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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

JUNE, 1868.



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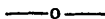
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Sept 1867.

MONTREAL.

Meeting of Synod.

In view of the ensuing meeting of Synod, the attention of members is directed to the following resolutions of the last Synod.

1. In order to facilitate the despatch of business, a Committee was appointed, consisting of the Moderator, the Synod and Presbytery clerks, the Rev Messrs. John McMillan and Pollok, and the Representative Elder from Pictou, to arrange as far as possible the whole order of business; and it was enjoined that papers of every description intended to be submitted to the annual meeting of Synod, be forwarded to the Synod clerk, so as to be in his hands, before the hour appointed for the Committee to meet. All papers presented after the hour of meeting, to be received by the Committee, only on permission granted by the Synod. (The hour at which the Committee will meet, will be intimated afterwards.)

2. The Financial year of the Synod will close on the 15th June. All congregations therefore, who have not forwarded the Synodical collections will require to do so by that date, so as to enable the Treasurers to furnish complete statements.

3. Presbyteries are required to lay before the Synod copies of the correspondence that may have taken place, during the past year, betwixt them and the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly in reference to the supplement of weak congregations, appointment of missionaries, or other matters.

ALEXR. MCWILLIAM,
Synod Clerk.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

—OF THE—

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OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XIV.

JUNE, 1868.

NO. 6.

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

A Sermon

PREACHED

By the Rev. Alfred Blomfield,
IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON,
On Sunday Evening, Feb. 11th, 1866.

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

"The kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one: to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey."—Matt. xxv. 14-15

What is a talent? In its first and simplest sense, it is a considerable sum of money, large enough, if properly invested in trade, to produce, in the course of years, a considerable fortune, or if placed in the hands of usurers, the bankers of those times, to accumulate a considerable sum as interest. In its secondary and derived sense, taken from this parable, it is any gift, moral, physical, or spiritual, which God gives to his creatures, and of which He will require an account from them. Now when we look at this parable, we find that, more than some other of our Lord's parables, it is applicable to all classes of Christians, and therefore, is suited to the most miscellaneous congregation, or the most mixed assemblage, or body of men, because although there are many servants, and those differing in ability and station, yet every one has a talent given him, whether it is large, or whether it be small. There is none without something. And our Lord would teach us that although Almighty God assigns His gifts

to mankind in different proportions, yet he does not withhold them altogether from any one. Everyone has something which is the talent committed to His charge. Now, this is a most admitted truth—we all know that we have a talent; but it need not be the less profitable for us to meditate upon it, because we all admit it. Almighty God, although His avocations are so numerous and so complicated, finds time to suit His gifts to the capacity of him to whom he gives them, and to fit the talent to the recipient. It only remains that we should know that we have a talent, and that we should know how to use it.

Now, my brethren, there are two kinds of talents which, because they are so great, and because they make so much show, are apt to obscure all other talents, and to make us look at them as if they were the only talents—I mean the gift of wealth, and the gift of intellectual excellence. These, doubtless, are very great talents. Humanly speaking, these two things together will always rule the world. Separately even they are powerful; but when they are combined, they are irresistible—Everyone, therefore must admit the greatness and the responsibility of these gifts. It is not a serious thought, when we know that every year in our own country wealth is increasing, that there are more rich men next year than there are this, to reflect that there is increasing at the same time the number of those whose responsibilities are not small and low, but great and high; the number of those who have not one talent but five. It deserves to be dinned into the ears of rich men, lest they should forget it, "Your wealth is your talent. You will be required to give an ac-

count of it; and if you hoard it covetously, or if you squander it wastefully, you are abusing the gift of God." And it deserves also to be noted by the Church with the most enthusiastic praises, and it deserves to be blessed with the most emphatic blessings, when rich men are found using their talents well, and able to give a good account of their stewardship—when a noble-hearted man in two colossal gifts that would of themselves make a princely fortune, gives not for the good of those of the land of his birth, but only for the poor and the outcast of the city of his adoption. These brethren, are the Christian's investments in those treasures which neither theft nor decay can damage; and in the sight of families raised by such magnificent deeds from animals into men, and in the sight of homes of wretchedness turned abodes of comfort, angels may read the Christian's title deeds to an inheritance in the heavens, "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

And so the gifts of intellect are, doubtless, great. The danger of abusing these has been a common, but not too common, theme of preachers and moralists in every age; and the responsibility of these has been admitted by all, except, alas! sometimes by those who possess them. But, brethren, though the gifts of wealth and of intellectual excellence are so great, let us not think that because, perhaps, we possess neither the one nor the other, therefore, we have no talent at all. It is the very teaching of this parable, that not only he who has the five talents, or the two, but that he also who has the one is responsible for its use, and must not hide it in the napkin of a false modesty, nor bury it in the earth of a culpable slothfulness.

I will name the two talents which we all possess, and which, therefore, we are all responsible for. First, though you may not be a person of wealth, or station, or eminence in the world yet that very skill or labour, though it be humble, by which you earn your daily bread, or that very station, be it insignificant that you fill, that is a talent given to you to use. Will you say, "I am only one among tens of thousands, who pass through life unknown and obscure in the lower ranks of trade and commerce, or in the inferior offices which the multifarious needs of government require, or, it may be, in the drudgery of some mechanical labour, and, therefore nothing can be expected of me. I can do nothing for the good of my fellow citizens and my fellow Christians?" No. This is a false feeling. We are at liberty to say, if we like, "I am nobody;" but we are not at liberty to say, "Therefore, what I do matters to no one except myself." No; rather it is the lives and the characters of common-places, of ordinary, and even of humble people that form the truest test of the Christianity of a church or a nation; for the Christianity of a church or a nation cannot truly be estimated by the

eminent graces or virtues of those who stand up in mental or moral station above their fellows, but by the general level and tone of the whole, towards which every one contributes his share, however insignificant he may be in himself. Therefore let no man undervalue his opportunities. Let no man be wanting in that kind of self-respect which teaches him that he is a responsible agent to God.—My brethren, the devil counter-working and parodying the work of Christ, as he always does—the devil has his servants, too, to whom he commits his talents to be used; and we do not find with them that the smallness of the opportunity leads to a corresponding insignificance of result; rather, we are astonished to find how the young and the insignificant, and those who do not seem to have the capacities for evil on a large scale, are yet able to effect for the hard masters to whom they sell themselves crimes gigantic in their dimensions, and boundless in their influence for evil. And shall the servants of Christ be less true than the minions of Satan?—Shall the men of one talent, who always must far outnumber the others, be found to be unprofitable servants? God forbid; for, most assuredly from the humble and the simple, no less than from the wealthy and the wise the account of their talent will be demanded, and for them, too, the master will pronounce either the word of praise, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," or else the word of condemnation, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

But, brethren, there is another talent that we surely all possess. Every one of us has something that may properly be called his leisure—some space of time over and above what is needed for his work and for his necessary relaxation and rest; and it is one of the hopeful features of our age, that men are learning more and more that in that leisure they have a most valuable talent from which they can reap a most golden harvest. That those who once were condemned to a necessary idleness, or at least, who had no encouragement to use their leisure well, are now learning more and more what good service they may do in all those beneficent works which a practical Christianity engenders, and for which our social needs are daily crying aloud. Let us pray that the same spirit may increase; and you, my brethren, yourselves, seek for this opportunity, for then, depend upon it, you will neither lack the opportunity of doing good with your spare time, nor will you lack the abundant blessing of God upon the way in which you so employ it.

But especially let me beg you to think of one talent that was once buried that has now been brought forth. There is a whole class of the world that in our own country as Christians were once shut up in the trammels of a conventional inactivity—I mean women.

Yes, there are some here, doubtless, who can remember the time when if a woman had stepped out to do good beyond the circle of her own family or her immediate dependents she was thought hardly to atone by the extent of her beneficence for the boldness and impropriety of her conduct—the time when many women either frittered away their lives in childish pleasures, or at best sat with folded hands, tied up and shut up by the prim decencies of a conventional respectability from usefulness, from charity, and, I had almost said, from Christianity. Then, if a woman had been told that she did not use her talent, she might have replied with reason that no one had ever told her she had a talent to use. But, thank God, the buried talent is brought to light, and the fetters which the world at first had forged are now broken through. Is it not far better to see women doing good in their generation, not in the place of men, but in their own place which they alone can fill, than to see them merely useless dolls, or mechanical puppets? Is it not far better to see them coming into the foremost place when poverty, and sickness, and distress, ay, and when vice itself needs the tender hand and the loving heart to soothe and to restore—to see them breaking through the prejudices of sex, and claiming their place as the comforters both of souls and of bodies—to see them spreading the beneficent power of medicine, the most sacred of human sciences, or banding themselves together in their holy sisterhoods, rightly named, of mercy and of charity—to see them thus tending the sick and dying, and reclaiming the erring and the outcast, than to see them petted and pampered as the mere luxuries and ornaments of society, and contemptuously complimented with their very inability to do all those things which alone can make their lives an acceptable service to the Lord Jesus Christ?

But, once more, it is not only to be remembered that we all have a talent, but often and often it needs to be called to mind, that the same man may have talents differing in amount at different periods of the same life. God may either diminish the five talents to one or he may increase the one to five. Now, if He increases it, of course, the recipient is bound to show a proportionate increase to his Master; but if it be diminished let us not think that because our opportunities of doing good may be smaller than they were, we are justified in ceasing to do good at all. It often happens that a man loses as life goes on, in God's dispensation, some portion of the gift of wealth, or heat or vigour of mind that was once committed him; and then if ever the temptation is strong upon him to become an unprofitable servant, he must remember that God may be served with the smaller talent as well as with the greater. "*They too may serve who only stand and wait.*" How difficult, but

how necessary, for many to learn that they must endeavour to be useful and to do good by their counsel, if they cannot any longer by their active personal work, by their aid, if they cannot any longer by their large and liberal contribution—thus to do good even when their opportunities of doing it are smaller than they were. How difficult, but yet how noble and how Christain-like, to see a man still as profitable a servant with the one talent as he was with the five; not wasting the remnant of his days in the idleness of perpetual complainings, or the bitterness of disappointed expectations, but turning to good account a position lower and humbler than that which he once occupied, or which he once hoped to attain, to see him still pressing on, not abating one jot of heart or hope, but holding on the golden road of faith and love, true, and patient, and steadfast unto the end.

