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THE  
MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE  
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the Adjoining Provinces.

JANUARY . . . . . 1866.



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# THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

## CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1866.

No. 1.

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

### SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR,

*By the Rev. Allan Pollok, New Glasgow.*

“Redeeming the time”—EPIHESIANS v. 16.

THE solemnity of this admonition is intensified by its repetition, in the very same words, in this Apostle's letter to the Colossians. In both passages he is employed in urging his readers to adopt proper principles of conduct and resolutely carry them into practice. Their theory of life, which is here pre-supposed to be the Christian theory, is to make itself known to the world, not so much in loud profession, as in a zealous, active, and loving discharge of their duties towards God and man. While professing the inward light, they are to make it shine, like a beacon, across the waters of human strife and storm, to light other tempest-tossed mariners to the haven of eternal rest.

Observe, that the common, and, undoubtedly, here, the proper translation of the word translated “time,” is, *season* or *opportunity*. It means, not time as a whole, or even any portion of it, but rather events or circumstances in which we may shew our Christian principles by good actions. The term “redeeming” embodies a peculiar sense. Ordinarily, we would say “improving the opportunities;” but there lies embedded in the phrase a metaphor both beautiful and instructive. The active and zealous Christian is viewed by this eminent teacher as a merchant looking out for chances of trading with profit. He is, like the merchant in the parable of Jesus Christ, in search of goodly pearls. When he discovers goods going to waste, he

seizes the opportunity of buying them up and making a large profit. If our opportunities are not bought up—if they are not turned to good account, they will turn to evil account, and condemn us in the great day when the books will be balanced, and the Master will take an account of His servants.

Brethren, you enjoy, even in these evil times, many opportunities of doing good—of discharging commanded duty. What these duties are, depends, in some measure, upon circumstances. To refer now to these duties specially, would be to treat of the whole range of Christian morals—an attempt, in present circumstances, impossible. The important query for you and me is: Are we improving our opportunities of serving God, and how shall we do it better? These questions may be most easily answered by considering, in a few paragraphs, what is meant by “redeeming the time.”

One obvious method of redeeming the present, is, reviewing the past. Our past times are gone, and gone for ever. We cannot recall the flowers of summer, which have bloomed and died. Their glory and their perfume have alike perished. But they are not more effectually gone than is yesterday. It is but yesterday, and yet Omnipotence cannot restore its vanished hours—hours which have vanished like the sunbeam on the cloud.

To-day is added to our time,  
Yet, while we sing, it glides away.  
How soon shall we be past our prime,  
For where, alas! is yesterday?

Now, in ordinary circumstances, when we have lost anything, we think it prudent to

dismiss it from our minds. It is gone, and is now no more to us than an article, valuable in itself, which has been dropt into the ocean: it is valueless because lost. But not so with past opportunities. Whether they have been improved or not, we should often think of them. We should consider whether we have behaved well on such and such occasions. It would be well to recall certain opportunities, and ask ourselves whether we have made the most of them. Those who do not review the past, will never redeem the present or the future. This is what is meant by experience. Experience means, not the mere fact of having endured or enjoyed certain things, but, also, having remembered them and drawn lessons from them. Similar opportunities will occur again; and if we have rightly read the past, we shall better improve these when they arrive. The pilot will thread the channel in safety, who remembers the dangers of his first voyage, and has made a careful chart in his mind of his former course.

It seems absolutely essential, to the improvement of our opportunities, that we should have settled upon the great object we have in view in life. All will admit that we cannot improve our opportunities until we have first determined what we are in search of. The proper road cannot be selected by the traveller till he has decided whether he is going. Nor can the mechanic turn his materials into an article of value till he has fixed in his mind a clear notion of what he is about to make—its size, its shape, and its use. This is so simple, that to state these truths is to insult the understanding of mankind, were it not that, in moral conduct, men can be guilty of such egregious folly, that, if displayed in other matters, would raise shouts of derision at their expense. How many are there who have not fixed upon the object of their life! Wretched creatures! They scheme, they fret, they toil, they suffer, they hurry on without a definite aim. They have not put to themselves the solemn queries, Whence am I? what am I? where am I? and whither am I going? Such persons do not act as rational beings. They do not redeem the time; for no one can serve God without keeping this object in view; and whether they serve God or not, they cannot tell whether they are improving their opportunities, for they do not know what they are in search of. Like a boat without a helm or compass or a pilot, they drift with the tide.

Others, again, cannot redeem their opportunities, because, though they may have reflected a little upon the great question of the end of their life, they are forever changing this end, and, consequently, their principle of action. The pedestrian who ever changes his destination, will never arrive at any, though he may toil and labor as hard as another who never alters his purpose, and who will certainly be far less agitated and distressed. There are too many such unstable

beings. They have a little religion and a great deal of the world. Now they walk a few steps in the way of righteousness, and anon they are travelling with the multitude to hell. Not to say that they can be alternately in and out of grace. Such persons are never in reality possessed of godliness of principle. But on times and occasions, they are impressed with the importance of a religious life, and ravished with its future attractions, either by hearing a sermon, or by meeting with a righteous character, or by a stroke of providence, a sickness or a bereavement. Under such impressions, they begin to perform a few religious duties. But, in a short time, they betake themselves to their own place. They cannot give up God, and they cannot give up the world. How can they improve time? It is impossible: for they have not settled the grand question. Yea, they are worse off than the obstinately wicked. They have just so much religion as keeps conscience alive and mars their worldly pleasure, and not enough to afford them comfort in the terrible emergencies of life. They have not even the stupid audacity of the wicked, who have no bands in their death. Such were the hearers in the parable, who received the Word at first with joy, and then fell away. Such was the young man who had thoughts of Christ, but of whom the Searcher of hearts knew that he had not settled the question whom he would serve through life. Such were Ananias and Sapphira, who wished to profess Christ and worship Mammon. Such was Demas, who forsook the devoted apostle, "having loved the present world."

You cannot redeem the time, then, unless you have selected the right object as the end of life, and have pursued it with tenacity. This, you are aware, is what Christ requires. "Choose ye this day," saith the prophet Elijah, "whom ye will serve,"—condemning the vacillating conduct of the Israelites. "Follow me," said the Saviour, and, obeying His command, the disciples made a choice, and forsook their ordinary calling and property, and followed Him. Unless we act in a similar manner, so far as the calm, rational and resolute selection of an object in life is concerned, we cannot improve our opportunities, and certainly cannot tell whether we have improved them or not.

