besides a solemn address from the pastor. The topics selected for the Saturday were often the privileges of believers or spiritual manifestations, and the service increased in interest and spirituality as we ascended the hill of Zion. At an early hour on the Sabbath, Mr. Reid appeared on the green with a bunch of grey-headed elders at his back. They had a grave appearance, with deep reflecting foreheads. They could scarcely have stopped short of Calvinism, even if they had wished it. A few minutes were spent at the tent-door in cordial salutations, in shaking of hands with the strange ministers, and kind inquiries after each other's welfare. The service commenced with a storm of music which made the hills echo; for though they had not that cultivated taste for sacred song which our congregations have in Nova Scotia, yet they all joined in the singing, and did the best they could. It was not art, but nature sustained and directed by divine grace that made their psalmody so agreeable. The action sermon was usually on the sufferings of Christ; and though little new was to be expected here, yet there was often such a vigour and freshness in the description that I imagined I saw the vinegar countenances of the Pharisees who condemned Him, the helmets of the soldiers, and the big tears rolling down the cheeks of the fishermen of Galilee. When the minister descended from the tent to the head of the table to offer up the consecration prayer, such a stillness prevailed that you might have heard the buzzing of a fly or the falling of a needle. It was indeed a solemn moment and a lovely sight to see 150 people of some standing in religion slowly moving to the Lord's table, and taking into their hands the memorials of His love, and the

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seals of their pardon, and such a sight could not fail to do a reflecting man some good. Here the flowers of affection bloomed which in full blow are to adorn the Paradise above. We had neither leisure nor inclination to look at the landscape, but it abounded with natural beauties—the rich valleys around the town, the green woods, the sloping hills, the sparkling brooks, the majestic river, and the wild mountains of Minnigaff in the background, hiding their heads in the clouds, and often mantled with snow. The evening sermon often turned on the blessedness of the heavenly state; “where Sabbaths have no end and congregations ne’er break up.” It was continued till the dewdrops were falling and the shadows of the evening were approaching. If they were too dark, and deep, a psalm was given out to sing that we all knew by heart. But the work was not done at parting. Many of the people had far to travel, the rites of hospitality were to be performed to strangers, family prayers were long, and much of the night seemed to be devoted to secret prayer. I fear that much of this devotional spirit has departed from our people; and it is not likely to return unless the divine spirit is poured down from on high.

On the Monday many of the hearers appeared on the green in the habit of travellers with their staves in their hands, ready to depart when the blessing was pronounced. On this day they were instructed in the duty of bearing witness for the truth as it is in Jesus, and often reminded of the ages of darkness and blood, when the minister’s home was the mountain and the moor. I have sometimes united with these good folks in the worship of God. I have joined with their pastors in taking a part of the services of the sanctuary. The time cannot be far distant when we shall meet

again in happier circumstances than ever we met on earth, and then every passion shall be resolved into love, and every duty into praise.

I feel no regret at leaving my native land. I have enjoyed abundance of mercies in my adopted country, yet I sometimes envy your better lot in remaining among your kindred and among your own people. You are preaching the Gospel in an old settled country improved by the labours of centuries, in sight of the towers of the university and near John Knox's monument. I am sowing the seed of truth in a new soil manured with the leaves of the forest, and lately reclaimed from the wandering redskins. When you die you shall be gathered to the city of your fathers' sepulchres ; I must sleep in the green woods, and my bones shall mingle with the dust of the emigrant, and the Indian, and other children of the forest. But on the morning of the resurrection our Saviour's voice shall be heard over all the kingdoms of the dead, and a way shall be open to our Father's house from every land.

OBITUARY.

2nd Nov.

The death of the late John Waddell, of Truro, was last week announced in the papers in the usual way. But the decease of this faithful and laborious minister of Christ deserves a fuller notice, and the record of a few more particulars. Had this worthy man died in India or in Africa, his name would have been chronicled on the face of Europe. Let not this devoted friend of Nova Scotia be forgotten. He has earned an honest reputation for nearly half a century, in spreading pure Christianity over the hills and valleys of Colchester.

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And though for a few years, owing to increasing infirmities, he has not been able for parochial duties, yet in his better days he stood in the front rank, and would suffer nothing by a comparison with the best preachers of the present time. He was an able divine, the sterling gold of the sanctuary, prudent and discreet, of great moral courage, considerable learning, and of extensive usefulness.

He was a native of Clydesdale, Scotland, born of creditable parents in the parish of Shotts. He was educated at the College of Glasgow, and bore the honours of that University. He studied divinity at Selkirk, under Dr. Lawson. Some men may have stood higher on the field of intellect, and some may have drunk deeper at the fountains of science, but few men were in all respects better fitted for being successful and acceptable ministers than Mr. Waddell.

For some years before he was licensed to preach the Gospel the Secession Church had loud and pressing calls for a supply of ministers from America, and the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," was loudly and frequently repeated from Pennsylvania, New York and Nova Scotia. The Associate Synod warmly took up the subject, and repeatedly appointed young men to that important service, but few, comparatively, found their way across the Atlantic. They seemed to have had but little relish for a mission on a foreign shore so long as they had any chance of a congregation in their own country. But there were some preachers who were willing to encounter the terrors of the deep, and the privations of the wilderness, on purpose to collect a few sheep for the Saviour.

Sometime before the close of last century, Rev. Daniel Cock, Rev. Mr. Smith, of Londonderry, Rev. Hugh Cameron, of Cornwallis, Rev. Mr. Murdoch,

of Horton, Rev. Mr. McGregor, of Pictou, and Rev. Mr. Munro, of Shelburne, and some others were permanently settled in Nova Scotia. In the summer of the year 1797, Rev. John Waddell and Rev. Matthew Dripps were appointed by the Synod to strengthen the hands of the brethren in this country. On the 12th of August in that year, they sailed from Greenock, and reached the Bay of Fundy by the way of New York. They commenced their labours in their adopted country, and calls were given to Mr. Waddell from the congregations of Musquodoboit, Stewiacke and Truro. He accepted the call from Truro, and was associated in the ministry with Rev. Daniel Cock. His ministry was prosperous and successful for many years, and he occasionally visited young settlements in the surrounding country. The old people speak with delight of the great gatherings they usually had on sacramental occasions. Truro was considered as a kind of Gospel Jerusalem, to which the tribes repaired at stated times to pay their vows. It was regarded in early days as the metropolis of Presbyterianism; a nursing mother to younger communities, and it claims a higher origin than even Pictou itself, the great rendezvous of John Knox's own children. About fourteen years ago, Mr. Waddell had a severe stroke of palsy, from which he never properly recovered. He continued his labours as usual; he regularly preached on the Sabbath, visited his people, edified the old and warned the young. His whole life was a persuasive sermon to his people. He was to the sick a cheerful visitant, to the afflicted a messenger of consolation, and to the dying an angel of peace. He bore his afflictions, like Job, in silence and submission to the will of God, and regarded them as part of his education for heaven. He was usually cheerful, and old age was in him like a sun

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without a cloud. About three years ago he obtained an assistant and successor, Rev. William McCulloch, a young man of good talents, of amiable disposition and high promise. From that period he seldom performed clerical duties, and could not always attend public worship, but he employed his lonely hours in reading the writings of Boston, Erskine, Wilson, Harvey and other favourite authors of the "olden time." He drank deep in the waters of affliction, in the early removal of his affectionate wife, the premature death of some of his children, and in long and continued bodily debility. For some years before his death, he was, in a manner, suspended between two worlds, unable to do any further service for the Church on earth, and yet not admitted to the duties and delights of the upper sanctuary. He lingered in a field which he could no longer cultivate, but his affliction purified his virtues and ennobled his character. His trials are all now over, and nothing of them remains but the remembrance of the friendly hand that supported him under them. On the day of his interment, the Rev. James Smith (1) preached a funeral sermon from the words of the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight," etc. The Revs. Mr. Crow, Mr. Baxter (2) and Mr. McCulloch took part in the service, and his body was consigned to its last resting-place, with all the honours bestowed on distinguished mortality.

At the time of his interment a traveller passed through Truro, and was astonished to find the shops all shut, and the village bereft of its inhabitants. He could only see one woman and a few children to tell him that the whole people had followed their beloved pastor to the grave. He had baptized them; he had united them in wedlock; he had blessed them; and they were anxious to catch a last look of the departed prophet. "The memory of the just is blessed."

While the great and the little sleep together in silence, and in darkness, the righteous are held in everlasting remembrance; their actions smell sweet, and blossom from the grave.

The sermons of Mr. Waddell were plain, practical and useful. He aimed at no portentous novelties; he introduced no thorny speculations or perplexing controversies; he contented himself with preaching those familiar and fundamental doctrines, and important truths, which every conscientious minister of the Gospel must feel it to be his duty to keep habitually before the minds, and to impress most constantly and earnestly on the hearts of his people committed to his care. When he came to Truro he found it a wilderness, and he left it a beautiful and rising village with an industrious and intelligent population. But the village has changed its inhabitants. The old ministers have put off their priestly robes, and gone to give in their account; but the religion of Him who is the first and the last shall never perish, and He shall always have Priests and Levites to serve Him (1).

1843.

1st Jan.—Nova Scotia has of late been so often described by travellers, that it is scarcely possible to say anything that has not already been said. To conceive aright of the genuine appearance of the country, you must fancy yourself on a little eminence (for we have no mountains); look east and west, it is wood; look north and south, it is all dark forests, now and then broken with the glittering haunts of men. I have at times travelled over a barren, twenty miles wide, without seeing a single human dwelling except the wigwam of an Indian. You would almost be afraid to meet

with an Indian in such a wilderness, but you would have nothing to fear. The Indians are not savages; they are nature's gentlemen. They are strictly honest, harmless and good neighbours. When an old Indian Chief pays me a visit he kisses his hand and calls me his father. Many parts of the country are barren and incapable of cultivation, but at the mouth of its principal rivers there are extensive fields of marshland equal in value to the estate of Baldoon, or the Carse of Gowrie in Perthshire. On the margins of all its streams and brooks, there are many green spots capable of raising any kind of grain and which require nothing but the hand of industry to give them a splendour equal to the vales of the Nith or the Clyde. Where the soil is good, our noble forests are rapidly yielding to the hatchets and plough-shares of our young men, and the tide of population is rushing over our hills.

Where the means of subsistence are so easy to acquire, people marry young and multiply very fast. If a young man sees a girl with ruby lips and good black eyes, he probably takes a fancy for her; and if he has ten shillings to buy an axe, he goes back to the green woods to build a log cabin for himself and the maid of his heart. He cuts down four acres to raise wheat, and he repeats the operation every year. Though the young couple begin without a shilling, yet, if industrious, at the end of seven years he has probably cleared fifty acres, has five cows, a yoke of oxen, twenty sheep, and all the materials of a comfortable subsistence. At the end of fifteen years he is living in a shingle palace, has a fine family of children, a large herd of cattle, is driving a horse and gig, canvassing for votes to get into the House of Assembly, and his good lady is smoking tobacco, talking politics, making homespuns, and selling butter. In a country where all can be masters it is

next to impossible to get good servants. Owing to the high price of wages farming is carried on, on a very small scale. It is managed by the farmer and his family, and they reap the fruit of their own industry. The wife and daughters take the fleece, spin, weave and dye it, and make it into garments. The farmer often shoes his horse and oxen, tans his leather, and sometimes builds a little vessel to carry the produce of his farm to market. The chief part of the population consists of country-born, but we have in some settlements a mixture of all nations, which would remind you of Joseph's coat of many colours. I recollect about a quarter of a century ago, that I stayed a few days in a magistrate's house in the county of ——. The landlord was a German, his wife was Dutch, a young lady in the house was a Virginian, and there was a young lad who belonged to Halifax; the servant man was an Hibernian who had lately cut turf in the Bog of Allan, the servant woman an Indian, lately from the wigwam, and your humble servant the chaplain from the land of the mountain and the flood, and, like the animals in Noah's ark, we slept under the same roof in perfect peace. The Germans and the Scots make the best settlers, and usually keep abreast of society. Give a Scotsman a Bible and a horn-spoon, and he will shift for himself in any part of the world. Many of our first settlers on this river are still alive; and when they pitched their tents it was an unbroken wilderness, but now I can see thirty-five dwelling-houses from my own door, and it is more thickly settled than many parts of Scotland. It is the land of universal labour, and all who will not work are thrown back on the dregs of the people. Ministers of the Gospel in most cases cannot live upon the profits of their own profession; they must often plough potatoes and rake

hay. The voluntary principle is the most frail and fluctuating of all securities, and can do little or nothing in a wilderness. We often see Paul the tentmaker supporting Paul the Apostle. But though the voluntary principle is not strong enough to support public worship, the Sabbath is respected and the House of God is frequented. Many of our people possess strong devotional feelings, retain the form and seek after the power of godliness. You would be pleased to see our people on the first day of the week issuing from their forests and streaming away to God's House with all the sober decency of a Scottish Sabbath morning. At the church door you would see a hundred horses tied to the wooden fence with gigs and waggons of every description. In the church you would see bonnets of every grade, from the finest satins to the humble brown top grass, and gowns from the finest silk to coarse homespuns. The magnitude and decorum of the congregation would please you still better, and at certain turns of the music you would think the strains more than mortal, and that the Divinity had actually condescended to take possession of His temple. On particular occasions you would hear the preacher make honourable mention of John Knox's country, with its pious peasantry, its lofty mountains and lovely glens, consecrated by the tombs of the martyrs. He would probably allude to the ages of darkness and blood, when the minister's home was the mountain and the moor, and contrast them with the tranquil period in which we live, when we have nothing to make us afraid.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GALLOWAY REGISTER.

It is not long since the Scottish Church was regarded as one of the fairest daughters of the Reformation and one of the strong bulwarks of the Protestant religion in Europe. It grieves me to hear that the beautiful house where our forefathers worshipped is broken up and her pleasant places laid waste. But there is a set time promised when God shall arise and have mercy upon her. I hope she will soon be rebuilt and continue for many ages to spread pure Christianity over the hills and valleys of Scotland. The day-star of peace and religious unity shall return to her bosom. The fold of our Redeemer is one, and divisions among Christians are the bulwarks of Satan's kingdom. I cannot help thinking that our Scottish Zion, with her parish schools, has had a powerful influence in forming and sustaining the character of Scotsmen abroad. We meet with them in all countries, and owing to their canny foresight and gude common sense, they seldom sink into mere labourers. I have never seen a Scotsman abroad breaking stones upon the road,—such a humble employment would be regarded as a discredit to John Knox's children. They continue to keep abreast of society in the land of their sojourn, and you will often see them scrambling for all the honours of their adopted country. At home they have few honours within their reach; they often dwell in clay-built cottages, and sleep under a roof of straw, but abroad they sometimes repose in colleges, castles and palaces. The professors of Dalhousie College are from Scotland. Our Attorney-General was educated in Nithsdale. The speaker of our Colonial Parliament is a gentleman from Falkirk.

Dr. John Stevenson, Professor in King's College, Windsor, is from Stranraer, and the Honourable and

Right Rev. Charles James Stewart is the third son of the Earl of Galloway. When I came to this country, Dr. Stewart was a humble missionary at St. Ann in Lower Canada, and there planted the standard of truth in the very heart of Romanism. For many years he endured all the privations and fatigues of a missionary life. He was very zealous and eminently pious, and his name sheds a lustre on Galloway House. His long journeys and severe labours impaired his constitution, and he was removed from this world before he reached the winter of age. But his memory blossoms sweet from the tomb, and is embalmed in the affections of his flock. Some names may have ranked higher, in the theological literature of his country, yet a very grateful remembrance of him is retained by persons of all ranks and denominations, in the colonies which formed the chief scene of his labours. God is graciously pleased to employ as instruments in the great work of redemption, men of very different tempers and acquirements. It is seldom that a missionary has gone forth more eminently imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. He was eminently successful in winning souls to the Saviour. We still retain a volume of prayers which we received from that excellent prelate.

1844.

3rd Jan.—At twelve o'clock embarked on board the steamship *Hibernia* for Liverpool.

13th.—Reached Liverpool early in the day.

15th.—Went on board the *Harrington* for Kirkcudbright.

18th.—Reached Stoneykirk. A happy meeting with my brother and family.

Met with Sergeant McWhirter. We had been

together in Captain Maitland's Volunteer Company, in the year 1799.

Met with John McMaster of Anchenclouy. This is one of the companions of my youth. Nearly sixty years ago we paddled about the burn, and fished for trout with a crooked pin.

1st Feb.—Had a delightful drive up the Loch of Cree, the high mountains of Minnigaff mantled with snow, visited Glencaird, and spent the evening in company with Mr. Murray (1) and his wife, recounting the tales of the days of other years. I resided for one year on the farm of Stroan, thirty-eight years ago. There was something solemn and serious in visiting a place from which I had been so long separated by mountain, stream and sea.

15th.—Breakfasted with Dr. Chalmers. Found him quite agreeable and cheerful. Asked about the high tides in the Bay of Fundy. Could scarcely believe that the tide rose fifty feet. The house of Dr. Burns, as in New Brunswick, is still the temple of hospitality. Here I met with an old friend without a new face. He is walking, preaching, praying, and relishing a quiet joke, as in New Brunswick in 1818. If anything would make me return to Edinburgh, it would be the kindness of this family.

21st.—Sailed down the Clyde to Rothsay. I had a delightful view of the hills covered with snow, the sunbeams playing amidst the storms.

Feb.—Sailed on board the *Lady Lisle*.

TO THE REV. T. NEILSON, ROTHSAY.

25th May.

At parting, you expressed a wish that I should make a few remarks on my last visit to the old world. You

are welcome to a few rough notes, but I fear there is little to amuse you. I have gained some little credit for hardihood among fireside travellers, for undertaking a long voyage in the middle of a winter unusually severe. I have enjoyed abundance of mercies in the land of my sojourn, but Caledonia is my own native land. I should like to see the heather and breathe its fragrance once in seven years, or, to speak more soberly, I should like to have my zeal rekindled in a country that is doing so much for Immanuel's kingdom. Crossing the Atlantic is now an easy matter, for in less than ten days we exchanged the snow-clad regions of Nova Scotia for the green fields and dark brown mountains of the mother country. When we made the land, I read the 126th Psalm—"Like men that dreamed were we." It was the middle of January, and the fields were green and rough, the sheep nibbling in the meadows, the flies dancing in the windows, and the birds singing in the bushes. The people were as busy in the field as they are with us in the middle of summer. Draining has greatly changed the appearance of Scottish husbandry, and opened up new sources of industry and wealth. Bogs and swamps, which in my early days were the resort of wild fowl, are now reclaimed land yielding wheat. The farmers then contented themselves with scratching the surface of the earth to make a living, but now they are digging deep and turning up the subsoil. The cultivation of the soil is the first of all arts. It was taught man by his Maker in the morning of the world, and while we still follow it, we may by sober reflection gather flowers that shall flourish in the Paradise above. The fires of education appear to be trimmed with care, and the gardens of literature cultivated with diligence and ability. Some have made splendid fortunes, and yet

there is much real poverty. The poor people are forced off the soil and crushed into villages where they cannot get employment. The whole country is becoming one vast city, and they must soon emigrate in great numbers. Begging is not allowed, and yet it abounds. You may see a fine lady at the top of a stair covered with silks and satins, and at the foot five or six beggars waiting to see what they can get. In the backwoods we have no fine ladies and no beggars, and neither of them could thrive, but all who can work live very well. In some instances I saw poor people crowded into cellars, and following their trades at the bottom of streets where they enjoy about as much of the light of heaven as a community of frogs at the bottom of a well. I often thought of the pure air and plenty of room we have in Nova Scotia, where every man can have his house in his field, and repose under the shadow of his own trees. At every stage of my journey, memory raked up the remaining friends of early days. But time had made sad havoc of them, and had only spared from the wreck of the last generation, a little grey-headed group, which could be easily counted. In the midst of a large congregation where I once could have named every person, I had a sad struggle to catch a few well-known countenances. I had a drive up the Loch of Cree. The mountains, the rivers, the lake and the birds are the same as formerly, but the people have nearly all become tenants of the tomb. I preached one Sabbath at the House of the Hill. I scarcely knew anyone. A man said to me, that when a boy, he had heard me preach in the same place on the day of the battle of Waterloo. I entered my native place, the village of Stoneykirk. It was a wilderness—I knew nobody. I asked an old man, "Where are my school-fellows?" He pointed

to the burial ground. I entered it. I could not move three steps without treading on the dust of some well-known acquaintance. I thought of the many generations who were there awaiting their final doom, but could not know how many would appear at the right hand of the Judge on the great day.

The town of Stranraer is much improved, and several of the fields in its vicinity are laid out in handsome streets. Its harbour is improved, and adorned with steamboats. Of its former fleet of coasting vessels, I could see no memorial except the little sloop *Industry*, owned by John Kerr. She has the same appearance which she had forty years ago. I met with Mr. Charles Paterson, and asked for his brother officers in Colonel McDowall's Regiment of Dragoons. He said the regiment was raised in the year 1795, and nearly all the men and officers had gone to the unseen abodes, where the noise of war is unknown. The dark blue sea, the dark brown hills of Loch Ryan, and the green woods of Culhorn have the same appearance which they had when I was at school, but the old inhabitants have all disappeared. There are new merchants in the shops, new lawyers at the bar, new judges on the bench, and new priests at the altar. I was like the man carried away with the fairies, I was quite lost. I crossed the long sea to repair the stock of friendship and renew the intercourse of early years, but this was impossible. I was like the prophet Ezekiel in the valley of vision. I was travelling over an extensive burial ground, and could see nothing but dead men. The frame of society at Stranraer appears to be very sober and decent. At the time of the communion, the churches appeared to be well filled, the Lord's table was frequented with devout worshippers, and the people seemed attached to their

ministers. I attended the communion in Mr. Smellie's church, and was much pleased with all that I saw and heard. There sat at the same table with me, Mr. Douglas, an old school-fellow, the captain of the *Maid of Galloway*. I could not but recollect that when the sacrament was first dispensed in person by our Lord, Peter, Andrew and John, three sailors, were at the table. I was glad still to find sailors at the communion.

The ministers of Stranraer form a strong and efficient body, and their active and united labours must have a powerful effect on the best interests of the rising generation, and though they are still separated by certain invisible points which can only be seen by very sharp-sighted people, yet they are all united in great matters, and their great aim is to maintain and extend the common Christianity of our Lord.

THE HOLY COMMUNION, N.S.

On the Saturday afternoon, the people of the quiet and rural township of Musquodoboit were slowly retiring into the church. It was the day of immediate preparation for the sacrament which is observed here with much devotional feeling. As the night closed in, several little pastoral groups arrived from a distance, to be in readiness to unite in the services of the next day. The morning was lovely, fresh and bracing. The arisen sun had gilded the summits of the mountains, and tinged every tree and flower with gold. The grey mist soon rolled away from the river, and the sloping hills appeared mantled with wood, down to the water's edge. The weary horse stood in his stall, and the working oxen reposed on the heath. It was unusually still. I heard neither the huntsman's horn nor the

rifle. I could hear nothing but a wood-pecker hammering a decayed tree with a bill like a carpenter's mallet.

As the day arose, the stillness was broken by the tread of footmen and riders issuing from their forests and streaming away to the House of God. At the wood fence at the church door, there were more than a hundred horses tied, with waggons and gigs of every description. Pride and poverty must have fought a hard battle, before so many could be mustered in a young settlement ; but the Nova Scotians are like the Arabs of the desert—they will never walk when they can get hold of a horse, and you may sometimes see seven girls stuck into one gig, and driving on like Jehu.

At an early hour the minister appeared at the church. He was in the sere and yellow leaf of age, his countenance lightened up with benevolence and peace. At his back a staff of grey-headed elders. They were men of a grave appearance, with deep reflecting foreheads. They had not been at Pentland or Bothwell Bridge, but they must have studied the writings of John Calvin and Thomas Boston. Three of them were Scottishmen—I knew them by their well-built frames, sharp countenances and high cheek bones. They noiselessly moved over the floor, and “Holiness to the Lord” seemed to be the motto that regulated all their movements. I was pleased and surprised with the magnitude and decorum of the congregation. The church was a large wooden building capable of holding 700, and was well filled. The fine white linen, and the beautiful silver cups on the Lord's table, reminded me of the nature of the service, and ought to have called forth deep devotional feeling. But I could not help taking a look at the congregation,

which had rather a freckled appearance, and it could not be otherwise, for it contained a sprinkling of several nations, and their garments, too, reminded me of Joseph's coat of many colours. Upon the whole, they were remarkably well dressed, and they would not have considered themselves honoured by a comparison with a congregation in the upper ward of Clydesdale.

The minister read the 102nd Psalm from the 13th verse. The service commenced with a storm of music, in which the whole congregation stood up and united.

It was loud as the sound of many waters, for the Nova Scotians cultivate sacred music to a passion. It is to them a source of perpetual delight, and in their long journeys by land and water, you often hear them lightening the fatigues of the way by singing the solemn dirge of the Old Hundred or some favourite psalm.

The great majority of the communicants were young people who wished to give the Almighty the vernal flower of life, but I observed at the Lord's Table an old German near a hundred years, and an old Scottishman above a hundred. The appearance of these two old patriarchs, who had been spared from the wreck of a former generation—excited much interest and heightened the solemnity of the scene.

In the concluding address, the pastor said that he had lately enjoyed a Communion Sabbath in his native land, and it afforded him much satisfaction to meet with some of the friends of his early days, but it afforded him still more satisfaction to unite once more with the companions of his age in his own congregation. He reminded them of the changes which had taken place in the congregation since they had the first

sacrament, and said that the King of Shadows had lately claimed a fearful tribute from the communion roll. Several of his honourable elders, with many dear friends, repose on beds of dust and darkness. He said that some years ago they had five young women that loved the Saviour with the love of an espousal. They loved each other, and lived near to each other. They were often in company, and seldom separated without uniting in some religious service. They were the flower of the community, and the flower of the communion table. But the fairest flower often fades the soonest. Their sun went down at noon. But death could do them no injury. Their last moments were soothed, and their hopes brightened with the consolations of the Gospel. Their deathbed resembled a second spring, every grace budded and brought forth fruit so beautifully.

After a short intermission of twenty minutes, the assistant minister conducted the service, and preached a good sermon from these words, "Arise, let us go hence." He called on them to go hence to their duties and devotions, their trials and conflicts, and to prepare themselves for a departure from this world, and for a happy entrance into better mansions. This minister was country born, and afforded a good specimen of a native preacher. I do not claim for these bush-whackers the extensive information or deep-toned piety of people of other countries, but I saw much to approve and to commend, and where everything was conducted with so much external decency, we hope that it proceeded from a good feeling and would be accepted by the Master of Assemblies. On the Monday the vision was doubled. We had two discourses, one on family worship, and the other on the duty of educating children and bringing them up

in the fear of God. We were reminded that no education could be good, unless it was bottomed on divine revelation, and prepared children for a holy life and a happy eternity.

TO THE REV. T. NEILSON, ROTHSAY.

It is seldom my lot in the backwoods to hear other ministers preach. It was a great treat, and it afforded me high satisfaction to hear some of the greatest preachers of our Scottish Zion. On the Sabbath after I landed at Liverpool, I attended divine service three times, and was much pleased with the great crowds that attended public worship in that large commercial city. I attended the Scottish Kirk in the forenoon, and heard a young man preach who was sound and serious, but scarcely possessed of that mental vigour which I had expected from the Church of our fathers. The Methodist preacher was rather vehement and noisy, but scant of vocables, still more scant of ideas, and not equal to many Methodist preachers in this colony. The discourse of Dr. Raffles was not altogether free from some instances of bad taste, yet was by far the best of the three. It was a humble, unpretending statement of the truth as it is in Jesus, with an honest application to the consciences of men. There are, no doubt, tall cedars in the mother country who would wither every preacher in Nova Scotia with their shadow, but I have often heard sermons in the green woods that would bear comparison with those that I heard that Sabbath in Liverpool.

I heard some of the stars of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley and Stranraer, and was edified and instructed

by them all. I heard a very superior discourse from the Rev. Dr. Barr of Glasgow. The style of preaching appears to have undergone a change. It is more effective and more practical. It comes home to men's bosoms and business. Great men seldom say a pretty thing. The prettiness of sentiment, the cold and correct periods of Dr. Blair, have nearly passed away, and have given place to a bolder and more masculine eloquence, which contains a fuller and more faithful exhibition of the truth. Ministers of the present day are working men, and they throw out on their audiences rich volumes of ore, without being scrupulous about polishing it. Their hands are full of labour, and many of them have not that leisured repose which is necessary for finished composition. The clergy of Scotland, both churchmen and dissenters, are a highly respectable and learned body, and it is owing to the fidelity and diligence with which they discharge the duties of their office, that Scotsmen enjoy such a rank among the nations. I was much pleased with the ministers, and better pleased with the people. They are the noblest peasantry in the world, and they still contain many fine specimens of primitive Christianity. I have often been impressed with the force of their devotional feelings, as they appeared in their attachment to public worship, and in the faithful performance of domestic duties. I have often heard the minister's grace, and the rector's grace, and even the Lord Bishop's grace, but for deep-toned piety and devotional feeling, they were all outdone by the pious peasantry of Scotland.

TO THE REV. R. BLACKWOOD.

I have just now received your acceptable letter. I shall be most happy to renew with you the social intercourse of earlier days. I shall go and stop with you a week, preach every day, and repeat poetry to the young girls in the evening. It is now nearly twenty-six years since we met on the snow at the little church at Nine Mile River, and after divine service reached your house at ten o'clock in the evening, where I saw Mrs. Blackwood for the first time. Many a time we have preached and prayed together, and when sorely fatigued with heavy sacramental services, we enlivened the evening with talking over tales and times long gone by, and then returned to the combat and led the troops up the hill of Zion. These golden hours have fled, but the remembrance of them is sweet, and they have left a fragrance never to be forgotten. I do not now tread so lightly the green grass as I did in those days to which you allude; yet in September last I dispensed the sacrament of the last Supper of our Lord in Musquodoboit, and at Meagher's Grant, and at Sheet Harbour, without any other assistance than the prayers of the people, and scarcely felt fatigued. The visit to my native land has operated like a charm on my feelings. I tread the green woods with a lighter heart, and a firmer step, and I am engaged in sowing a little seed in the humble hope that, under the fostering care of Heaven, it will spring up to everlasting life, when my grey hairs are mingled with the dust.

1845.

TO REV. MR. GOOLD (1).

Feb.

I have been a month from home just now preaching daily, and so late as last Sabbath my ears were severely frozen with the bitter cold. I did not feel it, as is always the case, till the heat of the stove in the church made my ears so painful that in the middle of the first prayer I had to rush out to rub them with snow. If we do not purchase for ourselves a good degree, it is not because we sleep on a bed of roses.

JUBILEE AT LONDONDERRY, 30TH JULY.

The jubilee at Londonderry went off in fine style on Wednesday last. The morning was fair and the day brilliant. The crops here this year have all gone over the dyke heads; the wheat was wavering in the wind; the meadows were gay and green, and nobly contrasted with the fine farmhouses nicely painted white. The landscape was tranquil, and the morning unusually still. The fisherman's net was drying in the sun, the working ox was reposing on the heath, and the horse and waggon were tied to the door, ready to convey the family to the festival. As the day arose, this stillness was broken by the heavy tread of horse and foot, issuing from the forests and streaming away to the house of God. Long rows of carriages moved on, crowded with people, like the deck of a steamboat. I counted twenty-five carriages in one of these rows, and yet the column was several miles from the church. In all, they must have amounted to some hundreds. At some turns of the road the landscape was grand and picturesque, and would at least have been regarded as

rich and beautiful in any part of the world. At our feet the woody valley warm and low, the sunny trees and sparkling brooks ; in the offing the Cumberland hills covered with trees ; on the west the Bay of Fundy, the vessels lagging in the waters with white sails, and the whole coast studded with rising villages, the abodes of peace and plenty. The church in the great village is new and scarcely finished.