Lastly, my brethren, if it be true that the Heavenly Master has committed to each one of us a talent, let us remember that those talents are given to us, not to boast of but to use. As St. Paul has said of the greatest of all gifts, the gift of the gospel:—"What hadst thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?" So may we say of all other and inferior gifts:—"Why dost thou boast? Why art thou birth-proud or purge-proud, or proud of your intellect, or proud of your independence and your liberty? Why dost thou boastfully compare what thou hast with what others have, as children boast each that his own toy is bigger, or brighter, or noisier than the others?" These things were given to you not for to show, but to use. "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal," not to feed conceit, or to pamper vanity; and remember that all these gifts may not only be possessed in lavish measure, but they may be even used to the admiration of the world, and yet in the sight of the giver they may only have been abused, because they have lacked that which alone can make their use acceptable—the element of Christian charity or love.—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, yet if I have not charity, I am nothing;" and the essence of charity, brethren, the essence of Christian love, believe me, is the spirit of humility, the Christ-like spirit which is content to take the humblest room, and which compresses all its wants and pretensions into the smallest space, that it may leave the larger room for the wants and weaknesses of its brethren. Those gifts which men fancy that they owe to their own merits and that they have to thank themselves for, they will use boastfully and proudly, and, therefore, to themselves, at least, humbly; but when they have learned to acknowledge in all the hand of the Great Giver, without

whom not the very smallest of talents could ever have been theirs, and when they have thus received into their spirits that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, then shall they out of a free and loving heart render service well pleasing and acceptable to the Lord, hereafter themselves to be accepted in the Beloved and to enter into their exceeding great reward through Jesus Christ their Lord.

Deputation to India.

The intelligence received from India during the month regarding the movements of the Deputation has been extremely interesting. Limited space necessitates much condensation of the full materials that have come to the committee. With many causes of deep gratitude to God for the reception the Deputation have everywhere met, and the most beneficial influence they have exercised upon all classes and creeds, there is one element of regret,—the fatigue caused by the great exertions Dr. Macleod has used since his arrival in India, has compelled him to give up his intention of visiting the south-west provinces, including our missions at Gyah and Sealkote. He purposes to visit Patna, and, if time permit, Delhi, and other places accessible from Calcutta by railway, but the remaining places on the route resolved upon will be undertaken by Dr. Watson alone.—Dr. Macleod will return *via* steamer from Bombay. We give the following extracts from Indian newspapers and private letters.

From the 'Friend of India,' of 6th Feby., we extract the following:—

"Calcutta gave a dinner to the Rev. Drs. Norman Macleod and Watson in the Town-Hall on Tuesday night. The number present was limited to 150, but many more applied for tickets. The chair was filled by the Hon. Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I. On his right was His Excellency the Viceroy, and on his left Dr. Norman Macleod. On the Viceroy's right sat Dr. Watson and the Commander-in-Chief. On Dr. Macleod's left was the Lieutenant-Governor. M. J. C. Crawford, C. S., acted as croupier. On his right were Dr. Murray Mitchell, a guest, and Dr. Ogilvie; and on his left the Rev. Messrs. Thomson and Roberts, chaplains. The Hon. Mr. Brandreth, Sir R. Temple, and Colonel Norman were present. Ladies were in the gallery. So far as the speeches and the enthusiasm with which the toasts were received are concerned, the dinner was perhaps the most successful ever given in Calcutta. It was certainly the most influential, and Dr. Macleod spoke from the heart when he said he would never forget it. The Bishop was prevented from attending by a conversation in the palace, which it was impossible to postpone. The Rev. E. C. Stuart replied

for his Lordship, and most worthily. Dr. Murray Mitchell spoke most effectively."

In another paragraph of the same paper we read:—

"We can attempt no outline of Dr. Macleod's speech at the dinner given to the Deputation by Calcutta, or rather by India as represented by its highest dignitaries, on Tuesday night. Humour, pathos, and eloquence were all happily blended in it. He spoke of the honour as the greatest he had ever received. He mentioned how the grandeur of our Indian dominion had impressed him—the sight of so vast a continent ruled by a few European gentlemen. He referred to the deservedly high character of missionaries, and the great influence missions are already exercising. He dwelt on the spiritual wants of India, saying that the two saddest sights that had met him in his whole life were one he witnessed in America, where a slave woman besought him, if he bought her to buy her child with her; and one at the Ghaut the night before—a mother dying as she lay amid the plashy ooze of the Hooghly. Dr. Macleod declared that, while he had thought much and worked much for India before, he would henceforth to his dying day do so more than ever. Sir John Lawrence spoke with great feeling."

Again, under the heading of Monday, 3rd February:—

"Dr Norman Macleod preached his last sermon in Calcutta to a crowded church yesterday forenoon. Dr. Macleod has realized in Calcutta, for a retiring fund for missionaries of the Church of Scotland, considerably over £500. The Viceroy, Commander-in-Chief, and several members of Council, have regularly attended the services, which have been crowded by Christians, European and native, of all denominations"

The following editorial article is from the same paper:—

"Drs Norman Macleod and Watson, were to have left yesterday for Benares, after visiting Serampore, but we regret to state that the former is prostrated by fatigue. (In a private letter of more recent date Mr. Macleod reports himself as nearly well again.)—In the three or four weeks which they have spent in and around Calcutta, they have arrived at a somewhat adequate idea of the mighty work which both officials and missionaries are doing in India. The presence of Dr Macleod has cheered many a worker and helped to enlighten many a doubter.—More remarkable than his receptive power amounting to genius, which enables him in a short time to appreciate the merits of abstruse political questions; more striking than his marvellous conversational gifts; more impressive than his public speeches—has been his preaching. That is the perfection of art without art. He spoke as a man to men, not as a priest to beings of a lower order; he reasoned as one who had himself

'felt the darkness, avowedly to help those who were still in the gloom. Even in his finest flights—as in that burst in which with reverent voice he pictured the sorrow of the Father and the suffering of the Son, omniscient and pure, at the sin of the world—there was no rhetoric, no studied art like that of the actor, but the rugged eloquence of the man who spoke because he believed and felt.—The lesson taught to preachers by the crowds of high and low who flocked to hear him and to give of their substance was this, as it seems to us—that truth and honesty, guided by faith and unconsciousness of self, and expressed in manly speech face to face, will restore to the pulpit a far higher function than the press has taken from it."

The 'Times of India' says:—

"The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod and his colleague, Dr. Watson, have been received at Calcutta with great consideration, and their presence has stirred much enthusiasm. In addition to the 'Pan-missionary' meeting at which all Christian bodies were represented and in which all Christian bodies were represented, and in which the hearts of all were fused into one under the catholic and humanizing influence of the fervid and genial apostle, there has been a public dinner in honour of the Deputation, presided over by Sir William Muir, and attended by their Excellencies the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir R. Temple, &c. The warmth of his reception in such an assembly almost overpowered the Rev. Doctor, who—quoting the expression of some nameless old Scotchwoman—said, 'Let me alone, for I want to greet.' But he did better than that. He spoke with keen animation and deep fervour. He characterized the scene before him, and the incidents he had passed through since arriving in this country, in the form of a dream, and then confessed how thoroughly real it all was."

Speaking of the strong felling of personal security which every one feels in India, he said:—

"From Calcutta to the Khyber men are living in peace under the protection of just and righteous rule; and this tranquility is owing to British rule, which, as developed in India, the Doctor affirmed, is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of nations. He admitted there is yet a great gulf between European and native, but asserted his conviction that 'Christianity is the key to unlock the door of separation,' and his strong feeling that a 'brighter day is dawning for India,' for which land he also declared he should never cease to feel the deepest interest. As if in response to the Doctor's comprehensive appreciation of all religious questions one of the Bombay native papers remarks that they 'do not fear his Christianity,' but bid him welcome to all success.

"Sir John Lawrence gave an excellent short speech of welcome, and the whole proceedings were pervaded by an enthusiasm all the more striking because of the high position and practical character of the company assembled. Dr. Norman Macleod's visit promises to produce lasting and remarkable effects in India."

We have great pleasure in being permitted to give the following extracts from a private letter of February 9, from the gentleman with whom the Deputation resided in Calcutta to a relative in Scotland:—

"In regard to the advantages to be reaped from such deputations there cannot be a doubt when one sees what has been done here."

After referring to the benefits of the Church of Scotland's mission, the writer continues:

"In the outside world, too, the visit has been greatly appreciated, as the dinner on Tuesday testifies. Never was there a more successful dinner held in Calcutta, honoured, as it was, by the presence of the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, the Lieutenant-Governor, and every person of any note in town.—The services on the Sundays in the Scotch Church were literally crammed, and I am sure much good was done in this way. Then, again, the deputies have had a great influence for good upon the educated natives, both Hindoos and Jews, with many of whom they have had long discussions. They have been most cordially received by missionaries of all bodies, and have, I am sure, given them all an encouragement in their work which will not soon be forgotten. As you may well believe, the amount of work which they have had to go through has been, for this climate, perfectly killing. Just to give you an idea of a day's work, I will take Tuesday, the last day they proposed being here. Early in the morning they had called.—Breakfast at eight. At half-past eight they drove to a missionary conference, where Dr. Macleod spoke for an hour and a half. From that they immediately drove to the General Assembly's Institution, where they were engaged in teaching different classes till two, when they had tiffin with Dr. Ogilvie, along with several missionaries with whom they entered into keen discussion. At three o'clock o'clock, Dr. Macleod delivered an address to the scholars at the Institutions of different bodies. They then drove home, but not to rest, for two native gentlemen (one the editor of the 'Hindoo Patriot') were waiting to see them: and with them they had a long discussion interrupted by the necessity of preparing for the public dinner, where there was further speaking to be done. At nine o'clock on Wednesday morning there was to be a meeting of the Corresponding Board, but the previous day's work had been too much for Dr. Macleod, and he was unable to attend. When the Doctor saw him he positively forbade his going to Gyah that night, as he had

intended doing. Dr. Watson left by himself on Thursday night, with the understanding that if Dr. Macleod was able he was to meet him at Patna on his return from Gyah. The rest has, I am glad to say, done Dr. Macleod an immense deal of good, and he is now almost quite himself again. He proposes starting for Patna to-morrow night, but has abandoned the idea of going to Sealkote, and will, I believe, return here in time for the steamer of 3d March. * * * Before closing I must say a word as to the wisdom of the church in selecting Dr. Watson as Dr. Macleod's coadjutor. As you may well believe, this was a position of great delicacy, but Dr. Watson has been all that could be desired—dignified, business-like, and able; and I am sure that Gyah and Sealkote will receive as much attention and justice at his hands as if they had both gone to these places. No doubt in the Presidency towns Dr. Macleod's presence and influence were of immense importance, but it is different in Gyah and Sealkote, where it is only necessary to see the working of the missions, and for a report upon this no man could be better fitted than Dr. Watson."