At present, we cannot enter into the grand question: what we should live for. It is needful not only that we be decided and have an object in life, but that the object be right in every point of view. "This is the sum of the whole matter," says Solomon: "to fear God and keep His commandments; this is the whole duty of man." He arrives at this conclusion at the close of the book of Ecclesiastes, in which he has argued out at length the great question of the ancient philosophers: What is the *summum bonum*?—what is happiness, and what makes a happy man?

If you should select, as the object of life, the pursuit of pleasure from perishable objects—from society, from gaiety, from appetite, you will be disappointed; for while the pleasure will be small at the time, it will leave a feeling of unsatisfied craving behind. The recollection will give no pleasure, but rather pain. A stroke of providence may load you with infirmities, and a cold world will leave you to suffer alone. Death will come at last, preceded by a lonely and neglected old age, and all your pleasures will be snatched away, and you hurried into the presence of an angry Judge, whose gifts you have abused.

The same remarks are applicable to the pursuits of wealth, fame, or ambition. They satisfy no one. Their votaries suffer intense misery in their pursuit, enjoyment, and removal, and find, at last, that, deluded by the father of lies, who is also the murderer of souls, they have destroyed their peace and lived in vain.

Moreover, they who plunge into the vortex of worldly pursuit, abuse their opportunity.

“Life is the season God hath given  
To flee from hell and rise to heaven.”

They overlook the sad fact that they have come into the world under a sentence of condemnation, the execution of which is only suspended. Life is our opportunity for escaping from condemnation. How can any sane man fail to perceive that he is a sinner? How can he fail to realize that he has broken the commandments of God? How can any man be blind to the importance of a crisis which has cost the Redeemer His precious blood? If you were to enjoy yourselves to the utmost—cull sweets during your whole life from every earthly flower, possess the highest objects of human ambition, amass all the treasures of monarchs, and die at last surrounded with a glory unexampled in history, only to be consigned to the pains of hell for ever,—where would be the wisdom of such a course? Would you have redeemed your time? No! You must meet the great question of human conscience: How shall I appear before the most high God? How shall a man be justified in the sight of his Master? A free and unconditional surrender of the heart to Christ is the only reply to these questions. Until you have availed yourselves of the only way of pardon—the only door of escape; until you have become Christ's; until you are His, by faith, who puts His friends in possession of eternal life, and whose meritorious work secures them from the wrath of God and the plots of the devil, and makes everything bend to their welfare;—however busy your life may have been, you have not redeemed your time, but committed the greatest sin in the world, and abused time in the most shameful manner. No life is redeemed, all the opportunities of which land a man in eternal ruin.

If the object of life be to serve God in

Christ, and that object is fairly decided upon, then you may easily see how it shall operate upon daily conduct. We cannot serve God or follow Christ in the practice of sin. While we are assured that Christ will treat us as sinners, and forgive our shortcomings and failings, yet we are bound always to strive against such things as are plainly contrary to the commandments of God.

There are other things, however, that become sinful by circumstances, or by degrees. They are indeterminate actions. We must decide upon their moral aspects by their bearing upon our grand object—the good of ourselves and others. We must have recreations; but let them not hinder our main end. Properly pursued, they will promote it. When the mariner has laid his ship in her course and spread his sails, he can then rest and enjoy himself. We must be diligent in business; but if we make a god of it, we will lose sight of the great business. Lucre will drive Christ out of the heart. Not only are gluttony and drunkenness forbidden, but such a use of the good things of this life as may encourage and strengthen carnal appetites. Social intercourse is good; but if the tongue is employed in slander, detraction, and uncharitableness, it becomes a sin, which hinders our object. Thus time, with its chances of serving God and doing good, is improved, if we bear in mind the object, and ask ourselves—Does such and such a thing promote or hinder it? We are servants, and a servant should endeavor to please his master—not himself.

“Redeeming the time” implies a diligent use of those means which the Saviour has recommended, by precept and example, as specially adapted to promote our true interests as immortal beings seeking the favor of God. The means of grace—“the Word, sacraments, and prayer”—are not arbitrary appointments. They possess in themselves a fitness for the end in view. The more perfectly we feel the importance of that end, and the more resolutely we are seeking it, the more diligently shall we use them. People that neglect them, set themselves above God—they prefer their own fallible reason to the wisdom of God. Let us redeem the time, then, by communing with Christ in His ordinances. Let us seek Him in the perusal of His Word, and prayer. We shall then find that we have been fitted to discharge the most difficult duties, fulfilled against the severest temptations, and that we experience a happiness in our life far superior to the enjoyments of the world, and such as will prove wisdom's ways “ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.”

It will help us to redeem our opportunities for the noble object of serving God, if we remember how fast they are passing away. Thousands of them have gone, never to return. Every day that passes over our heads numbers them with the things that were.

They have carried their accusation or acquittal before the eternal throne, never to be altered or revoked. Nothing can blot out their evil character, or increase their merit. Their moral value is fixed to all eternity. On the records of heaven they are inscribed as with a pen of iron. Time is hurrying us on with rapid and unwearied steps into that eternity where time is no more and opportunity ceases. But though time ceases with us at death, its effects are eternal. As accountable beings, we shall have to give an account, at the great day, of the manner in which we have used our opportunities. The question will be put—"How much hast thou gained?" Let us now anticipate the question, and say, each one to himself: "Am I redeeming the time? Am I devoting my strength and talents to the great end of life, and serving God?" It is better to put this question now, than have it addressed to us when an error will be beyond remedy.