At an early hour the Rev. James Bayne, the junior pastor, began the service by giving out a part of the 132nd Psalm, and reading portions of Solomon's Prayer at the Dedication of the Temple. The Rev. Andrew Kerr preached a sound and sensible sermon on the perpetuity of the Church, and the goodness of God to His people under every dispensation, and endeavoured to show that the Church is substantially the same in every age. Here national churches crossed his path, and he fired some hard shots at our old and venerable establishments. I would much rather that the good patriarch had kept his powder, or, if he kindled it, had blown it at the red flag of Popery. This is not the time for pulling down churches. When the interests of anti-Christ are reviving, all good Protestants should unite in opposing him. I would like to see every decayed or unsound timber removed from the Church of Scotland, but have no wish to see her destroyed, for with all her defects and deficiencies, she is still regarded as one of the fairest daughters of the Reformation.

Mr. Bayne gave us an address on the ecclesiastical history of the township of Londonderry, and traced it up until lost in a remote antiquity sixty or seventy years ago. In this narrative he introduced the venerable Mr. Brown as beginning his ministry in a smoky log house to a few settlers near the place where we stood, rapidly sketched the rising fortunes of the

settlement up till the day of the jubilee, and then he placed him before our eyes in a noble building surrounded with numerous friends. I envied his happy lot. The scholar toils at the midnight lamp to secure a wreath of flowers from the temple of fame; the warrior gathers laurels in the tented field, and amid garments rolled in blood; but Mr. Brown has, under the blessing of Heaven, built for himself a nobler monument, and acquired for himself a more enviable distinction in the tranquil vales of Colchester. Sweet are the hours of his retirement, and his sun goes down under a blaze of glory. The congregation put a purse of money into the hands of Mr. Brown as a small token of their affectionate regard for faithful services. His reply was suitable and becoming, and worthy of his best days. It concluded with an earnest request that the people would constantly remember him and his partner in life at their best times, as in the course of nature they must soon clear the wilderness and cross the Jordan. Mr. Smith delivered an able address on the Westminster Assembly, claimed for the divines of that body deep skill in theology, high attainments in literature, and sterling piety, and reminded his audience of the powerful influence which their writings still exerted in maintaining the purity of our churches, and in producing so many well-behaved Christians.

The Rev. William McCulloch (1) delivered a well-composed and neat address on the privations and labours of departed ministers, eulogised their memory, threw a flower upon their graves, and proposed them as models of ministerial fidelity and steadfast perseverance.

Mr. Baxter (2) brought up the rear by a good address on Presbyterian polity. He pointed out the peculiar-

ities and excellencies of the system in maintaining purity of doctrine and good order. He shortly sketched the fortunes of Presbyterians in different countries, and gave a comparative view of their numbers and the high ground which they occupied in the broad fields of Christianity. There were several ministers who had not an opportunity of addressing the Assembly, but their good name lost nothing by their silence, for the people, by their looks and countenances, seemed to be fully satisfied that, if they had spoken, they would not have been one whit behind the others. The music was excellent, the attention throughout the day was good, and the service solemn and impressive. Though this is the first jubilee which has taken place in this country, I hope it shall not be the last. It is not necessary that a grateful congregation should wait till their pastor has reached the fiftieth year of his ministry. It might be done with very good grace to any faithful and devoted pastor, after he has been thirty or forty years in the ministry, and its tendency would be to unite pastor and people more closely, while its good effects would extend to neighbouring ministers, who would return to their charges with augmented zeal, and with an honest ambition to gain the noblest of earthly renown, the affection and approbation of the people. The day concluded with a good dinner for the clergy, and other guests and strangers were treated throughout the settlement with affection and hospitality.

MR. SPROTT'S ADDRESS AT THE JUBILEE.

Christian friends, when I revert to the period of fifty years ago, a crowd of recollections rush into my

mind, and my memory is thrown back on the great events of that eventful period, the French revolution—the general war in Europe—the rage of infidelity—the reign of terror, and the commencement of missions to heathen lands. But on these topics I cannot dwell ; we meet to commemorate the introduction of the Rev. Mr. Brown into Londonderry, and to hold a jubilee in the fiftieth year of his ministry among you. Many missionaries on a foreign shore have fallen victims to the influence of the climate, and have been summoned to an early grave at the commencement of their labours. But owing to the watchful care of divine providence and the prayers of the people, Mr. Brown's ministry has been prolonged beyond the usual limits, and he sustains the weight of eighty years without much uneasiness. He is talking, walking, preaching, praying, and doing the same work he did fifty years ago. He was then like a tree in the spring full of blossoms ; he is now like a tree in autumn loaded with fruit, not more beautiful, but more valuable. He is a relic of the olden time, a golden link between the living and the dead. His early fellow-labourers, the Grahams and the McGregors, the Rosses and the Dicksons, the Waddells and the McCullochs, have all put off their priestly robes, and gone home. The good elders have nearly all faded from our view, and can only be seen through the lustre of their virtues. The communicant roll of his first sacrament in this place is now a feeble band that can be easily counted. Mr. Brown has been long the father of the presbytery, and into whatever company in his own congregation he enters he sees few persons but his own children ; he sprinkled on them the holy waters of baptism, he united them in marriage, brought many of them to the Lord's table, and pointed out to them the road to the better world ;

and though he has written no learned volumes, every year souls have been gathered by his ministry, and when he quits these mortal shores, he will be welcomed to the Zion above by many of his spiritual children. Time has effected great changes in Londonderry, on the Church and on the world, since he commenced his ministry. The country was a wilderness, and the roads and bridges were scarcely passable. It required several days for a man and horse to go to Halifax, with a tomahawk attached to the saddle to free the horse's feet from the roots of the trees. Gigs and waggons which are now making such a rattling on the Sabbath were then unknown, and the best farmers rode to church on horseback with their wives behind them and their children in their arms. The dark and dingy dwellings of the old settlers have all disappeared, and the beautiful bay of Colchester is studded with rising villages, the abodes of peace and plenty. The old settlers were of an amphibious character, who might have been taken either for fishermen or farmers, because they clustered on the margin of the waters, and sought a precarious living on what the waters afforded ; but the present generation have turned their attention to the cultivation of the soil, and they find it to be the noblest of all employments. Presbyterianism was but a feeble plant in the colony, of stunted growth. We had a few straggling societies in Colchester, Pictou, and Halifax, but it has now become a great tree, and large communities repose under its branches. Fifty years ago infidelity desolated the fairest regions of Europe, and war was the applauded achievement of mankind ; Christian charity was asleep ; if there were heathens abroad we cared not for them ; and if there were heathens at home we did not believe it. From the year 1793 until 1815 we heard of

nothing but war, fifes and drums, raising men and slaughtering them ; our best blood and treasures were spent on fruitless expeditions on foreign shores. Since the great European struggle at Waterloo we have had no war ; conflicting elements have returned to repose. The money has been expended on steam navigation, improving harbours, roads, and bridges, and on education.

At the commencement of Mr. Brown's ministry, with the exception of the Moravian Brethren, and the Danish mission in the East Indies, we had but few missionaries in heathen lands. But an effusion more refreshing than the breath of spring has fallen on the Churches in Britain and America, and numerous missionary societies have sprung up with the rapidity of lightning. The Church of Scotland, the Secession, the Relief, the Church of England, the Methodists, the Independents, and the Baptists have all their sons and daughters labouring in heathen lands ; and though we are still on missionary ground in Nova Scotia, and stand on the verge of the Mediator's kingdom, yet we contemplate the planting of a missionary in the South Sea Islands. It is deeply to be regretted we have been so slow in this work, and so long in assisting to carry out the last command of our Master. The Scottish Missionary Society was formed in Edinburgh in 1796, the very year after the commencement of Mr. Brown's ministry. The venerable Dr. Erskine was its president, and he was ably supported by Dr. Love and Dr. Peddie and many other ministers. I have a distinct recollection of the stirring events of that period. The Christian community was startled and alarmed at perceiving that they had for centuries neglected to carry into execution the last command of their Master, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel unto

every creature." Christian missions were immediately instituted for promoting the salvation of men, and extending Christ's kingdom, among all denominations of Evangelical Christians, and the most remarkable success attended their labours.

Fifty years ago the people had some indistinct notion that the Jews would one day be converted to the Christian faith; but with regard to the time, the manner, and the means, they were ignorant, and gave themselves little concern. At that day there were not more than one or two converted Jews preaching to their brethren,—now there are forty-five Jewish missionaries in different parts of the world. There is a Jewish mission in Jerusalem, and many hundreds of the children of Abraham have been converted to the Christian faith. There is a breaking up of ancient prejudices, a shaking of the dry bones, and a persuasion that the period of their liberation is approaching. Slavery fifty years ago, impudently called the trade of Africa, was carried on by all the powers of Europe—men and women were bought and sold like cattle in the colonies. Wilberforce, the moral Washington of Africa, was then in the flower of his fame, pleading the cause of humanity in the House of Commons, and continued to do so for nineteen long years, telling them that one quarter of the globe appeared before them in slavery and in blood, waiting their decision. Now their liberty will be followed by still greater changes, and if the Son of God makes men free, they shall be free indeed. Fifty years ago we had scarcely a Sabbath school of any description, and the rulers of the land were in reality hostile to these nurseries of devotion. I heard last winter Dr. Adam Thomson, minister at Coldstream, Scotland, state that the first Sabbath schools in Roxburghshire were put down by

the sheriff as nurseries of sedition and disaffection ; but now the value of such institutions is universally acknowledged by all classes. The last outdoor work which was done by the late General Harrison, the newly elected President, was to assist the gardener in laying some trains for vines. The gardener said it was no use to plant vines unless they had a bull dog, for the boys would destroy them. The General said it would be better to have a Sabbath school, and that would save both the boys and the vines.

Fifty years ago the Tories were in power ; they ruled Britain with a rod of iron. Palmer, Skirving, and Muir were banished to Botany Bay for saying that the House of Commons required to be reformed, but now the meanest subject can read a lesson to the Prime Minister himself.

Fifty years ago the common people were but poorly educated and much ignorance prevailed. We had many learned men, but they were like stars in a remote sky, their light did not reach the basis of society. Books were scarce and were high priced. English grammar, geography, and the sciences were not taught in any of the schools to which I had access. Some of our pupils at the best common schools are better taught than many students were when they entered the university. The present age is remarkable for what it has done ; it has dragged learning from colleges and academies and diffused it among the lower orders of society. Large volumes are ground down to common use, and a cheap literature well written is within the reach of all. The moral glory of a country consists not in a few brilliant stars but in a host of lesser lights which adorn society. We have many advantages to which our forefathers were strangers, yet the last generation produced many wise and good men. Fifty years ago Sir James

Mackintosh and Robert Hall were at college, also Drs. McCrie, Brown, Brewster, Thomson, Chalmers, and a hundred others. The last generation produced a pious and a noble peasantry; for a deep knowledge of the Scriptures and devotional feeling they have not been surpassed. The main staple of their education was the Bible and the Catechism. It was these that expanded their intellects, hallowed their hearts, and made them honest men and good Christians. It is the superior purity of the standards of our National Zion and the fidelity with which ministers and schoolmasters have discharged the duties of their office, which have raised Scotchmen to such a high rank among the nations. From their actions and education they seldom dwindle into mere labourers. They struggle hard to keep the boat's head to the water, and to gain the foreground in society. It was a remark of Cobbett that when you enter England you usually find an Irishman digging a ditch, an Englishman pruning a hedge, and a Scotchman with a long coat superintending their operations.

I know where I stand; the people of Londonderry came from a town of the same name in the north of Ireland; they are of the same origin, language, and religion as ourselves, but they have an open-heartedness and buoyancy of spirits to which we are strangers. It is the Bible and the Catechism, with the superintendence of Mr. Brown, under the fostering care of Heaven, that have made the good people of Londonderry what they really are. They have a character for morality and steady habits. They do not need a new religion every year, nor do they change their ministers and schoolmasters every year. Their former pastor died among them, and his memory blossoms sweet from the tomb; their present pastor has reached a good old age, and they have provided for him a successor. The very

best of ministers are often drifted from their moorings by a tide of religious radicalism. The immortal Edwards himself was sent adrift by his voluntary congregation. But in an age of recklessness and change, the people of Londonderry have generally stood fast by the flagstaff of their fathers. I love the Irish because they love their religion and their ministers.

Men of Londonderry, you cannot forget that you have a high and noble ancestry; you are descended from the very men who defended the Protestant liberties against the Papist forces at the siege of Derry. You must earnestly contend for the doctrines which your renowned ancestors have transmitted to you at the hazard of their lives. Shall you disgrace yourselves in the sight of the powers above? Many have left the Presbyterian cause to gain friendship with the mighty and the noble; but they have for the most part missed their object, and found little satisfaction. They have often made shipwreck of their faith and a good conscience, for shadowy expectations that were never realised. The Presbyterian Church has always been distinguished for solid learning, orthodox divinity, and real piety. The writings of the Presbyterian divines were the fortress of the Reformation and the strongest bulwarks of the Protestant cause in Europe.

Some sects who are unacquainted with the history of our Church, regard Presbyterians as a small and dispersed people; but this idea is unfounded. We have 1800 congregations in Scotland, 500 in Ireland, 160 in England, 1400 Presbyterian ministers in Holland, 800 in Switzerland, and in America above 5000. They are not a small sect; they are vastly more numerous than all the Episcopalian Protestants and Congregationalists combined together in the old and new world. They

are rising in numbers, increasing in religious zeal, and growing in their attachment to their principles. If we are in error, we err with more than half of Protestant Christendom, and with nations of the highest rank and reputation in the world. This should save the Presbyterian Church from the contempt with which it is often spoken of by parties who, comparatively speaking, can boast of a mere handful, and who are superior to their neighbours in neither mind, morals, literature, nor religion.

To conclude, it is a very serious thing to look back for fifty years, to think of joys that are departed never to return, to think of the companions of our youth, and the partners of our tender hours, who now sleep in the dust. We have seen changes, new priests at the altar, new lawyers at the bar, new judges on the bench, and new kings on the throne. It is still more solemn to look forward for fifty years to come. It is said that when Xerxes crossed the Hellespont, and transported his armies into Greece, he wept, because before a hundred years they would be all numbered with the dead. In less time we will all be in our graves; in less time we will all be in heaven or hell. These are serious matters, and ought never to be thought of without solemn feeling. If there be a practical truth in religion this is one, heaven is a place of the highest enjoyments, and hell of the deepest sufferings. Not one of the long train of diseases and calamities introduced into our world by sin can find an entrance into heaven. The glorious bodies of the saints shall not be subject to sickness or weariness, weakness or decay. They shall bear the bloom of immortal youth, and shall be strong and vigorous for ever. All the maladies which fill our families with gloom, our streets with mourners, and our churchyards

with the ashes of our friends, will be banished from that new earth and new heaven wherein dwelleth righteousness. There every eye sparkles with delight, every countenance beams with benevolence, every tongue and every pulse beats high with immortality, and every frame is built so as to sustain without weariness an eternal weight of glory. There is a sun that never sets, a river of pleasure that ever flows, an ocean of felicity that cannot be exhausted, and a day without night, and the inhabitants of that land have no sorrow in their song and no winter in their year. Go on, good Mr. Brown, a few more struggles shall bring you to Immanuel's shore, and then you shall enjoy the triumph of the great Apostle who said, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and receive the joyful welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

TO G. W. S. (AT GLASGOW COLLEGE).

Oct.

I hope you will act such a part as to prove that you are an honour to your father's family. Pay attention to your prayers and take care of your purse, and there is no fear of you. Begin and end the day with reading a part of the Word of God. You must spend between two and four hours daily in the open air in the way of exercise. Never be out of your lodgings after nine o'clock at night unless you are in the very best company. Think often on your native home, and it will do you good. Never forget the solemnity of a father's parting voice or a mother's tears. Wishing you every blessing, I am your affectionate father.

THE INDIANS.

30th Dec.

To the Editor of the Stranraer Free Press.—I have long promised to give you a sketch of our good neighbours, the Indians. They are truly an original people, strongly marked in their features and totally different in their habits and manners from any people you have ever seen. The better days of the Indian tribes have long gone by ; they are only the ghost of what they were, few in number and poor in circumstances, the mere fragment of nations which have passed away. The approach of the white man and the march of improvement seal their doom, and compel them to fly from mountain to mountain to seek a resting-place, but they seldom find it till they cross the dark waters, and reach the city of their fathers' sepulchres. There they sleep securely in their green savannahs, for ever beyond the reach of the intruder. Their existence is incompatible with a state of civilisation. The peaceful labours of the plough are nearly as fatal to them as the hostile rage of the camp. They cannot live when the wild animals are frightened away, and their hunting grounds are destroyed. Some of our old settlers still remember when the moose deer were as plentiful on this river as the tame cattle, and Francis Paul, the famous Indian hunter, has glided down the stream with sixty moose skins in his canoe, on his way to Halifax. Now we seldom see either a moose or an Indian. They hang on the skirts of our settlements and derive a precarious subsistence from hunting, fishing, and selling baskets, but are still too independent to beg, unless they are hungry. In general appearance and habits they would remind you of the Scottish gipsies, but their principles are better and their dis-

positions are milder. An Indian would not curse and swear like a gipsy. He has not a word in his language which corresponds to profane swearing. Neither would he steal your poultry or your hams. I have known a hundred of them encamp for a whole week very near to our house, without doing us the smallest injury. A few gipsies, in that time, would have stripped every hen-roost that was near to them, and laid unsparing hands on anything they could get hold of.

Last year my wife, on her way to Halifax, lost out of the gig a fine muff, which I had brought her from Scotland. But next day in town, an Indian came to her son George and told him that he had found his mother's muff on the road, and he had left it for her at the inn where she had stopped, and she got it on her return. "But," said George, "how do you know me?" "Know you! I knew you since you were the height of a robin. Did I not carry Mrs. Sprott in my canoe when you were a baby?" Isidore, the chief of Musquodoboit, died lately, and his ten sons had all crossed the dark lake, and gone to the pleasant mountains before him. This venerable old hemlock, through whose branches the storms of ninety years had whistled, often visited me, kissed my hand, and called me his father. I was sorry that I had such a slender claim to such an honourable appellation, for his knowledge of divine things was imperfect and confused. He had been a thirsty soul in his younger years, and when he got a glass of rum too much, a dream of dominion came over his mind. He still claimed the sovereignty of the soil, for all the land of Musquodoboit belonged to him, and we were all intruders.

I visited his camp a few minutes after the death of one of his sons. They were all on their knees

engaged in prayer. To see these untutored children of the wilderness bowing before the Great Spirit, crying for mercy, affected me more powerfully than to have seen all the worshippers of the most splendid cathedral on their knees. They are all Roman Catholics, and so highly devotional in their way, that their little boys will not touch a meal of victuals without first making the sign of the cross. They would not hunt on the Sabbath unless they were hungry. Their women are modest; uncleanness seldom occurs among them. I have often, in my long journeys, and when many miles from the abodes of white men, met with strolling parties of redskins, with their long knives and firearms in their hands, but never felt the least apprehension of danger. If I missed my way, I would seek no better guide than an Indian. I could sleep in their camps as soundly as I could do in your house. Some of their men are handsome in their appearance and might pass for nature's grenadiers. You call them savages, but they are not savages, but nature's gentlemen, and under a rough exterior have some traits in their character which would do honour to our own race. They speak little, are calm and collected, have much self-possession, commit no blunders, and can see the strongest points in an argument—of which the following incident is a fair specimen.

A farmer in one of the lower towns scolded an Indian for resting on his premises, and injuring his trees. The Indian coolly replied, "If you raise a calf or a cabbage, you may call it your own, but you can have no claim to that tree" (pointing to a tree 500 years old). "That tree was planted by the Great Spirit, for the redmen, before you and your fathers escaped from your murky shells, and crossed the great waters. Is that your brook? Catch it if

you can. It runs away from you, it runs by your house, it runs by everybody's house, and never stops till it reaches the sea. We never injure your pigs, nor cows, but the other day your people frightened a bear, and prevented him from going into my trap." They are, in general, strangers to that cheerfulness which is the effect of society, yet I have known some of them to have a little of that dry wit which is so abundant among our common people in Scotland. An Indian applied to a storekeeper to sell him a small article on credit, but he refused to give it. The Indian knew that the storekeeper had been lately appointed a captain of the militia. He sat down with his dogs before the doors, and named them all captains. The storekeeper observed, "Your dogs are all captains." "Yes," said he, "all puppies are nowadays made captains."

I am well acquainted with many individuals among the Indians, and have even gained their confidence and friendship, and I verily believe that the character of an uncontaminated Indian will bear a fair comparison with that of people of any country. The capital defect in him is a want of forecaste, and an aversion to profitable labour. When he kills a cariboo, he builds a wigwam beside the carcase, and he will seldom stir abroad while it lasts. When he corrects his children, he does it mildly, by throwing on them a little cold water.

They have a great veneration for the sepulchres of their fathers, and where there is so much esteem for the dead, there must be affection for the living. Here is an original people living in a state of seclusion and separation from all the world, without arts and sciences, without laws, and without the temples of religion, inoffensive in their manners, and practising

many of the virtues of the Gospel, and nothing is necessary to elevate them to a state of social and intellectual dignity, but the holy light of Christianity. The human race shall undoubtedly become one family when Christianity in her purity and glory shall visit every land and bless every people.

1846.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

Jan.

Mr. Reid's elders would not make such a high profession as some of our Newlight Ranters, who have been several times converted and are waiting for another cast; but most of them were men of unbending integrity and sterling piety. Some of them had remarkable gifts in prayer. Robert Milroy of the Fulling Mill, at Kirkowan, was no ordinary man on his knees. Peter McMaster of Stranraer was welcomed to the sick-bed like an angel of mercy. Henry Dougan had a strong mind stored with Scripture truth, and the traditions of the martyrs, and so much masculine common sense, that he was often chosen to settle knotty and difficult points which baffled the wit and wisdom of the sheriff of Wigton. Thomas Thorburn had great gifts for devotional exercises, but his affectation for speaking fine English marred his edification. But for deep-toned piety and a ready hand with the pen, none surpassed Alexander McKerlie, the miller of Soleburn.

The Presbytery of Stranraer have all been levelled by the hand of death, but I have seen them in the flower of their fame. I well recollect the fine taste of Henry Blain (1), the mild dignity of Dr. McKenzie (2), and the strong, good sense of Peter Ferguson (3).

The king of shadows has been equally busy on this

side the water, and many bright faces have been laid below the green sod. Since I reached our rugged shores, nearly all my early fellow-labourers in Nova Scotia have put off their priestly robes and gone home. The utmost that I can expect is to get a few more strokes at Satan's kingdom before I follow them to our Father's house. I have crossed the broad Atlantic seven times, and many other waters, and travelled more than 60,000 miles since I first left home. I have lived and toiled for nearly thirty years in the green woods. I have mingled with the redman of the forest, the sunburnt African, and the fair European, and with people in all grades of society, and I have never neglected an opportunity to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

To G. W. S.

Jan.

Make a good use of your time, and remember that every hour lost is a chance of future misfortune. Remember too that without the blessing of Heaven talents and industry cannot succeed. *It is thine, O Lord, to make great*, and no man can be great unless he is good. The smallest degree of virtue is better than the highest degree of intellect. Let all the powers of your mind and all your attainments in literature be consecrated to the service of the Redeemer. My dear George, you are far from home, you cannot be too careful of your companions. If you take up with bad company, you are ruined. In the crowded streets you may see many a woman with a pale face and an emaciated form, covered with rags, trembling under the cold and without a home, and yet she was tender and beloved in the sight of her mother, but she forsook

the guide of her youth and forgot the covenant of her God. Do not read bad books ; they are as dangerous as the plagues of Egypt.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

April.

We have here an Italian summer but a Russian winter. The winter is now over, and the snow all gone, but as yet there is not a flower on the hill, nor a leaf on the tree. But the weather is mild, and spring will soon unfold her green robes. The winter has been dry and steady, but undoubtedly one of the coldest which we have had for thirty years. We had no rain for ten weeks ; the mills could not go for want of water, the cattle were suffering, and many of the water-fowl died. The frost has proved fatal to many of our cellars. When the steam packet made Halifax Harbour, she was so sheeted with ice that the people actually thought it was an iceberg. At the time the great snowstorm came on, I was sixty miles from home, on a preaching excursion on the eastern shore. One hand was severely frost-bitten, and I nearly lost my horse. The snow was so deep that I had dismounted and was driving the horse before me, when his foot caught between two rocks, from which it could not be freed till we got an axe from a distance. Before nightfall we reached in safety the log cabin, and soon forgot the toils of the day amidst the social joys of the evening. When a native is caught in a snowstorm and has no way to escape, he instantly buries himself as deep as he can in the snow, and remains till the storm subsides. I was fourteen days on the shore, preached fourteen times, attended marriages and baptisms, and visited schools. I would have been

glad to have had with me some of your voluntary clergymen, who point to the New World as a paradise for ministers. They would see that if we do not purchase for ourselves a good degree, it is not because we repose on a bed of roses. I could not have regaled them with roast beef or plum pudding, but they could probably have got a mess of sour krout and fresh eels, a biscuit, and a drink of water, and more refined fare when we reached home at Musquodoboit.

I suppose the people on the braes of the Inch are already sowing the seed, but farmers here seldom begin before the end of April. The spring is late, but vigorous, and a few warm suns in the end of July have an immense power on our wheat-fields and bring them to perfection by the end of August. Peas in the garden may sometimes be eaten six weeks after they are planted, but the summer is so short that crops have scarcely time to ripen.

We have nothing here so good as at home. The climate is not so good, the soil is not so good, and the people are not so good. They have not generally that gude common sense and canny foresight which distinguish John Knox's children. Our colony is like the Jewish ritual, "the shadow of good things to come," and in many instances not the image of the things themselves. Men of high moral principle and first-rate Christianity are rather scarce in a country which keeps an open house of refuge for all nations. Men of no fortunes come here to make them, and men of ruined fortunes come here to repair them.

The Nova Scotians are a new and a practical people, without poetry and without imagination. We have trees, lakes, and rivers, but we have no historical recollections, no trophies of art, no spoils of antiquity, and no libraries to gratify the taste. The monotony of

a rural district is not relieved by the ivy-mantled tower, the ruined abbey, or the splendid mansion. We may hear the huntsman's horn, but we never hear the bell of the parish kirk, or the stroke of the town clock. We see the children playing on the green, and the sheep nibbling in the meadows, but the tranquillity of the landscape is not broken by the hum of business, or the rattling of railway carriages. In the deep woods the air is sluggish, life is dull, and men do their work in silence; the bee never murmurs on the fragrant cliffs. We have little sprightly music, melody, or song; we have little of that periodical literature which forms such a distinguished feature in the present day, and which has done so much to remove ignorance from the present generation; we have not even the witches, ghosts, brownies, fairies, and water kelpies of a bygone age, the adventures of which enlivened many a Scottish home during the long winter evenings. We sit as grave as Turks, and talk over sleepy stories about nothing,—about some person going to market, or going to be married, or having tracked a wolf or cariboo in the snow; but in your gay regions animal spirits overflow, and the excess of life and power escapes in joyous shouts and nimble movements, in leaping, dancing, melody, and song, and all are cheerful, from the matron at the well to the sentinel at his post. With you the country is rich in historical associations. Every castle has witnessed some act of heroism, and every mountain and river and palace records some bright name of piety, patriotism, philosophy, or song. But though we want the mouldering remains of antiquity—too often the memorials of tyranny and superstition—we have broad fields, rising villages, handsome churches, good government, and many happy homes. And yet, happy as my home is, I would

like to see the heather once in the seven years, and take a stroll among the lakes of Castle Kennedy, where in times long gone by I have admired the lovely features of the country, and contemplated the power of that Being whose fingers formed the mountains, pencilled the landscape, and whose breath perfumed the flowers at my feet.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

May.

Thus have I given you a short description of the Nova Scotian priesthood, comprehending full bloods, half castes, and no castes, from the bishop in his palace to the self-appointed prophet with a pale face and homespun clothes, holding forth to a group of squatters under the shade of a spreading tree. But you must not despise this humble class, because to the poor the Gospel is preached. Not long since, I fell in with one of these little groups by the wayside, exiles from Africa, and while my horse ate a feed of oats, I addressed them on the beautiful parable of the ten virgins, and if I had never known anything of the power of religion, I must have felt something at that time, when their weather-beaten countenances brightened up, and when I saw them listen with such intense interest to the word of life. At the close they sang a beautiful hymn. None of them could read, but one gave out the hymn from memory, and they all joined in singing,—the way we used to do in times long gone by, on the sunny braes and green hills of Galloway.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

July.

About the time that I wrote you last, I was appointed by our Presbytery to go to Shelburne and Clyde River to assist a young brother at the communion, and to strengthen a feeble garrison on the outskirts of the Presbyterian vineyard. The distance is more than 200 miles through a rough country—rather too much for one in the yellow leaf of years. But though we have neither pope nor prelate in our Church, the appointments of her courts must be obeyed, and without delay I packed my portmanteau, and turned my horse's head to the west. There is something solemn in visiting scenes from which one has been long absent. More than twenty years' absence from Shelburne has made sad work of me, and sad havoc of my friends. Many of their children have assumed that sedate and elderly appearance which their parents had when I saw them last. David White from Wigtonshire has been spared from the wrecks of the last generation, and is a kind of golden link between the distant and the near. He is in his ninety-sixth year, and still able to illustrate the manners of Galloway in the last century. I thought myself near heaven when in company with that venerable cedar. I hope when we meet again we shall have a long day to talk over the good and evil we have seen in this life.

1847.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

The females of Nova Scotia are second to none for good housewives, and they can be managed with perfect ease, provided they get their own way in every-

thing, but the moment you cross their path they are as restive as our unbroken militia. They usually expect a larger share of attention than females in older countries. You treat them like rational beings, but here they are almost idolised. It is not easy to bend Scottish men to their manners, and they have never been regarded by the females of this country as the most tame and complying husbands. I was amused with the graphic description which a pedlar, the other day, gave of the house where he lodged. It appears that John went into the bedroom to waken up his spouse in the morning, when the following conversation took place. "Is the fire kindled?" "Yes." "Have you milked the cows and boiled the kettle?" "Yes." "Have you put coals into the stove in the bedroom?" "Yes." "Then reach me my slippers and I guess I'll get up." There could not have been a better husband.

Soon after I arrived in Nova Scotia, I entered the house of a magistrate in the backwoods. It happened to be a court day and his worship was on the bench, but there was the total absence of everything which my imagination had associated with the dignity of a country squire. It was a log house, and he sat upon a wicker-bottomed chair clothed from head to foot in homespun and shod with moccasins of raw hide. The pantaloons had been originally blue, but the weather had nearly effaced the colour; the vest had been a mixed grey, but it had been so often patched that it would have puzzled the genius of a mathematician to tell what figure it represented; the jacket was blue and sprinkled with fragments of broken flax. His hair was up and down like an Irish hurricane. His spectacles were thrown over his brow, and this was the best of it, for it gave him an air of dignity and

importance. His son was the constable. He had before him seven persons, five of whom wore moccasins. I thought with myself, "This is surely the end of the world; it is time for me to pack my knapsack and return home."