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Report on the Church in Canada.

(From the H. and F. Missionary Record.)

We have received from Mr. Croil a copy of this exhaustive and admirable report. In a letter which accompanies it Mr. Croil says, "I accepted the appointment as agent for the Schemes of the Church two or three years since. I was left entirely to the freedom of my own will to carry out the agency as I thought best. I decided on visiting personally each congregation and was enabled to carry out that proposal, though it occupied me about fifteen months without intermission. The information gathered from many quarters is summed up in the report. My services have been entirely gratuitous. I enlisted at a salary of £400, but when the time came to draw it I found the treasury of the Church would suffer inconveniently by my abstracting so large a sum." A work undertaken so generously, accomplished so thoroughly, has a claim upon the personal gratitude of churchmen, while the substance of it engages their deepest interest. Mr. Croil travelled about 12,000 miles and visited the 126 scattered congregations which form our Canadian Church. These congregations are grouped into 12 Presbyteries, which together form the Canadian Synod. In connection with the Church are the Morrin College at Quebec, and the University of Queen's College at Kingston. The report gives not only full but minute information regarding each of these congregations, Presbyteries, and Colleges; the Church's Schemes; her revenues and property; her places of worship, manse

and glebes; her clergy, down to the places of their birth, education, and services. And these statistics are not like statistics generally, arid and unrelieved, but are lighted up with all the interest of a personal narrative, with frequent gleams of a humorous quaintness and originality which mark the individuality of the author; who, we may remark, has already won his spurs in the field of colonial literature by his 'History of Dundas,' a most vivid and useful chapter of Canadian annals. Mr. Croil speaks with remarkable plainness when his spirit is stirred by a settler's reluctance to "contribute." "How much!" he exclaims indignantly, *apropos* of some hard-fisted farmer of Nottawasaga, "does this modern representative of Christianity in the finest wheat-growing township of Canada—a man who thanks God he was born a Presbyterian—who, 'please God, intends to die a Presbyterian;' whose love for the Church of Scotland, to hear him talk, is, as was that of David to Jonathan, 'wonderful—passing the love of women'—How much per annum does this prosperous farmer dole out for the support of a laborious and faithful minister of the Gospel? Publish it in Gath—FOUR DOLLARS. Tell it in Ashkelon that he refused, point-blank, to become a subscriber to the Presbyterian at one dollar a year!" Again, in the case of a congregation which had no Sunday collections, "*conscientious scruples* were assigned by an old elder, who submitted that he and others thought it *sinful* to collect money on the Lord's Day which might be applied to secular purposes, such as digging post-holes round a minister's garden. The fallacy is plausible, but 'facts are stubborn chiefs;' the fact fatal to our elder's argument in this case being that there happened to be no minister's manse or garden belonging to that congregation!"

The report in general is satisfactory, although the strength of the Church, especially in some of the chief towns—Toronto, Hamilton, and Ottawa, for instance—is much below the right standard. But the growth of the Church although checked for a time by the secession of 24 ministers in 1844—has been steady and healthy on the whole since its first plantation in 1765, when its history begins with the ministry of Mr. Henry, a military chaplain at Quebec.

The Synod was first constituted in 1831, and the earliest Synod roll contains the names of only 25 ministers. There are now, including 14 ordained missionaries and the professors, 127. The great want of the Canadian Church is *men*. In 1866 there were 19 vacant charges, and the vacancies are often long, to the great detriment of the cause of religion. Of the 336 ministers who have been connected with the Church in Canada since its foundation, we notice that only 67 have studied at Kingston. There must be a larger supply of native students ere the pastorate can be adequately filled. Of those

336, we observe that 16 have got charges in Scotland after leaving Canada; 47 have retired, resigned, or been dismissed; and 4 have seceded to the Anglican communion.

But for every detail concerning the outward apparatus and inner life and work of the Church we must refer those interested in Canadian affairs to the report itself. It will be read, we feel sure, with real pleasure, and will give a distinct impression of an ecclesiastical organisation, the offspring and representative of our own and yet in many respects suggestively and picturesquely modified by the conditions of Colonial life, social and political. Might it not be well, with a view to the better study of these, and to the strengthening of our brethren's hands in Canada, that a deputation were sent out to go through the colony "confirming the churches"? A Canadian welcome—no less hearty than a Scotch—would greet it. R. H. S.

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Colonial Missions.

NEW BRUNSWICK—SUNDAY IN THE FOREST.

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Caine of Portland, St. John, will interest our readers by its graphic sketch of travel in the woods of New Brunswick in the depth of winter, and of a Sunday's work among the lonely tenants of the wilderness:—

Since I last wrote you I have made a missionary tour into the back settlements of New Brunswick, and carried the Gospel of Christ far into the deep recesses of the forest. About six years ago a tract of land was surveyed and laid out for settlers in lots or blocks of land, about 44 miles from St. John. The land was excellent, and the timber naturally of large growth and of the best quality; it was called the Clarendon settlement. Inducements were held out by Government to parties to become settlers, and a number of hardy pioneers resolved to bid farewell to civilisation, and hey out for themselves and families a home in the dark forests. Their first care was to provide a shelter from the rigours of winter and the rains of summer. This was accomplished by cutting down the beeches and oaks and birches and laying them one on top of the other, and fastening them securely at each corner. The chinks between the logs were stuffed with moss and mud. The door was low, and made of planks hewed out of the logs. The windows were small, and consisted of a square hole cut in the logs and filled with glass. A huge chimney, built of rough stones, occupied the one end of the cabin, and was large enough to receive as much wood as a horse could draw at once. I have seen the same kind of fireplace in old castles in Scotland, where a whole ox was often roasted at one time. Everything in the shape of furniture was of the most primitive kind. Such were the houses or

cabins built by the hard and knotted hands of the first settlers of Clarendon, and such they still remain, with addition of some slight internal luxuries, such as beds and chairs and tables.

One of my Portland parishoners had been among the first to build a little log home in the green woods, and the first to become dismayed by the loneliness and difficulties of a forester's life. He left the settlement and came to Portland to work at his trade of rope-maker. But still his forest-home had charms for him, and the deep feelings of sympathy that had grown up in his heart for his brethren of the woods while they swung the axe together, or whiled away the long cold winter nights at each other's fireside in Clarendon, had made him anxious to pay them a visit. He promised to me his endeavours to get me to accompany him, and often told me of the lonely life of the poor settlers, and their intense longing to hear the Gospel read and preached. They are all Protestants, and chiefly Presbyterians. I gladly availed myself of the first opportunity to pay them a visit, and on Saturday last Mr. Anderson brought a horse and sleigh at an early hour to carry me to Clarendon. The sleighing was excellent, and our swift horse flew over the ice-bound rivers and roads at a rapid pace. We crossed the Kenebecasis, or Little Snake river, at its confluence with the St. John. The ice is several feet thick over the whole surface. The river is, almost 2 miles wide where it unites with the St. John. Our journey was shortened several miles by our crossing the grand bay of the St. John river. This bay is about 6 miles wide, and the travelling over its frozen surface on Saturday was excellent. We drove along the right bank of the St. John for 12 miles; and then turning to the left in a south-westerly direction, we followed the snakelike wanderings of the Nerepis river, through a beautiful and romantic valley walled in on either side by well-wooded hills. A drive of about 13 miles farther brought us to the mouth of the Douglas stream, and again turning to the left, we entered the valley that takes its name from the little stream that waters it. The scenery in the Douglas valley is extremely beautiful. The hills are high and clothed with dark heavy forests to their very summits. The land along the valley is among the finest in the province, and yield an abundant supply of hay every year without any cultivation.

On leaving the Douglas valley we turned in a south-westerly direction, and were soon twisting and turning through the lofty forest of pines, birches, elms, and oaks, on our way to the settlement. In summer the road is impassable for carts or waggons. The trees are merely cut down and removed to one side. In winter, however, the swamps and brooks are frozen, and the forest floor carpeted with snow, and the sledges pass over

the frozen surface with ease. This, however, is the season when the settlers hold communication with the outer world, and lay in their year's necessaries. We drove eight miles through the woods. The trees are of a huge size and great height, and the road being narrow their branches entwine overhead and form a beautiful archway underneath. There is a strange solemnity inspired by the silent loneliness of the forest. Arches of the most perfect symmetry and every possible variety of shape were here spanning our pathway. A huge birch on either side would throw their white arms across, and form the most perfect Gothic. Again, the weight of snow would bend the lofty pine till it formed the Norman arch in all its stateliness. The only living creatures to be seen were squirrels, although the tracks of rabbits, foxes, deer, moose, and bears, were plentiful. In summer the brooks, rivers, and lakes are well stocked with trout, and are often taken by the settlers in a common sack, with the mouth kept open by a barrel hoop. It was evening when we reached the settlement, and the sun was sinking behind the dark forest-clad hills of the west. The news of our coming was carried from cottage to cottage, and soon all the settlers of Clarendon began making plans for hearing me preach the next day.