—o—

### Forgiveness of Sin.

THE forgiveness that is with God is such as becomes Him, such as is suitable to His greatness, goodness, and other excellencies of His nature, such as that wherein He will be known to be God. It is not like that narrow, difficult, halving and manacled forgiveness that is found amongst men, when any such thing is found amongst them; but it is full, free, boundless, bottomless, absolute—such as becomes His nature and excellencies. It is, in a word, *forgiveness that is with God*, and by the exercise whereof He will be known so to be. If there be any pardon with God, it is such as becomes Him to give: when He pardons, He will abundantly pardon. Go with your half-forgiveness, limited, conditional pardons with reserves and limitations, unto the sons of men; it may be they may become them—it is like themselves: that of God is absolute and perfect, before which our sins are as a cloud before the east wind and the rising sun. Hence He is said to do this work with His whole heart and His whole soul, freely, bountifully, largely, to indulge and forgive unto us our sins, and to cast them unto the bottom of the sea, unto a bottomless ocean, an emblem of infinite mercy.—*John Owen, D. D.*

—o—

### A Hymn for the New Year.

THE year has gone beyond recall:  
We thank Thee, Father, Lord of all,  
For daily mercies, faithful love.  
All praise to Him that dwells above!

Thou hast, through all the year that's sped,  
Helped us in peril and in need—  
Hast warmed our souls with gracious fire,  
And hast not spote us in Thine ire.

Our ears have heard Thy precious Word—  
A treasure great—the Spirit's sword.  
Thou hast not fed our souls alone,  
But favors to our bodies shown.

To the believer's prayer and tear  
Thou hast vouchsafed a loving ear;  
Thou hast enriched us from Thy store.  
Glory to God for evermore!

Should trials hard our lot assail,  
Then let Thy grace and love prevail.  
Pardon our error and our sin,  
Our body help, and soul within.

Let Thy Word flourish evermore,  
And Jesus reign on every shore.  
Grant faithful preachers; make us free  
From error, sloth, hypocrisy.

Our rulers clothe with ruling grace,  
Averting war—preserving peace,  
That they and we, in blest repose,  
Our lives may and our labors close.

Cause rain to fall—the sun to shine,  
That grass may grow, and corn, and wine.  
To us and every creature give  
What all require that they may live.

Give us enough for every day,  
No surplus and no penury.  
That thus our hearts no load may feel—  
That, thus supplied, we may not steal.

Is it resolved, in Thy decree,  
That we no other years shall see?  
Then aid us by Thy gracious power,  
Grant us a happy dying hour.

Then let our soul to Thee ascend.  
Our bodies in the grave defend;  
Both raise, and both to glory bring,  
Thy praise eternally to sing.

*Literal Translation from the German.*

NOTE.—The above hymn may very appropriately be sung to the well known tune of the "Portuguese Hymn." A. P.

—o—

## A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

### Shortened that it could not Save.

A TRUE TALE.

VERY lately there was a wild gale which broke upon the east coast of England, and in many spots the planks and other gear of wrecked ships were strewn upon the beach. Particularly at one point, in sight of a Northumberland village, a trading vessel was seen from the beach making way with great difficulty in the teeth of the tempest. It was obvious that those on board wished to round a cape that stretched some length into the sea, and then to run northward for a harbor of refuge. But both wind and wave lashed with dark awfulness against them, and it was evident to all who looked on—and they were hundreds, alarmed and running with loud cries along the cliff—that the struggle could not last—the vessel was doomed. And by and by, accordingly, those who steered it plainly gave the trial up; so that turning broadside on, it was seen drifting unmanageable before the storm.



In a few seconds, on a long belt of reefs, white with the foam of breakers, the hapless ship struck and began to settle in the waves. Despair and pity were in every face upon the shore. The crew, consisting of five or six men and a boy, were seen to climb into the rigging; while beneath them the big billows made a clean breach over deck and all. It was a terrible grave into which they looked down, and many wept to see them as they lifted up a hand, now and again, wildly for help. Meanwhile some brave sailors had hurried off to the nearest point where a life boat was to be found; and after delays that seemed an age, at last one was slipped out of its moorings—six or eight stout and noble fellows volunteered to man it, and with shouts of fear, and yet hope, it was thrust into the boiling surf. Long it sunk and rose, a mere shell tossed by the storm; for out, almost as far as the eye could reach, the sea was white with breakers like a field of snow. At length, however, way was made, and presently the gallant little bark was seen holding fast in the roaring gale, but a few paces off from where the wreck was going to pieces. Its crew dared not come nearer, for the masts were swinging and tottering, and had they fallen across it, would have crushed it like a broken reed. By dint of great effort, a rope was uncoiled, and flung to the poor men yet hanging on the rigging, and there, one way or other, was made fast. Among this one or two dropped safely, and an i were rescued. Then, with a dark plunge, or , losing his hold, fell into the waves—than another—and then another. Those on shore, with a cry of horror, believed them lost; but the life-boat, even now literally diving among the foam, dragged them up by the hair of the head. Their arm was not shortened yet.

And now all that remained in the rigging of the wreck was *the one little boy*. He clung there white with terror, looking round for help with a very piteous eye; but not daring to let go, or stir, or make a cry. Again and again up the boat beat to within an oar's length; and bravely did its crew try the task; yet again and again they failed. Oh to save that boy! One effort more, for the sixth or seventh time! All in vain, alas! The mast was cracking to its socket;—angrily the deep was raging as with the very jaws of destruction; and as, mounting high upon a wave, the little boat swung within a few feet, ah! the vast beam gave way. Quick the leader's eye caught the danger; and, with a cry that came from his very heart, he shouted, "Cut the rope!" It was just in time. One keen touch of the flashing knife, and the cord of all help and hope parted. Over with its mass of rigging, bowed the mast into the deep; and the poor boy, flinging up his hands, as if in prayer, uttered one wail of fear, and went down into his grave. They were within a boat's length of

doing it, but their arm was shortened at last that they *could* not save. Slowly and sadly did they return to land—many saved, but that little boy lost!

When I read the touching story, I could not help thinking, young readers, of the salvation our blessed Lord has brought for you into the world. You are in greater danger than if you were hung up, as that boy was, over the abyss of wind and waves. It is not your bodies, but your souls that are in danger. Yet there is never any shortening of the arm of Christ. He has put off to save you: and though He has saved thousands, He can stretch out His hand and save thousands more, and out of all the Father hath given him, He will *never lose one*. The smallest child He will not lose. Only you must cry to Him, and fling yourselves out to Him. How unutterably sad that Jesus should see any little boy or little girl perish—within an ace of His feet, going down into the gulf,—passing Him by, and caring nothing for Him, and refusing Him! How it affects His heart with grief and pity! And how if at last, when He comes back as it were to land—back to His Father in Heaven, he should have to say—"I have saved those thousands. I have saved all—all but that boy. He would not come unto me that he might have life!" Make it your prayer now, dear children—"Lord save me, I perish!"—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record*.