TO THE FREE PRESS.

Sept.

Truro is at the head of the navigation on an eastern branch of the Bay of Fundy, 300 miles from the ocean, and too far inland for much trade. Yet they have some shipbuilding and coast trade to St. John. It is a county town, and a kind of metropolis to the surrounding country, and abounds with tradesmen and stores. At the mouth of its rivers and on the shores of the salt water there are large fields of dyke, which is a source of immense wealth to the township. The people are sober and industrious and are constantly hauling sea mud to enrich their upland. Truro is a place of pre-eminent beauty, and in coming over the high land when its blooming valley first burst on my view, I thought of the words of St. John, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The landscape is fitted with everything the heart could wish, open places, silver streams, brilliant orchards, fine buildings, a busy population, and in the offing the dark blue sea and the vessels with their canvas spread. I have conversed with travellers who have been in England, in the United States, and in Canada, who all declared that they had scarcely ever seen a more lovely spot than the village of Truro. The buildings are well finished and finely painted. No Jew ever garnished the sepulchres of the prophets with more care than that which the people of Truro usually bestow on their houses.

1848.

To G. W. S.

April.

It is a sure mark of an empty mind to be perpetually talking about the affairs of our neighbours. A collector of rags is a better member of a community than a talebearer, but beware of cold and reserved manners, which, like November flowers, have neither glow nor fragrance. Be affable and obliging. A drop of honey will attract more flies than a gallon of vinegar. I wish I could pay you a morning visit and throw a bucket of water on you to make you rise early. Franklin says, "If you rise an hour too late you may run all day and not overtake your work." I beseech you, my dear son, not to waste your golden hours on a drowsy pillow. Late rising is the enemy of piety, of knowledge, of health, of affluence, and the cause of ignorance, irreligion, and poverty. If you would improve your time you must avoid idle companions. We have many drones in society who make much noise but little honey. You should avoid those who talk much and say little.

A LETTER TO MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.

I know that a few of you have escaped the wreck of the last generation, and, in the language of Allan Ramsay, are "hale and weel and living yet." You cannot live always, and, if you are true believers, you would have no wish to live always amid cares and corruptions. We have been long enough entangled in the cares and toils of this world; it is time to cast them off and to prepare for a better. Spiritual interests ought to awaken your most anxious solicitude, for the soul

of man, whether it beat under the purple of a monarch or the rags of a beggar, is of more value than the whole world. It is but like yesterday since we were at school at Stoneykirk and Stranraer, but how soon do we grow old, how rapidly do we descend into the vale of years. It is beautifully said by Dr Paley, that old age is a kind of recess between a short life and a long eternity. The hours which are now vacant from the world ought to be dedicated to devotion, and our affections ought to dwell on divine and immortal objects. In silent and thoughtful meditation we ought to "walk on the shore of that ocean we must sail so soon." Many of our schoolfellows repose on beds of dust and darkness. Some of them withered in their bloom, and their sun went down at noon. Many of them went away to the wars and got a soldier's sepulchre; some of them sleep in the coral bed where the sunbeams never play, and those who remain are reduced to a little grey-haired group, which may be easily counted. Some of you, I know, had pious parents who loved the Bible—the Gospel was their treasure. But a pious ancestry will not save you, nor worshipping in a pure church, but a vital union to Christ, your living Head, and imbibing His spirit. My old friends, age is the winter of life, and its pleasures are contracted, but many enjoyments remain. The desire of knowledge is unabated, the mild pleasures of domestic life cheer the heart, and the field of observation is much enlarged by acquaintance with the world. Wilberforce said that his last years were his happiest years. The promises of the Gospel extend to old age. The hoary head is a crown of righteousness if found in the ways of the Lord. Our pilgrimage must soon come to an end, and heaven shall open its gates to the weary traveller. There is a sun that never sets, a river

that ever flows, a fountain which can never be exhausted. Let us then prepare for that happy land where every passion shall be resolved into love, and every duty into praise, where there are no intervening mountains or parting seas, and where we shall be in no danger of loving each other too much, or ashamed of loving each other too little.

GALLOWAY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

May.

To the Free Press.—Memory holds a distinguished place among the faculties of the human mind, and has a wonderful influence on happiness. We are often thrown back on times long gone by, and we live our life over again.

I cannot hold up to your view the image and body of the times in Galloway fifty years ago, but I distinctly recollect many scenes and circumstances of that period. The physical features of the country are in many respects the same—rocks and streams and mountains do not change—but more frail and fugitive materials are wonderfully altered. Man has partaken of this change; the tallest trees in the human forest have been swept down, and many a shining mark and many a bright face are under the green sod. When I think on these changes a feeling of loneliness spreads over my mind. I have been spared from the wrecks of the last generation, but the shades of my companions warn me that it is time for me to depart.

The Rhinns of Galloway are now in a high state of cultivation and rich in produce; they require only good seasons, and the dews of heaven to give them a splendour equal to the regions of the sun; but at that

time, with some exceptions, the country had a desolate and neglected appearance. It was open, and few fields were enclosed. There was not a fence on the road between Balgreggan House and Stranraer, except at the Garthland, where there were some plantations. The roads were nearly all unbridged and scarcely passable. The farmers subsisted on the productions of the soil, and had some comforts suited to their tastes, but their houses were generally miserable bothies with earthen floors and roofs of straw. Their churches were a disgrace to religious feeling—places where you might catch a cold or a rheumatism, but not suitable temples for divine service. Gigs and waggons were highly taxed, and were totally unknown among the common people. The goodman rode to church with his wife behind him on the horse and a child in his arms. About the end of last century carts were introduced as travelling carriages. This was reckoned a great improvement, and you might have seen a long row of horse-carts streaming away to the house of God full of worshippers. Though at first opposed as a breach of the fourth commandment, the practice gained ground and became general. The mail coach came to Dumfries and Ayr, and the letter bag was carried on horseback in Galloway. I have known the mail for Ireland detained for three weeks at Portpatrick by a head wind.

Stranraer and Whithorn were towns at the time the Romans held possession of Britain. Your town has a fine harbour, splendid shops, and handsome churches; but in the year 1793 it consisted chiefly of one long street, many of the houses of which were roofed with straw. It had about thirty little sloops, but no foreign trade.

The Stranraer people generally attended the Parish

Kirk, but the dissenting ministers are now numerous and able to contend with the clergymen of our National Zion in that district. In the olden time the air was sharp and keen among dissenters. Peter MacBride passed through Stoney Kirk on his way to the meeting house, but in the fairest weather he always thought he saw a dark cloud hang over the Parish Kirk ; some of the high-spirited dissenters maintained that the pulpits of the establishment were stained with the blood of the martyrs, and the Rev. William Patrick, getting hold of a coarse metaphor, compared the parish ministers to the drones in the hive who sucked the honey, but did no work. I was present at the funeral of the Honourable Peter Maitland of Balgreggan, when Dr. MacKenzie of Portpatrick offered a very impressive and appropriate prayer at the grave's mouth, but it raised such a storm of opposition that all his elders left him. The people were sure the Doctor was going back to Babylon with railway speed. Scotsmen are always antipodes to the Pope, and because he prays for the dead they will not at the grave pray for the living. Funerals in this country are always conducted with religious services and much solemnity.

I see you have now a coach which runs to the village of Drummore and another to Wigton. At that time John Chalmers rode post to Kirkmaiden every Saturday. His horse was about the size of an Ayrshire ram, and besides carrying the mail he did many little errands for the farmers' wives which their careless husbands neglected. He was a worthy wight with an easy and well-oiled disposition, and very obliging. Peace be to his ashes. He had an astonishing memory, kept every person's money and parcel wrapped up separately, and generally did his business with much punctuality. But

in declining years he was rather a thirsty soul, and in the cold winter nights on the Stoney Kirk road he sometimes took one glass, and then another, till his parcels at times got into confusion, and in that case the Kirkmaiden women had a hard scramble to recover their rights.

At that time we had many sober men and good Christians who would have been an honour to the records of any communion with a sprinkling of doubtful and mixed characters of less value. Whiskey was the common beverage, and it was a universal favourite with saint and sinner. Many of the little clachans were dens of intemperance. We had a regular set of drunkards at Stoney Kirk who often met at the tavern to discuss the politics of the parish, and they seldom ventured on any weighty undertaking till they had cleared their heads with a cooling draught of whiskey and water. I have known several persons killed by hard drinking. Guager Wilson of Port o' Spittal would have spent the whole week in a tavern at Portpatrick, and when the Saturday evening arrived, he refused to go home till he would attend divine service and take with him the blessings of the Church. We had few newspapers and no periodical literature, but we had a plentiful supply of ghosts, brownies, and fairies to amuse us in the winter evening. The ghost of the Galdenoch was such a regular visitant in the family, that it often attended at family prayers; and when the old goodman gave out the psalm it pitched a high key above all the singers. The ghost at Ballochabrig near Balgreggan House was often seen late in the evening by persons returning home from Robert Mun's whiskey shop; but when the shop broke up it never appeared again, and it is probable it would join the fairies. The fairies were a beautiful

and interesting little people who usually frequented green knowes and thorn bushes. A woman in Nithsdale returned after she had been several years in Fairyland, and suckled several of their children, and gave much information regarding their habits and manners.

Perhaps you may think that my memory catches only slips which float on the surface, and neglects weightier matters which sink to the bottom and are forgotten, and this is too much the tendency of our sinful nature. But I cannot forget the unbending integrity and high moral feeling of Scotland. I cannot forget the sweet innocence of early years before I was corrupted with the ways of the world. I cannot forget the parish school and the Sabbath evening when the family circle repeated the Catechism, and listened to the counsels and prayers of parents now sleeping in the dust. I cannot forget the scriptural truths and beautiful morality of the Parish Kirk, and the fervent and exalted piety of the hillside. I remember the crowds streaming away to the Covenanters' sacraments on the green hills of Galloway and Nithsdale, and the familiar but forcible eloquence of the speakers, while they directed our views to Mount Calvary, and the land that is far off. These golden hours are gone, but they have left a fragrance on the mind never to be effaced. How can I forget Scotland when I have three times crossed the dark blue sea to get a peep at her noble mountains and lovely glens, consecrated as they are by the tombs of the martyrs? We look back to our dear native land with feelings of tenderness and veneration as the birthplace and mausoleum of sages and heroes. Her people are a noble race, and many of her sons occupy important stations in the countries where they sojourn.

To G. W. S.

14th Dec.

You are right to attend Literary Societies. At these clubs bonds of brotherhood are formed which are of essential importance in after years. Men of the highest rank in society and the highest fame in literature have emerged from obscurity and commenced a long and bright career at some of these institutions. I recollect that in the year 1802, Henry Brougham, Francis Jeffrey, Peterkin, and Smith figured in the Literary Societies of Edinburgh, and the same men have since gathered laurels in every field. You must not content yourself with a superficial acquaintance with Greek and Latin and the rudiments of science. You ought to become acquainted with the writings and times of Homer, of Virgil, of Milton, and other master spirits who have astonished the world. People who are trained up from father to son in an honest hatred of the kirk clergy may think that there is nothing good in our National Zion, but you will find many of the ministers not inferior in piety and in literature, superior, cheerful companions, and doing a great amount of good without much noise.

1849.

The Rev. Dr. Begg, when in this country, obtained a peep of a minister's ledger, and he found that he was occasionally paid in hay and harness leather. I have known stipend often paid in buckwheat, shingles, sucking pigs, and feathers. It is more than twenty years since I heard the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, in a synod sermon, solemnly warning the churches of the danger of withholding a fair remuneration from the servants of God,

and paying them with any kind of trumpery they could best spare. This vulgar parsimony has proved fatal to many of the churches of New England. It is plausible to say that religion if really true should support itself, and that no preference should be given by the State to any particular form of faith. But experience has demonstrated that these arguments are fallacious, and that religion soon falls into discredit when its teachers are miserably supported. In worldly matters, if individuals are left to themselves, they will select the best workmen, but it by no means follows that they will pitch on the best religious guides. The ardent will follow not the most reasonable, but the most captivating, the indifferent the most accommodating, the wicked none at all. Those who require reformation will be the last to seek it. When children may be allowed to select the medicine they are to take, or the young the education that will fit them for the world, the clergy may be left to the support of the public, but not till then. A minister might live in Nova Scotia provided he had Jacob's ladder set up in the midst of his congregation, for on Sabbath evening he could go up to heaven, and subsist on spiritual food till next Sabbath morning, and then return to the duties of the day. This would please the congregation for a while, but they would soon begin to complain for want of his visitations during the week.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

Jan.

Disappointments, perils, and dangers are the usual lot of those who travel far from home. I have seen two emigrants who had been long separated shed tears at meeting when they thought of the better days

of their native land. Thirty years ago emigration to America was all in fashion in Galloway. It resembled the slave trade. The Thomsons of Dumfries owned a little fleet of timber vessels which were all employed in carrying passengers to America. A splendour was thrown around the undertaking which concealed the difficulties of the case. Flaring accounts were published of the beauty and fertility of the New World, and the happy lot of the new settlers. The ships were decorated with flags and gladdened with music, and people rushed on board as thoughtlessly as to a country fair. I recollect that Captain McDowall of Kirkmaden, Peter Hannay of Caldons, Archibald Stevenson of Freugh, and myself, often spent whole evenings in talking over our hopes and prospects in America. We believed that as soon as we landed, we would cast off the evils of the Old World and acquire wealth and independence. It was all a dream. These men met with broken hearts and an early grave, and their friends who have survived them have not made fortunes. If spared in life, I would still like to see the playground of my infancy and the sepulchres of my fathers once in the seven years. No water seems so sweet as the streams of Galloway, no shade so refreshing as its trees, and no landscape so charming as its green hills and blooming heather. In the visions of the night, I sometimes see the smoke which curled over my native village, and hear the strains which my father's corn-reapers sang. The love of country was among the Greeks and Romans a virtue of the highest class, and a Jew never mentioned Zion or Jerusalem but with rapture and gladness. This feeling, so universal in all other lands, is seldom felt by the natives of this country. A Yankee has scarcely any attachment to the home of his fathers, and is always ready to sell his land when

he can do it to advantage, and to transport himself and his family hundreds of miles from the place of his birth, and begin anew to clear land and make money. It is owing to this wandering peculiarity of our people that we have no ghosts in America. Ghosts thrive best in an old settled country, where the people are stationary, and where families for several generations live in a village close beside the burial ground. Here the population is so restless that before a ghost would have time to turn itself in its bed, its relations would be away to the Ohio, or the Rocky Mountains. This restless spirit is excited by the prospect of making money faster than they could do by regular industry on an old farm. We read in the sacred text that money is the root of all evil, and that those who hasten to be rich fall into a snare ; but mammon is the great idol here, and he is sought after with an avidity not known in Europe. Children often know the value of dollars before they can say their prayers.

TO MR. NEILSON.

Feb.

You might as well think to arrest an eruption of lava from Mount Vesuvius by the web of a spider, as to stem the torrent of bad passions by education and political economy. Greece and Rome became more depraved as they advanced in knowledge. The French were the most enlightened nation in Europe, yet they have taken the lead in impiety. We cannot regenerate and reform the world. Real religion is the safeguard and bulwark of a country. It is some consolation that, amidst the raging of nations and the downfall of empires, the Redeemer has the government on His own shoulder.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

March.

In this country upper crust people are few in number, and have little influence in the halls of legislation. The main body of the voters are small freeholders who muster in great force at the time of an election, and, like the white ants of India, overpower their adversary by their numbers. If you saw some of these amphibious groups at the hustings, with lean horses and ragged saddles, they would remind you of the Cossacks from the Don, or a troop of horse coupers at Cairn Ryan fair. Our crops have failed for three years, and poverty is throwing its shadows deep and dark over our people. It is a melancholy sight to see a whole province of farmers cutting the throats of calves and lambs to buy bread. I can see 100 teams pass in a week, carrying home nothing but bread-stuffs. People sold their cattle last year ; this year they may sell their land. American flour is still cheap, but we have nothing to sell to give for it. The rich are becoming poor, and the poor are becoming poorer. But better times may soon come ; the resources of an infinite Being are endless, and we can never be very poor when our Heavenly Father is so rich. This season holds out the prospect of a change for the better. It resembles the cold and steady winters we used to have thirty years ago, which the old people regarded as the pledge of a brilliant summer, and an abundant harvest. The desolations of winter prepare in secret the effervescence of spring. The earth gathers strength by repose. When our fields are deeply mantled with snow, and sheltered from the bleaching storms, they are in a better condition to receive the seed, and bring it to maturity. The day before the second snowstorm, I was forty miles from home, and twenty miles of the way were without a

human dwelling. We started for home before daylight with six horses. We had fireworks and some provisions, and at times halted to refresh ourselves and horses, which were overpowered with fatigue. With the exception of myself the riders had to dismount, and drive the horses before them to break the road. I reached the first house at nightfall, but the party did not get in till two hours later. It was a bitter cold day. I could not keep my fingers from being frost-bitten. In the night the snow fell again, three feet deep. The roads were completely choked up, and we were detained nearly a week. Next day a moose-hunting party of military officers, with their Indian guides, broke up their camp, and came in, in safety, in the midst of the storm. An Indian declared to me that the storm drift was so violent that at times it obscured the sun, and that it was with the utmost difficulty he could find the path. Our party in the evening amounted to twenty, the miller and his family, the English officers, the Indians, an Irishman, and a native of Perthshire. A painter would have been delighted with the group; and a Christian would have been pleased with the decorum with which they all knelt at family prayers, for whether I have been at sea, or on land, I have never met with any opposition to this service. Hard times press on all classes of the community, and our red brethren of the forest feel their evils. They hang on the skirts of our settlements. They have suffered sadly from the vices of civilised life, and very little has been done to improve their condition. The encroachments of the white man have scared away their game, and destroyed their hunting grounds. The moose yards, which afforded them food and clothing, are now no more; towns and villages rise on their camp-ground, and the graves of their forefathers are torn up with the ploughshare. Small-pox and measles

have entered their dwellings, and are scattering the cold damps of death over their families, and the once-powerful tribe of the Micmacs in Nova Scotia is reduced to 1500. We have reason to fear that an avenging angel shall sit down amid the ashes of their ruined villages and punish the intruders.

TO JOHN McCaIG, BARNULTOCH, ON THE DEATH OF
HIS FATHER, KILLED BY A BULL.

June.

I have just seen your father's death in the Stranraer papers. The good man's passage across the Jordan was rough and stormy, but we hope safe, for the agonies of a moment would translate him to the Canaan above, where his heart longed to be, and where the afflictions of life shall be forgotten amidst the glories of immortality. John McCaig was a man of sterling worth. A few men of his character would have saved the devoted city of Sodom from destruction. Such men are rarely to be found except in Scotland. He was a man of sound devotional feeling, and had more knowledge of theology than many of our travelling preachers in Nova Scotia. I knew him well at school, in manhood, and in old age. He was calm, thoughtful, reflecting, and his whole life was suitable to his hopes and prospects as a believer in Christ. The piety of other men may have flashed with more brilliancy, but his shone with a clear light and increasing brightness. He was much engaged in worldly business, and took an active part in society, but he never forgot that there is an awful eternity beyond this life which should be our great concern in living or dying. In times long gone by, when the return of the Sabbath had spread

silence over the fields, and when pastoral groups were streaming away to the house of God, I often enjoyed his company on the Stoney Kirk road to Stranraer. In those happy days of early piety and innocency, before we were corrupted with the ways of the world, we would have thought nothing of attending the Holy Sacrament of the Supper on the hillside at the Isle of Whithorn, Girvan, and Newton Stewart. We were pleased and instructed with the sermons of the good pastors, but we were often charmed and delighted with the prayer meetings of the pious people in the evening. For strength of devotion and earnestness of manner, they reminded one of a besieging army that would carry all before them. These golden hours are gone, but they have left a fragrance on the mind not to be forgotten.

About five years ago I spent a quiet Sabbath with him in Kilhilt. The day was duly honoured; public worship, the Sabbath school, family instruction and prayers all shared the attention and affections of the patriarch. I have not seen such a Sabbath since. We have some noisy professors who have a religion without piety and prayers without devotion, but his temper was heavenly and holy. He was humble and never spoke of his own acquirements. His judgment was sound, his integrity uncorrupted, and the confidence of his neighbours threw heavy burdens on him, for he was often chosen to settle knotty points, which would have puzzled the sheriff of Wigton. In early years he was trained in the severe school of the olden time, yet he was liberal, lived on the best terms with other denominations, and took a deep interest in those benevolent measures which shed such a lustre on the age in which we live. From all that I have known of him, I cannot refuse to throw a handful of flowers on his grave, for

he has bequeathed to his family and friends a lovely example of Christian character. His death was sudden and affecting, but we cannot doubt that he has gone to the mountains of myrrh, and the hills of frankincense, till the day break and the shadows flee away. John McCaig met with this accident at his own door. I have travelled a great deal, and, owing to the watchful care of Providence, I have not suffered the scratch of a finger. I have slept securely surrounded by a camp of Indians with their long knives and guns. I have frequently met the bear in the green woods. I was lately followed by a pack of hungry wolves, so anxious to get my dog that they chased him in below the horses' feet, yet they offered no violence to me. I have crossed many seas, and the Atlantic seven times. I have seen the ocean heaved from its bed, and the ship staggering and plunging, so that nothing but the most dexterous management of the helm could have preserved her buoyancy; and have seen the storm go down and the sailors taking a glass of grog, and singing a song, and too soon forgetting the most impressive scene. Another of my schoolfellows has dropped his mantle. I am now in the yellow leaf of years. My better days are gone. The shades of my friends tell me that it is time for me to depart. May I be prepared for the change.

FIGHTING FIRES.

July.

In this settlement 500 men and boys were on foot for many days, fighting the fires and guarding their cornfields and buildings. It was a melancholy sight to see them in squadrons perched on the roofs of their buildings, with water buckets ready to extinguish

the embers as soon as they lighted on the shingles. In the time of a great fire burnt leaves fly far, and often fall on the deck of a vessel many leagues at sea. A forest on fire is one of the most terrible sights in nature. The noise resembles peals of thunder, and may be heard at a great distance, and if the wind is light Egyptian darkness overspreads the land. We could not see from the house to the barn. At some periods the excitement was very great, and all faces gathered darkness. Our men were like salamanders walking in the midst of the fire. The whole seemed a little image of the day of judgment, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat. It is forty miles from this house to Halifax, and at one time the road was scarcely passable, for the forests were all on fire. You might travel forty miles on the St. Mary's road without seeing a green switch. I was lately on the Eastern Shore, and from Sheet Harbour to the Bay of Islands I could not see as much green wood as would make a broom. The whole country was as black as Sodom the morning it was burnt, and some of the houses which were saved, like Lot's wife, were scorched with the fire. The birds and the rabbits were lying dead on the road, and the bear and the moose deer sought refuge from the fire among the tame cattle in the open fields. The loss of buildings is less than might have been anticipated from the extent of the fire, but lumber, ship timber, and firewood are completely consumed in many districts. Fencing poles and firewood will grow again, but the dust of ages must roll over our heads before the desolation of our pine forests can be repaired. It is the severest fire that has happened in Nova Scotia for fifty years.

9th Aug.—A popular preacher is often a fair type of all the commonplace divinity, stupidity, and piety

of the congregation. It is very mortifying to see a consecrated drone at the head of a large congregation, without intellect, with little learning, and less piety, and nothing to keep the people quiet but his inoffensive and Hindoo-like character.

1850.

TO REV. J. COCHRAN, RECTOR OF LUNENBURG.

Jan.

It is thirty years since I was first kindly entertained by your venerable father. We have all seen some changes in that time, and the cold damps of death have fallen heavily on many of our friends. It is some years since Mr. Arnold, your excellent parents, and the divine Maria dropped their clay mantles, and we trust they now tread the starry plains, and sit at the feet of that Jesus who for us became a man of sorrows. I see from the papers that the king of shadows has lately set his seal on your brother in Canada and some of your children. The old are not the only victims of the grave. We often see the parent build the tomb of the child, and the old and infirm following the young and the strong to their narrow house. The Good Shepherd often early gathers the lambs into the fold, that the old sheep may cast off the deep cares of the world, and be prepared to follow them. Religion is the only element which unites man and His Maker, and connects him with eternity. I had a pleasant interview with you at your house four years ago on my way from Shelburne. It was rendered pleasing to me from your relating the happy closing scene of your sister, the divine Maria. That lovely shade was the intimate friend of the sainted Sarah, a wife worthy of

the noblest love. It must soften the severity of our sorrows, when we have good reasons to hope that these lovely women have exchanged the vale of tears for the mount of joy, and have met in that happy land where the people are forgiven their iniquity. I enjoyed the correspondence of Miss Cochran till age stiffened our hands, and made writing more difficult. I was never acquainted with a more accomplished lady than your sister. She was born with talents of the first order, and she received an education worthy of them. Her eminence as a woman was only surpassed by her excellence as a Christian, and had her lot in life been cast with Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Wilson, or Mrs. Judson, or other females who have exalted not only their country but their sex, she would fully have equalled them and stood in the front ranks. My dear sir, you cannot be ignorant how highly I esteemed the divine Maria, and I hope you will forgive this familiarity in throwing a handful of flowers over her grave.

TO MRS. DOUGLAS (1), PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Jan.

I would like to see all the decayed timbers of the old Kirk removed and the house thoroughly repaired, but could never join the vapouring voluntary in being her destroyer. I would rather see the energy and efficiency of the priesthood increased, so that under the fostering care of Heaven she might continue for many ages to pour pure and genuine Christianity over the hills and valleys of Scotland. I doubt not but that there are many dissenting chapels founded on conscience, and for good reasons, but some of them have been built on pride and self-will. When I have

met with a very large tabernacle near the Parish Kirk, I have asked what kind of a minister they had in the Kirk. I have sometimes found that he was an honest man who handsomely reprov'd the people, and in order to escape the lashes of his tongue they built a church for themselves. All people are afraid of the lion, but they are fond of the lap dog who wags his tail, licks the hands, and cringes to everybody. I see that Mr. McNair (1), the young theological chieftain of Charlottetown, is storm-stayed this winter. I lately preached for Mr. Martin. Both Mr. Martin and Mr. Scott say that I would be delighted with Mr. McNair, and they have promised to give him an introduction to Musquodoboit as soon as he has spare time. The Haligonians are quite disappointed in not having his services this winter. I heard his father (2) deliver his trials before the Presbytery of Stranraer above thirty years ago. I heard his grandfather, the great Dr. Hill, address the General Assembly in a high style of eloquence about fifty years ago. Young McNair has in his veins the purest blood of the Church. I am happy to hear that he has the hereditary talents of his family. I would wish to speak to him on the subject of getting a degree for the Rev. John Scott. His predecessors in Halifax, Drs. Moore, Brown, and Gray all bore the honours of the University, and he ought to have a D.D. He is a good scholar and an esteemed minister, who has long maintained the credit of our Scottish Zion on a foreign shore, and is fully entitled to all the honours she can give him. If young McNair would hint to his uncle, Dr. Hill, or to his father, Dr. McNair, the propriety of such a measure, it could be accomplished with ease.

Mar.—Of late years we have heard much about preaching Christ and Him crucified, as if this was the whole pulpit duty of a minister. We admit that His life is the best model for our imitation, that His death is the only hope of the guilty, and His spirit the efficient cause of our regeneration. But we fear that this loose and general way of preaching about Christ is a convenient substitute for the hard duty of ministers jeopardizing their popularity by exposing and denouncing with becoming severity the crying sins of the times. This is one of the worst errors of Popish pulpits, and the teaching of many Protestant pulpits is no better. A spruce young divine ascends the pulpit; he is as neatly dressed as if he had jumped out of a bandbox, and his hair as nicely arranged as if he had just come from under the hands of a French barber. He reads a text which requires a discourse on the nature and benefit of the atonement. He rambles about the garden of Gethsemane and the brook Kedron, talks about damp dews and pale moonbeams overhanging the paler face of the sufferer, and by way of application concludes his sublime discourse by telling his audience, "All this was for you." And this is called preaching Christ. A chapter read with earnestness from Seneca would have a better effect on the morals of the community. If we humour our hearers and court applause, we may have our reward, we may have listening multitudes to hear us with tastes gratified and imaginations delighted, but with hearts unconverted and unchanged. All of us feel that he alone is wise who winneth souls; and as we would value the high honour of converting a sinner from the evil of his ways, let us commend ourselves to men's consciences, study great plainness of speech, and cherish a believing dependence upon the Holy Spirit.

March.—The crash of the French Revolution unloosed the bonds of society, and most of the nations of the Continent were in battle array against Britain. Regiment after regiment was raised and hurried away to the harvest of death. I have seen at that time twenty-eight recruiting parties at a Stranraer fair, besides a party of sailors recruiting for the navy with a full-rigged frigate in miniature, with colours streaming, which carried the crowd. In 1794 Colonel McDowall raised a regiment of horse, and many of the nobility and of the flower of the country went away with the army and never returned. My brother Robert (1) joined the Wigtonshire cavalry, and I entered the volunteer company of Captain John Maitland. I was then at school, and read the Latin poets in the forenoon and attended drill in the afternoon. The war spirit had fallen upon the school, and fifes and drums were the usual amusements.

TO THE FREE PRESS.

April.

I suppose that in the mild districts of Galloway spring has already unfolded her green robes, the gardens begin to bloom, and the farmers have nearly finished sowing the seed; but in this iron climate winter has hitherto reigned with unprecedented severity. This is the first day we have had a shower of spring rain. Up to this time the blast of the north has been in the plains, the rivers hardened into ice, and the snow three feet deep in the woods. It is a saying in Scotland that all the months of the year curse a fair February. This month was unusually mild, but March and April have been the severest

I have ever seen, and instead of the bustle of spring work nothing has been done except shovelling the snow and breaking the roads. One of our neighbours perished in a snowstorm two miles from his house in the month of March. Another acquaintance, on the very last day of that month, was overtaken by night in a dreadful storm on the Sheet Harbour road, twelve miles from a house. He tied his horses to a tree, put rugs over them, fed them, took his axe, kindled a fire, cooked a meal, and lay down to sleep. I was at his house next day, and he had received no injury. I have very often passed that frightful solitude alone, and have met with bears, moose, and wolves, but I never lodged overnight with them. They are all afraid of man. We are very ill able to meet such a long winter and late spring. Our cattle are pining at empty stalls, and many of their skins have already found their way to the tanyard. The drought of last summer was of unprecedented severity. We had not a heavy shower from March till September, the earth was as dry as powder, and the water reached blood-heat. The pastures were parched and the hay-crop entirely failed. In the fall you could obtain a cow for a small load of hay. The price of hay has been rising all winter, and now it cannot be got for money. I have just heard of thirty teams in one week leaving the upland districts of Pictou for the meadows on Stewiacke River, in search of hay, and all that each got was little better than a loaf of bread to a garrison. I was lately from home on a journey, and I carried with me provender for my horse. It was melancholy to see farmers leave home early in the morning, followed by their cattle to the woods, where they cut down young birch tops to keep them from starving, in the same way that I have seen the small farmers of Stoney Kirk

in hard springs cropping the whins for their horses. When the green crops failed we had plenty of hay, and could sell cattle to buy bread. We are all gentlemen, landowners, lords of the soil, and on particular occasions we make a splendid appearance, but, like the butterfly's march, we easily break down, and cannot stand a close investigation. In the spring of the year our hay is usually gone, and you could not find a straw in our barnyards to light your pipe with. You might fry mackerel on the ribs of many of our horses. Some of our people are weazle-bodied, and as lean as if they had been doing penance. Our beef and pork are nearly gone, and all ranks are ready for a race after spring herring.