Two o'clock was the hour named for service, and long before it arrived the gingle-gingle of the sleighbells from the different paths of the surrounding forest told that my anxious hearers were gathering. My host stood at the cabin door and pronounced the names of the settlers. It was, of course, unnecessary to inquire what country produced Mr. Campbell and Mr. McKenzie; and the strong "Derry" shibboleth of Mr. Hill and Mr. Nixon told plainly of the north of Ireland. They had many a question to ask about Ireland and Scotland, and the outer world in general. By a quarter past two the cabin was full, and service began by singing two verses to tune of Old Hundred. It was the only tune we could manage, so I gave two verses of the hundredth psalm at the beginning, and the other two at closing. The young men all stood, and the old men, women, and children, found seats on logs, tubs, buckets, tables, dressers, and chairs. The bedrooms were divided off from the kitchen by rough boards, and the chinks were many and wide, so that the bedrooms were also filled with eager listeners, who heard all I said through the thin open partition. At the close of the service, which occupied two hours, I baptised two children. It was curious to see the intense eagerness with which they heard the word preached. Big rough men shed tears, and now and then I could hear the sobbing of the mother's heart. When I had done I had to undergo a long series of hand-shaking. The hand accustomed to the axe gives a dreadful

squeeze, and my fingers ached before the last settler took his departure. One old woman blessed me a hundred blessings. She was quite blind, and was led along by the hands of the young. The hot tears ran down her withered face as she bade me good-bye. "I cannot see you, sir," she said, with intense emotion in her warm heart and sightless eyes, "but oh, sir, thank God, I can hear you." It was nearly six o'clock before they left, and I had to promise again and again that I would not forget them, but return some early day to preach and teach among them. I was the first Presbyterian minister who ever entered the settlement. They have no post-office, no school, no church of any kind. I took some fifty volumes of Sabbath-school books, and intend taking or sending more when opportunity offers. After the service was concluded and the congregation had gone, we started to visit a few families, some members of which were sick and confined to the houses. We had short services in each, and set out for home about ten o'clock. A heavy snow-storm had set in, and the dark forest-road was still darker. The lofty trees hid the skylight, and the snow and clouds rendered the light of the new moon valueless. We had to procure a lantern and walk in advance of the horse to find the path and avoid the huge trees that kept the road like strong sentinels. It was a strange and lonely drive. The light falling on the old residents of the forest and their snow clad limbs, and glistening on the snow-flakes that fell leisurely and noiselessly to the ground, was strange and curious. Occasionally a loaded branch would get rid of its load of snow, and in falling would come in contact with other branches, and so on, till quite an avalanche would come sweeping down on our heads. We got home to our cabins at last, and slept soundly that Sabbath night. The storm continued all night, and when we started to return to St. John the snow was deep and the driving difficult. It was a long and weary day to sit wrapped up furs, and covered over with snow and ice. We got home on Monday evening (last evening) after dark, and I found this morning, when I awoke, that I was the victim of a severe and dangerous cold. I am now under the doctor's care, and my morning has been spent in penning this account of my visit to the grim woods. It may interest some members of the Colonial Committee in the reading, as it has amused me in the writing.

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God is the safety of his people, but we tempt Providence if we do not make use of the necessary means for our preservation.—
Dr. Philip.

Hath any one wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

SELECTIONS.

What must you do?

Reader, do you feel the slightest drawing toward God, the smallest concern about your immortal soul? Does your conscience tell you that you are not forgiven, and have not yet felt the Spirit's power, and do you want to know what to do? Listen, and I will tell you.

You must go at once to the Lord Jesus Christ in prayer, and beseech him to have mercy upon you, and send you the Spirit.— You must go direct to that open fountain of living waters, the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost. (John vii. 39) Begin at once to pray to Jesus for the Holy Spirit. Think not that you are shut up and cut off from hope. The Holy Ghost is promised to them that ask him. Give the Lord no rest until he comes down and makes you a new heart. Cry mightily unto the Lord; say unto him, "Bless me, even me also; quicken me, and make me alive."

I dare not, for my part, send anxious souls to any one but Christ. I cannot hold with those who tell men to pray to the Holy Spirit in the first place, in order that they may go to Christ. In the second place, I see no warrant of Scripture for saying so. I only see that if men feel they are needy, perishing sinners, they ought to apply first and foremost, straight and direct, to Jesus Christ.— I see that he himself says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."— (John viii. 27.) I know it is his special office to baptize with the Holy Ghost, and that "in him all fulness dwells." I dare not pretend to be more systematic than the Bible. I believe that Christ is the meeting-place between God and the soul, and my first advice must always be, *go to Jesus and tell your wants to him.*

Reader, remember this. I have told you what to do. You are to *go to Christ* if you want to be saved.—*J. C. Ryle.*

Links in a Chain.

The blast that drove the storm-clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The clouds burst, and the rain-drop filled the acorn cup. A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, hopped along the path when the storm was over, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his favorite perch in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and rising from his day-dream, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing.

The chant went forth into the great world

and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents beside the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted—she sick were cheered.

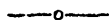
Many voices praised the poet. He said, "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"My throat would have been too dry to sing," said the robin, "if I had not found that sweet drop of water that was in the acorn cup."

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not the acorn cup been there to receive me," said the rain-drop.

"I would not have been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the plait replied, "Praise him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen and unknown channels, and bringing in due time by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm cloud.—*Heavenly Tidings.*"



Sandwich Islands.

The Island Maunoloa one of the Hawaiian group was visited with a series of terrible earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. They commenced on the 27th of March, and it is said that by the 13th of April, 2000 shocks had been experienced:—

At Warischina the earth opened in many places and the tidal wave, sixty feet high, rose over the tops of the cocoa trees for a quarter of a mile inland; sweeping human beings, houses and every thing moveable before it. The terrible shock prostrated churches and killed many persons. In all one hundred lives were lost, besides thousands of horses and cattle. The craters vomited fire, rocks and lava, and a river of red hot lava five or six miles long flowed ten miles per hour, destroying everything before it, and forming an island in the sea, and a new crater two miles wide opened and threw rocks and streams of fire one thousand feet high. Streams of lava rolled to sea. At one time the illumination extended fifty miles at night. At Warischina three miles from shore, a conical island rose suddenly, emitting a column of steam and smoke, while the Kono packet was passing, scattering mud on the vessel. The greatest shock occurred April 2nd. Prior to the eruption there was a shower of ashes and pumice. During the great shock the swaying motion of the earth was dreadful, so that no person could stand. In the midst of this tremendous shock eruptions of red earth poured down the mountains, rushing across the plain three miles in three minutes and then ceased. Then came the great tidal wave, and then streams of lava. The villages on shore were all destroyed by

this wave. The earth opened under the sea and reddened the water. The earth eruptions swallowed thirty persons and the sea many more. Great suffering and terror prevailed in the district, and the whole region was affected. The sloop *Live Yankee* has been despatched with provisions to rescue and relieve.

Honolulu correspondence gives details of the volcanic disturbances, showing that the earthquake shocks extend to all islands of the group but one. No damage is known to have occurred except around Maunaloa. Numerous extensive land slides accompanied the phenomena, destroying life and property. The summit and side of the hill, 1500 feet high, were thrown a thousand feet over the tops of the trees and landed in the valley below. The gases that issued after wards destroyed both vegetables and animal life. Bottomless fissures opened in the mountain side, and a lava stream flows under the ground, breaking out in four jets six miles from the sea and throwing lava and stones 1000 and 1500 feet high, and is now joined to the main land by a stream of lava a mile wide. A large stream of water has burst from the mountain where the earth eruption occurred. The base of the volcano is about thirty miles in circumference. At least a half a million dollars' worth of property is destroyed.

The King of the Sandwich Islands has issued a proclamation for the relief of the sufferers.

Many visitors had gone from Honolulu and will go from San Francisco.

The worst is thought to be over, but the lava flow continues. It is a grand spectacle.

C. M.

Mr. Gough's Recovery.

The following incident is worthy of being often repeated, as an encouragement to labor and religious reform. A warm heart and a wise tongue may overcome the most formidable obstacles; Rev. L. Cuyler tells the story:

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elms in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif in the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house.

As he sauntered along out of humour with himself and with all mankind—a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said in cordial tones, "Mr. G— go down to our meeting at the town hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With tremu-

lous hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it, and keeps it yet. The poor boot-crimper who tapped him on the shoulder (good Joel Stratton) has lately gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is to day the foremost of this reform on the face of the globe. Methinks when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echo of that tap on the shoulder and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester! *He that winneth souls is wise.*

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The Ice and the Snow. A Fable.

"You are as white as a sheet," said the ice to the snow. "You are falling; are you faint?"

"My robe is spotless, my flakes harmless, and my fall noiseless," replied the snow.

"I think you lack firmness," quoth the ice, "and more solidity and weight would render you less the sport of wintry winds."

"We've more to fear from the sun than from the wind," answered the snow.

"Indeed!" observed the ice, "I should pity your weakness on the approach of such a foe."

"I shall commend myself to his mercy by my whiteness and purity," said the snow.

"I shall resist his power by my hardness and strength," returned the ice.

The sun now shed his beams on our two cold friends. The snow began to weep and the ice to melt.

"Where's your whiteness and purity now?" said the ice.

"And where's your firmness and strength?" inquired the snow.

"We are retreating to water from whence we came," said the ice.

"Why, his not death, but change," said the snow joyfully.

"By this change we are becoming one," said the ice.

"And seeking the lowest places," replied the snow.

"We can now ascend to heaven," said the ice, "whereas we never could while I retained my boasted firmness and you your vaunted whiteness."

Death is not a destroyer, but a restorer.

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The Legislative Assembly of Nassau, West Indies, as if anticipating the triumph of Gladstone's *dis-establishing Resolutions*, has passed a Bill dis-establishing the Episcopal Church there. The Governor and Council being of the above "persuasion," have rejected the bill. The Assembly, to show their power and importance, refuse to vote supplies, thus playing at the children's game of "tit for tat."

The Monthly Record.

JUNE, 1868.

Items.

WE understand that the Rev. Mr. McCune has safely arrived in his native land and we trust that we shall soon see him in health and safety in his adopted country, and among his beloved flock.

The Free Church College, Edinburgh, has sustained a great loss in the death of one its Professors, the Rev. Dr. Bannerman, and we observe that another, the Rev. Dr. Buchanan is about to resign on account of age and infirmity.