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### South Sea Missions.

MUCH interest has lately been excited in Polynesian missions, by the departure, at an early day, of the Rev. John Geddie and his devoted wife and family, to the scene of their labors—never more to return, as is probable, to the land of their fathers. The South Sea Islands first attracted general attention after the publication of the enchanting narratives of Capt. Cook. This distinguished navigator lost his life on Owhyhie, one of the Sandwich Islands, in the year 1779. Christian enterprise first directed its efforts to this part of the world under the direction of the London Missionary Society. "More than half a century has now passed away since the 'Duff' bore the first missionaries sent forth by the London Missionary Society to the shores of Tahiti. On that island the grand experiment was made; there the problem, Are missions practicable? was solved. After a long season of apparently fruitless suffering and toil, which sorely tried—almost overcame—the faith and patience of both missionaries and their supporters, God was pleased to affix the seal of His approbation to their efforts. He made bare His own gracious and all-powerful arm in the sight of the heathen, and in the sight of an intensely interested few among His own people. Effects followed such as

had not been witnessed since the primitive ages of Christianity. A nation was born in a day. A system of idolatry and superstition—the growth of unnumbered ages—was swept away with a rapidity and completeness which confounded adversaries and assured friends. The pure and holy religion of the Bible became the religion of Tahiti, and that island was thenceforth a centre whence the light went forth to surrounding islands and groups, far and wide; and now we have the high satisfaction of seeing all the principal groups of Eastern Polynesia more or less Christianized.”—[*Missions in Western Polynesia*, by A. W. Murray.]

The same writer,—who was himself a missionary for twenty-five years, employed by the London Missionary Society,—goes on to say: “The Sandwich Islands in the extreme north, and New Zealand in the south, the largest of all the groups, have long been under Christian culture, and most delightful results have been realized. The Hervey group, the Samoan group, and the Friendly Islands, are themselves all the spheres of successful missionary labor, and each is becoming a centre whence the light and blessings of the gospel are being extended to other islands and groups. Thus there is ground to hope, that, at no very distant day, the whole of Eastern Polynesia will be brought under the influence of the gospel, and the friends of Christian Missions are supplied with ample encouragement.”

It may be gathered, from the above extract, that this vast region of islands upon islands—groups grouped together in vast masses, forming thousands of independent, beautiful, fertile and variegated abodes for human beings, and extending for about 30° on both sides of the equator, from the Sandwich Islands on the north to New Caledonia on the south, from Australia on the west to the Society Islands on the east—is divided, by situation and race, into two great sections, called Eastern and Western Polynesia. It was in Eastern Polynesia that South Sea Missions were first attempted. It was there that the devoted Williams labored. Who that has ever read his “Narrative of Missionary Enterprise,” can ever forget that wonderful book? He was a man of a most comprehensive mind, a fine knowledge of human nature, great mechanical genius, high scientific attainments, and, withal, burned with love for perishing souls—a love which prompted him to the most self-denying and persevering efforts for their salvation. This narrative is far more interesting than the finest fiction that the imagination of man ever conjured up. It opened up scenes new to most minds at the time. The scene was laid in regions of surpassing natural beauty. The reader is irresistibly absorbed in the various enterprises of Williams—his dangers, his difficulties and successes. We follow the “Messenger of Peace” on her voyages of

love and mercy with as much interest as if we had assisted the enterprising missionary in her construction. The publication of this wonderful book was an era in the history of Eastern Polynesian Missions. Henceforth they excited more attention than any portion of the heathen world.

Though Williams labored in Eastern Polynesia, he ended his life on Erromanga, in Western Polynesia, one of the New Hebrides—whose shores have since been stained with the blood of Gordon and his devoted partner. The labors of Mr. Geddie, and the missionaries who followed him, have made the people of this Province most familiar with the large and important group of the New Hebrides. Murray says, in reference to the New Hebrides, “They extend about 400 miles N.N.W. and S.S.E. The northern island was discovered by Quiros in 1606. He regarded it as a part of the southern continent, which at that time was supposed to exist. The group was visited by Bougainville in 1768. Besides ascertaining that the land was not connected, but composed of islands, he did but little; and it was reserved for our own great navigator, Cook, to complete the discovery. He visited it in 1774, discovered all the southern islands, and more or less fully explored the whole of it. He gave it the designation it now bears. It is remarkable that a group so extensive, and possessing resources so great, should have continued so long comparatively unknown. This has been owing, doubtless, chiefly to the savage character of the inhabitants; and when these are brought into a state which shall render it safe for foreign visitors to approach their shores, the islands will, in all probability, speedily be laid open to the world, and their resources made available to the purposes for which they are adapted. With the exception of the Fijis and New Zealand, there is no group in the South Pacific that will bear comparison with the New Hebrides. In extent, population, and resources, they have no other rival. There are no fewer than *thirty* inhabited islands, two of which are about 200 miles in circumference. Besides these, there are a number of inhabited islands in the vicinity of the larger ones, of which no notice is taken in geographical works, and which have no place on any chart. The names of the principal islands of the group, proceeding from the north in a south-easterly direction, are: Espirit Santo, the largest island of the group; Malicolo, the next in size; Bartholomew’s; Leper’s Island; Aurora; Pentecost; Ambrym, or Chinumbrum, as the natives call it; Apece; Paum Islands, two in number; the Pyramid; the Monument, so named because of its shape; Two Hills; Shepherd’s Isles, five in number; Three Hills; Montague; Himbinbrooke; Vate, or Sandwich Island; Erromanga; Niua; Tana; Fotuna and Aneiteum. All these islands are inhabited, some of them thickly so for heathen

lands. Of course we can only guess at the population. It is very probable that it may not be less than 150,000. The islands of the New Hebrides are, so far as our knowledge goes, all of volcanic origin. They resemble, in their general appearance, the islands of Eastern Polynesia. In beauty and fruitfulness, they are not a whit behind the finest of these. Some of them,—Ambrym, for example,—are perfect gems. The writer has seen many beautiful islands, both in Eastern and Western Polynesia; but one more lovely than the one just named, he never beheld.