MINISTERS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Oct.

The field is already crowded with labourers, and all parties are scrambling for hearers. The good bishop, with an unbroken line of clerical ancestors and trained bands from Windsor College, is spreading his tent in every settlement, and offering instruction to the whole people. The Methodists are a strong religious power, and have many crowded congregations. The Baptists, with their new college at Horton, are putting forth all their energies to augment their numbers. The Newlight Hawks and Free Church Eagles are sweeping hill and dale to gather all they can under their flagstaffs. There is a scramble for hearers much as when there is a keen competition among steamboats; they run a few trips for nothing, and sometimes give a plum loaf to encourage passengers. There is a great want of the means of supporting ministers, but no want of preachers.

TO MRS. HUNTER OF HALIFAX, ON THE DEATH OF
HER FATHER, MR. CHAMBERS, OF NEWPORT.

Nov.

At the time of your father's death I was from home. I embrace the first opportunity to acknowledge that I owe the family a deep debt of gratitude for the kindness of their venerable parents, who, I hope, have passed away to heaven. On the 26th of December 1818, weary and lonely, with my bundle in my hand, I reached your father's fireside, and from that time it was always a welcome home to me. After the death of my dear wife I packed up my trunks and returned to your father's house. Your mother met me as I entered, and said she expected me, for my wife on her death-bed had requested her to open her door for me. The stream of good feeling was never ruffled for more than thirty years. I enjoyed with them many pleasant hours, and the time cannot be far distant when, through the mercy of God and the merits of our Redeemer, I hope to meet with them again.

VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

10th Dec.

To the Free Press.—America is a rich and beautiful country. Many portions of the soil are highly cultivated and are capable of maintaining a dense population. Its people are comparatively new, yet they are polished and intelligent, and the hard necessities do not daily knock at their hearts as in many other lands. I can never think of the land of the heather but with grateful remembrance, yet, had I the choice of my birthplace, next to Caledonia I would prefer Columbia. When I

saw its splendid shops, beautiful buildings, its merchant princes clothed in the gay attire of propitious fortune, and its busy population, I could scarcely believe that I had tarried so long among the muddy creeks and rugged rocks of Nova Scotia without visiting it. The condition and character of the common people contrasts most favourably with the narrow fortunes and humble means of the same class in other countries. They are often crowded into dirty villages, and jammed into dark cellars, where they enjoy little more of the light of heaven than a community of frogs at the bottom of a well. But in that favoured land they have neat cottages finely painted white, green blinds, and carpeted to the door, with all the necessaries, and many of the elegancies of life. I mentioned to a citizen that I had travelled 250 miles without seeing a broken pane of glass or ragged window stuffed with sheepskins and petticoats. He said that such an unlovely sight would be regarded as a disgrace to a whole neighbourhood. Many a poor Irishman must sell his pig to pay his rent, and nothing more than the head and feet ever come to his own table, but in America he will get the whole hog, and, when it is done, he can take another from the pen. It is often said that the Americans are without wealth, and that they shine by the borrowed lustre of English gold, but a country need not long continue poor which can so easily afford breadstuffs for all the world. In no country are the working people better fed and better clothed. What but the hope of money could attract so many tradesmen and labourers from other countries? It is calculated that there are 4000 Nova Scotians in Boston, and 200,000 Canadians in the United States. The sums raised for colleges and schools and missions shed a lustre on American Christianity. The main source of this

wealth must be traced to their superior intelligence and activity. In nearly every village you hear the clatter of machinery and often the roar of the steam engine. They rise early, and steadily pursue their callings. They study the wants of all countries, and prepare articles to suit the market. The people of Massachusetts are the most active and enterprising in the world. If a man's land is so poor that it will yield nothing, he throws a dam across a stream, gets up a water power, and puts machinery in motion. If the weevil attacks his wheatfields, he sows broom corn and commences a broom manufactory. If he finds a bank of clay, he will start a brick work. If he can only get a good sheet of pure water, he will build an icehouse, and carry on a profitable trade to the West Indies. He turns his labour into money, and his money into trade.

Steam is the element in which the American lives and moves, and its agency on railway, and rivers, oceans, and lakes has given an impetus to society that surpasses the fables of antiquity. No nation has existed whose progress has been so rapid, and whose government has been so favourable to all the elements of prosperity. The tide of population is moving on every day to the far west, and some of the new states are four times larger than Pennsylvania. There is a secret power behind the throne which controls the State. The Almighty rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm. He appears to be laying the foundations of a great empire on the shores of the Pacific, and it will be peopled with a new race of men of strong hearts and hands. Long after the lust of gold has ceased to operate, the institutions which are now rising there will tell on the destinies of the world. We sincerely hope that the Protestant missionary with

the spiritual cross will do more for Mexico in a few years than the Roman priests with the material cross have done in three centuries. In California the Almighty is assembling people of all languages, giving them the Bible in their own tongue, with the English translation in parallel columns, so that they may learn our language as they read their own. I was much surprised at the magnitude and beauty of the cities. New York has not the imposing grandeur of London, the venerable magnificence of Oxford, the picturesque antiquity and monumental splendour of Edinburgh. It reminds one of the commercial activity of Liverpool and Manchester. Its streets are thronged, and its people are all in motion. Their keen sharp look could pierce the shell of a tortoise, and the god of every man's idolatry is money. Philadelphia has a greater air of gentility. Its long and regular streets give it a formal appearance, and it is so neat, that one might imagine that every house is under the direction of some scrubbing divinity. Boston is more English in its appearance than any of the cities of the New World. Its public institutions and charities are numerous, and nearly as perfect as the wisdom and benevolence of man can make them. Boston Common reminds me of Glasgow Green. It is the pride and ornament of the city. It was here that George Whitefield preached to a crowded audience on the Sabbath evening, beneath a cloudless sky, and here on the 4th of July 150,000 people assembled to watch a display of fireworks.

The Americans are a sensible, reading people. Every family has its newspaper, and many of its villages have libraries; yet profound learning is less frequent than in Europe. The love of money keeps constant possession of the mind, and unfits it for close study. Few minds employed in the calculation of loss and gain have been

distinguished in the walks of literature. There is a rich sprinkling of pious people among different denominations of Christians, but they are unable to stem the tide of folly, or to elevate the standard of morals. The seeds of Christian instruction are widely scattered by ministers, teachers, and parents, yet the claims of religious truth are sadly neglected by the rising generation. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, will readily admit that the liberty of the United States cannot be maintained without the moral power of the Gospel, yet its influence is too little felt in their national policy and commercial transactions. They have scarcely gained that character for uprightness and integrity which foreigners are willing to accord to the English nation. In the places which I visited the Sabbath was duly honoured, the churches were well attended, and the outward deportment of the people was exemplary. I kept a strict look-out, and yet I did not see an ill-dressed person, hear a profane oath or improper word. The people appeared as sober as Father Matthew himself. I have often been from home, but never in my life did I meet with so much respect and attention among strangers. Hospitality and obliging manners appear natural to the American, and you meet with them in the backwoods as well as in the cities.

1851.

Jan.—The Rev. Mr. Crow, Maitland, preaches the Gospel scripturally, faithfully, affectionately, and with a sincere desire to win souls to the Saviour. He is a minister of strong natural good sense and sagacity, with a portion of dry wit and humour, with which he defends himself against an antagonist. If light hawks ruffle his feathers, they will learn from the stroke of

his wing that he is liker to an eagle than a common crow. He has during life been chained down to a rough backwood frontier without polished society and without books, but had his character been cast in another mould he would have been a splendid speaker. To be a finished orator in his circumstances was impossible and would have been unsuitable. A fine instrument is not needed for cutting down a grove of hemlock. In some situations coarseness is strength, and he needed the strength of the unicorn and the zeal of the martyr. He has already surmounted difficulties which would have broken down half a dozen of noted preachers, but he has not that polished style which can only be acquired by great care and tranquil attention.

ON RECEIVING A PRESENTATION AFTER RESIGNING
HIS CHARGE.

Jan.

Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure that you approve of my character and conduct, and I thank you and those numerous friends that you represent for this flattering token of regard.

It is more valuable, because it comes from friends who remember and respect me after I have resigned the congregation. It has been said that a clergyman may have as many hearers as would fill a cathedral, and yet a small pulpit would contain his real friends. No pulpit would hold the tithe of my friends, where I have laboured, after all the rotten leaves are blown away with the wind. The shake of an honest man's hand makes the heart glad, and would cheer the Prime Minister under a load of cares. The approbation of the wise and the good, when fairly acquired, is

next to the approbation of our Maker. It is the noblest of earthly renown and what every honest man proposes to himself as the reward of doing what he believes to be his duty in this world. A mushroom popularity may be acquired without merit and lost without crime, but lasting approbation can only be won by virtuous conduct. I am sensible of many deficiencies and defects. When I consider how many men have devoted themselves to the holy ministry, whose talents, learning, piety, and eloquence have added weight to their counsels and even shed a lustre on Christianity itself, I am overwhelmed with a sense of my own littleness, and the little I have done for religion. But, if I do not deceive myself, I have had a sincere desire to do good to the souls of men and to promote the glory of God. I have seen more than two generations pass away, and, with the exception of the reverend and venerable Mr. Kerr, I am the oldest preacher in our Nova Scotia Zion. Nearly all my early companions have fallen by the way, dropped on the broken arches of the bridge of life. I have preached the Gospel in Britain and America ; I have crossed the Atlantic seven times, and sailed in many other waters, and have, at a moderate calculation, travelled by land and water 80,000 miles since I left my father's house. I have preached the Gospel in the crowded school-house in the backwoods and the splendid church, on the quarter-deck on the high seas, and in the open air, under a cloudless sky, in the green glens of Galloway. These humble services are recorded by the recording angel in that great register of heaven. I hope that through the merits of our Redeemer my services will be accepted ; I sincerely regret that I have done so little for so good a Master. Were I young again, I would cheerfully go through the world to preach the

Gospel ; but my eyes shall soon be dim, my nerves unstrung, and my voice heard no longer in the living world. I can expect only a few more strokes at Satan's kingdom ; but, when I quit this house of clay, I hope to meet with many of my spiritual children in the better land ; and then we shall have a long day to talk over the good and ill we have seen in this life. I thank you, gentlemen, for the honourable mention you have made of Mrs. Sprott and my family. She has been the chief temporal blessing of my life, and I could not have sustained the privations and toils of a missionary life without the kind and soothing attractions of a woman's love. This token of your affection must soon pass into other hands ; but I trust my children will always retain it as a grateful memorial of their father's friends.

To G. W. S.

Mar.

You have been long under the cold shade of the stranger ; a visit to the home of your infancy and your father's house, to affectionate parents and beloved sisters and brothers, would do you good and elevate your spirits. Time has made sad work of some of us since you left us. The infirmities of age are gaining upon your parents ; if you delay a visit much longer we may not be here when you come. The most difficult part of your studies is over. You would require retirement for reading and for gathering a stock of useful knowledge. You could spend the summer with us, or even a year, and then return to the broad fields of literature with a lighter heart and renewed courage. We have all agreed that you

should sail for home early next month. I hope God will protect you when your home is on the deep, and place you once more in the midst of beloved friends.

FROM AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE.

When I was at school a club of thirsty souls assembled almost every evening at the village tavern to talk over the news of the day, and taste the mountain dew. Drinking usages and habits prevailed among all ranks, from the priest at the altar to the parish constable. The blacksmith would scarcely drive a nail till he had smelt the cork ; the miller would not draw on the water without the glass, and the doctor would scarcely visit his patients without the favourite beverage. When the kirk scaled on the Sabbath, the small taverns filled, and it is no caricature to say that the elders would have been seen sitting in the company, keeping order, asking a blessing on the refreshment, and thanking God for the mission of Jesus Christ. I have never seen divine things clothed with a more peculiar solemnity than at the Covenanters' sacraments in the green glen under a cloudless sky, and yet, within a short distance of the Lord's table, Satan had planted his garrisons, and booths were erected for the sale of ardent spirits, which were all day too well frequented by numerous groups of the thoughtless and unreflecting. Good men saw the evil, and attempted to stem the tide. They proposed high licences, good laws, and moderate drinking, and with these three green withes they hoped to bind the great and mighty Samson. They might as well have attempted to stop an eruption of lava from Mount Vesuvius with a spider's web.

25th July.

I have lately travelled 700 miles in Nova Scotia, and it makes a more favourable impression on me than it did thirty years ago. The bad roads, broken bridges, and dingy dwellings have disappeared, and churches and villages have sprung up with great rapidity. The country is still disfigured with extensive barrens and dismal swamps, but it abounds with cornfields, rich meadows, blooming orchards, and happy homes. The beautiful valleys of Cornwallis and Windsor are scarcely surpassed by the sunny climes of the South, and persons of well-disposed minds might live as happily in them as our venerable first parents among the trees of Eden. We have not the myrtle and the orange, but we have all the materials of a substantial felicity. In the early times of Nova Scotia, the moose deer came to the door, the fish came to the pan, the maple yielded sugar, and cattle lived till they dropped their horns. The style of living has changed, but industry and favourable seasons still afford us all the necessaries and many of the elegancies of life. I have been long since well acquainted with all the creeks and corners of the colony, with the exception of Cumberland. On my way to it lately I passed through the village of Truro at sunrise, and every tree and turret and tower seemed to be tinged with gold. It is a place of pre-eminent beauty. On Tatamagouche Mountain I had an extensive view of the landscape, with Prince Edward Island and the dark blue sea in the offing. When I first visited Tatamagouche, thirty years ago, I crossed the French river, where the noble bridge now stands, on a cake of floating ice for want of a canoe. On the one side it has now a long range of shops, and on the other the princely mansion of the Hon. Alex. Campbell, backed by a splendid orchard and shaded with trees. The county of Cumberland is equal to

some principalities on the Continent of Europe, and were it as highly cultivated as some parts of Scotland, it would yield breadstuffs for the whole colony. It has a long extent of sea-coast on the Bay of Fundy on the one side, and the gulf on the other, with fine harbours, fishing stations, and shipyards. The district of Wallace has perhaps the best soil in the province, and with a little manure it would yield crops equal to dyke land. James McNab well remembers Pugwash when it had only three huts. It is now a rising village with splendid buildings and more than 1000 people. Mr. Eaton carries on shipbuilding to a great extent, trade is brisk, and money plenty. On leaving Pugwash you reach the beautiful river Philip, with its farms and lumbering trade. At Amherst you have the Cumberland Bay, with its magnificent marshes and beautiful farms, with navigation in all directions and every facility for trade. Turning up the Nappan and Maccan rivers, you have a beautiful farming country. Springhill with its coalfields should not be forgotten. It is said to be one of the finest in the world, and with the deepest seam. Parrsborough is beautifully situated on the basin of Minas, with an excellent back country, and superior advantages for fishing, shipbuilding, lumbering, and feeding cattle. Nearly the whole country is surrounded with water and harbours, and the soil is the best in the province. At Economy Mr. Charles Hill has a splendid farm. On the 1st of August there was a launch at Minudie Bridge. The people approached it by three roads. I counted the carriages on one of the roads, and they amounted to sixty. The concourse of people could not be less than five hundred. They were as light-hearted and cheerful as if they had been at an Irish fair, as sober as if Father Matthew had been administering to them the temperance pledge, and as well behaved

as if they had been on a visit with the Queen to the Crystal Palace. Our National Zion has a few watch-towers, but the ground is chiefly occupied by Nonconformists. I counted seven Presbyterian churches in the Bay of Fundy between Parrsborough and Truro, and some of them are the handsomest in the province. Presbyterianism is a noble tree which has struck its roots deep in North Britain, in Holland, in the snows of Switzerland, and in the United States, but as yet it is but a stunted plant in the county of Cumberland, and it is overshadowed with Methodism and Romanism. The want of talented and energetic ministers at the beginning of the settlement is the chief cause why Presbyterians are in the background. Such a journey at such a season of the year was very pleasing, and the pleasure was doubled by the opportunity it afforded me of advancing the interests of religion and promoting the cause of truth. Every pulpit was thrown open to me, and I had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel daily. Such a delightful employment cheered me in the winter of years, and lightened the fatigues of the way. I renewed acquaintance with old friends and made some new ones, whom, through the mercy of our Redeemer, I hope to meet again in the better land.

To G. W. S.

Nov.

We are grateful to a kind Providence that you have crossed the long ferry, and reached in safety the heath-covered mountains and ivy-mantled towers where your forefathers dwelt. Your visit to us was very acceptable, and we got all that we could wish. To see you advancing in steady habits, piety, and making progress in usefulness and knowledge was all that we

could expect. It is God that makes anyone great, and no one can be truly great unless he is good. Voltaire, Hume, and Byron had great powers of mind, but they were without moral principle, and their names are fast sinking into oblivion. To be an orator requires a rare combination of qualities. Eloquence requires strength of understanding, brilliancy of imagination, solidity of judgment, a retentive memory, and a fine fancy, an eye for the beauties of nature, a command of the realities of life, a mind stored with facts, and a heart filled with strong impressions. You must cultivate an acquaintance with Demosthenes and Cicero among the ancients, and Burke, Brougham, and Erskine among the moderns. The success of Grattan, O'Connell, and Wilkes will show you the wonderful power which oratory has over the affections of the common people. You must attend this winter to elocution, for a lively and impassioned delivery heightens the effect of a good discourse, and conceals the defects of a bad one. It is a mistake to suppose that sermons should be delivered in a slow monotonous tone, to accord with the solemnity of the place. Dancing and jumping, rattling and thumping are unbecoming in the pulpit, but this may be avoided without standing still like Lot's wife. Mr. Summerfield said on his death-bed, "O eternity, eternity, I have got a peep into eternity, and were I to preach again I would preach more earnestly than ever I have done." Said the great Baxter, there is nothing more sad than to see a dead preacher, preaching to dead people. It was the earnestness of manner streaming through every feature of his face and gesture which was the great charm in the preaching of Whitefield. Many ministers excelled him in talents and learning. It was his earnestness and intensity of feeling which subdued his hearers, and turned the flinty rock into a

fountain of tears. It is their earnestness of manner and ardour of devotional feeling which have gained such triumphs for the Methodists and the Free Church of Scotland. The peasantry of Scotland believe that the inspiration of Heaven descends only upon extemporaneous speaking. But the success of Chalmers in Scotland, and Irving in England, shows how vast multitudes may be attracted by written compositions delivered with vehement action and strong feeling. Good prayers are still more powerful on an audience than good sermons. I hope that you have returned to your studies with increased strength. I trust I shall continue to fight the battles of Emmanuel until the angel of death sounds a retreat.

1852.

REV. J. MACKINLAY, OF PICTOU.

Feb.

To Mrs. MacKinlay.—The singular frankness and simplicity of your husband's character and manners, the natural sunshine of his disposition, and his warm and generous sympathies created for him many friends, and made him a welcome guest in every company. I knew John MacKinlay before he left his native land. At that time he was regarded as a young minister of high promise, well fitted to repair the dismantled towers of our Nova Scotia Zion. He was a divine of the old school, and there were giants in theology in those days. His views in divinity were sound and orthodox; he wisely dropped his anchor at Westminster, and moored his vessel in the heart of its celebrated assembly. He possessed in a good degree the gifts and graces of a Christian pastor. His discourses were marked by sound doctrine, correct taste, and plain language. He habitually and abun-

dantly brought forward the great truths of our holy religion, but avoided those narrow controversies which too often bring discredit on John Knox's children, and even on Scottish Christianity itself. With good talents he combined great modesty, and in his character he presented a beautiful specimen of the meekness of wisdom. In all ecclesiastical questions he took a deep interest, and seldom failed to form a clear and sound judgment. The stars of Nova Scotia are setting, and the portals of the tomb are rapidly closing over old country ministers. They lived and laboured for scarcely anything else, but the salvation of immortal souls. Honoured be their names, fragrant their memories, and precious the recollection of their example. Christian pastors, like the priesthood of Aaron, are not allowed to continue by reason of death. The Apostles of our Lord fulfilled their ministry, and gave in their account; the lights of the Reformation shone only for an appointed time. The venerable John MacKinlay scarcely reached the days of his fathers, but he finished his course, his last hours were peace; and he would be welcomed on the shores of immortality by many of his spiritual children who will increase the brightness and the blessedness of his crown in the day of the Lord.

TO REV. MR. WALKER, OF NEW GLASGOW.

When I saw you last, you wished to know how I spent my time since I resigned my charge. I am seldom idle on the Sabbath. My sun declines, my shadows are lengthening, my last battle shall soon be fought. I am anxious to finish my course with joy, and to make my life as useful to the Church as in my brighter and

better days. I had lately a preaching excursion of five weeks in Cumberland and Pictou. The weather was stormy, yet I had overflowing audiences, and many favourable tokens of the divine regard. I visited last harvest a little colony at Parrsborough. They are chiefly emigrants from the North of Ireland, and Presbyterians of rather a high caste. They hear few sermons, but they make good use of the Bible and the Catechism, and, like oil on the water, show little inclination to mingle with the sects. They evidently cherish the memory of their forefathers who made such a noble defence of divine truth at the siege of Derry. The good elders took a pleasure in showing me their beautiful church, and their handsome communion plate which they had received in a present from the Truro Presbytery. I have seldom met with a more hearty reception than I met with from these kind-hearted Irish people. The children clapped their hands when they heard that I had come to preach to them, and the people would not take farewell of me, in the hope that I might soon repeat my visit.

Since I saw you I visited the Eastern Shore. The weather was stormy, and the snow deep, but an old guide white with the snows of seventy-seven years beat the path before me over fields of ice, and carried my portmanteau on his shoulders. In his younger years he rowed me twenty miles in a boat, and for twenty-seven years has never tired of such kind attentions and fatiguing services. On the Sabbath of a communion at Sheet Harbour the attendance is little less than two hundred, and the communicant roll from all the harbours is above sixty, and with a little care they could be a good deal increased. The seed has scarcely been sown on the shore, and yet it requires nothing but the honest application of talents, and the fostering care of

Heaven to produce a spiritual harvest. On my way to Sheet Harbour I have to cross a deep solitude of twenty-nine miles without a house, and it seems as if I was crossing the sea. Luckily the gloom of the wilderness is cheered this winter by the smoke curling from the wigwam of a family of Micmacs who reside at Beaver Dam. I arrived at their camp the other morning, a little after sunrise, and saw their children saying their prayers to their parents. I asked an old Indian of seventy years, if he knew Mr. Rand (1), the missionary. He said he did. Does he speak Indian? He said he heard him pray in Indian pretty well. I asked if Mr. Rand would convert any of the Indians to the Protestant faith. He said that the good missionary came too late, for the Indians knew already all that he had to teach them, and they considered themselves better Christians than many white men. I reminded him that Roman Catholics placed too much confidence in the priest, and exalted him often so high as to put him in the place of the Almighty. He said that when the priest or the minister told him what he did not believe, he allowed it to go away with the wind, but when they told him what was good he put it in his heart, and treasured it up in his memory. I have often been astonished at the shrewd remarks and strong common sense of the untutored children of the forest.

1853.

To G. W. S.

Feb.

We are all thankful to Providence that you have creditably finished your curriculum, and entered the vineyard. The struggle and bustle of the classroom are over, and the self-denying and unceasing duties of the ministry begun. He who would win souls to the

Saviour must be wise, skilful, zealous, and wholly devoted to his calling. You must not seek great things for yourself. Your Master was crucified, and He promised His followers nothing but happiness beyond the grave. Get real religion and have God for your portion, and you will have no reason to complain of earthly poverty. Religion makes weak men strong, and mean men honourable. Esther was a captive maid, yet she saved her nation. Many missionaries have sobbed adieu to the tombs and temples of their fathers, and have gone to India or Africa to gather a little flock for our Redeemer. Many Jesuit missionaries have left the gay regions of France to teach Christianity to savages on the shores of Lake Superior. The mother of John Wesley said she could part with twenty sons for the sake of the Saviour. The late Dr. McGregor left the beautiful vale of Loch Earn for a Highland home in Pictou. A lean-to to a loghouse was for years his parlour, bedroom, and study, and he was nine years in the country before he could use a horse. I heard an Antigonish Highlander say lately that he would not give the early sermons of McGregor for all he had listened to these last twenty years. Preaching is angels' work. Pray earnestly and preach faithfully. If you are cheerful without levity, and humble and condescending without being a time-server, if you honestly employ the talents which you have, many a vaunting Goliath of infidelity will be overcome, and many a proud Felix made to tremble. You must not write more than one sermon in the week. My father was a great admirer of Walker's (1) sermons. I think you should read them; they abound with a beautiful Scriptural style.

MISSIONS TO COLONISTS.

Feb.

To Rev. P. McGregor.—Few people have greater need of the Gospel than the exiles of our Scottish Israel when they arrive in the New World, and yet their case is sadly neglected. We attempt to storm the strongholds of Paganism in foreign lands, and neglect large fields at our own doors of easy access and cheap cultivation. We resemble some travellers who are well acquainted with foreign countries, but are shamefully ignorant of their own. I cannot help thinking that missionary zeal and labour are often misdirected. People will readily part with their money to catch a wandering Jew on the plains of Tartary, or convert a savage in Africa, who are unwilling to give a shilling to enlighten baptized heathens at our own doors. The case of new settlers and needy emigrants is one of the strongest that can be submitted to Christian benevolence. Many of them have left the full light of religious institutions in the mother country, and spiritual darkness and a famine of the Word of God prevail in many sections of the Colonies. The first generation of emigrants have the remains of religious education and some piety; in the second they die away; and in the third there is no evidence that they ever existed. But we have a better class, who have not forgotten their first love. They have brought with them their Bibles and Catechisms, Boston's *Fourfold State*, and the *Cloud of Witnesses*. They look back to the days of other years, when they regularly trode the courts of God's house, and daily joined together in domestic worship, and they would rather that skill should depart from their right hand, than that they should forget the solemnity of a father's departing

voice, or the tenderness of a mother's tears. But in the dark forest there is often little to fan the heavenly flame. No poem like Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night" could be written in this land, or perhaps in any country but Scotland.

I have found Scottish men strongly attached to the Church of their fathers in all the creeks and corners of Nova Scotia. I was lately on an island containing seven-teen hundred people, and I understood that it had not been visited by any of our ministers. The first house I entered was that of a family from Argyllshire, who for three generations had retained an unextinguishable affection for the Church of their fathers. I have found numbers who, like Doeg the Edomite, were detained in other churches because they had none of their own. Our Lord appointed the first Foreign Mission when He said to His Apostles, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," but they were to begin at home, and lay the foundations of His Church in Jerusalem.

THE REV. ANDREW KERR.

Aug.

I have seen in the *Nova Scotian* a passing notice of the death of the venerable and Rev. Andrew Kerr of Economy. He was a very old man, had outlived all his equals in years, and many of his juniors; was of late unfit for duty at the altars of religion, and was among the number of those who are in danger of being forgotten. But in his brighter and better days, he filled a wide space in the community, and preached the Gospel with ability and acceptance for more than half a century in Britain and Nova Scotia. His faith-

ful services on the Bay of Fundy will not be soon forgotten. His style was natural, perspicuous, and forcible, and a good man has fallen in our Nova Scotia Israel. He has fought the good fight, and has finished his course, and now he wears the immortal crown, and shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. No more shall we listen to his solemn discourses, which, like wine, grew better and better with age, but it was only the clay that was borne to the cemetery, the deathless spirit would be welcomed by angels on the shores of immortality, as well as by many of his spiritual children. The Rev. Andrew Kerr has always been regarded as a pillar of strength and beauty to his own denomination. He was the last of the Antiburgher clergymen in this province, *ultimus Romanorum*—a creditable specimen of a bygone age.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOVA SCOTIAN.

I learn that the Halifax Presbytery are inclined to visit and assist scattered portions of the Presbyterian Church in the southern and western shores of the colony. It is well known that fragments of the exiles of Caledonia, like broken suns, are scattered around all the western shore, and that many of them have fallen into the ranks of other denominations because neglected by their own. It is more than thirty years since this whole field was thoroughly surveyed by a deputation from our Church, and in all its creeks and corners they found individuals firmly attached to the flag-staff of their forefathers, and ready to shed tears when they thought of the North British Zion. In the year 1819 the Synod met at Truro, and appointed five of its members to spend a portion of that summer in mission-

ary labours. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Laidlaw were appointed to visit Tatamagouche, Wallace, and the Northern Shore. Mr. — was to visit Country Harbour, the Gulf of Canso, and the Eastern Shore. Mr. Blackwood and Mr. Sprott were appointed to the Southern and Western Shores. I have seen the written instructions which were put into their hands by the venerable patriarchs of our Church at that day. They were enjoined to preach the Gospel without regard to sect or party, to mingle freely with Christians of all denominations, and to make spiritual Christianity the subject of their sermons and conversation. I have before me a copy of the report given to the Synod by the deputation for the south and west. It appears that they commenced their labours at Chester, and the Rev. Mr. Shreve of the Episcopal Church, and Mr. Dimock of the Baptist, opened their sanctuaries, and gave them the most cordial reception. The same kind feeling and cordial reception marked the whole of their progress, and wherever there were people, there were overflowing audiences. They stopped two weeks at Liverpool, and were loaded with kindness. Here they parted. Mr. Blackwood turned off to the county of Annapolis, and Mr Sprott threaded his way by Barrington Digby and Cornwallis. The venerable Matthew Dripps was then on duty at Shelburne, a man of talents and learning, mild manners, and so pious that with him almost every breath was a prayer. Mr. Sprott assisted the Rev. Mr. Cutler at the communion at Digby, and spent two weeks in Yarmouth. The Presbyterians at Digby Gut were at that time a small colony of about twenty families from Tweedside, the land of song and of battle, and they retained a strong affection for their fatherland. The mission on the part of Mr. Sprott embraced a journey in a zigzag

direction of 770 miles, and occupied eighteen weeks of almost daily labour. The frame of Presbyterian polity was laid down in many settlements, but as the building did not go on, it is feared that the timbers have sadly decayed. Had this mission been followed up by a succession of popular preachers of a fine Catholic spirit which would have made them at home with all good men, they would have had the field for the winning, and as fair a chance for gathering congregations as other denominations. Such is the instability of human lot that none of that deputation now occupy the field of labour, except Mr. Blackwood. Mr. Douglas did not reach old age. He was styled a rough jewel, and the appellation was not misapplied, for under a somewhat rough exterior he possessed some of the noblest qualities of the head and of the heart. Mr. Laidlaw was esteemed a good preacher at home, and was admired for the beauties of his style, but he was not so well suited to the colonies where rough work must often be done by rough men. He soon left the country, and found an early grave on the Ohio. Mr. Blackwood was the most popular of the deputation.

CLERICAL SKETCHES.