WE give copious extracts from the *H. and F. M. Record* containing details of the arduous and successful labours of the Rev. Drs. McLeod and Watson in India, which will be read with deep interest by all who labour and pray for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

LAST month, the progress of the Abyssinian Expedition was noticed; most of our readers are already aware that the Expedition has been nobly and bravely accomplished; and that the cruel Theodore has had to atone for his insult to the British flag, with his life and kingdom.

We regret to observe that the Rev. Robert Markland, late of Moss-green, in the Presbytery of Dumfermline died at sea on his passage to Sydney, New South Wales, to enter on a pastoral charge under the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The vessel was within a few days sail of land, when after nine days illness, he died of fever.

THE Synods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in connect- on with the Church of Scotland, meet this year in Pictou on the last Tuesday of June, and form an Union. Arrangements will be made by the friends of the Kirk in Pictou for the hospitable entertainment of Ministers and Elders. It is requested that those intending to be present will communicate with the Rev. A. W. Herdman, of Pictou, without delay.

LAST month brought us intelligence of the death of an eminent divine of our own church, Rev. Dr. Lee. This month brings intelligence of the death of two distinguished and able ministers of the Free Church, Revs. Dr. Bannerman and Peter McLean. The latter of whom has been well known in this Province and will be widely mourned.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST NO.—We unintentionally omitted to specify that the Rev. Mr. Anderson's Sermon, published in our last No., was preached to a large and attentive

audience, on the occasion of Mr. McMillan's induction, to the pastoral charge of Salt-springs congregation. We regret to find that a few grammatical and orthographical inaccuracies unwittingly crept into it, we trust Mr. Anderson will generously overlook them, and we will promise to "exercise more care" in the future.—*f. d.*

LAST month brought us the painful intelligence of the loss of one of our ablest Colonial Statesmen, Hon. T. D. McGee, by the hand of a brutal assassin. This month brings the intelligence of the death of one of Britain's most distinguished Statesmen, Lord Brougham. The latter has contributed more to the different departments of science and literature than, perhaps, any other author living or dead.

"One by one they drop away."

The question of patronage is being discussed in many of the Established Presbyteries throughout Scotland. Some wish it modified; others wish it entirely abolished with the view of paving the way for a union of all the Presbyterian Churches. What same man but knows that patronage, in some form, *does* and *must* exist in every church or ecclesiastical or religious organization? The question that calls for solution is, whether vested in the "heritors," in Presbyteries, in communicants, in church dignitaries or in majorities of congregations, patronage can be exercised for the greatest good of the most of "all concerned."

At a late meeting of the congregation of St. James' Church, Charlottetown, Hon. Col. Gray on behalf of the congregation, presented their pastor, the Rev. Thomas Duncan with a purse containing £100, accompanied with a complimentary address. Mr. Duncan intends visiting Scotland, and will, D. V. be present at the meeting of the General Assembly in May. The *Patriot* says the young men and women of his congregation intend to present him with a purse previous to his departure. This with \$100 additional stipend is creditable to both pastor and people. Gentle reader, is the above example not worthy your favorable consideration and immediate imitation! It will do your own heart good, and greatly cheer your pastor.

LEITCH MEMORIAL.—A report was received from the Leitch Memorial Committee from which it appeared that the Committee had invested £500 stg. in Government securities, £200 to be the foundation of an open Scholarship in Arts, and £300 the foundation of a Scholarship in Theology, to be competed for triennially by graduates in Arts at the Matriculation Examination of the first session of the Theological course—the successful competitor being requested to matriculate at the beginning of each of two following se-

sions, except when taking the option, which he is to have, of spending the last session of the course in a Scotch University. The first competition will take place next session, and as the Scholarship is tenable for three years it will very materially assist in carrying a student through the whole of his studies in **Divinity**.—*Presbyterian.*

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REPORT

OF MISSIONARY LABOURS OF THE REV. JAMES M'COLL IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FROM OCTOBER 25, 1867, TO MAY 1868.

I arrived in Prince Edward Island on the 25th day of October, 1867. On the 27th I preached at Belfast, and on the following Sabbath, the 3d of November, the Rev. A. McLean of Belfast, went with me to Murray Harbour Road Church, where he preached a Gaelic sermon, and I preached in Gaelic and English. Since that period I have been labouring in the Missionary field appointed me by the Presbytery—preaching on Sabbath days, visiting the people in their houses, and preaching once and sometimes twice during the week.

The field of my labours extends over a large district—about 90 miles in length, from Murray River towards the east end of the Island, to Lot 16 toward the west. But to visit all the stations at which I preach the distance required to be travelled is above 200 miles. The number of stations at which I regularly preach is 15, but since my arrival in the Island I have preached at 23 different places.

The late Rev. Donald McDonald who collected all these congregations came to the Island about 37 years ago. At that time and for some years afterwards, he had no church or regular place of worship, but preached in barns or the open air in summer, and in dwelling houses in winter. Now there are fifteen churches, some of them well finished, and quite comfortable in winter or summer. All these churches were built by the people under Mr. Macdonald's ministry without any assistance from the church in Scotland or here.

Mr. Macdonald, so far as I can understand, kept no communion roll, but from inquiries I have made, I know the number of communicants must amount to about 1,400, and that of adherents to more than 5,000.

Although the stations at which I preach are so far apart, I have experienced no difficulty in visiting them all. The people are ready at all times to drive me from one station to another.

The congregations are composed principally of Highlanders and Lowland Scotch, who always belonged to the Church of Scotland; but some others joined the church from almost every religious denomination in this part of the world. Some of these make very

good church members, but others since Mr. Macdonald's death have endeavoured to cause divisions among the congregations by trying to make the people believe that Mr. Macdonald long ago had left the Church of Scotland. This Mr. McDonald himself anticipated, and some time ago told several of his elders that some from among themselves would give them a great deal of trouble after his death. He mentioned the names of some that would cause this trouble, and it is remarkable that those he then mentioned are the very men who are now trying to make divisions in the church. From Mr. Macdonald's great attachment to the Church of Scotland, this caused him a great deal of uneasiness during the last years of his life, and he took every precaution to prevent it, particularly he left the churches under the management of Trustees that must be members of the Church of Scotland, and in the deeds of the churches, it is provided that his successor must be a Minister of the Church of Scotland, elected by at least two-thirds of the male heads of families, being communicants.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to state that so very few have joined those who have left the church. From the largest congregation, that at Murray Harbour Road, none at all joined them, and only two individuals from the congregation at DeSable the next in size, and from a good many of the smaller congregations none at all joined them. I have good hopes that some who are inclined to follow the men who have caused these divisions in the church, will soon return to the communion of that church in which they reaped so much benefit, under the teaching of their late Minister.

In some of the congregations collectors have been appointed to receive contributions for my salary; and some of the elders have said to me that the people are both able and willing to support a minister and that they will endeavour to relieve the colonial committee of all expenses in providing the service of a Minister among them.

JAMES MACCOLL.

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Union! What of it.

For the Monthly Record.

With a large proportion of the Presbyterian family now a days, "Union" is the watchword, while a number, far from insignificant, reply "no union" yet. As the time of the meeting of our supreme ecclesiastical courts is drawing near, the interest of some, and the curiosity of others, with regard to this great and important question, are daily gaining depth and strength. The question is asked with equal eagerness and anxiety by both parties, "will Union be discussed at the Synod, and what decision will likely be come to?" Some say, "we pray God, that a union may be effected, for our needless separation

is not only a libel on our profession of Christianity, but it is a great hindrance to the gospel of Christ." "Let us," they say "be one in name, one in interest, as we own but the 'one faith, one Lord, one baptism,'" and then we will be stronger and more formidable in the "front" we present to the common enemy. Others say, "that to pronounce *for union* in the state in which matters now are, argues ignorance of the principles for which the church to which we profess to belong, was contending, when at the cost of much odium, and exposed to the grossest misrepresentation, her members sternly resisted the re-establishment of an ecclesiastical tyranny, which Scotland had risen in her might to throw off at the time of the Reformation."

There can be little doubt in the minds of far seeing, calm thinking men, but that there are yet grave obstacles in the way of a satisfactory union. That a *union on grounds of expediency* is required, we do not deny; but we are far from believing that a union on such a basis could be satisfactory or permanent. Where expediency does not call for it, the general feeling is rather against than for it, even on both sides; but where by uniting two weak congregations (which separate, cannot support a minister of either denomination,) a minister could be well and comfortably supported, is rather *for* than against, yet there obtains the hope on *both sides*, that if such a union were to take place, the minister will be of the party to which each belonged previous to the union.

But if other than a cooperative union be generally so desirable, and prospectively so beneficial, how, or why, after so many years of "courting and coquetting," is there not more mutual confidence, and unity of charitable sentiment, between the parties desirous of a relationship that should exclude jealousies, distrust and all uncharitableness? Why do we continue amid talk on the "desirableness" of union, and essays on the "necessity and benefits" of it, to fight so shy of each other? Why do we have such mingled *fear and delicacy* in proposing a change of pulpits, and how do we continue to have always on hand such good excuses for declining each other's proposal of exchange, when made? Why only one season in the year when union prayer meetings seem legitimate? And are the reserve, the stiffness, &c. which are brought to these, either intended or calculated to ripen the feelings for permanent union? Why not more candour and frankness in acknowledging our mutual prejudices and bigotries? Why not go hand in hand in the night of day, and in the face of the world, and dig a deep grave for them, and there bury them out of sight and remembrance, and over their grave vow tolerance, friendship and charity towards each other? When this is done, a step is taken in the right direct on towards a union

that will be satisfactory, solid, and permanent. And what good purpose will it serve if we endeavour to construct a stately edifice with stones, ever so well hewn and polished, if there be no cement to bind and hold them together? With what hope for good, can discordant elements be juddled together, no matter by what name called?

Until the hand of charity become more actively employed in "plucking up" every "root of bitterness," the less said about union the more consistent.