"A little more than twenty years have passed since the initiatory step towards the evangelization of the New Hebrides was taken. The circumstances were such as to render the event for ever memorable. The large-hearted, generous Williams had long looked wistfully towards Western Polynesia, and longed to impart to its benighted tribes the blessings of the gospel.

"He had succeeded, by the help of God, in obtaining the necessary means for carrying into execution his long-cherished project. Glowing with ardent zeal, and sanguine of success, he embarked on his glorious enterprise. Fervent prayers and wishes followed him, and high hopes were entertained as to the results. Nor did these hopes fail; but how different the manner of their realization from that which man had conceived! "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." 'The Lord seeth not as man seeth.' Williams did succeed. He was instrumental in kindling a fire which will never be extinguished; in commencing a work, the progress of which will never be stayed, till the light of the knowledge of the glory of God fill every island and group as the waters cover the seas. But the Lord our God is a jealous God: He will not give His glory to another: He will hide pride from man, and will so arrange His dispensations as to lead His people to have their eyes directed to Him instead of the agents whom He is pleased to employ. And many a painful lesson does it require to effect this end.

On the 19th day of November, 1839, Christian Teachers were placed on the island of Tana; on the following day, Mr. Williams proceeded to Erromanga. We know what followed. His work was done; the gracious Master granted him so far the desire of his heart, as to permit him to view the land and take possession of it in His name: and that being done, He took him to Himself. The removal of this honored servant of God led to no interruption of the enterprise which he was privileged to begin. Others were ready to take up the work when he had laid it down; and, by the help of Him who orders and disposes all, it has been carried on with the most blessed results."

The above extracts from Mr. Murray's work form a suitable introduction to a few articles upon the missionary work in the

Hebrides, into which our Synod have resolved to enter as soon as possible. A. P.

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### "The Monthly Record."

MY DEAR EDITOR:

Would you kindly allow us, at the beginning of a New Year, to address a few simple words to the good friends of our Church and the readers of the *Monthly Record*? Very heartily do we wish them "all the compliments of the season," and all the happiness of "a glad and joyful New Year," and "many returns of the season." To us and to them the commencement of another year must always be a marked and important period in our history. It is certainly a proper time to pause and think—to review the Past and to prepare for the Future,—to think over and repent of what we have done amiss in the former, and strive, in dependence upon a higher strength than our own, to correct our errors in the latter, and so to attain a greater degree of excellency in the days before us.

And, standing at this point of our journey and looking back upon the Past and endeavoring to gaze into the Future, there is one object that looms out largely before "the mind's eye,"—to us a very important one, as we believe it is to all whom we address—viz.: the *Monthly Record* of our Church in these Provinces. What it has been in the Past, many of its readers know full well; and what it shall be in the Future, must, under Divine Providence, wholly depend upon the sustained interest and cordial support of its friends and readers. It may not be unprofitable to glance briefly at its Past, as well as to consider how its interests may be advanced in the Future.

(1.) The Past of the *Monthly Record*. We do not wish to enter upon the early history of our little periodical. Let it suffice to say that its infancy was one of comparative feebleness, and its life sustained through difficulty and labor. It was often very doubtful whether the child could live for another year. Its friends and relatives at best were not very numerous. Many of those who *ought to have been* its friends, looked rather coldly and carelessly upon the sick infant, and said what sounded very much like the following: "If he lives, it is well; but if he dies, why—let him die—we won't trouble ourselves much about him." Still, there were always those who took a very deep interest in the continued life and the vigorous and healthy existence of the youth; for they knew, should he live, he would become one of the pillars of the Church, and, consequently, they did all that men could do to bring him through his difficulties, and see him go on his way rejoicing in the full strength of a vigorous and healthy manhood. He has been, all along,

under the best and most skilful treatment. The doctors understood his malady, and knew full well how he must be treated. Wise and able professional men—Mr. Martin, Mr. Pollok, and Mr. Costley—all agreed in saying that the sick child merely required “support,” and they made many appeals in his behalf, and did not appeal in vain, for his friends took an interest in him, and rallied around him, and gave the required “support;” and so, year after year, they were able to announce that the patient was convalescent and the child gradually becoming stronger and stronger. Any one who has looked at him for the last year, must at least be convinced that he has “cut his teeth,” and that he seems to be quite proud of the fact, in shewing them rather freely. As always happens, the consciousness of newly-acquired health and strength made the youth rather turbulent and noisy. We trust there will be no relapse; for our friend is by no means perfectly clear of his old malady; for he still needs support, and it is to be hoped his friends will not forget nor forsake him.

Or let us speak of the affairs of the *Record* in other and more direct words. The Report of the Committee for the last few years, has, upon the whole, been favorable. At last meeting of Synod, it was found that the circulation of our periodical was gradually, though slowly, extending, and that, at the same ratio of progress, it would, in a very short time, become quite self-sustaining, and be, in every respect, in a most satisfactory position. It was evident that the *Record* was becoming a favorite with the Church, and the Church was beginning adequately to support the *Record*. This was certainly a highly pleasing state of matters, and every friend of the *Record* rested satisfied in the belief that “the day of better things” had dawned upon the Church.

Since the meeting of Synod, the subject-matter of the *Record* has become strangely altered. A wave of controversy has swept over our little Church, and strangely disturbed her usual calm equanimity. In that controversy we have taken no part, and, at this stage even, we wish to say as little about it as possible. The most pleasing fact that we have to state regarding it is, that it is now over, and, in so far as the *Record* is concerned, quite dead, and in so far, we trust, as all whom it might affect is concerned, buried from their minds for ever. Perhaps, indeed, it would have been unreasonable to suppose that any paper conducted upon the same principles with ours, could remain perfectly free from all controversy. Nor, perhaps, would it be desirable; for where all expression of opinion is forbidden, the result must be, of course, stagnation of thought and deadness of action. Yet controversy, and very often Ecclesiastical controversy, has a strange tendency to descend from the higher ground of abstract principles, and ultimately to rest

in personalities. When the combat fairly begins, parties are not very fastidious in the choice of their weapons. *Furor administrat arma*. Our ancestors who fought under the old flag of the Covenant, took such weapons as came to their hand. Every man did not possess the “trusty broadsword” nor the “good Ferrara”, and, although he did possess them, could not use them skilfully; but, rather than remain away from the fight, they shouldered their *pitchforks* and marched away to the battle. And perhaps many might think that the pitchfork has of late been rather unsparingly handled. At all events, we have had a good deal of rattling of arms, and clashing of swords, and splintering of lances, but it is at least satisfactory to know that there has been no man killed, and we hope the wounded have all recovered, at least on the last day of the Old Year. At all events, the noise is past, and din of arms silenced, and all parties, we feel confident, have cordially “shaken hands,” and are now more willing than ever to combine most heartily so as to render more triumphant than ever—

(2.) The Future of the *Monthly Record*.