The Rev. Dr. Andrew Brown (1) was selected for Halifax by Principal Baird and Dr. Blair. At home he was regarded as a star of the North British Church, and here as the rising sun of the New World. He was a man of a superior grade, and has not been surpassed by any who have come after him. He had a fine style of language, and style is the man. He had great powers of eloquence. His discourses were not sprinkled with an ostentatious orthodoxy, yet he must have been a sound divine, for he carefully instructed the children

in the doctrines of the Shorter Catechism. His return home was deeply lamented. There were few dry cheeks in St. Matthew's Church the day on which he preached his farewell sermon. The people followed him to the wharf, and took their long last gaze of the ship with sorrow and regret.

Dr. Gray (1) was a man of talents and learning, of dignified manners, and exemplary character, and possessed a high moral influence. For years, owing to ill-health, he was unfit for public duty; in a manner suspended between two worlds, unfit for the duties of the sanctuary below, and yet not admitted to the delights of the Zion above. But the long night of his sorrows would end in a joyful morning. He left behind him a lovely example of Christian character.

The Rev. Matthew Dripps preached the Gospel in America and Canada, and was finally settled at Shelburne. The Rev. James Munro strongly recommended him to that congregation on account of his sound divinity and gentle manners. These qualities were required, for there were in Shelburne at that time many well-informed Christians, and not a few upper crust families. If a minister's head is lined with good sense, hearers are not over-scrupulous about outward appearances, but in the olden time hair powder and a cocked hat were indispensable for the pulpit. I have seen Mr. Dripps on duty at Shelburne, on the morning of a high communion Sabbath, attended by a noble staff of grey-headed elders who would have been no discredit to John Knox's own session. I thought myself near heaven when in company with him. He seldom enjoyed good health. Lights and shadows passed over him in succession. His last hours were peace, and his sun set without clouds, indicating a fairer day in a higher world.

1854.

VISIT TO MUSQUODOBOIT HARBOUR.

The day was cold and the forests were bare, but the drive on the ice from the Grant to the Harbour was agreeable and pleasing. Every tree seemed to be tipped with silver, and the river was like a sea of glass. There are many creeks and bends on the river which abound with wild hay; and it is said that there is much timber suitable for ship-building. The great want which has been deeply felt for fifty years, is the want of a good road, to unite the two settlements, and to open a way from the interior to the salt water. There is scarcely a human dwelling for ten miles, and nothing to be heard except the bill of a woodpecker hammering a decayed tree. After we crossed the lake, the Rocky Valley, with its shingle palaces, bursts on our view with its busy population. It is difficult to give softness, freshness, and finish to rocky scenery, yet the hand of industry has spread a charm over its fields, and studded it with beautiful buildings. The handsome dwelling on the western bank of the river reminds me of the stately mansion, known by the name of Noble House, near Edinburgh. Robb's Church stands on the rising ground to the south, with its spire pointing to heaven, reminding us of our duty to our Maker and each other. A man going from home can cast a parting glance at the temple, and it first strikes his eye at his return. It is a pattern of architectural beauty and neatness. John Knox's family have been too careless about their religious buildings. They are often so unseemly that they might be mistaken for a cotton manufactory or a flour store. On the Monday I heard the hum of business at an early hour, and the stirring habits of the people convinced me that I had not passed the night in the vale of Sleepy Hollow.

I counted fifteen ox teams moving in a long row up the river to bring down timber to erect another chapel. The pulpit and the schoolhouse have of late effected great changes on the community.

A VISIT TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

Nov.

Newfoundland is a large and valuable island at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is larger than Ireland, and its treasures are drawn from the cod and seal fisheries. The land is wild and rocky, apparently never designed by divine Providence for a farming country. A few patches have been cleared by great labour, and with the help of cod heads and blubber raise good hay and potatoes; but the best fields remind one of the stony ground in the Jewish parable. The soil is light, and there is little earth to nourish the plants. The best farms are on the Topsail road near the city of St. John's, and the scenery is more picturesque and striking than that which surrounds Halifax. It is said that the interior is better. It has lakes, sixty or seventy miles in length, and the river Humber consists of a chain of lakes, two hundred miles long. The island abounds in springs and streams of water, and is very healthy. The autumn was mild. On the first of November, the stooks of oats were standing in the fields, the Irish girls were digging the potatoes, the sheep nibbling in the meadows, and the flies dancing in the windows. The great drawback to the prosperity of the city is the want of a back country. On the morning after my arrival, I crossed the roads which approach the city in quest of the long rows of provision waggons and droves of cattle which almost

daily reach the fair city of Halifax at this season of the year ; but I could see little except a few small milk carts (dog carts) and lean goats by the wayside with some green fields and handsome dwellings in the neighbourhood. The town is very dependent. It brings its bread from America, its beef and butter from Nova Scotia, its potatoes from P. E. Island, and sells its fish on the continent of Europe, the West Indies, and the United States. St. John's is the chief city and the centre of commerce. Its population is larger than that of Halifax, and its trade greater, but it is not so handsome a town. It is situated close on the Atlantic, from which it is approached by the narrows, half a mile long, and two hundred and twenty yards wide. The harbour is sheltered by high hills from every storm. The wharves and stores are built on the water, and sites for the buildings are dug out of the rocks. The streets rise in terraces in the background, and form a kind of amphitheatre with an opening to the dark blue sea. The main street is more than a mile long, and consists of beautiful buildings. I visited some of the stores and warehouses, and was surprised at their richness and splendour. The streets were thronged with people, and there was a forest of vessels in the harbour. The merchants of Newfoundland would throw the nobility of older countries into the shade, and compared with them those of Tarshish must have been no better than pedlars. The Greenock folks and Glasgow people, with other branches of John Knox's family, have contrived by canny foresight and guid common sense to gain the foreground in society and get hold of ships and dollars. The descendants of St. Patrick are less fortunate, and many of them are compelled to pitch their tent at no great distance from humble poverty. The want of a middle class in

society is severely felt. The uppercrust people roll on in wealth, but many of their servants are but a few points above real want and destitution. I lodged near Government House, and that part of the town was unusually tranquil, but I was sorry to hear that the sons of intemperance often make rough water in Water Street, which from the number of groggeries might as well be called Bottle Street or Rum Street. One evening I had an opportunity of addressing the cold water army, a select and respectable body, who seem to think that nothing can effectually eradicate the evil but the Maine liquor law. I reported to them what the temperance reform had accomplished in Nova Scotia, and assured them that we should mingle our prayers with our wishes for their prosperity. The standard of education appears to be rising in Newfoundland. The upper ranks are well educated and polished in their manners, and the lower orders have good schools. The Newfoundlanders have been long famed for kindness to strangers, and hospitality is still regarded as a sacred rite. I have met with much civility and respect in Britain and the United States and in four of the British provinces, but nowhere have I met with such kind-hearted people as in the city of St. John's. The future prospects of religion are neither cheerless, nor very bright. It is the land of popery, and popery has in many lands a vigorous agency and a powerful influence. Like the elephant's trunk it can lift a needle and uproot a tree. It will stoop to the conversion of a beggar, and grasp at an empire. The attachment of Roman Catholics to their priests and altars is very great. On All Saints' Day you might see 10,000 people on their knees in the great cathedral. I sincerely hope that the Almighty has His chosen ones among the chaff and the rubbish.

We have a purer faith and a more exalted theology, but they fairly outdo us in zeal and activity. The Episcopalians and Methodists have acquired stability and strength, but the Congregationalists, the Kirk and the Free Church are younger branches of the Protestant family in the island, and nothing but the energy of their ministers, and the zeal and activity of their people, under the fostering care of Heaven, can keep their lights from going out. One building would hold the three congregations. Oh for the day when division shall cease, and enmity be done away, when the tribes of the spiritual Israel shall be united in the bonds of everlasting fellowship in the Jerusalem above.

1855.

A VISIT TO THE WESTERN COUNTIES.

There are twenty religious buildings between Bridgetown and Annapolis. This shows that the people are not without devotional feelings, for unbelievers never build churches. The national clergy are attached to the aristocracy of the country, and this constitutes their strength. Those who are less wealthy have rushed to an opposite extreme, and seek instruction from teachers of their own choosing. The first settlers after the French were Presbyterians or rather Congregationalists from New England, who brought their good pastors with them. I have found the ruins of their churches, traditions of their history, and memorials of their piety at Chester, Liverpool, Shelburne, Barrington, Yarmouth, Digby, and Bridgetown. The ministers appear to have been gentlemen and Christians, but the country was too poor to sustain them. They died or left the colony, and their hearers were scattered. Many of them

gradually fell into the ranks of high churchmen or low nonconformists. There are still fractions of the Presbyterian family, like broken suns, scattered over the western counties. Ministers are not insensible to their spiritual wants, and are making vigorous efforts to supply them. The Rev. Messrs. Sommerville, Stuart and Struthers are entitled to all due credit for their honest exertions to extend the kingdom of our Redeemer and uphold the venerable institutions of our Church. The Presbyterian Synod have watch-towers at Shelburne, Yarmouth, and Annapolis, and seem inclined to fill the wells which their forefathers dug. They have no desire to molest other churches, but rather to supply the wants of their own people, and particularly to gather the exiles of the Scottish Judah into their own fold. They think there is room for a fresh class of labourers in the broad field between the high and unbending claims of Episcopalians and the unsettled and flickering lights of uneducated religious adventurers. I travelled the same road thirty-five years ago. I recollect little of it except dark forests, bad roads, and hospitable patriarchs sitting by the wayside to entertain strangers. I was everywhere surprised at the change which the labours of one generation had effected on the country. The human family had partaken of the change and the patriarchs of that day sleep with their fathers, yet I met with some old friends without a new face. I made some new friends, whom I hope to meet in the better land.

The Rev. Thomas Trotter has put off his priestly robes and been gathered to the great congregation of the dead. In life, literature, and morals he was a man of a superior grade, and would have been reckoned an

honour to any community. The grandeur of his mind and attainments were beyond his lot in life. Had he been placed in more favourable circumstances he might have reached the highest honours of his profession and a high place in the temple of fame ; but the office of the Christian ministry, though it be devoted to a handful of people under a tree, has its honours and rewards. A good parish minister is a greater benefactor to society than the scholar who has edited a new edition of Euripides or Homer. When Mr. Trotter came to Antigonish about forty years ago, there was scarcely the frame of a congregation, and little more than the shadow of good things to come. But by the honest application of his talents, under the fostering care of Heaven, he raised it to its present standing, and his memory is embalmed in the affections of his people. Thirty years ago the Rev. T. Trotter, the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, and John Young, Esq. (1), all figured in our Colonial press and enlivened the long winter evenings. They have passed away like a gliding shadow, and the flowers of spring adorn their graves. John Young was the greatest of the Youngs, a man of a masculine mind, who could express himself in vigorous, natural, and easy language. He had scarcely a superior on the floor of the legislature, and would have shed a lustre on the speaker's chair. Dr. McCulloch was a minister of gifts and graces, and struggled hard to elevate the tone of our provincial literature. He was an acute and keen controversial writer, and at one time chastised with his pen the movements of Romanism, and defended Protestant Christianity. In close combat with a rough antagonist he was unsparing in the use of severe language, wit, and ridicule. These gentlemen have left in their writings memorials of their genius and acquirements. It could scarcely be expected that men con-

stantly employed in the cares and duties of active life could gain very high popularity in writing, for they could not command that leisure and tranquil attention which are necessary for polished composition, yet it would be difficult to find writers equal to them in the present day.

1856.

TO MR. MCKINNON, STUDENT IN EDINBURGH.

I have lately been on a preaching excursion on the Bay of Fundy, the Railway, and the Eastern Shore. We had last Sabbath the communion at the Bay of Islands. The poor people had only service from us three Sabbaths in three years, yet the number of communicants doubled the number who partook of the Holy Supper when first instituted by our Lord in person. I expected an elder from Sheet Harbour, but owing to a snowdrift he did not get down, so that I was elder and minister myself. The house was crowded all day. I baptized eight children. I could not have spent a happier Sabbath, had I been in the most splendid cathedral; the golden hours were delightful, and the memory of them is sweet. The poor people gathered round me at parting, and refused to take farewell, but insisted that, if in life, I should visit them next year. On my return I reached the Indian camp at sunrise. The squaw was at the door of the wigwam to give me a hearty welcome, the papooses were waiting for a biscuit from my wallet, the dogs were wagging their tails for a crust of bread, and the rooster, like a Mormon gentleman with his wives, was ready to collect his tithe from the horse's feed of oats. I was in the midst of friends, though far from the dwellings of the white man.

Sergeant Neil Currie of the gallant 42nd left the Clyde at the commencement of the American War, and

at the peace of 1783 settled at Sheet Harbour, then an unbroken wilderness—not a minister within sixty miles of him ; but he had in his knapsack the Bible, the Confession of Faith, and the Catechism, and with such help he brought up his ten children for the Lord. I have often baptized children of the fifth generation of this family, and you might as well persuade a Jew to part with his beard as make them part with the creed of their forefathers. They laid the foundations of religious society on the Eastern Shore.

If the snow is not too deep, I must soon turn my horse's head for Pope's Harbour. The crowded back-wood schoolroom and the roaring log fire have great charms for me, and there is no part of my life that I would sooner live over again than the delightful Sabbaths I have enjoyed in the green woods.

We have ten new churches this year, and a feeling in favour of Presbyterianism is becoming deeper and broader on this side the Atlantic. But there is no country so thoroughly Presbyterian as North Britain, for dissenters there hold the same principles as our National Zion. . . . I should like to take a walk with you to Princes Street to see the fashions, and to the Greyfriars to the tombs of the martyrs, and to Fisher Row to see if the fishwives have the same striped petticoats, blue stockings, and short bedgowns, and the same [straps on] their shoulders under the fish-creels which they had fifty years ago.

1857.

TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

2nd Jan.

The new year has opened upon us who are at home surrounding the ancient hearth in good health, and we

trust the absent members of our family share the same blessing. We ought to begin the year with a good work and serve the Almighty after a new manner. The Lord said unto Moses, "On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the Tabernacle." It is good to begin the year with solemn reflections and to say with Job, "When a few years are come I shall go the way whence I shall not return." My head is whitened with the snows of seventy-six years. Nearly all my early companions sleep in death, and the decays of nature warn me that the time of my departure is at hand. Sixty years ago I had a long fever. My venerable parents told me to prepare for a change for I could not survive. I endeavoured to plant my foot on the Rock of Ages, and to wait in faith and hope for the coming of the Lord. The people said that if I recovered I should have a strong constitution and a long life. I have scarcely ever had a day's illness since. I have had a long and active life. I wish I could say a useful and holy one. Yet of late years I have met with many strong testimonies that my labours were not in vain. You know with what affectionate regard I was treated in Shelburne. I was lately in Windsor and Newport, and preached to overflowing audiences, and though thirty-two years had passed away, my services were still affectionately remembered. When lately, on the Eastern Shore, I attempted to take farewell of the people, but they were much affected, and said they would see me yet again. I have just now a strong testimony to the value of my services at sea on my first voyage across the Atlantic. The writer was too young to remember anything, but says her mother often mentioned me in life, and on her death-bed referred particularly to a dreadful storm on the 29th August 1818, when the passengers sang the 130th Psalm,—

"Lord, from the depths to thee I cried," when they believed the ship was sinking. I well remember that dreadful night. The vessel sprang a leak in a gale of wind on the banks of Newfoundland. The wind was loud, the night was dark, and the sea was like a forest of fire. At one time the women rushed on me and cried that the vessel was sinking. If ever prayers were answered it was on that dreadful night. One part of the sailors were all night in the rigging, the other part at the pumps, and the captain's voice was heard rising above the storm. The wind was "dead ahead." In a moment it veered round in our favour, and in one day it brought us 188 miles nearer the land, and greatly encouraged our hopes. The captain said that the changing of the wind at that time was as great a miracle as the dividing of the Red Sea. The lady resides in Virginia, and says she never saw her father so much interested as he was when he lately saw my letter in a Scottish paper.

To J. McCaig.

The man who has had many hairbreadth escapes in life ought to be very thankful to the Almighty, but the man who never had any ought to be still more grateful. I have got many a tumble from a horse, but scarcely ever got a scratch of a finger. One time I thought I was gone. My horse and carriage slipped on the ice and went over a great precipice. As God would have it, a fallen tree caught the wheel and saved my life. I hope that the Almighty, who has watched over me so long, will give me a gracious through-bearing at the hour of death.

THE REV. R. BLACKWOOD, TATAMAGOUCHE.

Dec.

I met with Mr. Blackwood for the first time at Windsor in the year 1818. I thought him a fine specimen of a Scottish minister. The long intercourse of almost forty years has confirmed first impressions and deepened the stream of friendship between us. We often met at sacramental services at Newport, Gay's River, and Musquodoboit. When it was known that Mr. Blackwood was to assist me, on a fine Sabbath morning you might have seen our blooming valleys all in motion, and the people streaming away for many miles to the house of God. When they met, Mr. Dechman, the high-priest of song, would slowly strike up one of his best tunes, and the house would have filled in every quarter with a storm of music loud as the sound of many waters. Since that time Musquodoboit has had its bright days and its dark days, but we have never seen such large and harmonious congregations either here or at Gay's River since Mr. Blackwood went away. His fame as a preacher could not have arisen solely from the depth of his theology, nor the extent of his learning, for in these respects other ministers were not his inferiors; and in the rapidity of his delivery, and in some of his noble irregularities he was not very scrupulous about the rules of grammar. His popularity arose chiefly from a ready elocution, a fine flow of evangelical sentiment clothed in plain Saxon English, and red-hot shots from the heart which awakened the sympathies of his audience and carried them along with him. He was not a perfect man; the lot of humanity was his, yet all his congregation would be more willing to throw a flower on his grave than to hear of any stain on his character. The highest of the prophets

were not perfect men, and the high priest himself had first to offer for his own sins, before he sacrificed for the sins of the people ; but a few infirmities no more destroy the excellences of a good character than a few clouds passing over the sun destroy a fine day. Mr. Blackwood was a type of the olden time, when ministers blended familiarity with dignity, and were cheerful without levity. With him an entire generation of our ministers has passed away.

1858.

8th August.

It is just forty years this day since I sailed in the Brig *Nile* from Kirkcudbright to seek a home beyond the Western Main. I have met with a share of those trials which are common to men, but mercies have greatly prevailed and preponderated. Since that time my parents and all the family, with the exception of myself and brother William, have been swept down by the stroke of death. The maid of my heart, the divine Sarah, dropt her mantle in April 1823, and the lovely Charlotte left us and went to the home of the departed in July 1825. I hope soon to meet with them in the better land where care and sorrow are unknown.

THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH HOWE.

We have had a succession of patriots in Nova Scotia, but few of them have acquired fresher or greener chaplets than Mr. Howe. He has never devoted his active life to petty objects, but has been the steady friend of Liberty, Free trade, Reform, and Education. He has pursued these noble objects with astonishing

perseverance through good and bad report, and has surmounted difficulties which would have buried common minds in ruin. Joseph Howe is no ordinary man. We are surprised to see a journeyman printer spring up like a rocket and pass every sphere in life and rank in society fully equal to his contemporaries and superior to many of them. Whether you meet with him in the dusty paths of life with the fishing rod or hay fork in his hands, in the ladies' drawing-room or at Government House, he has still the same home feeling, kind heart, and agreeable manners. He has often knocked down an opponent by a stroke of wit, or a well-told anecdote, and made rough waters smooth. He is a good statesman and a forcible speaker, without much assistance from Greek and Latin.

A VISIT TO THE "INDUS."

When I was lately in town the *Indus*, the Admiral's ship, lay at the wharf, commanded by Captain Dalrymple Hay (1) of the house of Dunragit. I knew his father at college. We had a long conversation about the Water of Luce and the Rhinns of Galloway. His lady is a jewel of the first water and sister to the British Ambassador at Washington. I do not know the sea terms, and cannot describe the beauty and proportion of the ship, but I was struck with her regularity and order. There was a place for everything, and everything was in its own place. Order is the great law of heaven, and it was the very thing which that illustrious and romantic lady, the Queen of Sheba, admired at the court of Solomon. If she understood navigation, she would have been pleased with the order of the *Indus*. It was the hour of prayer, and we saw the whole crew, 670

men, at worship. I have seen nothing more solemn since I saw the Covenanters' sacraments on the hills of Galloway.

A chaplain in some ships is a kind of amphibious character rather for ornament than use, who may be seen taking a glass of grog with the first lieutenant and singing a song, and who might be compared to the figurehead of a ship—a thing fit and becoming enough in itself, yet not absolutely necessary. But the Rev. Mr. Clark must be considered in another light. He is a clergyman of high caste, fully qualified for the ministry, and honestly attached to the duties of his salt-water parish. I need say nothing of the polite attention of Captain Hay and his officers, because the officers of the British Navy are regarded as the standard of good manners, and the fit representatives of the gentlemen of their country.

MR. SAMUEL F. ARCHIBALD.

Few men have passed through life more creditably than Samuel F. Archibald. He was distinguished by sound judgment and good sense. He seldom said a foolish thing or did a foolish action. His religion was not confined to morality. Dealing fairly with men, he walked with God, and, like old Simeon, was just and devout. For integrity and truth he stood at the head of his class, and his example was a blessing to his neighbours. His house was the temple of hospitality, and he was ready to assist in every good work. His usefulness continued till late in life. Some flowers open in the evening and flower in the night. His last hours were soothed with prayers and with the kindness of his friends. Christ was all in all to him in life and death.

In 1798 we were threatened with a French invasion, an Irish rebellion, and great commotions among the friends of the people. The battle of Ballynahinch was fought on one of the days of our Sacrament at Stoneykirk, and we distinctly heard across the Channel the firing of the great guns during the time of divine service.

Voltaire said he was tired of hearing it said that the Redeemer and twelve men built up Christianity. He said he would be one of four to upset it, but failed in the attempt. He afterwards said he could not succeed so long as the Sabbath was observed, and so many people on that day engaged in divine service. The Sabbath has always been the bulwark of religion, and the watchtower of immortality.

At the close of the last century James and Robert Haldane, gentlemen of rank and fortune, sold their fine estate in Stirlingshire, and attempted to go to India to convert the Hindoos, but were prevented from landing by the East India Company. They then turned to the heathen at home, and spent their large fortune in building and endowing churches. I well recollect hearing James Haldane, the sea-captain, preach in a schoolhouse at Stoneykirk on Regeneration. The Relief, the Covenanters, the Burghers, and Anti-burghers all turned a cold shoulder to the new sect. The Moderates succeeded in carrying in the Assembly that decree which precluded from their pulpits all who were not licensed by themselves. I heard the decree and a pastoral admonition read in the Parish Church by the Rev. Henry Blain.

1859.

TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

1st Jan.

The morning of 1859 has dawned upon our fireside, and found us all in good health. We thought of, and remembered in our prayers, those who were absent: Jane in the Island, George in India, and John in Edinburgh. My memory falls back on the cheerful New Years we had at the Caldon Park under the parental roof. We remembered the affectionate kindness of parents who have long slept in the dust. We remembered the school, the only class books the Bible and the Catechism. At eighteen, I began to learn a little Latin, but within a year the teacher moved away, and I had then to travel five miles to the school at the Inch. Then I went to College. My father convoyed me a part of the way the first day on horseback. Year after year I walked on foot to Edinburgh. After four years at College, and four more at the Divinity Hall, I was licensed to preach the Gospel at Douglas Water in March 1809. The battle of life began, and it has continued with me to this hour. I received call after call to congregations, but was repeatedly disappointed. I had strong temptations to turn my back on the ministry, but I loved the Saviour and continued in it. Ten years of the best of my life were in a great measure thrown away. When I landed at St. John's, New Brunswick, Dr. Burns was the only Presbyterian minister in the province. There were fifteen Presbyterian Churches in Nova Scotia, but no vacancies. I wandered about for four years preaching every Sabbath. I settled at Windsor, Newport, and Rawdon.

We have been favourites of Providence, and have great reason to be thankful to the Almighty for His

mercies : great reason to be thankful that the children have been well behaved, and have never caused sorrow to their parents. I recall to mind bygone years, when, in snowstorms, I would go to meet our white-haired children in the evening coming from Mr. McDonald's school, carried the half of them on my back, and danced the Highland fling with the whole of them on my shoulders. In old age infirmities increase, but God is our Father, and as the coming shadows close in, our spiritual vision shall brighten.

JUBILEE.

Mr. Sprott's jubilee was celebrated on the 23rd of March, when the following address was presented to him :—

REV. SIR—We, the community of Musquodoboit in its several settlements, beg leave to tender to you our sentiments of respect and esteem on this day commemorative of so important a part of your official life as a minister of the Gospel.

But few ministers of Christ reach your age, and fewer still are honoured to see service in the ministry of the Gospel for fifty years.

It is these considerations which have prompted us to embrace so rare a circumstance in ministerial life in order that we may express the sentiments and feelings which they naturally awaken in our hearts.

We feel there is much in the fact that you have served God in the Gospel of His Son for a period far exceeding the average length of human life.

We cannot forget too that the greater portion of this period has been spent among ourselves—that for so long a time you have gone in and out among us—

instructing us by your knowledge—guiding us by your wisdom—comforting us amid the many and varied ills of life, and sharing with us its enjoyments.

We reflect with gratitude on your sympathy and generosity when events in providence demanded the exercise of those virtues, and on your readiness to help in every good work.

Whether as a settled minister or since the period when you laid aside the burdens and cares of a congregation, we have marked the willingness with which you have laboured for the well-being of the dwellers in the wood, whose ears but for your labours would have been rarely saluted with the glad tidings of great joy, and who would otherwise have been obliged to spend many a silent and solitary Sabbath at home.

It affords us great pleasure also to notice the kindness of God to you and your family—that alike in the case of your children, who are in distant parts of the world and who are filling or expecting to fill prominent or important places in civil society and in the Church, and in the case of those who are still living under your own roof-tree, you have evidence that God is faithful who hath promised, “I will be your God and the God of your children after you.”

Like Moses, you are old and full of days, but like him your eye has not become dim nor your natural force abated.

In old age, when others are fading, you are in the house of God like a green olive.

It pleases us to mark this, and it is our hearty wish and earnest prayer that, having served your generation, by the will of God you may obtain the reward of the good minister of Christ, and be associated with those who have turned many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

We are constrained also to embrace in this expression of our respect and esteem Mrs Sprott. We know that she has indeed been a helpmeet to you amid and through the many chances and changes of this fitful state where there is none abiding,—that she has been a succourer of many and of you also, and it is but dutiful and seemly in us to convey to her the assurance that during the remaining portion of her life she will live in our hearts and be borne on our remembrances when at the throne of grace, that goodness and mercy may follow her all her days and that she may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Signed on behalf of the community by

ROBERT SEDGEWICK.

JAMES REID, SENR.

WILLIAM G. ARCHIBALD.

Mr Sprott returned the subjoined answer, and supplemented it by a most interesting account of his life and labours :—

I thank you for this address and its kind sentiments. In old age usefulness declines, hopes fail, and we are in danger of being forgotten. I am glad that the services of bygone years are still remembered. This address is a valuable document to my family. It is a high testimonial of character. It veils the defects and deficiencies of my ministry and scatters the censures of a long life, like chaff before the wind. The good opinion of our fellow-creatures is the noblest of earthly renown, and when fairly acquired is next to the approbation of our Maker. I aimed at doing my duty with the abilities which I had ; I never amused you with the fictions of fancy, but pressed on you the doctrines of redemption and grace, expressed in the plain and popular language of the country.

This is the second jubilee held by our own Church in this colony. The venerable Mr Brown well deserved it, for he held a large congregation till the day of his death, and eventually found a winding sheet in the scene of his early labours. When I came to Musquodoboit thirty-five years ago it was rather in a declining state : but even then it contained many excellent Christians—the choice gold of the sanctuary. It increased under my ministry for many years, and though the congregation has had its dark days and its bright days, it is increasing still under the searching and earnest ministry of the Rev. Mr Sedgewick. The sanctuary waters at times have been ruffled by men given to change ; but our meeting on this day is a token for good, that discordant feelings have been attuned to harmony, and conflicting elements returned to repose. This congregation will bear a favourable comparison for intelligence, piety, and morality with other communities. For many years the fires of education have been trimmed with skill and ability.

It is fifty years since I entered the ministry. I have preached the Gospel for more than forty years in this province. I have visited every creek and corner in Nova Scotia, many parts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and some parts of Newfoundland and the United States. I have threaded the wilderness to reach settlements whose inhabitants might hear the roar of the wind among the trees, or the murmurs of the ocean, but seldom hear the voice of the missionary of salvation, and their children were not baptized except by a mother's tears. I have done what I could to plant the rose of Sharon in our snow-clad regions, and when the snowdrift was too deep, I have dismounted from my horse, carried my portmanteau on my shoulders, to reach the glittering haunts of men,

though the stars were shining through the crevices of the log hut.

I have crossed the Atlantic seven times and sailed in many other waters, and at a moderate calculation have travelled by land and water ninety thousand miles. I have found the service very pleasant, and my only regret is that I have done so little for so good a Master.

I have been spared from the wrecks of the last generation, and am a kind of link between the living and the dead—like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, or a flagstaff on a hill after the enemy has fled away. I have seen some changes in society. I have seen kings and popes contending for the dominion of the world. I well recollect the thunders of the French revolution, the general war in Europe, the rage of infidelity, and the reign of terror. I recollect the commencement of Missionary and Bible societies, and am persuaded that more has been done for the glory of God and the good of man within the last sixty years than for any other period since the Reformation. I have seen many changes in Nova Scotia. I have seen new lawyers at the bar, new judges on the bench, new priests at the altar, and new kings on the throne.

I thank you for making honourable mention of my wife and family. We are immensely indebted to woman. We can never do without her. In the beautiful language of Randolph, "She lost us paradise, but gained us heaven." Brethren, I am far advanced in time's list. I must soon clear the wilderness. I am approaching that battle ground where all must fall. Pray for me and my family, that we may have a gracious through-bearing at the hour of death, and when we reach that good land, where I hope to be welcomed by many of my spiritual children, we shall have a long day to talk over the good

and ill we have seen in this life. May peace be within your walls, and prosperity within your palaces.

JOHN SPROTT.

REVIVALS IN RELIGION.

Sept.

A revival in the Church is the prevailing influence of religion, when the things of eternity are clothed with peculiar solemnity, when sinners are deeply impressed with the sinfulness of their condition, when saints are fully sensible of their defects and deficiencies, and anxious to have their graces confirmed and established. Revivals of religion have blessed the Church of God in every period of her history. They were frequently enjoyed under the Mosaic economy. The foundations of the Christian Church were laid on the day of Pentecost, during an extraordinary diffusion of the Holy Spirit. The glorious Reformation was a revival of religion, when Divine Providence raised up a race of intellectual giants to banish human devices from the pulpit and to restore the doctrine of Christ and Him crucified.

In all ordinary cases people are more likely to receive lasting benefits from their own faithful ministers than from travelling evangelists and revival preachers, who often come and depart like shadows, without leaving any permanent impression behind them.

I shall not affirm that they did no good, or that none were converted by their preaching, because some wild characters were brought in, and permanent impressions might be produced; but in most cases their goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew. A few years ago in many places in America revival preachers were in great demand, and to oppose them

or speak lightly of their measures when they seemed to be doing so much good was regarded by many as opposing the Holy Ghost. Many a good minister was unsettled because he did not admit them to his pulpit, and many more, because they did. And what has become of these revival preachers? We scarcely ever hear of them or their labours. They have faded away like the colours of the rainbow. Their history is full of warning to the churches. One of them was sent to the State Prison, another was deposed from the ministry, and a third died in the Poorhouse. And when there was piety at the bottom which prevented shipwreck of faith, they became defamers of their brethren and teachers of error. They have unsettled pastors, divided churches, and given rise to a religion of excitement without any substantial fruits.