There are a few congregations where a union on the *grounds of expediency* might be effected with great temporal advantage—we would recommend that in *these*, such a union should be agreed upon by both Synods. It might serve to pave the way, and mature the general feeling for union on higher grounds, and more solid bases. Let it be tried in the case of Berney's River, Lochaber, Earlstown, the Strait of Conso and a few other congregations, where *both parties are pretty equally divided*, but unable separately to support a minister, and let the majority decide on what *party* the minister shall belong to, and it shall then be seen whether disintegrating elements will "put in an appearance."

We have ever been ready to hail a union of the Presbyterian Churches on proper bases, and just and sound principles, but a union that tacitly leaves at our door, charges of dereliction of duty, of "taking the crown of Christ and placing it on an earthly Sovereign," of being a mere secular corporation, charges, that have never been retracted, cannot commend itself to us, and notwithstanding all its professed advantages, we would feel it our duty to withhold from it our sanction or approval.

A LOVER OF UNION.

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Meeting of the Presbytery of Pictou.

The Pictou Presbytery met in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on the 6th ult., and was constituted with prayer. There were present Rev. Mr. Herdman, moderator; *pro tem*, Revs. W. Stewart and McMillan, and W. Gordon and John McKay, Esqrs., elders.

The minutes of last meeting were read and sustained.

The Presbytery having met with the special view of considering the circumstances of Gai-loch congregation, and expediting the settlement of a pastor over said people, but there being no one present in the interests of said congregation, the Presbytery proceeded to other business.

It was moved by Rev. Mr. Stewart, seconded by J. McKay, Esq., and agreed to, that all ministers be enjoined to produce their Session Records for examination at next ordinary meeting of Presbytery, also, that it be enjoined on all the congregations within

the bounds, to have all the Synodical collections taken up and forwarded to the Treasurer on or before the 15th day of June.

Mr. McMillan, at the request of the Kirk Session of West Branch River John, applied for services for said congregation, but owing to the fewness of the numbers present no appointments could be made until the meeting to be held in June. The Court adjourned to meet in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wednesday, the 3rd day of June at 11 a. m.

W. McMILLAN, *Pres. Clerk.*

“Oair do thigh an ordugh, oir gheibh thu bas.”

Seadh, gu cinnteach gheibh thu bas. Tha thu cruidis in so, ach cha neil thu smuanachadh gum bi e cho luath; “Cha neil mi cho sean fàbhaist,” deir thu ‘s gun ruig me leas mor eagal a bhi orm, gum beil an la sin gheibh thu bas; na mo tha di slainte orm, gu m’ion tinn a gharachadh aig an am so le smuanachadh cho mi-thai tneach. Tha fios agam gun d’thig e nar eiginn ach bithidh suil agam ra fraghaidhean, gun d’thig tinnas, is lighicnean, is leabaidh bas, is cairdean a tional a muncuairt orm le deuribh bron. Feudibh sin uile bhi; ach an beil na huile faghain sin; agus ged gheibhadh thu na traghaidhean sin, nach eil triobaid gu leoir gan leantuinn gun an ullachadh air son bas bhi ra dheanamh? Gheibh thu bas, ach cha neil cinnteachas sam bi cionnus, no c’uin, no c’aite! Am beil thu ullaimh air son a theachd; an do chuir thu do thigh an ordugh? Am beil do gnothuichean ainseiral mur bu mhaith leat iad a bhi aig an do bh a! Ach gu sonruichte gnothuichean an annam! Am beil iad sin an ordugh! Am bu mhaith leat luadh troimh n’airuidhsachd mar a thuitadh thu an tra bas? Am biodh thu sona maille ra Crìosd san inntinn d’heith m’bheil thu nis? Am beil thu fhein is Crìosd d’heith n’aon inntinn gun a pheacadh, agus luach an annam? Am b’fhear leat fàbh gu bhi maille ra Crìosd, no fhaighinn as o’ pheanas agus dhol gu ait far nach gabhadh Crìosd gnothuich sam bi ruit? Is cudthromach a bhi ‘alan ann ar creud a’ann ar caibheamh beatha air na puincean so. Faic Ps. 89, 48.

Tha thu g’radh nach eil thu ullaimh fha-shast ach tha thu a’ duil gum bi mus d’thig gum oirt. Nach e tha Crìosd a g’radh “bithidh ullaimh, oir cha neil fios agaibh air an la no an uair?” Agus e na ne “creidvimh slainteil” tha deanamh greim air ni nach eil air a ghealltain no air aithnadh. Anna a mhaduin cha neil fios am faic thu an oidche, agus san oidche am faic thu maduin eile—ach gu cinnteach gheibh thu bas, ann am “bas an oingidh” cha neil “tlachd” aig Dia, ach “is pàrseil na shùlean bas a naimh!” Is e toiseach dorainn, bas gun bhi ann an

sith ra Crìosd; is e toiseach sonas iomlan “tuicam an codal ann an Iosa.” Cuir do thigh an ordugh gun dal, oir fiodidh Dia bhi ag’radh, air a “bhliadhna so fein gheibh thu bas.” Le Crìosd mar do bhuaichaille, is uirinn duit a radh “ged shubhail me triomh ghlinn sgàile a bhais, cha bhi eagal uile oirm” agus le Crìosd mar do charaid, is uirinn duit aig uair is am do bhais a radh, “cait O bhais am beil do bhuaidh!” Ach buidheachas do Dhia a tha toirt dhuinne na buadha tre ar Tighearna Iosa Crìosd. U.

THE following note was received from the Rev. Mr. McColl, after his report in first form page 112, was in press.

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 22, 1868.

Mr. Editor,

After posting the letter I sent you to-day, I remembered that I had forgotten to state one fact which shews that the people who attended the various churches in which the late Mr. McDonald officiated, are willing to have ordinances administered among them by a Minister of the Church of Scotland. This fact is that I have baptized 104 children among them since I commenced my labours.—You can get this put in the report where you think it will suit best.

Yours truly,

JAMES MACCOLL.

The Dying Hours of Bunson.

One of the most learned men of modern times was Bunson, a great author and Prussian Ambassador to England. In the *Christian Register* we find this interesting sketch:

“His sufferings were severe, but his faith and courage were not shaken. He wished to live longer, with the view of completing his literary works. When his physician told him definitely, that his life was so near to a close, and that all his plans and arrangements and hopes in this world must be abandoned, he arose from his seat, and uttered the following words:—“O God, into thy hands I commend my spirit.” He called his dear ones and revealed to them his feelings. He spoke of his wife in the most endearing terms, and gave to his children, one after the other his parting blessing. He prayed with a solemn voice “O God, bless my friends and my dear native land.” With thankful recognition he mentioned his dear and faithful friend Niebuhr, who first introduced him into public life and remained true to him to the end. He addressed his faithful servant, who nursed him with self-denial and tender attachment, and thanked him heartily. Then he spoke of his past public career; how frequently he manifested his infirmities; but he indicated his future hopes also.

'The richest experience of my life has been the knowledge of Christ. What love and benevolence towards humanity I leave this world; I bear no malice in my heart towards any one.'

'O, what bliss it is to look down from that eminence on our past life. Here on earth our path is frequently obscure; but upward it grows brighter, continually brighter. I am already in thy kingdom, Lord, of which, previously, I have had a mere foretaste only.'

'How beautiful are thy mansions, O my God!' When he spoke these words his face was radiant with heavenly glory.

The uncommon lustre of the setting sun drew his attention. Taking a glimpse through the window, he said 'O, how beautiful! The love of God shines through all things.' Then he turned to those present, and said, "God bless you forever! my end is nigh, and I have an ardent longing to depart; let us depart in Christ. God is love and desiring to give love. *Christus recognoscitur; Christus est; est Christus actor.* To live for Him is to conquer. There is no death in God; I see Christ, and through Him I see God. Christ sees us, and He must become all in all. I die in peace with a humanity."

These words he uttered alternately in English, French, Latin and German. 'Those who live in Christ, in the love of Christ are His, but those who live not in the love of Christ are none of His.'

'Clearly do I see that we are all sinners, we have nothing if we have not Christ in God. We have life only so far as we live in God. Sinners as we are, in God we have eternal life. Christ is the Son of God, and we are only so far the children of God, as the spirit of the love of Christ dwells within us.' These were the last words of Bunson. He died on the 28th day of November, 1860.

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My Firstborn in Heaven.

I had a little infant,
My firstborn joy and pride,
To whose sweet looks of innocence
My every pulse replied;
And he-ssed beyond all measure
To catch her faintest smile,
I felt that such a treasure
Could every pain beguile.

For, oh! my babe seemed fairer
Than lily of the vale,
Amid her green leaves sheltered safe
From every passing gale:
More dear, and oh! more welcome
Than springtide's earliest flower;
For many hearts beat anxiously
To hail her natal hour.

Then hope, and joy and gladness
Watched o'er her natal bed,
And smiles were flung like sunbeams
Around her gentle head;

But if upon her gilken lash
A tear I chanced to see,
The shadow fell upon my face,
And visions bright would flee.

She was my heart's own rainbow,
A thing of smiles and tears,
Those symbols of our earthly lot
Which told of coming years;
When mingled care and sorrow
Her pathway should beset,
And sin and Satan agreed for her
An all-alluring net.

And then an inward prayer would rise,
"Good Father throne above,

Send down upon me precious child
The spirit of thy love;
And make her thine, thine only,
A fair, fair child of light!"

I knew my prayer would answered be,
And all again was bright.

I have a little infant,

She is an angel now,
The crown of immortality
Surrounds her baby-brow:
She dwells with God in heaven,
Amid those saints of light,
Who through our Saviour's blood are clad
In robes of spotless white.

And shall I pine or murmur?

Ah! no; for sure 'tis well
To think that I have sent a note
Yon happy choir to swell;
That oft, towards her mother,
She leans from heaven above,

And whispers, "Mother, sing with me
His praise whose name is Love."

And though an empty cradle,

A tiny lock of hair,
Is all that now is left me
Of one so sweet and fair,
I'll drive the sad tears backward.

Or through them, as they fall,
Look for that brighter country
Where God shall dry them all.

—Quiver.