In order to accomplish this, several things are necessary.

(a) All the old friends of the *Record* must continue their exertions, and strive to make as many *additional friends* as possible espouse the cause and promote the circulation of the organ of our Church. Otherwise the *Record* must be placed in the category of “the things that cannot go on.” The sooner we realize the fact the better. It will not do to look upon a Church *Record* as we do upon an ordinary newspaper. The latter is very much a commercial speculation. If it should pay, it brings gain to an individual who is the proprietor; and if it should not pay, he alone, or, at least, for the most part, is the loser. Hence the general public are not so much interested and concerned as to the fate of the ordinary newspaper. They know that *individual* self-interest will induce the proprietor to do all he can to circulate his paper, and to this individual self-interest they leave the issue. But, in the case of a Church organ, there is no *special individual interest* at stake. The whole Church here is the proprietor, and it is equally the interest of every member, lay and clerical, to promote its circulation; and each individual, in so far as he is able, is called upon to advance its interests. Were we to adopt this view of the *Record*, and act accordingly, it would immediately become self-sustaining.

(b) Those gentlemen who have already done so much in its behalf—the various Agents throughout the country who have done so well and forwarded so many subscribers' names in the past, shall kindly strive to add a few names to the list of 1866. If each Agent could send even two or three additional names to those who already take

the *Record*, we would find ourselves, at the end of the year, in a favorable position.

(c) The various Ministers, in their different congregations throughout the Church. We believe they have already done all they could do, and merely mention them "to stir up their minds by way of remembrance," to remind them that the *Record* has commenced another year of its history—that new subscribers are wanted, and that we must lose no time in endeavoring to procure them, so that their names may be given in before the next issue of the *Monthly Record*.

(d) To our Kirk-sessions and our Elders individually. From their position and influence in the various congregations, they can do much in this matter. Coming in daily contact with their neighbors, and members of the flock over which they are placed—*anxious as they are* that "the cords of our Zion should be lengthened and her stakes strengthened," what more natural or proper than that they should ask of each of those neighbors and friends, "Do you take the *Record*?" and if the answer be "No," that they should urge upon them the propriety of giving in their names to the nearest Agent, and immediately order a copy. Should each of our Elders adopt this plan, the circulation of the *Record* would soon become greatly enlarged.

(e) The heads of families. The *Record* should, if possible, be in every family connected with our Church. The children of the family ought to become acquainted with our schemes, and know generally what their Church is doing, and what are her aims and aspirations. In this way they would form an early attachment to their Church—an attachment that would "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength." Even as an Educator in any family, the *Record* is well worth more than the money it costs. It is said that a family newspaper is worth, to the children of the family, more than several months teaching. We certainly believe such to be the case. Yet how few papers can be placed in the hands of children with the same degree of confidence as the *Monthly Record*? We feel confident that, even already, in this respect, it has done much good. It lies on the table and about the rooms. It is taken up during an idle hour. Every No. contains a sermon and much useful reading, suitable alike for the young and for the old. It were certainly well if the *Record* could form a portion of the reading matter of every family within the Church.

What it shall be in the Future, we repeat, must depend upon its friends. We have it in our power to make it something better than it has been in the past, or to allow it to become extinct. All that is necessary to promote its further usefulness, as well as maintain it in actual existence, are—*punctual payments and an increased circulation*. And sure we are that all its friends will combine in doing what they can to promote both.

During the year upon which we have entered, it is hoped that the *Record* may prove unusually interesting. The finding of the Committee, published in the December No., will shew that any controversy of a personal nature shall, in future, be excluded, and it is hoped that the whole business of the *Record* shall be conducted in such a manner as to give satisfaction to its readers and friends. It is probable that at next meeting of Synod its title may be changed, so as to give it a wider and more general character, and make it in name, what it is intended to be in reality, the organ of our Church in New Brunswick as well as in Nova Scotia. We earnestly appeal to the many friends of the *Record* throughout the Church, and confidently rest its prosperity upon their cordial support—a support which we feel assured shall not be withheld. S. M. C.

*The Manse, W. B. E. R.*

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### The British and Foreign Bible Society

OUR attention has recently been called to the eminent claims of the above Society, by the visit of our Provincial Agent, Mr. Alex. Russell, to this district; and, as many of our people may be called upon at an early day to give their support to this time-honored and much-blessed institution, a few remarks upon it may not be unseasonable. It is an institution that needs not to be besprinkled with empty eulogiums. To praise the British and Foreign Bible Society would be as idle as to paint the diamond or to scent the rose. There are things in the world whose transcendent excellence is so apparent and so universally admitted, that to praise them is to bring their merit in question—to read history backwards, and to insult both them and the intelligence of the reader. The blessing of God and the favor of men have, during sixty years, combined to establish this society in our minds, as next to the Church of God—the noblest that has ever submitted its claims to the judgment of mankind.

The grand principle of this society—the circulation of the Scriptures alone—of the Scriptures unaccompanied by a single human word, note or comment—is a noble maxim, the full importance of which may not be apparent even to those who give it a general assent. That it is proper to circulate the Scriptures to any extent, in this simplest form, is clearly deducible from the claims of an inspired book. It is a corollary from the doctrine of inspiration. If the Bible be God's message to man, then it is fit and proper to be circulated far and wide, in its simple form. If we held the neologian notion, maintained by one English Bishop and by several English essayists, that part of what claims to be divine is human, and even erroneous; then, as we must decide between the

truth and error in the exercise of our own reason, the Bible would become useless as a law, as a fountain of authority, and we might consistently oppose its free circulation in its simple state. But, if we hold it to be pure and perfect, then it is right to organize a society to circulate it, pure and simple, in the world.