We rejoice in the progress of spiritual religion and maintain that it is best promoted by preaching the truth.

When any church has lost her first love, and fallen into a formal state, she can only be revived by preaching the truth. The most prosperous and spiritually minded churches are those which have been favoured with a succession of ministers who have faithfully preached the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel.

To G. W. S.

We are glad to hear that Mary and you are well. We hope that you may be spared to do a good work in India. When Dr. Chalmers had reached his seventieth year, he wished his seventh decade to be the Sabbath of his earthly career. My seventh decade began twenty years ago. Alas, I have thought too little of the rapid flight of time! I am slow to believe that I am an old

man, but I am standing on the very verge of time ; I must soon sleep with my fathers. I have outlived my first wife thirty-six years. I have long since thrown all my good works into a pile, and all my bad deeds, and have fled from both to the Saviour. I was lately in Pictou. The Highlanders were kindly asking for you. I was at Musquodoboit Harbour on the 1st of March. The snow fell thirty inches in one night. My jubilee was held here in March. It was admitted to be the most delightful day ever enjoyed in Musquodoboit. The most discordant feelings were attuned into harmony. It was to me a high testimonial. It elevated the character of the congregation and dug a grave for all past grievances. Both the speakers on that day, and the public press afterwards, were unsparing in their encomiums on me, but, like Paddy's plumb, they went a little over. Your mother has not had better health for many years. Many houses here have been darkened with the shadow of death. Our fireside has been long spared, but evening shadows are approaching, and some of us are rapidly approaching that battle ground where all must fall. We still enjoy many mercies, and it is our earnest prayer that we may have a gracious through-bearing at the hour of death. I am glad that you have such a correspondent as Dr. Twining (1). Your dog Tottie is a great favourite. He rides with me in the waggon allwheres. He is very honest, and very just, for when he saw the pig eat the oats which belonged to the duck, he raised a great cry in defence of the duck.

1860.

TO THE REV. T. NEILSON.

20th April.

I ought to be pleased with the ways in which Divine Providence has led me. I have done a good work in many sections of our country seldom visited by ministers. I have cultivated a large field where the seed was sown by earlier hands. I have met with many green spots and spent many happy days in the wilderness. Whitenened with the snows of eighty years, I feel few of the infirmities of age. A full house ever since I had a house; my wife, the chief temporal blessing of my life, has been spared; children well educated and well behaved. I need nothing but the divine blessing to make me happy. I am daily praying for a golden sunset, a tranquil death, and a happy entrance into heaven, to sit at the feet of that very Jesus who for us became a man of sorrows.

TO G. W. S.

Oct.

I think I mentioned to you that I had a very friendly letter from the son of the late Chief Justice Haliburton, stating the high respect which his father had for me, and that he duly appreciated my extended labours in early years when roads were so bad. I am not sure whether I mentioned that I had a very friendly letter from the Very Rev. Dr. James Maitland, present Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The homestead is improved since you left it; the swamp is nearly all cleared; forty acres from the hill have been bought and added to it. The trees shade

the house, and four new gates have been hung on. All strangers passing, pause, and ask who lives here. We are thankful to have such a home. We are waiting for, and through the merits of our Redeemer expecting a kingdom which cannot be moved. The longer we live, we see the more need of a Saviour to deliver us from the wrath to come.

The kirk at the little river is finished and the seats all taken. I heard Mr. Stewart preach here last Sabbath. His language is choice, his divinity rich, and his prayers beautiful. People accustomed to homely fare and a small retail trade in the pulpit can scarcely appreciate the value of such compositions, but an opinion is gaining ground that he has no equal in this part of the country. We are glad to hear that by the divine blessing you are advancing the cause of spiritual Christianity in Kandy. This has always been the object of our sincere prayers and earnest wishes since you went to school and began to define nouns and verbs.

Your mother and I have been unwell for a month ; very feeble indeed. We have both got on our legs again. I hope the time was not lost ; the house filled with good people, and we had many solemn prayers.

To G. W. S.

13th Dec.

I well recollect my grandmother Jane Murray. I saw her on her death-bed in 1784. She was a woman of singular excellence, and her last hours were soothed with the consolations of religion.

I had lately a friendly letter from Dr. Twining, stating that by his visit to Canada he had recovered his health and had returned to the field with renewed

strength. Soon after I saw his death in the papers. "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." He was a good man, and would be welcomed on the shores of immortality by many of his spiritual children. James Bryson has just followed the last of his sons to the grave. The sore throat has carried off six of his family; laid waste his house and made his head bare to every blast. I wish you to write him. You know he was a great friend to you, and he will consider it an honour. The angel of death has darkened almost every house except our own. In mercy we have been spared, but our days are numbered, and Christ is our only hope. We hear that the Southern States are arming against the North on the slave question. It will end in talk. Speaking is a safety valve which the Almighty has provided to allow men's evil passions to escape. Barking dogs seldom bite.

PROGRESS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

25th Dec.

There cannot be a stronger proof of the advancement of society, and the progress of improvement, than the rapidity with which school-houses, academies, colleges, and churches are erected in Nova Scotia. Forty years ago our school-houses were mere log hovels, our schoolmasters often old soldiers or broken-down sailors, who turned their hand to the trade to eke out a living for the winter. They boarded with their employers, petted the children, took snuff with the old women, and did little jobs for them which their careless husbands neglected. It was an unlovely sight to see the man of letters going the round of the neighbourhood, with all his chattels in a cotton handkerchief, his garments

fluttering and bagging in the wind, so that he might have been mistaken for the genius of famine upon the earth, or a scarecrow which had escaped from a cornfield. But teachers are now well qualified and better paid, and the whole country is a network of handsome school-houses, well furnished with books, maps, and globes. Many of the scholars have an astonishing readiness at Scripture questions, mental arithmetic, geography, history, and the sciences. The education of all our colleges is good, scarcely so complete and comprehensive as the universities of older countries, yet vigorous and well adapted to the wants of our people. I am tired of hearing people complain of the ignorance of the Nova Scotians. Our institutions can afford education enough for the bar, the bench, and the pulpit. The Nova Scotians are a shrewd and sensible people. If they have not stronger intellects or more reading than Europeans, they easily acquire useful knowledge, and learn all trades of the first necessity without serving an apprenticeship. I had once a hired man who could drive a team, spear a salmon, frame a house, and build a stack of chimneys. He was a cooper, shoemaker, tailor, a good cow doctor, and an excellent cook. Our people are not wealthy, but working men are better off than at home, because they can make some provision for sickness and old age. I think that of late religion is taking a deeper hold of their affections. They are still a worldly people, yet I do think that an effusion of the Holy Spirit more refreshing than the breath of spring has fallen on some parts of the vineyard of the Lord, and its effects are visible in better attendance at church, the increase of prayer meetings, Sabbath schools, Bible classes, and Christian associations of young men.

PREACHING.

A fine sermon is a fine thing, and figures and flowers are beautiful, but no one could make a meal of them. The great design of preaching is to make bad men good, and good men better, and the best preaching must be that by which most souls are saved. Whatever qualifications a minister may have, he cannot be successful without strong faith, great spirituality of mind, and great earnestness and energy of character. The most of the preachers I hear are plain, practical, and useful; the facts, doctrines, and duties of religion are often illustrated with skill and ability, but I think that some preachers dwell too often on what may be called the alphabet, the rudiments or first principles of Christianity, as if Christians were always to remain babes in Christ. Leaving the first principles of the Gospel of Christ—but neither forgetting them, nor dwelling exclusively upon them—they ought to go on to perfection. Some preachers are perpetually employed in laying the foundation, and never attempt to rear the superstructure. Other preachers again dwell on narrow controversies, and think that the world is all going wrong for want of their mending. Instead of contemplating the beauty and broad dimensions of the temple of truth, they are employed in picking out the weeds which grow in the courtyard. But good ministers love the fruits and the flowers which grow on Mount Zion, more than the thorns and briars sometimes to be found in its skirts. The preacher might take a more comprehensive range of subjects than he usually does. The works of creation and providence, the events of sacred and civil history, the revolutions of kingdoms and empires, and the fulfilment of

ancient prophecy, all illustrate the power and goodness of God, and might be often introduced into the pulpit.

1861.

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

It would afford me much pleasure this summer to visit the green fields of my youth, to see the Parish Kirk, the Schoolhouse, and the playground where we had so many combats with schoolfellows who now nearly all sleep in death. If anything could warm my cold heart, it would be a visit of this kind; yet joy would be mingled with a feeling of sadness, for to think on friends who are no more, and joys which are never to return, is like music on the sea, pleasing and mournful. The appearance of the country and the frame of society are much altered since I knew Stoneykirk first. The fields were unfenced, the roads unbridged, and the hill naked and bare; but now the soil is rich in cultivation, high in produce, and the whole country is studded with beautiful farmhouses. Bogs and swamps where frogs held their town-meetings, and boys skated on the ice, are converted into wheat-fields. The harvest was then gathered into the barnyard on sleds, and the grist carried to the mill on horseback. The minister and laird might have newspapers, but they were not in use among common people.

Our class books at school were the Bible and the Catechism. We knew nothing of English grammar, geography, mental arithmetic, history, or composition. There was a large sprinkling of Dissenters in the parish of Stoneykirk. Sabbath after Sabbath we could see them streaming away in all weathers to their

respective churches in Stranraer where the Gospel was preached. I must not say that they were martyrs by mistake, but I often thought they might hear the same truths nearer home. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was held only once in the year in the Parish Kirk, and it was a season of great solemnity and protracted devotion. It lasted nearly a whole week, and was attended by four or five ministers. No church could hold the people, but divine service was conducted in the open air. In the days of unleavened bread, when men lived as brethren, it was a lovely sight to see these venerable fathers meet on the Sabbath morning at the church door, shake hands, and inquire for each other's welfare, with a venerable staff of elders, the Honourable Peter Maitland at their head. After the action sermon by the pastor, the more particular and solemn service of the day began. Table after table was filled up and addressed by different ministers. The Sacrament of the Supper now is light work and soon over, only one table, or rather no table at all. Members are served in their seats, with a concluding address. This way is perhaps in accordance with primitive practice and not to be condemned, but it has not half the power on men's hearts and affections as the old way of different ministers addressing different tables: each one coming forward with some fresh thoughts, some original ideas, and fine bursts of eloquence well calculated to awaken all the sensibilities of the soul and carry away the minds of men from the Saviour's cross to His crown and kingdom. I have read Burns' account of the Holy Fair, but I have never seen anything like it in the tranquil vales of Galloway.

BIOGRAPHIES.

It is wrong to record all that men have thought, said, or done. It lowers their estimation in the eyes of the world, and hurts their character. Many a good man has been materially injured by the gathering of all kinds of trumpery into his memoir.

I have never seen anything that equalled the Lakes of Castle Kennedy in beauty, and they have never sunk below the horizon since I saw them from the Inch School near the end of the last century.

To G. W. S.

Oct.

You are all indebted to the strict economy and indomitable industry of your mother. Grandmother Neilson was a stern old woman; if we had more wives like her we would not have so many beggars in Nova Scotia. Her five daughters (1) were well trained in those household virtues which adorn equally the cottage and the palace. I have seen Mr. —'s synod sermon. A moderator's sermon should be like a bishop's charge. It should directly apply to the clergy and the Church. Our ministers are getting degrees from America where our people get wooden clocks and tin horns. None have more need of degrees than men without merit, because the shadow may be of some use in the absence of the reality. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Martin held the communion last week at Little River—an overflowing

audience with seventy members. Your mother and I went to the Lord's Table. The service was conducted with ability, dignity, solemnity, and in a very religious spirit.

1862.

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

1st Jan.

It was my earnest wish to visit you last summer, but I was prevented by the earnest entreaty of my family, who thought me too old to encounter the dangers of the long sea. Disappointed in this for the present, I lay down to sleep, and in the dreams of the night I was conducted to the home of my fathers. I thought on times and scenes long gone by. I remembered where we danced so often the Highland fling on merry Hallow-e'en, and learned our prayers from our venerable parents. I remembered the schoolhouse where we learned to read—the only school-books the Holy Scriptures and the Catechism—and the playground where we had so many hard struggles at the ball. When I reached Stranraer I was quite bewildered and lost the geography of the town. It was in vain that I looked for some well-known countenance in the streets: the children stared at me, and dogs barked at me. I inquired for some of my schoolfellows, William Black, John Semple, and John Douglas, but they had passed away to the silent land. Not being able to renew my acquaintance with the living world, I walked into Stoneykirk Churchyard to claim kindred with the dead. I could scarcely walk two steps without stumbling on the grave of some old acquaintance with whom I was in the habit of shaking hands in better

days. I stood on the grave of my father and grandfather. I had often mingled with them in prayer : it was natural for me to wish that when we meet again, all our prayers might be turned into praises. It is solemnly pleasing to contemplate all the arrangements of Providence which Christianity discloses, and to think of meeting again with father and mother and other dear friends in that happy land where care and sorrow are unknown. If we take a view of the starry heavens on a clear calm evening we must be convinced that there is room enough in these immense regions for all the generations of men that ever appeared on the earth.

My grandmother was born in the year 1715 ; my grandfather and father lived in the greatest part of the last century, and were well acquainted with its habits and manners. The hodden gray and the broad blue bonnet were universal. The dress of the women usually consisted of coarse blue plaiding petticoats and a short gown of the same. The married women wore a close mutch, which on Sabbath they ornamented with shiny ribbons. Unmarried women wore their hair tied round with a ribbon, and the plaid brought over their heads served the purpose of a bonnet. The wealthy classes had silk gowns, high-heeled shoes and silver buckles. Farmers' daughters, instead of being brought up to the piano, were taught the use of the spinning wheel, and the whole of the household linen and blankets were home-made. In the middle of the last century the labouring classes must have lived very poorly. In my younger years the more wealthy breakfasted on porridge, dined on broth and meat, and had sowens for supper. About the year 1765 tea was introduced, at first almost by stealth. People supposed that it was to be supped like soup with

spoons, or, if sipped from the saucer, to be drunk like punch to the health of the company. The first tea dishes were wooden bickers or coarse crockery ware. Potatoes were not introduced into Scotland before 1727. In my grandfather's time they were dibbled into the ground like cabbage. I recollect when my father abandoned the spade and began to put them in the drill with the horse and plough. The straw saddle and hair bridle had not altogether disappeared when I was at school. Most of the men were fond of a morning dram, and some of the gude wives kept a private bottle. On the market day at Stranraer the farmers could scarcely get away from the tavern till the night cloud had lowered, but sat sipping at the bottle, like the Indian who wished that his throat was a mile long that he might taste the rum all the way.

The boys at school were full of frolic and fun. Bad deeds seldom happened, but a witty trick and a manful mischief were regarded as marks of a clever boy. A carter in Stranraer kept a house of doubtful reputation. One morning his cart was missing and on a search over the town it could not be found ; but as the day rose it was discovered that the boys at great labour had hoisted it to the masthead of a sloop on the shore. I recollect a stocking weaver at Stoneykirk—no favourite with the boys—who had a new sign put up over his door. During the night it was taken down and a horse's head put in its place. The story of a crabbed tailor was still more amusing. The schoolboys had learned that, on a particular day, he was to have a haggis for his dinner. It was planned that while the haggis was boiling in the pot one of the boys should go into the house and engage the tailor in close conversation, while another should let down a line and a hook from the

lumhead. The boy within inserted the hook and gave a tug to the line; away went the haggis out of the lumhead, and was carried to a hilltop in great triumph.

TO THE REV. DR. MURRAY.

Jan.

Scotland has produced few ministers deeply skilled in Biblical literature. Very few of our great divines have won laurels on this holy ground. John Knox was an instrument employed by Providence to deliver his country from the dominion of Romanism, and secure its liberties, rather than to struggle with the difficulties of criticism and sacred learning. Robert Rollock, the first Principal of the University of Edinburgh, published several volumes of Commentaries which are still extant and good for the time. Robert Boyd of Trochrig was an eminent Greek scholar. John Row surpassed all his contemporaries in his knowledge of the original language of the Old Testament. Principal Campbell of Aberdeen and Dr. Macknight of Edinburgh were great theological writers. Campbell was the abler man, and humbled Hume, the ablest of the Scottish infidels. Macknight is the author of a translation of all the Apostolic Epistles. He was thirty years in preparing it, and transcribed it five times with his own hand. It is sometimes false in theology and fanciful in criticism, yet a storehouse of immense information. Everybody condemns it, yet everybody consults it. Boston has long been admired as a writer on doctrinal and practical divinity. The *Fourfold State* lies on the shelf of many a cottage, into which the cheap literature of our day has not penetrated. Dr. Hill of St. Andrews and Dr. Dick of Glasgow have bequeathed to the Church two excellent systems of divinity. Dr. Chalmers was a great man

and an honour to any church, but his few ideas are drowned in his splendid imagery. His style is like the window of an old cathedral where the painting is so thick that it keeps out the light. To imitate his mode is dangerous without a lively fancy and sound judgment, for noble irregularities in an original genius may be admitted which will not be tolerated in their servile imitators.

MICHAEL GEDDES.

9th Jan.

Died at Musquodoboit at an advanced age, Michael Geddes, much and justly regretted, a man of a strong mind, good sense, and deep devotional feeling. He had scarcely any education, but supplied the defect by reading and reflection. In early years, when there was scarcely any divine service in Musquodoboit, he often crossed the mountains to attend the ministry of that man of God, the Rev. Mr Graham, and lightened the fatigues of the journey on the way home by repeating to his companions the heads of the sermons. By his early religious training he was well qualified for the duties of an elder, and few elders were ever more frequent in their attendance in the sick chamber, or at the death-bed. He had singular gifts in prayer and was rich in religious conversation. He was a great favourite with young people and always reminded them that they were to be the future pillars of the Church. His old friends who knew him best highly esteemed him and followed him with sorrow to the grave.

TO DR. BURNS.

I learn from the press that you are publishing a volume of prayers. It is no easy task, yet you wrote a good volume years ago which did service in the Colonies. The world has undergone many changes since I first landed at St. John's and slept on your sofa. I lately mounted guard on the Sabbath for Dr. Donald, and told the audience at the close that I had preached for you in the same pulpit forty-five years ago, and that if any remembered me I would be glad to speak with them. One poor widow remembered me and said that she was the last of her family. It is forty years since I and my first wife sat and sang and wept and prayed and parted on the banks of the Jordan, in hope of meeting in that happy land where care and sorrow are unknown.

THE POWER OF THE PULPIT.

April.

I well recollect the great power of the pulpit at the close of the last century and the sublime delights and emotions of the Scottish Sabbath. It was a day of refreshment to soul and body. I have travelled over hill and dale to the little church scarcely larger than a porter's lodge at a nobleman's gate, and on returning the rural patriarchs brightened the fatigues of the journey by talking over what they had heard in the pulpit. Then, sermons were spiritual and practical. Some ministers have acquired a mushroom popularity without merit, and lost it without crime, but by whatever means a minister may acquire popularity, he

cannot retain it without strong faith, great spirituality of mind, and untiring perseverance. The unstable multitude are fond of strange sights and shows of any kind, and an odd kind of preacher and a showman can easily catch an audience. When Colin Fraser travelled among the North American Indians who had seldom seen a white man, the Highland dress and the bagpipes greatly astonished them, and they actually supposed him to be a relation of the Great Spirit. Reading sermons is the most correct way, but it is not so powerful as red-hot shots from the heart.

When St. Paul preached of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled. I am not so sure that he would have trembled if the preacher had a paper in his hand. Ministers in America usually read their sermons, but the common people of Scotland are strongly opposed to it. When the old woman was asked how she liked the sermon, she replied, The minister read it and he reminded me of the crows picking the corn. He put down his neb to get a pick, and looked round to see if anybody was coming. I once asked a shrewd old deacon the question, Whether would you prefer an old country minister, or one of our country born? Taking the pipe from his mouth, he cautiously evaded the question by saying, that he was a tanner to his trade, and when he took his skins to the Halifax market, he never could put the same fine polish on them which was on the English leather.

We are now becoming a great people; we have six learned professors with high salaries for seventeen students in divinity. It reminds me of a large steam engine on board of a birch bark canoe. Our professors, like the ancient Druids, commit nothing to writing; but as they wish to be connected with the republic of

letters, some of them have imported degrees from America, the land of tin horns and wooden clocks. You may call these dollar degrees and say they are of no value ; but you are mistaken, for when once a minister obtains a degree, people soon forget from whence he got it.

TO MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND JOHN BOLLONG.

July.

I am glad that the people of the Eastern Shore are making an effort to retain the services of the Rev. James Waddell. I hope that by making a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together, they will be able to sustain him. The field of labour is large and extends from Pope's Harbour to Moser's River, a distance of thirty miles. It has three English churches, three Roman Catholic chapels, and nine school districts. I know it well. I have battled with bad roads and bad weather in occasional visits for thirty-seven years, and increased the communicant roll from twenty-five to eighty. The Roman Catholics and the Indians are well behaved, and treated me the same as their own priests.

The Halls, the Curries, the McCarthys, the Bollongs are full-blooded Presbyterians, being chiefly the grandchildren of the late Sergeant Currie of the gallant 42nd, who settled at Sheet Harbour after the American War. In all his campaigns he kept his Bible and the Catechism in his knapsack, and, like Abraham, taught his children to keep the law of the Lord. I have spent many happy Sabbaths on the shore. Those golden hours are gone ; but the remembrance of them

is sweet. If spared in life I must once more visit the shore where I shall meet with many old friends without new faces. Mr. Waddell is the man for the shore. He is not like a newly fledged divine just from school. He is a man of wisdom and experience, and has many seals of his ministry. Few ministers have made deeper investments of love and affection, toils and labours in Nova Scotia than Mr. Waddell. He has never had a fat living, and whatever may be the cause of this, it is not owing to his want of talents or acquirements. Had he gone into the navy, he would have gained the quarter-deck; had he gone into the army, if not killed at the battle of Waterloo, by this time he might have been at the head of a regiment; had he gone to the bar, he might now have been upon the bench; but because he made choice of a holy profession, he, with many other excellent men, is compelled to pitch his tent at no great distance from humble poverty. The merit of a man is not always soon discovered by a multitude. Noah stood alone in the old world, and St. Paul was no better at Ephesus. The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift, nor riches to men of skill, nor favour to men of understanding, nor congregations to them who deserve them. We often see the largest congregations held by inferior men. We see, both in Church and State, men without talents and virtues promoted to the highest posts, while men of merit are forgotten and neglected. This partial regard to inferior men is a great seeming evil; but perhaps it is the shadow of good, because it throws strong minds on their own resources, awakens their energies, and widens the field of moral glory. James Waddell ought to be the finest blood of the Church, being the son of the venerable Mr. Waddell of Truro. I dare not say that he

equals his father as a preacher, yet when I hear him in prayer I think I hear his father's voice. Both excelled in prayer—a noble gift for a minister. No eloquence is equal to solemn and impressive prayers. Good prayers are the key of preaching. In Scotland they choose a minister as much for his prayers as his preaching. Nothing is more distasteful on the Sabbath morning than to hear a long prayer of fifteen to twenty minutes without piety or solemnity, and often consisting of rolling sentences which signify nothing. Instead of awakening religious feelings it scatters them and leaves the mind a prey to evil thoughts. The want of good prayers is a serious defect in the Presbyterian Church. Some good men's prayers are poor and flat. I have repeatedly heard the great Dr. Chalmers. He seemed to pay all his attention to his sermon, and left the prayer to take care of itself. Good sermons ought to have good and impressive prayers, and ministers who read their sermons ought to read their prayers. John Knox had a short liturgy for public prayers. Something of the kind might be useful still for new beginners, and they could lay it aside when they had acquired more strength of devotion and fluency of expression.

1863.

TO SUSAN LYDIARD (I).

March.

I have just now seen your brilliant letter to Mrs. Dumbreck, and though the snows of eighty-four years have chilled the fire of youth, I have taken up the pen to write you. Says the prophet, "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Your family carried with

you the sympathies and prayers of old friends, and we still remember you at our best times. I know that you must still feel strongly for your native land, and all the associations of early years. I have mingled with five generations of your family. Your great-grandmother was a noble woman. When I went wrong she gave me a good scolding, but if any other person meddled with me, with words like shots of fire she was sure to give them their kail through the reek. Your grandfather's house was the home of ministers for nearly half a century. The day began and ended with praise and prayer. I sang and prayed and parted with them on the banks of the stormy Jordan, in the full hope of meeting with them in that happy land where care and sorrow are unknown. You have had a religious ancestry; you ought in all good conscience to be the purest blood of the Church. But it will not avail you to have Abraham for your father; unless you are united to Christ by a living faith, you can never get to heaven. The rich man in the parable calls Abraham his father, and Abraham kindly calls him son, yet he took up his abode in the regions of darkness. I hope that you regard Christ as all and in all. A religion without Christ is as valueless as a watch without a mainspring. The longer I live, I feel the more need of a Saviour. There is a great amount of Unitarianism in some parts of America. It is the halfway house to infidelity.

I was much pleased with all that I saw in America. It contains all the elements of national greatness, but it requires nearly a lifetime to make an opening in the wilderness, and you have to wait long for good roads, churches, and schoolhouses, cultivated society, and high attainments in holiness. It is a deeply worldly-minded country. People who have lost fortunes at home come

here to make them, and many are not scrupulous about the means they employ. America keeps an open door for the refuse of all countries. Everything is in a state of fluctuation and ferment. I do not know if you remember my nephew little Archy (1), a mischievous boy at McDonald's School. He has now become a sincere Christian and writes us beautiful letters. He is not far from you; write him to send you a parcel of religious tracts for your Sabbath School. Remember us kindly to all the little colony from Musquodoboit, young and old, and tell them to prepare to meet me in heaven.

FOR THE COLONIAL STANDARD.

Oct.

I am an old man, in the sere and yellow leaf of years. The world has run away from me.—The iron pen of time has recorded strange events since I first saw the light. When I came here, the Kirk of Scotland had only two ministers, in Nova Scotia, but now they have twenty, and a feeling in favour of the Church of our fathers is stronger. The Seceders, the earliest bulwarks, were a feeble band, and, like a plant growing on the face of a rock, at the mercy of every storm; but now they are a wide-spreading tree which affords shade and shelter and fruit to many congregations. The stream of Christianity is becoming broader and deeper; and this is owing to the fostering care of Heaven, and the labours of different denominations. Our elder brethren of the Church of England have ministers who would be an ornament to any community. Some of the Baptists and Methodists are the sons of minor prophets, yet there is much earnest Christianity among them, and a Presbyterian pulpit would have more

power with a portion of their feelings, affection, and fire.

I remember the thunders of the French Revolution, when Great Britain was a barracks and the Continent of Europe a battle-ground. Regiment after regiment was sent away to the harvest of death. Many of my schoolfellows followed the fife and the drum. They got a gory bed and a soldier's sepulchre. I was among the volunteers. We were taught street firing and to resist horsemen. We had little of the warlike spirit, but were greatly pleased when the ladies came out to see our grand reviews and sham fights. All ranks of men were gathered into the army, militia, or volunteers, and, like Paddy, I was compelled to volunteer with Virgil in one hand and the gun and the bayonet in the other. At that time the mechanics of Paisley and Manchester were abandoning the Bible for the writings of Thomas Paine, and infidelity devastated the fairest provinces of Europe. In Britain, Pitt ruled the nation, and Dr. Hill was the head of the Church of Scotland. True religion lay under a dark cloud, and our Churches were like Gilboa's mountains, without dew or fields of offerings. Whisky was a favourite with both saint and sinner. Good men saw the evil and sighed and prayed for better times. In due time the clouds began to break away. We saw a clear sky, and an influence more refreshing than the breath of spring fell on the Churches, and missionary societies, and Sabbath schools, and prayer meetings, sprang up in all directions. The General Assembly, in the palmy days of Moderatism, voted down the cause of missions to the heathen, yet in 1796 a large missionary society was formed in Edinburgh, of which Dr. Erskine was president, and similar institutions in other parts. The Antiburghers deposed the Rev. Charles Cowie of Huntly because he favoured

the cause of missions. But in 1799 the London Missionary Society was formed. The Baptist mission to India was formed in 1792, but they were prevented from landing by the East India Company. Hume predicted that in the nineteenth century superstition would fade away and philosophy would flourish. By superstition he meant Christianity, and by philosophy he meant infidelity. Hume died in 1776. A quarter of a century brings us down to 1804, when the Bible commenced its march to universal empire. And what do we now behold? Prejudices giving way everywhere to a thirst for the word of God. Kingdoms rise and fall; infidels live and die, but the word of God shall endure for ever.

The Church of Scotland, like other Churches, has had her bright days and dark days. About thirty years ago she was threatened with a tide of voluntarism, which attempted to destroy all Established Churches. It was really an unholy sight to see in a country town, the white flag of the Seceders, the presumptuous pennant of the Socinians, the red flag of Popery, and the dark flag of Infidelity, all fluttering side by side, and united for the destruction of the Church of our fathers, which nursed us and cradled us all.

It has been said by that great statesman Canning, that nothing could have prevented the universal spread of the Gospel but the unhappy divisions of its friends. The tendency of the present times is union among Christians. Union is strength and beauty. It is like Mary's box of ointment; it filled the house where they were sitting with a sweet odour; and long before the end of the world we shall have only two Churches—the Church of Christ, and the Church of Antichrist. Small sects are drifting from their moorings into larger bodies. The Scottish Covenanters have stood fast by

their flagstaff since the Revolution ; but lately their camp is sadly shattered, and the ministers, like Samson's foxes, are turning tail to tail. It is the fate of sects after two or three generations to give up the principles on which they started. They find the platform too narrow.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN HALIFAX, ON 25TH DECEMBER.

We have seen with satisfaction the rise and progress of your society for reading the Word of God and prayer, and we trust by the grace of God it may reach higher degrees of usefulness and prosperity, and be a nursing mother to similar institutions, which shed such a lustre on the age. The course of this world and the tide of folly roll on ; but it is gratifying to see the pulpit, the press, the prayer meeting, the Sabbath school, and the lecture room uniting their forces to stem the torrent, and to deepen and widen the stream of Christianity. Popular lectures on science and literature are the order of the day ; but the tree of knowledge is not good for fruit unless sheltered by the tree of life. What though I possessed the treasures of a thousand volumes, and could speak a hundred languages, it will avail me nothing if I am an enemy to God and divine things. Balaam could speak in a style which might be admired by the whole world. The higher the Greeks and Romans advanced in knowledge, the deeper they sank in vice and depravity. I recollect the thunders of the French Revolution. That nation was the most enlightened and polished in Europe. They mistook Romanism for Christianity, sunk into infidelity, and attempted to govern the world

without God. Lectures on science and philosophy should be baptised with Christianity, and all your meetings conducted in a religious spirit. I am old enough to recollect the lectures of Dugald Stewart and Leslie. They kept at as great a distance from Christianity as possible. The moral philosophy of Christopher North and Sir William Hamilton is little better. Even in reading history you should keep one eye on the agency of God and another on the works of man. A great amount of good may be done to the world by the exertions of a few good men. The labours of Wilberforce, Thornton, and Howard will be remembered when the warriors of the age are forgotten. Had Hume and Gibbon been men of similar spirit their brilliant talents would have been a great blessing to the world. Voltaire and John Wesley lived at the same time. Both lived to a great age, and both filled a wide space in the public mind. Voltaire did all he could to extinguish religion, John Wesley did all he could to promote it. Voltaire left nothing to the world, and died as a fool. John Wesley died as a Christian, and left behind him one of the largest Protestant missionary societies. Bonaparte and Washington lived at the same time. Bonaparte left nothing to his country, and his name is lost in the vortex of revolution. Washington left the Americans the United States, and his name is embalmed in the affections of his country. A good man is the guardian angel of his country. He may not be able to shield it from the miseries of war, or advance it to a high state of temporal prosperity; but by his prayers he may bring down a blessing on the country in which he resides, and, like the prophets of old, for a time avert the vengeance of Heaven. In our own time we have seen many changes, and the downfall of many states and

kingdoms. Great Britain has been continually on the increase, and has swayed her sceptre over a hundred and seventy millions of Hindoos in the East. The bright empires of antiquity have passed away, and the far-famed Republic of the West is shaken to pieces, and what can preserve our beloved country but the watchful care of Providence and the salt of Christianity? Walter Scott spent his days in music and song, and loaded his memory with trumpery and trash. But in his last moments he was perfectly sober, and said to Lockhart, his son-in-law, "Be sober, be religious, be good."