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HOW TO GET REPOSE IN OLD AGE.—I strongly recommend you to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are very much relieved and rested if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavouring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation; if, instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to the man walking and the horse which he rides—a different set of muscles is called into operation. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your minds to other objects of wholesome food to yourselves as well as of good to others, and depend upon it, that is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves; do everything in moderation.

Address and Presentation.

TO THE REV. THOMAS DUNCAN, MINISTER
OF ST. JAMES', CHARLOTTETOWN:

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER:—In view of your approaching departure from among us to visit your paternal home, I have been deputed by the members of this Congregation to offer you an expression of their affectionate regard.

It is now some twelve years since you undertook the duties of our pastor, during all which time your exemplary deportment, and the high tone of Christian propriety which has so eminently characterized your conduct, have been such as renders it a most pleasing office to myself to be the instrument for carrying out the wishes of so many of your friends.

Our united prayers to Almighty God will be offered at His throne of grace that you may safely reach your fatherland, and after enjoying for a season the society of those so very dear to you, He will enable you to return to us in renewed health and strength to resume your honored position in our midst.

I am also desirous to ask your acceptance of this purse of one hundred pounds as a slight mark of our heartfelt gratitude for the many obligations you have placed us under, individually and collectively, during the period of our intercourse.

J. HAMILTON GRAY, Colonel,
Chairman of Congregation Meeting St. James', April 13, 1868.

REPLY:

TO THE HON. J. HAMILTON GRAY, COLONEL, &c., &c., &c.

DEAR SIR:—It affords me the greatest pleasure to acknowledge this very handsome gift, as well as the Address with which, as Chairman of this meeting you have honored me.

The assurance of the affectionate regard of the congregation whom I serve, gives me the greatest comfort, while it deepens the consciousness of my own unworthiness. It is with sincere gratitude I now remember the first hearty welcome extended to me, and the continued interest shown by this people in every Christian work.

To you, my dear Sir, for this expression of your personal esteem, I gladly record my indebtedness, as well as the obligation under which the congregation in general have laid me by their generous reception of my most humble and imperfect services.

The united prayers and cordial sympathy of all my Christian friends, will alike render more happy this brief sojourn in my native land, and help to solace me while absent from my present duty.

While the liberal gift of one hundred pounds enables me to perform my visit with ease and comfort, it gives me the assurance

that the kindness which has construed as charitably my past imperfections, will render pleasant any prolonged residence here with which the Master may be pleased to favour me. And may the God of peace keep us through His grace, and prepare us for the enjoyment of that blessed intercourse which never ends.

With much respect, yours, &c.,
THOMAS DUNCAN.

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Death of the Rev. John Taylor,

LATE OF SEALKOTE.

Died at Alton, by Monkton, Ayrshire, on 18th March, 1868, the Rev. John Taylor, late of Seal-kote, aged 30.

It is due to the memory of this young servant of God, and to the friends of Christian missions, to sketch, in a few sentences, his history. He was a native of the parish of Dreghorn in Ayrshire, and educated at the Academy of Kilmarnock, whither he was removed in childhood. The writer of these lines can vividly recall his docility and diligence as a scholar, and how faithfully the boy foreshadowed the man. By no means unsocial, or indisposed to take part in boyish amusements, he was ever remarkable for conscientiousness in the discharge of school-work. The playground was frequented only when his tasks were completed; and while no one enjoyed better than he did the merry laugh, or clever joke, or innocent game, he ever discouraged and avoided all trifling with honesty and truth and the feelings of others. He became a student of Glasgow University in session 1851-52, where he continued till he was qualified to enter the Church.—Throughout his college curriculum the same qualities that characterized him as a school-boy were prominent; perseverance, combined with excellent natural abilities, made him not only take a good position in all his classes, but in some of them enabled him to carry off high honours. It was during his third session at college that he first began to think seriously of Indian work. During the following winter his mind was fully made up, and with that decision and promptitude with which he ever carried out his convictions, he began all necessary preparations. He opened communication with some of the members of the Indian Committee, and carefully studied any work he could find that treated of the climate, customs, and missions of India.

In September 1859, Mr. Taylor and his colleague Mr. Paterson, still at Seal-kote, sailed from England, and reached their appointed place of labour in April of the following year. The warm welcome and invaluable aid which they received from Captain Ross and others, whose interest in the mission is still unaltered, made them enter on their duties in the most energetic and en-

thusiastic manner. School arrangements soon completed, preaching hours planned, meetings for inquirers fixed, and all other necessary agencies set a-going. Until they could speak the native language a catechist accompanied them as interpreter; but indeed, to recount Mr. Taylor's labours in the Punjab in the short space allotted us in the *Record* would be impossible. Suffice to say that for eight years he laboured with an assiduity and earnestness that cannot be too highly commended. The versatility of his powers made him invaluable when schools and orphanages and the church were to be erected, and when new stations were to be opened. He had to sustain the varied characters of secretary, treasurer, architect, &c., and in all of them merited praise. His unwavering confidence in God's providence almost never forsook him. This was often remarked even by his school and college companions. When difficulties crowded in upon the mission, he would cheerfully say, "Let us wait and work in hope; God will soon open up a way."—And that he had at least the ordinary amount of difficulties to surmount, and trials to contend with, is evident from his private correspondence. They began with parental opposition to his going to a foreign land, and ended only with his death. The captious objections of the Mussulmans, the faithlessness and worldly-mindedness of many who presented themselves as anxious inquirers, the lamentable ignorance and depravity of the many hundreds with whom he came constantly in contact, as well as family affliction and the occasional checks and remonstrances from "the powers that be" at home—those often chafed and vexed but never unnerved him. Many clergymen and laymen in the Church can testify to his energy and perseverance in raising money by bazaars, church collections, and private subscriptions, to wipe away all debt from Hunter's Memorial Church or to build schools and orphanages where the native children might be domiciled and educated. So far back as the year 1864 he strongly urged the plan of out-stations, recommended in this month's (April) *Record*. Speaking of it he says, "I am convinced that this is the only plan that will be successful on a scale which we have never before experienced. The people see so little of us in our four or five month's itineration that it is not wonderful they are so little impressed by our services." During the first four years of his labours he was strong and vigorous, never suffering even from headache. At the end of that period he had several attacks of fever and ague, and in 1866 his health was so much impaired that he was advised to take a voyage home. But as convalescence showed itself he was unwilling to leave the mission at a time when his place could not be supplied. He therefore resumed his duties, resolved to work on for other two years, when he would take a lengthened furlough. A second severe

attack, however, compelled him to abandon that intention, and in June 1867, he departed with his wife and family on his native shore. For several months he appeared to improve in health so steadily, that at Dr. Macleod's request he undertook the ministerial charge of the Bonyon Parish during his absence in India. On this he was never able to enter. During the winter months his weakness gradually increased; still his hopes of recovery were so great that he had made arrangements to return to Scotland in autumn. The medical report that nothing organically wrong could be seen, confirmed his opinion that sunshine and warm weather would restore him to health and to his duties. In this belief he continued till the day before his death, when he felt that his race was run and his labours ended. Addressing his wife, he said, "Till to-day I never contemplated this. I am ready, but for your sake I should have liked to have been spared a little longer. I thought God had more work for me to do. I leave you in the hands of the Lord; He will provide for you." The following evening he expired without a struggle.

His race was short but successful. Young in years, he was prematurely old from hard service. He was a faithful friend, honest in reproof, kind and cordial in advice. Religion early and deeply rooted in his soul, animated and guided him through life, making him a consistent Christian, and an ardent missionary. In many respects greater men may succeed him in the mission-field, but it will be difficult to find one more faithful and devoted to Truth and the Cross. He was spared, and it rejoiced his heart, to see one prayer of his answered, "Oh, that some of our Church leaders could see with their own eyes the nature and difficulties of our work!" Let us hope and pray that his early death may help to bring a speedy answer to that other wish which he so often breathed, "Oh, that our ministers and church members at home could accompany us for a short time in our labours among the heathen, how soon would zeal supplant indifference, and pity enlarge their liberality!"—*H. and F. Missionary Record*.

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DUMFRIES.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Dumfries, held on Thursday the 26th March, the Rev. Mr. Wier, late assistant to Mr. Charteris, Glasgow, was inducted to the charge of Greyfriar's congregation, rendered vacant by the Rev. Mr. McLeod, to Montrose.

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NENTHORN.—The Presbytery of Kelso met in the Parish Church of Nenthorn on Thursday the 12th March, and ordained the Rev. Henry Grey Graham minister of that parish.

[From the (Philadelphia) Banner of the Covenant.]

The Irish Established Church—Past and future.

I. THE PAST. The vote reached on Saturday, April 4th, in the British House of Commons, in regard to the abolition of the Irish Established Church, has been received with very general satisfaction in this country. Believing that the result of that vote will be to place Protestantism on a much better footing in Ireland and elsewhere, we see no reason to regret the vote. But there are many facts in the history of the Irish Church, and many popular mistakes current in regard to it, that call for a discussion on wider grounds than it has yet received.

The grievance of an English Church established in Ireland is one of which Romanists, *as such*, have no right to complain. The English Church in Ireland—and the Establishment has been nothing more—is a part of the English conquest of Ireland, a conquest commanded by the only English Pope who ever wore the tiara. As for the first four centuries of its existence as a Roman Catholic Church, so also for the last three centuries of its continuance as a Protestant Church, it has always been simply the Church of the invading army, the Norman and Saxon garrison, as purely such as the Presbyterian Church has been the Church of the Scottish colony in Ulster. Now, if there is one historical event for which the Papacy must stand sponsor, it is that English invasion. Up to that time the Irish Church, and not the Irish Nation, was the thorn in the side of Europe. While in every other part of Europe the ecclesiastical system had been conformed to the civil Roman Constitution,—while consul, proconsul, and praetor had been everywhere else reproduced in Patriarch, Archbishop, and Bishop—while the Papacy itself held divided empire with the Caesars in the rest of Europe, in Ireland the model itself had no existence. Ireland had never formed part of the Roman Empire, and the primitive social organization, as in the Scottish Highlands, was the only one known. And so, as if by some law of assimilation, the Church took the form which most resembled the civil polity of the nation. Ecclesiastical lords or chieftains ruled ecclesiastical clans and septa. The Bishops were but a new style of Christian chieftains and lords, often seven in a town; often also, under the rule of a female abbess. The canons seem to have been as few and easy as the Brehon laws. And any proposal to change these things met with the same violent resistance that has made the Anglicization of Ireland a failure, after centuries of effort.