While commentaries, critical works, notes and explanations, are proper and useful in their own place, yet, if any one should maintain that the message of God must not be circulated without a commentary, then he must think the message imperfect. He must think that the words of God require to be supplemented by the words of man. Should any one allege that the Scriptures are so abstruse and obscure that a human accompaniment is necessary to explain them to the people, then, we reply that this is so far from being the case, that their matter and expression are such as to render them singularly accessible to the mind of man in all languages, all countries, and all ages; and, if this were the case, such an opinion would be an attack upon inspiration, for *unsuitableness* is imperfection. Should any one maintain that the Scriptures are suitable for certain classes alone—classes possessing education and intelligence, we reply: *where* and *who* is to draw the line? Moreover, this supposition also is at variance with the claims of inspiration, because contrary to the professions of a book which addresses its message to man as man, and claims for its readers the human race. Moses addressed the whole people: the prophets addressed the whole house of Israel: Jesus spake to the multitude: the apostles, feeling themselves debtors to Jew and Gentile, addressed them indiscriminately in public and in private: and if there were a single book of Scripture to which such a limited view would be applicable, it would be the book of Revelation, which has puzzled all interpreters, but this is the only book to the perusal of which a blessing is expressly attached: "Blessed is he that readeth the words of the prophecy of this book." The circulation of the pure Word of God is a mode of operation that is justified by the claims of an inspired, pure and perfect book, and can only be impugned with consistency by those who are the enemies of the Bible, or those who wish, by means of a commentary, to dictate or becloud the sense, and, in reality, for their own selfish objects, circulate another Bible—a human message with a divine stamp.

By confining its labors to the Word of God alone, the British and Foreign Bible Society secures the co-operation of all Christian denominations. As all build their views upon the Scriptures—as all profess to hold the principles laid down by Chillingworth, that "the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants," they must hold the circulation of the Word of God to

be a general blessing. Should any Christian denomination refuse to co-operate in this work, or discountenance, in the slightest degree, the circulation of the Scriptures, it could take no course more calculated to injure itself and subject its principles to suspicion. Every one would at once infer that some divergence had taken place between the principles of that party and the plain and obvious teachings of the Word of God. What a fine effect is thus, by this Society, produced upon the Christian Church! The sharp spirit of sectarianism is modified, the mutual asperities engendered by denominational rivalry are rubbed down, and Christians are led to cherish kindlier sentiments towards each other. At the meetings of all the Branches of this Society throughout the world—from the banks of the Ganges, onward through Asia, Africa, Europe and America, to the shores of British Columbia—Christian love hursts the barriers by which, at all other times, it is confined, and Christians, feeling its warm tide, rush from their separate provinces, shake hands as brethren, and cry: Let us all combine in circulating that Book which is the test of all our principles, and shall one day purge away the dross, and combine the sons of men in one holy brotherhood, to be perfected in glory.

This is a fine thing, and the advantage of it can only be properly understood by conceiving, in the present divided condition of the Church, a totally different state of things—a state in which the various denominations of Christians would be so wedded to their particular views that they could not be induced to combine for the circulation of the "sincere milk of the Word;" but, on the other hand, were circulating, in reality, bibles of their own—that is, bibles like the Douay, [and even the Baptists have attempted this], wherein, by accompanying notes, a particular interpretation was put upon the text, to suit the views of each. Even in present circumstances, the sectarian spirit of the Churches is characterized by a most lamentable violence; but, in the circumstances we have supposed, there is reason to believe that the Christian world would present a most awful spectacle. Christian denominations would appear like so many different kingdoms, governed by different laws, regulated by a different policy, pursuing totally distinct objects, and moving in a constant rivalry as their natural element. They should have nothing in common, and they would certainly feel that they had nothing in common. Their nominal state would be a state of warfare, and, in the passions of the hour, their common origin, common objects, and common destiny, would be forgotten. Not able to associate in the circulation of the Word of God, they could associate in nothing else. The Christian religion would be a curse, instead of a blessing, to society. No public measure could be carried, and no general in-

terest promoted, in a society perpetually at war with itself, in which common interests would be forgotten amid the din, the confusion, and the battle-cries of infuriated sectarians.

It must be admitted that, as matters now are, we see too much of this. Humanising and softening as are the influences of such institutions as the Bible Society, they have only modified, not destroyed, the bitter sectarianism of the Churches. But what would we be without such influences? We see what we are: but we do not see what we would be. Let no one instance the 18th century, ere such Societies sprang into existence. For, in the first place, the state of religion was then such as we would not tolerate at the present day; and, secondly, the Churches were then *National Churches*, which kept up intercourse and recognized in common their obligations to the Reformation. The spirit of separatism had not then split the Churches into fragments. Thank God, the separating bodies have discovered much of their error, and, doing their best to sew up the rents in the torn garment, are crying out for union in all parts of the world. The Bible Society has much to do with all those movements which recognize the real unity of at least the Protestant world. Any Society which induces Christians of all denominations to step forward and publicly testify their common interest in the Bible, their desire for its circulation, their willingness to be judged by its principles, their real unity amid diversity of forms, confer a blessing upon the whole Church and the whole world, exerts a noble influence at the time, and encourages the hope that Christian unity may, by such influences, be not only kept alive, but developed, under the fostering influence of the Spirit of God, into a power that may gather all the Churches of Christ under the standard of the Word of God—into a holy brotherhood possessing something of a visible unity, organization and power.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, in its principles and plans, exhibits, in an eminent degree, the practical talent of the British people. The simple object of the Society is to circulate the pure Word of God in all the languages of the earth. With true practical wisdom, it does not confine itself to one agency or one method. It will sell a Bible, in any print, of any size, at any price, and in any one of the 180 languages of the earth. It will sell a whole Bible, or part of a Bible. It will sell Bibles by perambulating hawkers, or at stalls, or at such splendid depots as that lately established in Paris, where a magnificent display of Bibles has lately astonished the inhabitants of that gay capital, and visitors of all nations. It will sell the Bible for the whole price, for half the price, or for no price at all. For this it enjoys a revenue of nearly £200,000, from good management, liberal offerings, bequests, &c., which is ever

increasing. There is nothing this Society will not do in order to attain its object. Lately, finding that, though it could not introduce Bibles into Portugal, it could print and circulate them *within* the country, they shipped a printing-press and paper, accompanied by printers, into that country. One thing it will not do: print the Apocrypha; though we cannot see how that should be very important to those who buy Bibles with the Apocrypha in the heart of them, printed like the rest, and even use such for a generation in their pulpits. Thus this Society,—while the foul beast of infidelity pears forth its venom, while the bulls of Antichrist roar and foam at the mouth, and the devil rages because his time is short,—pursues its noble path, combining comprehensiveness of plan with minuteness of detail, and exhibiting the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove.