Gentlemen, if you consecrate your talents on the altars of religion, to the service of God, you may be useful in life and happy in death, a blessing to your parents and country. That country has the greatest moral strength which has the greatest number of religious citizens. Our fleets and armies will avail us nothing if our Maker has departed from us. I can hardly expect that you are all the choice gold of the sanctuary: for in the ark itself there was a cursed Ham as well as a blessed Shem; and in the family of our Lord a traitorous Judas as well as a beloved John. Yet as there are none admitted into your association but such as have sworn allegiance to Prince Messiah, over the symbols of His broken body and shed blood, we may cherish a hope to find among you some young Josephs, some Daniels, or some young Timothy's. The soul that is rich in grace is, like the ship loaded with gold, most likely to be attacked by pirates. Young men set out on the journey of life headstrong and without experience, with passions wild and strong, with a bias to corruption. They yield to their passions, and their passions enslave them, and the consequence is a blunder in youth, shipwreck in life, and regret in old age. You must seek true happiness

in doing your duty, and in making it your great concern to take hold on eternal life. But if you are seeking happiness in this world's earthly pleasures, you are seeking the living among the dead. I am sorry that few young men have a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel; few are walking in the narrow path which leads to happiness; few are taking up their cross and carrying it with meekness and patience. Ask a faithful minister who are the persons most backward to attend the services of the sanctuary and prayer meetings; who are the persons for whom you feel the most anxiety; who are the Reubens for whom there are the greatest searchings of heart; who are the persons most likely to disgrace their profession and their parents. He will answer, Young men.

Ask the father of a family who are the persons who give you the most anxiety and alarm, most likely to go astray, and most difficult to reclaim. He will answer, Young men. Ask the magistrates and judges who are they who break the Sabbath, are found in grog shops and riots, fill jails and convict ships, and they will answer, Young men. They are little better in the higher classes of society. Alas! rank, title, wealth, and education are no security against such deeds.

Anxious fathers, sorrowing sisters, and broken-hearted mothers can tell sad tales. Much of the purity, peace, and prosperity of society depend upon women. They soothe our sorrows, cheer our hearts, and brighten our virtues.

TO THE REV. DR. MURRAY.

Dec.

On Christmas Day the sun rose in beauty, but the blast of the north was in the plain, and the trees were

leafless and bare. We received a packet of letters from our children, who were lately all at school hard at their tasks, but are now separated by mountain, stream, and sea. A feeling of loneliness spread over our minds when we dined alone on Christmas Day, but we were thankful to a kind Providence that we had been spared from the wrecks of the last generation, and earnestly prayed that we might have a golden sunset, a safe passage over the stormy Jordan, and a happy meeting with all our family in our Father's house.

George has written a pamphlet to show that the worship and rites of the Church of Scotland are in accordance with those of the Primitive Church and of the Reformed Churches on the Continent of Europe. A few solemn prayers for the morning service to be a guide to young ministers would have a powerful effect in awakening a deep devotional feeling. No eloquence is equal to solemn and suitable prayers. A particular form laid down for baptism, the Lord's Supper, and marriage, would be an advantage to our Church.

THE WESLEYANS.

Next to the Quakers they are a sect. I am willing to believe that they belong to the family of our Lord, but I would think more of them if they had less of the spirit of sectarianism among them. I am not pleased to see them attempting to divide society into the converted and unconverted. There is no doubt a real division between the sheep and the goats, but it is not for us at all times to draw the line. I am willing to believe that all people are converted who

love God and His people and whose lives are regulated by His laws. When I am asked, When were you converted? I am at a loss what to say. I wish I could say that I belong to the ninety and nine who need no repentance. We must look for the evidence of conversion in a holy and religious life.

Methodist preachers have not the literature and Biblical criticism of the English Bishops, nor the deep theology of the North British Church, and we trust that they will not maintain that the holy fires of Christianity are trimmed with more care and diligence at their lamps than by other brethren in Nova Scotia; but their system is skilfully adapted to the wants and woes of society. John Wesley could see further than all the Bishops of England, and the president of their conference has more power than the Prime Minister. Their class leaders have much more power in the Church than church-wardens and elders. Their weekly prayer meeting and conversation have a powerful tendency to promote religion. They have a complete knowledge of each other. They are called on every week to relate their experience and tell the state of their souls. I could hardly submit to this, for there are delicate varieties in real religion which can only be told to God alone. Local preachers do a great amount of good by long and wearisome journeys often performed on foot.

TO THE REV. JOHN INGLIS, SOUTH SEAS (1).

The visit of the Rev. John Geddie to the British provinces has been highly acceptable to all denominations, and he has been followed with a tide of popularity, though without the salt of original genius, eloquence, or

great scholarship. When people heard of his residence for nineteen years in the darkest portion of the heathen world, all that time sweeping down the altars of idolatry and gathering souls to the Redeemer by the net of the Gospel, they said, "This must be the finger of God." Men must be employed, but the work is Divine, for whether a sinner be converted by St. Paul, John Wesley, or Dr. Chalmers, it must always be ascribed to the grace of God. It appears that Mr. Geddie and his companions have carried not only the light of life, but the light of civilisation into those benighted regions, and have taught the natives to abandon raw flesh for their food and skins for their clothing, and to manufacture their garments and build houses. The virgin soil has been stained by the blood of some of the labourers. We are thankful that Mr. Geddie and his wife have escaped the war-club of the native. He was more likely to escape than a fat plump Englishman, for a thin spare man like him would scarcely make a breakfast to a savage. Missionary fires are now trimmed in Nova Scotia with diligence and zeal. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists readily unloose their purse strings to extend the empire of the Gospel, and many earnest prayers are daily offered up for those devoted men who have left home and country and kindred to promote the conversion of the world to Christ. I have lately had a letter from your mother-in-law (1). The heads of our families have all gone to the silent land, but the seed sown by our pious fathers has not been lost, and their mantle has fallen in deep folds on many of their offspring, and we humbly hope through the merits of our Redeemer for a cordial welcome from them at the gates of Paradise. You may take it for granted that this shall be the last letter from me. I am far advanced in time's list; the world has run away

from me. I am like a single locust hopping behind after the swarm has passed away. My wife, the sun and centre of our family, has been spared, which is a great blessing. Let us have your daily prayers.

1864.

Died at Musquodoboit, on the 9th of January, Alexander Shaw, a native of Aberdeen, in the ninetieth year of his age. He was one of the last of the stars lingering in the grey morning. He was the last of the four elders ordained by the late Rev. John Laidlaw. He was a man of much devotional feeling and high religious excellence. If he was not a good man, I do not know where to find one. His Christian virtues will claim respect for his dust. He sleeps far from his native land, yet the Resurrection sun shall rise as surely on his grave as on the gay regions of Europe.

TO REV. T. NEILSON.

15th Jan.

The Church of Scotland has lately sent eight or ten talented ministers to Nova Scotia, who now claim the supremacy of the pulpit. I lately heard one of them dispense the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with a dignity of manner and depth of devotional feeling which reminded me of better days. There is much earnest Christianity among Baptists and Methodists. We have a purer faith and a more exalted theology, but they outdo us in diligence and zeal. Some of my best correspondents are Episcopal ministers. The three missionaries who lately sailed to Aneiteum are not natives of Nova Scotia. One is a native of Prince

Edward Island, one a son of the Shamrock, and another a Highlandman. They will assist abler men in breaking up rough ground, in clearing out the stones, and in preparing the soil for receiving the seed.

I cannot refuse to throw a flower on the grave of some pious women in the upper settlement, who in times long gone by were my attentive hearers. I was always glad to meet with them in the sanctuary. They kept their eye on the pulpit, and the golden fires of affection flashed in their faces, on the mention of our Saviour's name. When I met with them in private they had open ears to hear something good. Some of them have obtained an honoured grave, such as Nancy Reynolds, Janet White, and Mary Burris. I might mention other kindred spirits who must soon join that great multitude which no man can number—Janet Parker, Rosy Fisher, and William Dean's widow. By a fatherly chastisement I have been two years confined to the house. I am thankful for it. I am not left to wander as a bastard without a father's care. Our afflictions, when wisely improved, yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. They have taught me the hard duty of humility and given me leisure to prepare for the close of life. I have been writing to my religious friends in distant lands. I have correspondents in India, in the South Seas, in Britain and America, and many of my letters will be read after the dust of years has rolled over my grave.

TO EDWARD McCURDY.

I received your kind letter with an apology as long as a Tartar lance. In writing letters to friends I neither give nor accept of apologies, but go head foremost into the pith of the matter and stop when I have done. You have seen something of the world since you left home, and by this time you could not throw your purse far against the wind. You would soon tire of your visit to London, and, like Paddy, you would not be able to see the town for the houses. You would see the extremes of wealth and poverty on a great scale. I think that the beautiful vale of Colchester will be dearer to you than ever. You must be convinced that a poor man may be as happy in Nova Scotia as in any country, eating his own lambs, clothed with the wool of his own sheep, and looking at his cows sleeping under the long shadows of his own trees. We have not the corn of Egypt nor the gold of Ophir, but we have all the materials of a tranquil felicity, and if a man steadily abides by his calling for seven years and does not better his lot in that time, let him come to me and I will assist him.

You talk of missions in foreign lands and of bringing Jews and Gentiles under the attractions of the Cross ; but the souls of men are as precious at home as in distant lands, and one pound will go further in Nova Scotia than ten pounds in India or Africa. The young soldier goes gaily into the field of battle at the sound of the martial music and thinks of victories and triumphs, but before the night cloud has lowered he has found a gory bed and a soldier's sepulchre. There is a romance in missions as well as in the army. The soil at the door of the synagogue is very hard and the

ground is rough in heathen lands, but under the fostering care of Heaven the tree of immortality will grow in any soil.

The Church of Scotland at the time of the Disruption nearly lost her lights in Novia Scotia, and it would have been worse with her had not the Rev. Dr. McGillivray (1) and the Rev. John Martin stood by her altars and trimmed her fires with care and diligence. I was at home in 1844, immediately after the Disruption, and a man could hardly live in Glasgow unless he were a Free-churchman. In railcars and steamers I was often asked the question, Are you bond or free? I had no relish for such questions and seldom returned a satisfactory answer. Calling on an old friend in Glasgow, the lady of the house put wine upon the table, but before giving it she wanted to ascertain whether I was bond or free. I attempted to avoid the question by telling her that in the time of a revival of religion in America people asked an Irishman to what side he belonged, that he took things coolly, and said that he never saw that religion yet but he could turn his hand to it. I was at once in danger of being thrown overboard as a Unitarian, and I would have lost the wine, had not my companion, a brother officer, interposed and said I was fully entitled to the wine, for I was a correspondent of Dr. Chalmers. The churches at that time were almost deserted, and the Church of Scotland reminded me of a noble ship in a storm; she had lost her spars, but yet made the harbour. She no doubt lost a portion of her strength, but she got rid of some of her weakness. She appears now to be rising in the might and majesty of spiritual Christianity, and we hope that, under the fostering care of Heaven, she may

continue for many ages to spread truth and holiness over the hills and valleys of Scotland.

June.

DEAR SUSAN LYDIARD—Many of your old friends have gone to the silent land since you left us. Most of them were professing Christians, and some of them were the choice gold of the sanctuary. John Dechman and his wife went away like the gallant ship with all sails set, and under the care of the good Pilot would enter the harbour in safety. With him the ruling passion was strong in death. A few minutes before he died, he gave his violin to one of his sons, and told him where he would get new strings. Some people have asked me what John Dechman would do in heaven if there were no music. I replied, that St. John in the visions of heaven heard harpers with their harps, and that holy music and holy love would be the joint enjoyment of pious souls to all eternity. All my early fellow labourers have been promoted to the service of the upper sanctuary, while I have been permitted to linger at the altars of mortality. I might have been happier to have gone with them, but I am sure that all the time allowed me is necessary to prepare for my future abode. I am glad that you have the visits of a good minister, a prayer meeting, and a Sabbath school. You may tread the wilderness with a light heart and a firm step, when you can be refreshed on the Sabbath with still waters and green pastures.

June.

The early labourers in the Presbyterian vineyard in Nova Scotia have all disappeared from our view. The

dust of seventy or eighty years has rolled over their tombs, and the grass grows green on their graves. I have often heard the old people speak of the Rev. Mr. Secomb of Chester, the divine and the poet of Nova Scotia ; the Rev. David Smith of Londonderry, a skilful and deep divine, but defective in his elocution. The ore was rich, but it wanted polishing. The Rev. John Munro of Shelburne was a sound divine of good education, but he never was married, and wanted that refinement which he might have acquired in female society. In dealing with other denominations, he was rather unsparing in the use of arrows in the pulpit ; but honey will catch far more flies than vinegar. The Rev. David Cock of Truro was a good man and a sound divine, but never preached well except when in a hurry and pressed for time. In summer and winter he always preached till the sun had sunk in the west. He had fine pastoral manners, and Judge Archibald used to say that he had seldom ever seen a more finished gentleman than Mr Cock. This accounts for the polished manners of the Truro people, and gives them an air of more refinement than the people of surrounding settlements.

TO P. HANNAY, DUANESBURG, NEW YORK.

July.

After a man's head is whitened with the snows of eighty-seven years, it is time for him to cast off the deep cares of life and to prepare for a home in heaven where sin and sorrow never enter. The world is to us but a dream ; eternity is a dreadful reality, and we ought to make due preparation for it. I have had a share of those afflictions which are common to men,

but times of affliction have always been the happiest seasons, and the very worst things in religion are better than the best things in the world. I am doing now what I did sixty years ago, trusting in my Redeemer as my hope and salvation. I am writing my last letters to my relations. I remember times and scenes which have passed away. The sunshine of life at a father's fireside has long since passed away; the hearth-stone has become cold and the merry circle which surrounded it are either scattered over the world or rest beneath the green sod. Our parents were good people and did what they could to direct us to the hill of Calvary and the Rock of Ages.

If St. Paul were to enter our churches, he would ask, What has become of the Lord's Table?

We have had visits from Universalist preachers from America, but the people turned a cold shoulder to them. If their doctrines were not true they did not want them, and, if true, they did not need them.

THE REV. JOHN MARTIN.

Oct.

I knew the Rev. John Martin before he left Scotland. I was standing on the wharf at Halifax when he landed, and for forty years we were intimate friends and at times exchanged pulpits. Under a somewhat rough exterior, and without all that polish which the people of Halifax so highly prize, he had some of the warmest affections of the heart and the noblest sentiments of the mind. He taught sound divinity in good language, and if he did not reach the

highest flights of oratory, he had a forcible and familiar eloquence highly acceptable to the people. The congregation of St. Andrew's was nearly dead when he came to it. Slowly and steadily it increased till every seat was let, and for many years it was crowded. He had a strong missionary spirit, and often visited the exiles of our Scottish Judah in destitute sections of the country. He was a staunch friend to the Kirk, but never lost his affection for his early friends the Covenanters, and if anyone attacked them he acted as a kind of rearguard to protect them. At the time of the Disruption, Mr. Martin and Dr. McGillivray stood by the flagstaff till they got assistance from home. Mr. Martin conducted the *Guardian* newspaper for many years with ability and discretion. He had general information and good knowledge of character, strong religious feelings, and great gifts in prayer. I do not claim for him perfection, but he had many religious excellencies. We must judge a man, not by the evil but by the good he has done. A few blemishes no more destroy the excellency of a good character than a cloud passing over the sun destroys a summer day.

PRAYER.

Nov.

The Lord's Prayer is a beautiful model of rational devotion. Its petitions are few, simple, and sublime, suited to the commencement of Christianity and adapted to every generation. It is an introduction to the Gospel, and happy is the man who can use it aright. The Church of England has good prayers—the most appropriate prayers of the Church in past ages. The Methodists have good Psalmody; the Presbyterians have good sermons. Without breach of charity I may

say that the Presbyterian Church is sadly defective in the use of good prayers. They are often too long, and sometimes sadly wanting in devotional feeling and propriety. I have heard some of them which consisted of history, politics, metaphysics, and rolling sentences which signified nothing, but little adoration, confession, or thanksgiving. Some great men have been sadly defective in prayer.

TO MR McCAIG.

Dec.

At the close of the last century the congregations of the Covenanters were few and far between. They had no religious buildings in Galloway and Nithsdale. Like the Druids, they held their meetings in the open air, but when the weather was severe they sought shelter in private houses. The little presbytery met at Douglas Water twice in the year and lodged in the inn of Mr Morrison. He was a thirsty soul, but when the members of presbytery were with him, he was as sober as Father Matthew himself. After the business of the day was over they met in his house, and I have never seen more pleasant evenings than in their company. They were perfectly sober; yet the big horn spoon and the punch bowl were on the table. Mr. Mason and Mr. Thomson had wit and humour, and they could all laugh except the stately John MacMillan. James Reid was regarded as the most religious man in Galloway, yet he could relish a quiet joke as well as the rest. I liked him the better for it. I have a great regard for hearty laughter. It is a sign of honest people. If any member of presbytery wandered from the question before the house, he was sharply put to right by William Symington, Elder from Paisley, who told

them that the best order was kept in Church courts by the Kirk of Scotland. Coaches and railcars were not then in fashion, and the brethren swept over the country like a troop of Arabs, their library and wardrobe in their saddle-bags. Field preaching has now disappeared, but at that time it was held in high estimation by the common people. I have never seen such gatherings in any part of the world, and though in some instances indiscretions might be committed, yet wild characters were brought to serious reflection and received permanent impressions. I loved to hear the old ministers preach. They were plain, vigorous, and forcible, and spoke directly to the heart. They did not tear to pieces a good idea by a multitude of words. I sometimes hear sermons and do not know what to make of them. The text reminds me of a rock in the time of a springtide, seldom in sight, and the sermon of a labyrinth of digressions, like the overgrown suburbs of a town.

1865.

FAMILY PRAYER WHEN CHARLES LEFT TO BE MARRIED.

24th Jan.

O Lord, Thou hast been the God of our fathers, be our own God and the God of our children. We thank Thee for the abundant mercies we have enjoyed during a long and eventful life. Pour down Thy blessing on our seed and Thy Spirit on our offspring. When our children leave home to erect tents and tabernacles for themselves, may they never forget the solemn lessons and examples of their father's house. May they never forget the solemnity of a father's parting voice and a mother's tears. As no measure can succeed without the divine blessing and no undertaking miscarry with the

favour of Heaven—may they who marry, marry in the Lord, may the Saviour be at the marriage, and turn the water into wine ; may the parties be helpmeets for each other and dwell together in love, and be prepared for that world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. May all our family be comprehended in the covenant of redemption, and none of them be wanting on the day when Thou makest up Thy jewels. May they spend the day of life in Thy service, that the morning of eternity may dawn on them with joy. May the young in years be old in grace, and may the old improve in virtue as they advance in years, and, like the feathery palm-tree, bring forth fruit in old age, and in due time reach the goodly Lebanon where sin and sorrow are unknown.

May.

Both Dr. Willis and Mr. Martin have gone to the silent land : both younger than me ; among the last of my early friends. Perhaps I might have been better with the righteous dead ; but in mercy I have been spared to get a little more time to subdue my passions, sanctify my nature, and fit me for my new abode. I am sadly afflicted with rheumatism in the legs, and unable to stand or walk, yet often free from pain, and generally I get sleep after pleasing dreams that I am far from home preaching the Gospel to great multitudes. I am beginning to lose hopes of getting better legs before the resurrection, when their corruption shall put on incorruption, and our withered limbs shall be restored to immortal youth. Like Jacob of old, I can say, O God, I wait for Thy salvation.

THE JEWS.

July.

The geographical position of Palestine is of more importance than people are aware of. It is favourable for trade and commerce. In the hands of an intelligent and enterprising people it might soon reach a high degree of commercial grandeur. Situated on the apex of the Old World, with three continents spread out at its feet, with the Red Sea on the one side, to bring in the golden treasures of the East, and the Mediterranean on the other, to bring in the skill, knowledge, and enterprise of the West.

It is a land of incomparable fertility. In the beautiful language of the prophets the mountains dropped down sweet wine, and the hills flowed with milk, a land of wheat and barley, a land of olive oil and honey. Long desolations have dried up many of its fountains, blasted its vines and sadly thinned its fig-trees. But the bee still murmurs on the fragrant cliffs of Carmel, the olive yields its fatness in Gethsemane, and Sharon has not lost its roses on the hills of Galilee. Let the seed of Jacob people it, and its pastures shall be clothed with flocks, and its valleys yield abundance of corn. We cannot estimate the great advantage that restoration and conversion would be to the Jew. It would put an end to his dispersions and wanderings, his sufferings and persecutions. It would terminate his ignorance and prejudice, his hatred of Christ and of Christians. It would be the joy of the long-lost prodigal restored, a reversion of the blessedness of Canaan, a foretaste of heaven. The Church of the Redeemer would not fail to receive the greatest advantage. By his conversion God will be glorified. It will illustrate the divinity of the Gospel. It will spread abroad the

evidence of its truth. It will strike Mahommedans and heathens and nominal Christians with astonishment. It will silence numerous objections and put infidels to shame.

To G. W. S.

10th Nov.

When we received the glad news that you had received a presentation to a parish church, we gave thanks to God and shed tears of joy. What has been long wished for has come at last. We sincerely hope that this appointment will be a blessing to you and the congregation. Knowledge of all kinds is useful, but the mainspring of success in the ministry is piety, and the want of it in a minister is dreadful. Your mother was distressed at the thought of your leaving Mary with the children and returning to India. Your appointment has restored cheerfulness once more to our fireside.

TO THE HON. DR. TUPPER (1).

The School Bill is good, but needs amendment. It contains no provision for religious instruction. The welfare and prosperity of every country greatly depend on its religion. The Bible is held in reverence by the whole Christian world as our monitor in youth, our guide in life, and hope in death. It has been a school book ever since the Reformation, and it would be a dangerous innovation to withdraw it from our schools. It is equally adapted to the closet, the school, and the Church. The tree of knowledge is not good for fruit, unless sheltered by the tree of life. Chemistry

never soothed a troubled conscience ; mathematics never healed a broken heart ; and science never smoothed a pillow at a dying hour. The concerns of Church and State shall soon be in the hands of the young. Religion is the polestar in the voyage of life. Love to their souls and kindness to the world should induce us to give them sound instruction. Judges, jurists, and divines, have strongly urged the necessity of religious instruction in early years. The want of the true religion or the profession of a false one degrades men, but the knowledge of the truth and the practice of piety elevate them in the scale of society and fit them for a home in heaven. Dr. Duff says that education without the Bible is a mockery and a delusion. He has introduced it into the education at institutions over which he presides, and has not only attracted thither Christian pupils of various shades of belief, but Hindoos and Mahommedans in great numbers. Education is one of the most valuable distinctions which mankind can enjoy. No climate can depress it, nor despotism enslave it. It is a companion at home and an introduction abroad. It gives a grace and a government to genius. Without the cultivation of the mind Athens would have been hidden from the rest of the world, but the cultivation of the arts and sciences placed in her hand the sceptre of legislation, raised her from a small state to a powerful commonwealth, and drew upon her the eyes and approbation of all succeeding ages. The Christian Church was instituted for the conversion of sinners, and the edification of saints. The schoolhouse paves the way for young people hearing the word of God in the sanctuary, but if the teacher neglects his duty the labours of the minister will make but a feeble impression. The bright empires of antiquity have passed

away like a gliding shadow ; the famous republic of the West is trembling for an existence, and what can preserve Great Britain but the salt of Christianity and the fostering care of Heaven ?

What boys are in youth, they shall be the same in after years. If the bud is injured, the flower shall be marred. Franklin says that the man grows out of the boy, and that in nine cases out of ten, as is the boy so is the man. The Bible is equally suited to the closet, the schoolhouse, and the Church, and it has done more to promote the happiness of men here and hereafter than all other books whatever. We are more indebted to Christianity than we are aware of. It has thrown down the altars of idolatry in many lands, and introduced the light of life and the light of civilisation. It has broken the fetters of slavery, abolished polygamy, mitigated the horrors of war, softened the rigours of despotism, and introduced a benevolent spirit into all the relations of life. We wish to see as many branches of useful knowledge taught in our common schools as the teacher can overtake, but we hope that the Council of Education will pause before they consent to withdraw the Bible.

My wife has been spared from the wrecks of the last generation, and this has been a great blessing to us all, for, like the good wine, she is clear to the bottom. We trust that the religious treasure in our family has not been lost, but that the seed will produce a full harvest, after we are gone to the silent land. I hope

that my sinful life has not been altogether in vain, yet it is time for me to throw all my good works overboard, and cling to the plank of free grace, that I may swim to glory. Our son George has returned to Edinburgh, after having done good service to the Church in the Island of Ceylon. Seven years are long enough in India, and we are glad that he has got a presentation to a parish in Aberdeenshire. We hope that this will be a blessing to himself and the parish.

Musquodoboit is a rising settlement, so young that it still retains its Indian name. Some of the old people remember when the moose deer were as plentiful on the river as the black cattle, and Francis Cope, the Indian hunter, has been seen go down the river with a hundred moose skins in his canoe. When I came to Musquodoboit there was scarcely a wheel carriage of any description. I have rode to church on an ox sled, but now on the Sabbath morning you may see fifty or sixty handsome waggons standing at the worm fence. The first good bonnet in the church belonged to an Englishwoman. It was a leghorn bonnet, which stood high like a Scottish church and attracted all eyes. Old people speak with pleasing satisfaction of the olden times, when the moose deer came to the door, and the fish came to the pan, when the wheat was sown in handfuls and came back in sheaves, and the deserts bloomed with wild fruit. We had three poor school-houses like hog pens. The teachers boarded with their employers. Once in the fortnight you might have seen the man of letters, with all his chattels in a pocket handkerchief, walking the round of the neighbours, his clothes fluttering and bagging in the wind

like the ghost of famine, or a scarecrow which had escaped from a cornfield. Nothing astonishes me more than the rapid change which has taken place in the field of education by the new School Bill by assessment. The dark and dingy schoolhouses have all disappeared, and the whole country is freely studded with shingle palaces finely painted, and supplied with books, maps, globes, and all necessaries for all degrees of scholarship and intelligence. The parish schools of Scotland have been long the ornament and pride of the country. Yet many of our schools in the greenwoods would compare favourably with the best of them. We have now fifteen handsome schoolhouses on the river. Musquodoboit is rather classic ground and distinguished by a love of literature. It has sent five young men into the ministry, and a host of teachers who are trimming the fires of education with ability and diligence. Emigrants hire as servants, but they all get land and soon become freemen and have a vote. If steady and well behaved, they perhaps become deacons in churches, and if they have thrifty wives they become captains of militia and members of Parliament.

To G. W. S.

A happy marriage is the most valuable fragment of happiness which has escaped the fall of man.

A minister without piety is a dreadful character, and when the want of it is visible he is contemptible.

Large congregations require a small house of refuge for malcontents and spiritual vagrants.

The Confession of Faith is a good book, but it was composed in the times of darkness and blood, when women were burnt for witchcraft.

Uppishness prevails more in the lower grades of society than in the higher ranks of life. Great men are great without knowing it, but little people are perpetually struggling for their rights, and anxious to maintain their position in the community.

1866.

To G. W. S.

May.

The golden hours when we could see all the children playing beneath the green tree are gone. Your mother has lost her hearing and I am nearly blind. My mind is so bewildered that I cannot spell correctly. I am near the end of my race. The worm is calling upon me to be her companion, and corruption is waiting to make me a prey. I am throwing all my good works overboard and am scrambling to heaven on the plank of free grace. I am burying all my sins at the foot of the Cross, trusting that they are forgiven and that heaven's gates are open to receive me as a true penitent. Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears, that I could weep for my sins! It is great consolation to a dying man that Jesus Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance to Israel, and the forgiveness of sins and grace to help in time of need. His name is a strong tower and defence, and there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ. Though He slay me I shall trust in Him. He who believeth in Him shall never die. Afflictions are a part of our education for heaven, and are essential to our improvement in the divine life. I have not been able to walk any for six years. I hope my afflictions have been a benefit to me. The Cross is a tree of life which bears no deadly fruit.

In our new School of Divinity our Church seems to be abandoning the doctrine of a limited atonement and embracing the doctrine of universal redemption. I do think that Christ is the propitiation for all sinners and for all sins. It meets the case of all mankind. We could not venture to appropriate Christ as the propitiation for our sins otherwise than as He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world. It is only because we believe and are sure that no sinner in the whole world is debarred from that fountain filled with blood that we trust to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. The Synod of Dort, the most Calvinistic assembly that ever met, says—No man perishes for want of a Christ. No man perishes for want of an atonement.

Died at Musquodoboit, 10th September 1866, Matthew Guild, Esq. His mother was a noble exile of our Scottish Judah; her mantle fell on her children and made them what they were, honest men and good Christians. Matthew Guild spread his tent in Musquodoboit in the unbroken forest, but by the application of the hatchet and the ploughshare he converted his plantation into a fine farm, and by steady industry gained the foreground in society. Long continued afflictions have a tendency to weaken faith, to cloud our hopes, and to unsettle our peace; but his afflictions were blessed to him and brought him nearer to his Maker. He died as he lived, full of faith and confidence in God, and left to his children and grand-children an unstained reputation.

TO MRS. JAMES HUNTER.

Mr. Murdoch writes me that you are "hale and weel and living yet," in the eighty-sixth year of your age. Born in the same year, we have seen yon weary winter sun twice forty times return. I well recollect the time when I and my first wife visited you in the wood. The divine Sarah Clarke was a noble woman and worthy of the warmest affection. I humbly hope that she will give me a cordial welcome at the gate of Paradise. I hope that your husband and our pious friends in Newport and Windsor will not be awanting in the day when God makes up His jewels. We mourn not for the dead as those who have no hope. Jesus died and rose again, and those who sleep in Jesus, God shall bring with Him. Says St. John, I heard a voice from heaven saying, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. It is loud as the sound of many waters. It comes from a great multitude which no man can number. It comes from prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors. Spirits of just men made perfect! you have finished your course and obtained your reward. Yours is the joy of Paradise, the white robe, the crown and the sceptre. We hear your voice. You beckon to us from the skies to come.

Remember me to your daughters, to Mr. Dill, Miss Frances Cochran, the Hon. Richard McHaffie (1), and other old friends.

1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREE PRESS.