The Pope dealt with Ireland as the inquisition deals with heretics,—did his best for them "spiritually," and then handed them

over to the civil power. The infallible See did not perceive that the ecclesiastical institutions which he wished to thrust on Ireland were merely as human and civil in their origin and form as those that he wished to supplant.

With the Anglo-Norman army went the Anglo-Norman Church, each alike hostile to Irish Institutions. Each alike set up the Anglo-Norman institutions within the Pale around Dublin, and wherever else they could secure a footing. Each alike were opposed with the energy of every patriotic Irishman, sept and soggarth, priest and clansman.—Each alike, for four hundred years, held their ground only by the support of the English nation and the Papal See. Each alike extended its bounds or retraced its footsteps, as, by the fortune of war, a larger or more contracted territory fell to the share of the English. Each alike lost many adherents through colonies of English being so cut off from the Pale that their only safeguard was to go over to the enemy, and so becoming *Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis*—"more Irish than the Irish themselves," as an old act of the Irish Parliament declares. To such an extent was this the case, that in the intensely Irish province of Connaught, it is this day disputed whether one half, or only a third of the people are of Norman blood. Each alike received a sullen submission on the part of its foes, as the English rule extended over the whole island. Each alike exulted in the favor of the Papacy, and was sustained by the public opinion of Western Europe.

The Reformation brought a sudden change on all hands. The Anglo-Normans who had been for centuries the most subservient vassals of the Papal See, because its most determined enemies, and their Church in Ireland, like their Church in England, became Protestant. The Pope changed as suddenly as the Nobles. The Church of "the Wild Irish," against which the Papacy had unleashed all the rounds of war, was now taken under the patronage of its grand persecutor. For a while, the result seemed dubious, and a generous policy on the part of the English nation might have saved the day, so far as Irish religion went. Rome the bitterest religious enemy of all nationality, and England the bitterest political enemy of Irish nationality, competed for the favor of the outraged nationality of Ireland. Had the efforts of such men as Bale and Usher been seconded; had the advice of Spencer, that it was "ill preaching among drawn swords;" of Bacon, that Irish Bibles and Irish preaching be provided, been taken; had they, as the dean of Cork puts it, "sheathed the sword and spelt the preacher," centuries of bitterness and rebellion might have been saved, and the grand anomaly of a Romanist nation asserting its rights against a Protestant one, would never have existed. The chance was lost. The

Irish Church became more really than ever the Church of the English garrison,—not till 1685 was the Bible in Irish published,—the ability to speak Irish was actually made a disqualification for holding a benefice. The old policy of repression, distrust and enmity, of stamping out all traces of a separate nationality, was continued, while the Pope, wiser in his generation, took all that he had for centuries waged war against, under his protection. The Bishoprics and Deaneries and Rectories of the Establishment were filled with the off-courings of the English Church, or as Swift sarcastically puts it, “not with the godly bishop appointed by the English Government, but with the highwaymen who stopped them on Hounslow heath, robbed them of their credentials and took their places.”

The result may well teach both England and Rome that “what a man soweth that shall he also reap.” If Ireland is to day a source of weakness and not of strength to the Empire, something that England cannot consistently with her own abstract principles of political right retain; if the wrongs inherited from the England who obeyed the Pope cannot be abandoned by the England who defies him, it is because the generous Church policy, which has, within a century and a half, turned the Scottish Highlands from a disloyal half-civilized, Romish country into a loyal, intelligent Protestant section of the nation, even in spite of political blunders, has not been pursued also in Ireland.

And if to-day one of the only three European countries that sincerely adhere to the Papal See is unable to throw a feather's weight of influence in Rome's behalf into the great European scale, if a Protestant sits in every See of the Irish Church, if the vast preponderance of Irish property and prestige is in the hands of English Protestants; if the disposal of all the Church property in Ireland depends on the votes of an English Protestant Parliament, then Rome also is only reaping what she sowed. Papal Bulls gave Henry the right in his own eyes, and in the eyes of all Europe, to invade Ireland; and the English occupation of Ireland, if it be a wrong, is one of those wrongs whose redress would now be a greater wrong.

Especially amusing in view of these facts are the words of the Romish Archbishop Manning when in reply to the Englishman's allegation that:

“As for laws and administration, Ireland is on the same footing with England; and where there is a difference, Ireland will be found to be better cared for than England.”

He says, “Let the endowments of the Church of England be transferred to the English Catholic Bishops and clergy; let the Anglican archbishops and bishops be liable to fine for assuming their ecclesiastical titles;

let the land in England be held by absentee Irish landlords by title of past confiscations, and let their soil be filled by tenants at will who may at any hour be evicted, and I shall then think that Ireland and England are on the same footing. There is yet one thing wanting. Let some Irish state-man reproach the English for their unreasoning and unrelenting animosity, their self-chosen poverty, their insensibility of the dignity and benefits of being thus treated by a superior race.”

Well may the *Universe* say that “this is inflexible Fenianism” that it is Irish opposition to English rule simply as English, and not as Protestant; for these wrongs—an alien Church, an alien land-proprietorship and slavish land-tenure resting on confiscation, and the insulting domination of race over race, are what Romish England, backed by the Papal See, inflicted for four centuries on Ireland. The wrongful occupation of Ireland is a wrong inherited from unreformed England, a wrong which prescription had made right, as far as prescription can make anything right, long before the English Reformation.

Origin of Doubt.

A great part of the doubt in the world comes from the fact that there are in it so many more of the impressible as compared with the originating minds. Where the openness to impression is balanced by the power of production; the painful questions of the world are speedily met by their answers; where such is not the case, there are often long periods of suffering till the child-answers of truth is brought to the birth.—Hence the need for every impressible mind to be, by reading or speech, held in living association with an original mind able to combat those suggestions of doubt and even unbelief, which the look of things must often occasion—a look which comes from our inability to gain but fragmentary visions of the work that the Father worketh hitherto.—When the kingdom of heaven is at hand, one sign thereof will be that all clergymen will be more or less of the latter sort, and more receptive goodness, no more than education and moral character, will be considered sufficient reason for a man's occupying the high position of an instructor of his fellows. But even now this possession of original power is not by any means to be limited to those who make public show of the same. In many a humble parish priest, it shows itself at the bedside of the suffering, or in the addition of the closet, although as yet there are many of the clergy who, so far from being able to console wisely, are incapable of understanding the condition of those that need consolation.—George Macdonald.

Death of John Ferguson of Earltown.

In our last No. it was our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mr. Roderick McKenzie, W. R. favourably and widely known in the church. We have now the no less painful duty to record the death of John Ferguson, of North Earltown. After a few days of severe illness which he bore as the true christian drinks the "bitter cup" given by a loving Father's hand, he departed we trust, to be "with Christ, which is far better." It was not until a day or two before his death, that any serious apprehension of his recovery was felt, so that the suddenness of the event has deepened the gloom which has been cast over the community.

Many of the readers of the *Record*, especially ministers of the Gospel, who in the discharge of missionary duties have travelled through Earltown on their way westward, will remember with a pleasant sadness the kindness and hospitality with which they have been always entertained by him and his family, and his willingness and readiness to help them on their way. He was a man of unassuming and inobtrusive piety, of undoubted honesty and integrity, and whose conduct was always consistent with his profession of Christianity. Full of that love for his country, for which every true man has a sacred spot in his heart, he long cherished an ardent desire to see his native hills once more, and in the kind Providence of God he was permitted to have his wishes gratified. Last fall he crossed the Atlantic, and after a few months sojourn among his relatives in his native parish, he returned to the bosom of his family vigorous and healthy in body, and cheerful and grateful in spirit for the wonderful goodness and protecting care of his Heavenly Father. He has left a widow and large family together with many friends and acquaintances to lament his sudden removal, by which his widow is bereft of an affectionate husband, his children of an indulgent and tender father, the community of a useful and active member, and the church of a true and generous friend, and a cheerful and liberal supporter. We deeply sympathize with his bereaved family, and on their behalf will "plead with," and "put in remembrance" Him who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless" but who will be

the father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow.

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Clerks of Presbyteries will please forward their Presbytery Rolls to the Synod Clerk, on or before the 20th June, that unnecessary delay and confusion may be avoided at the opening of Synod.

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SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH

1868

HOME MISSION.

Collections made by McLennan's Mountain Congregation		£1 11
May 2, Col. St. Andrew's Church; Halifax	per J. J. Bremner	£1 15 0
" 4 do Albion Mines Church,	per J. Patrick	1 13 0
" " Received from late Treasurer		30 0 0

SYNOD FUND.

Collections made by McLennan's Mountain Congregation		£1 15
May 26, Collection St. Andrew's Church.	Pictou,	£2 13 0
" 30 do Salt-springs Church,		2 3 0
RODERICK MCKENZIE, Treasurer.		

1869.

FOREIGN MISSION.

May 2, Paid James J. Bremner amount received and acknowledged in <i>Record's</i> prior to this date	£13 6 0
RODERICK MCKENZIE, Pictou, May 30th, 1869.	

FOREIGN MISSION.

March 6, Collection St. Andrew's Halifax,	\$10 00
" 9, " Barney's River,	7 50
" " St. Matthew's Halifax.	110 00
	\$128 25

JAS. J. BREMNER.

Treasurer Foreign Mission Fund.

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Account of monies collected at Saltsprings for the Lay Association, from January till May 1868.

Sec. 2, S. Side, March 23, Miss Barbara McLean, col.	\$6 00
" " N. Side, April 2, Miss Annie Munro, col.	2 37 1/2
" 3 " " 1 Miss Maria McKay, col.	2 25
" 5 " March 23 Miss Catherine Campbell, col.	2 17 1/2
" 6 " " 25 Miss Margaret Smith col.	1 63 1/2
	\$14 44 1/2

W. McDONALD.

Local Treasurer.