5th Feb.

I write you for the last time. I am in my eighty-seventh year. I belong to a generation which has passed

away, and the decays of age have come upon me like the mist of the desert. I now see more than ever the beauty of a holy life. Were I able I would go through the world to preach Christ and Him crucified. I have traced the Almighty in all His works, in the starry heavens, in the blue skies, in the stormy seas, lofty mountains, splendid forests, green meadows, cornfields and flower gardens, but I have seen the most gracious tokens of His presence in the sanctuary and in the temples of religion. I can say with the Psalmist, one day spent in the house of God in the exercise of piety and devotion is better than a thousand anywhere else. It is a prelude to that happy land where congregations never break up and Sabbaths have no end.

To G. W. S.

27th Dec.

Charles would write you that John died at Fort Belcher on the 29th of last month. I have had a long stream of disappointments, afflictions, and trials. I sincerely hope they are all designed for our good and intended to prepare us for heaven. I followed two still-born children to the grave and two wives—jewels of the first water. John's death presses very heavily on his mother. Fell death, like an untimely frost, has nipped two of your olive plants. I trust they are translated to a better clime, where they shall flourish to everlasting ages. Mary must feel this stroke. Women are more tender than men. We are more our mother's than our father's. After nameless pains and perils they give us birth ; we are theirs by nightly watchings and daily cares. A mother's love to a son transcends all the affections of the heart. Mothers have the greatest influence in forming the character and in promoting morality and piety. Whenever I hear

of a great man, I think it a piece of injustice not to ask who was his mother. John Newton's mother was a pious woman of the last century who had ten children. When she came to die she said they were all in Christ or with Christ. She said she had never given any of them at any time the breast without a secret prayer in her heart that she might nurse a Christain and not an infidel. I am almost sure of salvation, not because I love God, but because He loved me and sent His Son. Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. I hope that you habitually bring forth the love of Christ in your sermons. It was this that made Rowland Hill and Whitefield so successful.

1867.

HIS LAST YEARS.

FROM ONE OF THE FAMILY, THEN ON A VISIT TO
OUR PARENTS.

Sept.

You would be surprised to see Father and Mother looking so well. Father's mind is quite vigorous. On Sabbath morning, at the dawn of day, I heard him repeating his discourses. It was the same voice, the same language, and the same earnestness that we were accustomed to hear in the days of our childhood. How vividly our early days flashed before my mind, and collected us all once more under our father's roof, where we had heard so many good counsels and enjoyed so many precious privileges! In a reflective mood where one has spent the sunny days of childhood, there is more than ordinary attractions, the grass appears greener, the trees more majestic, and the air purer than in any other spot, because everything is

endeared by some pleasing recollection. Father and Mother are very comfortable. Charles is, I think, in some respects the best of the whole family, and he does his duty, so far as I can see, to his parents. I feel that we are under obligations to his wife for her kindness and attention to them. She attends to them as well as any of their daughters could do. Charles is an elder in the kirk, and takes a lively interest in religious matters.

1868.

FROM MY BROTHER CHARLES TO ME.

30th Nov.

Father has been pretty comfortable for the last three months, more so than he has been since he took poorly in March last, but now that the cold weather is setting in he is feeling it very much. His mind has been nearly as good as formerly all summer, but now both body and mind seem to be getting much weaker. He moves about the house a little when he is on his feet, but he cannot sit down or rise up without assistance. He does not think he has long to live, and seems quite resigned. He often inquires for you and your family, and thinks you might come and see him.

1869.

In the end of August 1869, I was at last able to pay a short visit to my father. I crossed the Atlantic in the *City of Paris*, and preached one Sunday in Cork Harbour, the next in Halifax. Prince Arthur, now the Duke of Connaught, was on board, and no pains were spared to make the ship go. I found my father much aged from

the time I had last seen him in 1855. He still rose daily, but he was so rheumatic that he could not walk. His mind was still wonderfully vigorous, but he complained that his memory had become like a rope of sand. I spent the whole time with him, except when I went out for walks or drives. I told him whom I had seen in these outings, and he characterised them with a few telling strokes, as of old. Thus of good old Mrs. Cruikshank from Strathspey—"Ah, I remember her, how she span and she prayed." He spoke with great felicity and fervour on some of his favourite portions of Scripture, and I remember being much struck by the way he illustrated Christ's love to His people, by His own similitude of a hen gathering her chickens under her wings. I sometimes read him extracts from his own writings, when he made such comments as the following—"That is very fine. When I wrote that, I was in my prime." "Did I say that? Thank God for it. I was a better man than I thought I was." I asked him about some of his relatives of the older generations, and he characterised them in his usual style. Of one he said, "He had not much religion, but he had a deal of fun and humour." On my reminding him of some of the pranks of his own youth, of which he had told us when we were children, he laughed heartily, and said, "These were splendid transactions."

When the time came for me to say farewell, he sat up in his bed, and, putting his hands on my head, blessed me like the patriarchs of old, with words never to be forgotten. The next mail after my return to Scotland brought me word that he had died five days after I parted from him. What gratitude do I owe to our Heavenly Father for the privilege of this meeting with an earthly father who was so dear to all his children!

G. W. S.

"IN MEMORIAM"

FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN WITNESS.

Died peacefully at his residence, Middle Musquodoboit, on the 15th September, the Rev. John Sprott, in the ninetieth year of his age. His bereaved family are his widow, two sons, and two daughters.

For a number of years Mr. Sprott was very feeble, and longed to depart and be with Christ. In August his son from Scotland, who had not been home for fourteen years, visited him. He seemed much revived, as his son brought back to his mind memories about the scenes of his early life. In five days, however, after the son left home, and before he crossed the Atlantic, the father's spirit passed away from earth. His remains were on the 17th followed to the churchyard by a very large number of people. Rev. Mr. Sedgwick offered a brief prayer at the house, and at the church the service was as follows: Mr. Sedgwick gave out the 90th Psalm, 3-7, read Numbers xx. 22-29, and Deut. xxxiv., and offered up a most earnest and impressive prayer, in which he entreated Almighty God to sanctify the death of Mr. Sprott to the widow, the fatherless, the ministers of the Gospel, the people present, and all acquainted with him. Rev. Mr. McMillan then addressed the people. "I now stand," he said in course of his remarks, "on the spot where our revered departed father so often stood and preached the precious truths of the Gospel. Some of you here to-day were baptized by him—some of you were by him united in marriage—some of you heard his counsels and prayers as he sat and kneeled by your bed when sick, and all of you have sometime heard him speak of Christ and His salvation; oh, recall his earnest words.

Though dead he yet speaks to you. Beside his corpse resolve that you will follow the Saviour whom he preached." Rev. Mr. Martin, Wesleyan, then offered a fervent prayer and pronounced the benediction; and immediately thereafter the body was lowered into the grave—there to sleep till the resurrection morn.

On Sabbath the 10th, Mr. Sedgwick preached a funeral sermon in the morning, from Numbers xx. 22-29—and Mr. McMillan in the afternoon, from Genesis xxv. 8.

After, and indeed before, his separation from his charge, Mr. Sprott travelled over the whole country preaching the Gospel. He spent and was spent in doing good. In bad weather, over bad roads—so bad that he had almost always to travel on horseback—he journeyed by night and by day, that by all means he might save some. The words of Paul about himself—2 Corinthians xi. 26, 27—are wonderfully applicable to him. All dangers, however, were fearlessly braved, and all trials cheerfully endured by him. Even age did not chill his zeal or hinder his usefulness. On the last Sabbath of 1867, he went to New Antrim, a distance of twelve miles, to assist at the opening of the New Antrim church, in connection with the Kirk, and to be present at the communion,—although he had to be lifted into the carriage and out of it, and could walk only by inches and with the aid of others up to his seat. On that day he stood for the last time in a house of worship—that day he spoke publicly for the last time, and partook of the last communion! Thus to the end he desired to work for Christ. Even when confined to his house, he always spoke something for Christ to those who visited him. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree," etc., Psalm xcii. 12-15.

As a preacher, Mr. Sprott held a high position. His

style was abrupt, but every sentence was weighty and forcible. He was noted for his short, pithy, sententious, and, in many cases, eccentric remarks. He was keen, sometimes very severe, in his criticisms of men and manners. In pointed and practical illustration he abounded. His great general knowledge of the historical and literary worlds aided him greatly in his preaching, and made his conversation interesting and instructive.

As a pastor, he abounded in labours. He tried to be useful in many ways. He held prayer meetings in private dwellings—he was bold in speaking privately to the careless—he distributed tracts—he wrote letters. Letter-writing he practised constantly in his later days. He especially delighted to write to the bereaved and afflicted; and many far and near have thanked God and thanked him for his comforting words.

Mr. Sprott was remarkably plain-spoken. He did not fear to tell any one what he thought. Perhaps gentleness and prudence did not at all times accompany his honesty in speaking—and so he may have gained for himself enemies, for men do not like to be told their faults plainly and abruptly.

Mr. Sprott was liberal-minded towards all Christians. He had some of his best friends among Episcopalians, Kirkmen, and other religious bodies. He sighed for more union among Christians. In March of last year he wrote: "Too long have Christians been scattered like the fragments of a broken sun. It is to be hoped that those unchristian bickerings which often divide good men shall be buried with the honours of war, and know no resurrection."

Mr. Sprott had, like all men, faults; but he knew and acknowledged them. He never gloried in his labours, but often he was heard saying: "I have been

an unprofitable servant." He trusted and gloried only in Christ. Often did he say to the writer of this, "My memory is like a rope of sand; but one thing I can never forget—the name and merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord." During the last three hours of his life he suffered very much, and spoke but little; still he seemed composed and happy.

Mr. Sprott has gone "in a good old age, an old man, and full of years." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Thank God for the promise that the gates of the grave cannot prevail against the Church,—that there will always be a succession of faithful ministers on earth! May He raise up more labourers for the harvest!

FROM ANOTHER NOTICE IN THE PRESBYTERIAN WITNESS.

We were wont to treasure very highly the contributions of the venerable John Sprott,—a man altogether *sui generis*, witty, humorous, keenly sarcastic at times, but for the greater part kindly and catholic. His style was not only graceful, it was at times poetical, almost musical. His sentences would almost sing themselves off the reader's tongue.

FROM THE HALIFAX CITIZEN.

A Tribute to Departed Worth.

Within two months, three ministers of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces have been called away from the scene of their ministry on

earth—Angus McGillivray, Thomas Stewart Crow, and John Sprott. We give their names according to the dates of their decease, although the first called to rest was the youngest, and the last the oldest of the three.

Mr. McGillivray, of Springville or Upper Settlement, East River, Pictou, was one of the first class of students educated under Dr. McCulloch, Pictou Academy, and in his congregation, and wherever known, was not only esteemed, but beloved. His ministry rather exceeded forty years, and during that long term of service he proved "a faithful man and one who feared God above many."

Thomas S. Crow, of Noel, though more recently residing at Maitland, was the oldest minister of the synod to which he belonged, and the only living link of connection between the present synod of the Lower Provinces and the first synod of Nova Scotia, which met in Truro, 3rd July 1817.

Mr. Crow was a man of decided ability, and especially of great argumentative power; and for half a century, as a preacher of the Gospel, and as a pastor of a most extensive charge, he abounded in labours, until, worn out with toil and the infirmities of advanced life, he peacefully passed away on the 11th inst., four years after the celebration of his jubilee, and at the ripe age of eighty-three years.

Mr Sprott was more widely known, for he was an apostle as well as a pastor—a missionary as well as a minister. He indeed made proof of his ministry, first in Newport for a few years, and next in Musquodoboit for a lengthened term; but his missionary tours made him known far beyond the limits of these congregations. During his connection with the congregation of Musquodoboit, and for years subsequent, he regularly visited the scattered population on the Eastern Shore,

from Sheet Harbour, his centre, to Moser's River, east, and Pope's Harbour, west ; and none but this people, and his own family, could tell how through rain and storm, frost and snow, he persevered in fulfilling his appointments. Along a shore line of some fifty or sixty miles, his memory will long continue to be fragrant, for fathers will tell their children of his refreshing visits, when no other messenger of salvation came among them.

But his missionary tours extended over the whole province, and we would not fear to hazard the assertion, that he has preached in every county in Nova Scotia, as well as in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, for we have traced his footsteps from Guysborough to Shelburne, and to Digby, and know that in certain districts he has preached, not merely in every church, but in every schoolhouse by the wayside.

The productions of his pen were chiefly epistolary. True, his sermons were written, and not a few of them were characterised by taste and elegance of diction, as well as by strong argument and earnest appeal ; and we have heard him lecture ; but his letters, published alike in the religious and secular press, were best known to the public, and were always read with eagerness and pleasure. They were as highly appreciated in Britain as in the Lower Provinces, and the secret of their popularity is to be found in the fact, that while they were always instructive, they generally sparkled with wit. They were never tedious, always racy, and sometimes mirthful. He was occasionally pretty severe on the foibles of our mixed population, but his censure, even when felt to be somewhat keen, was known to come from a genial heart, in which no resentments lodged. They had further the charm of

original thought, expressed with something of the grace and elegance of poetry.

His reminiscences of the men and events of a bygone century were vivid, and frequently reproduced in his humorous letters, enlivened with such allusions, historic and classic, as showed him to be a man acquainted with history and English literature. He tenderly loved old Scotland, and frequently crossed the Atlantic "to smell the heather" (as he expressed it), and traversed the martyr land of the South, not only endeared as the scenes of his boyhood, but hallowed by association with events held sacred by all Scottish Presbyterians.

He has gone after a half century of good service in his adopted country, the last of a noble band, many if not all of whom are worthy of an honourable place in the history of this country.

FROM THE STRANRAER FREE PRESS.

The Rev. John Sprott, whose name has so often appeared in our columns during the last twenty years as a correspondent, and whose death at a patriarchal age is now recorded in our obituary, was born March 1780, at the farm of Caldon Park, parish of Stoneykirk, in this county, of which his father was then tenant. Few of his early acquaintances in this county survive, but there was no minister of the Gospel more widely known in the Province of Nova Scotia, where he laboured for more than half a century. He was first settled at Windsor, and a few years later at Musquodoboit, over congregations connected with the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, of which Church he was at the time of his death the eldest minister—his jubilee being celebrated with appropriate honours some eight or nine years ago. In the early

years of his ministry, besides the care of his own congregation, he spent much time in visiting remote localities and new settlements, then destitute of the ordinances of religion. On these mission tours he took long and fatiguing journeys, encountered hardships which are unknown to the present generation, and he not unfrequently preached every day. He was always a great traveller, and in his later years, after he had resigned his own charge, he revisited the scenes of his early labours, so that it was often said of him that he had travelled over more of the province, and preached oftener, than any minister in it. Wherever he went he was heartily welcomed. His preaching was always characterised by sound sense, genuine piety, and no little originality of thought, while it abounded in passages remarkable for tenderness of feeling, and beauty of expression. He delighted in meeting with old friends; and his powers of conversation and stores of humour were inexhaustible. Still, in all companies, whether of friends or strangers, by sea or land, he never forgot his sacred calling or the interests of his Master's kingdom. He was also a great letter-writer, and his letters were careful compositions, after the fashion of a former generation. Many of his letters were published in this paper and on the other side of the Atlantic, and were much admired for their vigour and originality of style, their graphic and humorous descriptions of men and manners, and for their touching reminiscences—particularly of old Galloway, the home of his birth and earlier years, and of the generation of staunch and sturdy Gallovidians who lived and moved in our county at the close of the last and beginning of the present century, of whom he was almost the last survivor, and himself a fine specimen. Old friends

were sure to hear from him occasionally ; and not a few of his most valued letters were written to comfort mourners. He was tenderly attached to his native land, and several times revisited it. Of great strength of constitution, he retained his active habits till within a recent period. Latterly he was confined to his own house ; but he was up every day, and engaged in conversation and devotional exercises with much of the mental vigour of former days. His piety was ardent and devoted, and his old age was bright with the assurance of a blessed immortality. His memory will long be cherished by surviving friends, and his name will have an honoured place as one of the founders and fathers of Scottish Christianity in the lower provinces of British North America.

FROM THE REV. DR. COCHRAN.

HALIFAX, 28th Sept.

DEAR MRS. SPROTT—It was with feelings of deep interest that I read the announcement of your venerable husband's death. I feel that I have one friend less on earth. I have known him for about forty-eight years, and have always respected him as a faithful servant of his Divine Master, and a most laborious labourer in His vineyard. I am persuaded that many a soul along our shores and in our secluded settlements has reason to bless God for the zeal which led your late husband to brave all difficulties in order to preach the pure Gospel of Christ in their dark regions, and we cannot doubt that he has entered into the joy of his Lord. There was always a close intimacy between my family, including my father, mother, and sisters, and Mr. Sprott, and I well remember frequently meeting him at my father's, while I was in college, and listening to their animated and

intellectual conversation. How providential was it that his son George came just in time to see the last of his worthy parent! Thus, my dear madam, friend after friend departs, leaving us to follow at no great distance of time. May we be found ready, that is, resting on the finished work of Christ, ever looking unto Jesus as our all for time and eternity. May the Holy Ghost the Comforter be with you now and in all time of your tribulation is the prayer of yours faithfully,

J. C. COCHRAN.

St. Mary's Spring, as my father called it, is a half-way spot on the Sheet Harbour Road, where he halted to feed his horse. What took place there when any of us were with him is described as follows in a letter to me from one of my sisters: "I think I can see father on bended knees, amid the bird voices, and the gentle tremor of the leaves, with his silver locks waving in the wind, and his voice loud as the sound of many waters, giving thanks to God for protection so far, and pleading for mercy to take us safely to the end. The solemnity of these scenes I never, never can forget. All my life I had such faith in father's prayers, that when he was called home, the one thing I lamented was, no more to hear him praying for me. May I not cherish the hope that in the beautiful home above I am not forgotten by him?"

In a letter to me, my father once wrote: "I hope you will never forget the Sabbath evening walks we sometimes took down to the bushes on the margin of the brook." On the fine summer evenings, he occasionally took us children down to a grove of cherry trees, and prayed for us, naming us each one by name, as indeed he often did at family worship.

G. W. S.

NOTES

- P. 1, 1.—Mr. McCaig was married to Agnes Neilson, a sister of my mother, who is referred to in the letter as Miss Jane N. 2. Minister of Gay's River, and afterwards my father's nearest clerical neighbour.
- P. 2, 1.—Married my mother's sister and settled in the State of New York.
- P. 3, 1.—Professor in King's College, Windsor. 2. The well-known judge and author.
- P. 4, 1.—A native of Stoneykirk. He took orders in the Church of England, and became a Professor in King's College. My brother John was named after him.
- P. 14, 1.—Kildonan, Stoneykirk; died 1871, aged 81.
- P. 17, 1.—Minister of Stewiacke.
- P. 18, 1.—A sister of Charlotte (Leslie).
- P. 24, 1.—In a letter from my mother to her mother in 1842, she writes: "It is just twenty-four years since we walked to the top of the hill at Barnernie to take a last look of Mr. Sprott, on the morning he went away to America. I could not certainly know then that I would share his fortunes, and enjoy with him so many years beyond the Atlantic."
- P. 25, 1.—Afterwards the Rev. Dr. Symington of Glasgow.
- P. 32, 1.—Minister of St. Andrew's, Halifax. 2. Minister of St. Matthew's, Halifax.
- P. 38, 1.—Husband of my mother's sister Elizabeth. They settled in the State of New York, near the McClews.
- P. 42, 1.—The Rev. Thomas Neilson of Rothesay, my mother's brother.
- P. 49, 1.—Minister of Stewiacke, afterwards D.D. and Professor. 2. Minister of Onslow.
- P. 56, 1.—Alexander M., a cousin of my mother.
- P. 61, 1.—Rev. Dr. Goold of Edinburgh.
- P. 69, 1.—Minister of Truro, afterwards D.D.
- P. 84, 1.—Minister of Stoneykirk. 2. Minister of Portpatrick. 3. Minister of Inch.
- P. 111, 1.—Widow of the Rev. Robert Douglas.
- P. 112, 1.—The Rev. Robert McNair. 2. Rev. Dr. McNair of Paisley was ordained and inducted as Minister of Ballantrae in 1815.
- P. 114, 1.—Tenant in Craigen-crosh; died 9th June 1818, aged 35.
- P. 128, 1.—The Episcopal Church.
- P. 133, 1.—A Protestant missionary to the Micmacs.
- P. 134, 1.—Minister of the High Church, Edinburgh, 1754-1784—a Galloway man.

- P. 139, 1.—Afterwards Minister of the High Church, Edinburgh; Professor of Rhetoric in the University there; and Moderator of the General Assembly.
- P. 140, 1.—Minister of St. Matthew's, Halifax.
- P. 147, 1.—The father of Sir William Young, Chief Justice, the Hon. George Young, and the Hon. Charles Young.
- P. 154, 1.—Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay, Bart.
- P. 165, 1.—Garrison chaplain at Halifax; see also p. 167. 2. Mrs. McCaig, Mrs. McGill, Camford, Mrs. McClew, Mrs. Hannay, and my mother.
- P. 183, 1.—Daughter of W. J. Lydiard and Hannah Archibald, who, with their family, had removed to Minnesota. Her grandfather, referred to on next page, was Captain David Archibald, and her great-grandmother, also referred to, was, I believe, Hannah Blair of Onslow, wife of Colonel Archibald, who removed from Truro to Musquodoboit.
- P. 185, 1.—One of my uncle James' sons. My father brought Arch home when he returned from his brother's funeral, and he stayed with us for several years. He ultimately settled in Chicago, where I visited him in 1879. He died there in 1897, leaving a widow, but no family. In a letter of 1862 he writes: "While I live I will never cease to thank God that I was called by an event in His providence to dwell for a time under your father's hospitable roof. I hope I will yet visit that dwelling and see those who were in early life my best friends and counsellors, though I knew it not."
- P. 193, 1.—Missionary in the New Hebrides.
- P. 194, 1.—Mrs. McClymont, Corfeckloch, *nee* Murray. She and her husband were both cousins of my mother.
- P. 198, 1.—Minister of McLellan's Mountain Picton Co.
- P. 207, 1.—Afterwards Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.
- P. 214, 1.—Nephew of my father's first wife.

For the information of relatives who are far scattered, and of those who may come after them, I add some notes concerning our forebears and kindred, from many of whom I have received the greatest kindness.

SPROT or SPROTT.—In 1262, Hugh Sprot, Burgess of Urr, witnessed a charter by Eustace Baliol granting the Church of Urr to the Abbey of Holyrood. It is believed that this was the Hugh of Urr who appears often in later records, and who, with other Galovidians, swore fealty to Edward in 1296. His seal bore "a boar's head couped contourné." King Robert Bruce in his wanderings is said to have breakfasted in a cottage near the Moat of Urr, and to have promised his hostess, Dame Sprot, as much land as she would run round while he was eating his hot porridge. A pedicle of land on the moat still belongs to a family which claims descent from Dame Sprot and her husband. I am not aware of any early documentary evidence in support of this, but the aged widow of a former owner informed me that there had been a charter of the grant, and that the old extent was forty acres. A version of the story is given in the *London Magazine* for September 1822, edited by Allan Cunningham, in which it is said: "I have heard the story a thousand, and a thousand times with all its variations. I have seventeen versions of the tale myself." At all events, the name has continued in Galloway since 1262, and an old lady connected with the race told me she remembered when there was a Hugh in almost every Sprot family.

Heron, a Galloway man, in his *Journey through Scotland* (2nd edition, 1799), says that in his opinion the Sprots of Borgue were of Danish or Norse origin, but there is no ground for this.

Dr. Trotter, in *Derwentwater*, published in 1825, with an appendix on

Galloway families, says, "The Sproats are originally from England." This mode of spelling the name never appears in the older records, but came in about the end of the seventeenth century from following a local way of pronouncing it. The Borgue tradition was that they were descended from a Sir Thomas Sprot, an outlaw from Yorkshire, and no doubt they were among the numerous Saxons who took refuge in the south of Scotland after the Norman Conquest. There was a Richard Sprot of Bryset in Roxburgh in 1307. The name has never been wanting in that county since. George Sprott of the Gowrie conspiracy was son of Richard Sprott of Jedburgh. There was an Adam Sprot a landowner in North Tyndale before 1279. The name appears still earlier in Northumberland, and frequently among Saxon landowners in the Domesday Book for Yorkshire. "Sprot occurs in Domesday as a Saxon patronymic at Harewood. When Conisboro was the Kingsboro, Sprotboro [near Doncaster] must have been the abode of some Saxon to whom that name belonged" (Allan's *History of Yorkshire*, also Hunter's *Doncaster*). Part of it belonged to Wulfric Sprott, Count of Mercia, who founded Burton Abbey in 1004. He is sometimes called Spott, especially in later histories. In the MSS. "pr" was contracted, the "r" being represented by a loop. Hence, I believe, the error of some of the copyists when printing began. From the valley of the Urr, or Orr, the Srots removed to Borgue, where they owned Brighthouse at an early period, to Girthon, and Anwoth—the "Fair Anwoth by the Solway" of Rutherford's Hymn, where my great-grandfather was born in 1724. He appears first in the Stoneykirk Register thus: "John Sprot and Jean M'Murray married 24th November 1748." In later entries he appears as John Sprott, which spelling has been retained by his descendants. My father wrote of him: "He was twenty-four years a widower and many years blind. He was a man of strong mind and high passions, but of strong religious feelings, and paid much attention to Christian duties." And of his wife: "I saw this venerable matron on her death-bed. She died of a few days' illness. Praying people gathered round her, and cheered her pathway to the tomb with the consolations of religion. I have often heard my father say that his mother was a woman of singular piety." She died in 1784, and her husband on the 14th April 1808, aged 84. They had three sons—James, born 30th August 1749, baptized 3rd September; John, born 5th May 1751, baptized 12th May; Robert, born 22nd July 1755, baptized 25th July. It was then the custom to take children to church for baptism the first Sunday after their birth. My father writes: "I saw my uncles John and Robert on their death-beds. Their conduct was highly becoming, and their last hours were cheered with the consolations of Christianity." John took the farm of Barbeth in Leswalt, still occupied by his descendants. My dear friend, the Rev. William Sprott of Glasgow, who was killed in a railway accident in 1875, was his grandson. He was an able and eloquent preacher, and was much loved and respected. My grandfather James married Margaret Hannay on 19th April 1778. He died 4th October 1823, aged 74. Of him my father writes: "He was a great admirer of Isaac Ambrose's *Looking unto Jesus*. Many a long Sabbath day with prayers and tears he pored over the writings of that pious Puritan divine. This alone appears to me a strong proof of our father's piety." Elsewhere mention is made of his admiration of Walker's *Sermons*, and of Boston's *Fourfold State*. On the morning of a Communion Sunday, at family worship my father always gave out for singing the 118th Psalm at the 24th verse, and he told us that this was his father's custom. Sprot armorial bearings—Early English, "Az., two spears in saltire between 4 body hearts or, in chief an Imperial Crown gules. Crest, a pelican's head erased vulnerating." Scottish—Gules, 3 salmon naurent with rings in their mouths. Crest, a gannet on a rock with a sprat in its mouth, or a heron with a fish in its mouth. Motto, *Parce qu'il me plait*. General Sprot of Riddell bears, Parted per fess gu. and az., 3 salmon naurent in fess, each with a ring in its mouth or, in base a boar's head, erased of the last. Crest, a heron without the fish.

HANNAY or A'HANNAY.—This is an ancient Galloway family. Nisbet, in his *Heraldry*, says that "Gilbert de Hanyethe, *i.e.* Hannay," swore fealty to Edward in 1296. Sorby was their chief seat. "Hugh Hannay, an offshoot of the Hannays of Sorbie, was in possession of Grennan in 1612." There were

in later times several farmers of this stock in the parish of Stoneykirk, and my grandmother was the daughter of one of them. My father writes: "In early life she was occasionally a hearer of the elder Mr. Ogilvie of Wigton, and her people were staunch Antiburghers." She died in 1838, aged 81. Her brother, Hugh Hannay, Auchencloy, died 6th May 1849, aged 90.

THE NEILSONS.—John Fitz Neil de Carrick swore fealty to Edward in 1296. Nisbet says: "I take this man to be the predecessor of the Neilsons of Craig Caffie." John, son of Neil of Carrick, had a charter of these lands from King Robert Bruce, who was the grandson of Neil, Earl of Carrick, who died in 1256. The Neilsons claimed descent from the Carrick family, and Gilbert, the first of that line, was son of Fergus, Lord of Galloway, "the representative of Celtic princes who had reigned over Galloway from time immemorial." Craiggaffie, near Stranraer, where the old castle still stands, remained in the family for more than four centuries. The last laird (from whom an old connection of mine told me he remembered getting apples when he was a little boy) died 20th December 1786. By his wife, Mary Ross of Balkail, he had three sons: Charles, Thomas, who is buried in the family burying ground in Inch, and John, who was a soldier. In a letter from Calcutta, dated 17th February 1768, the writer says: "I am very sorry to inform you that your nephew, Captain John Neilson, died here some time ago." With these the main branch of the family became extinct. Hugh Neilson of Craiggaffie fell at Flodden. John Neilson of Craiggaffie was one of the friends of John Knox. Another John was a member of the General Assembly in 1590, and Gilbert Neilson of Craiggaffie was fined £1300 for his Presbyterianism. The Neilsons of Barncailzie and other families in the stewardry, and the Neilsons of Maxwood in Ayrshire were cadets of Craiggaffie. My grandfather, Charles Neilson, who was grandson of Charles Neilson (Auchmantle), who died 14th February 1773, aged 97, also represented a branch of the family. He had an only sister, Agnes, who married Thomas Wallace. She died in 1816, aged 63, and was mother of my kind friend Dr. Wallace, St. Michael's, Dumfries, seven other sons and three daughters.

In October 1778 Charles Neilson married Jean, daughter of John McGeoch, tenant in Glenwhillie, and his wife, Agnes McCormick, both from Kirkcovan. Many of the McGeochs or McGieochs, as the name was sometimes spelt, are buried in old Penninghame churchyard, and they may have been a sept of the McGhies or McKies. At all events they were from the banks of the Cree and the hills of Minnigaff—Galloway Ficts, "the strongest of all the Celtic races which constitute the population of Scotland." The older McGeochs whom I remember were among the biggest people in Galloway. One of my grandmother's brothers acquired Barbae, which is still owned by his family. She had two sisters: (1) Agnes, who married Alexander Murray, Laight, and died May 1843, aged 83, leaving numerous descendants. (2) Mary, who married Mr McClymont, Strone, in Glentrool. She died 22nd March 1861, aged 90, having had a large family. I remember her not very long before her death as light of foot as a young girl. My grandmother, who had been a strong and handsome woman of great force of character, died 31st March 1848, aged 90. Her husband died 21st February 1828, aged 71. They had four sons: Alexander, John, Thomas, and Charles, but the only surviving male representatives of the family are:—Charles, grandson of the Rev. Thomas Neilson, Rothsay; his second son, the Rev. Thomas Neilson, Victoria, Australia; and his son Thomas, banker, New South Wales.

My mother, in a letter, dated February 1841, to her brother, writes: "Our parents were good people who feared God, and made creditable efforts to train us up to be useful in life and happy in death. I can never think of my father's memory, but it does me good, and the fond recollection of his virtues should keep us all from doing anything mean, or wicked, or unworthy of him."

With these words I close, grateful for so many pious progenitors to Him, "whose mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation."

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