Christ has said, "Teach all nations"; but how is this to be done? The author of the Bible meant it for all, adapted it for all, and the price which we are to pay for the inestimable blessings conveyed to us by the Bible, is, to make it known to all mankind. The descendant of Ishmael needs the Bible in his tent upon the slopes of Sinai, hallowed spot! the Hindoo needs the Bible on the broad plains of India, to deliver him from caste, idolatry, and disloyalty: the Chinaman, representative of a third of the human race, needs the Bible to bring such a mass of souls within reach of the truth: the South Sea Islander needs the Bible to eradicate his beautiful islets with the gospel; old Europe needs the Bible to restrain its speculative spirit, and to leaven its revolutionary element with a principle of order and subjection: America needs the Bible to spiritualize its worldliness and prevent it sinking into gross practical materialism: Mahometanism needs the Bible to reconstruct its crumbling social frame: Popery needs the Bible to emancipate its spiritual slaves, and restrain its plots against the liberty of the human race: and all need the Bible to save their souls from death.

We cannot go to all those who have a right to receive it from us; but we can "give our talent to the exchangers:" we can give our money to this Society, and, while we remain at home at our business, it will, through its agencies, managed with experienced skill, offer the Bible, which our money has purchased, to all the inhabitants of the earth, bringing about a nobler Pentecost than that of old—when all the inhabitants of the earth shall proclaim, in their respective languages, the wonderful works of God.

A. P.

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The Colonial Committee record with much gratitude a legacy of £500, from the late Miss Janet Davidson, of the Parry, Culross.

### Dr. Livingston's Recent Visit to Africa.

NOVA SCOTIA is not behind any part of Christendom in the interest it has shewn in behalf of the heathen, and the readers of the *Monthly Record* may be pleased to hear something of the result of that great expedition which was fitted out in 1858, to the Eastern Coast of Africa, under the auspices of the British Government, and of which Dr. Livingston was the ruling and guiding spirit. The world has recently been furnished with a complete narrative of the exploration, in the form of a large and deeply interesting volume, compiled from the notes of Dr. Livingston and his brother Charles, who accompanied the exploring party. The whole party consisted of the Dr. and his brother, Mr. Rae, Mr. Thornton, and Dr. Kirk, to each of whom a distinct task was assigned in the great enterprise. On board the vessel which conveyed this party, was embarked a body of missionaries despatched by the English Universities, at the head of which was Bishop McKenzie, one of the very few men with a Celtic name who has worn an Episcopal title. The mission, it will be remembered, was unfortunate: its enthusiastic chief fell a victim to his zeal in the good cause, and the mission was broken up under his successor.

The expedition left England on the 10th March, 1858, in Her Majesty's steamer "Pearl." Capt. Duncan, and reached the east coast of Africa in May following, and at once proceeded to explore the river Zambesi and its feeders. The principal mouths of the Zambesi are watched by British cruisers, to keep in check the infamous slave-traffic which the Portuguese eagerly pursue in these distant regions. Dr. Livingston has exposed and denounced, in the strongest terms, the truculent and deceitful conduct of the Portuguese Government in relation to this iniquitous business. The Portuguese Ministers pretend to discourage and suppress the slave-traffic, but this pretension is only a mask to conceal the active complicity of which they are guilty. Portuguese vessels, at every opportunity, fly up the mouths of the Zambesi, and return laden with wretched captives who are sold into slavery on the island of Cuba. The atrocities perpetrated in the pursuit of this horrible calling are revolting and sickening to read, and the result is, that all missionary effort among this people, on the part of white men, is rendered fruitless. The confidence of the natives is destroyed, and their very Demons are painted white. Here is a scene of horror and desolation which the travellers beheld. The man "Mariano" referred to was a native villain, half-caste, doing business for the Portuguese traders in human flesh:—

"The Shire having risen, we steamed off on the 10th of January, 1863, with the Lady Nyassa in tow. It was not long before we

came upon the ravages of the notorious Mariano. The survivors of a small hamlet, at the foot of Morambala, were in a state of starvation, having lost their food by one of his marauding parties. The women were in the fields collecting insects, roots, wild fruits, and whatever could be eaten, in order to drag on their lives, if possible, till the next crop should be ripe. Two canoes passed us, that had been robbed by Mariano's band of everything they had in them; the owners were gathering palm-nuts for their subsistence. They wore palm-leaf aprons, as the robbers had stripped them of their clothing and ornaments. Dead bodies floated past us daily, and in the mornings the paddles had to be cleared of corpses, caught by the floats during the night. For scores of miles, the entire population of the valley was swept away by this scourge Mariano, who is again, as he was before, the great Portuguese slave-agent. It made the heart ache to see the wide-spread desolation; the river-banks, once so populous, all silent, the villages burned down, and an oppressive stillness reigning where formerly crowds of eager sellers appeared with the various products of their industry. Here and there might be seen on the banks a small dreary deserted shed, where had sat, day after day, a starving fisherman, until the rising waters drove the fish from their wonted haunts and left him to die. Fingane had been defeated; his people had been killed, kidnapped, and forced to flee from their villages. There were a few wretched survivors in the village above the Ruo; but the majority of the population was dead. The sight and smell of dead bodies was everywhere. Many skeletons lay beside the path, where in their weakness they had fallen and expired. Ghastly living forms of boys and girls, with dull dead eyes, were crouching beside some of the huts. A few more miserable days of their terrible hunger, and they would be with the dead."

To give some idea of the religious notions of these tribes, we shall add another quotation:

"The power ascribed to certain medicines, made from plants known only to the initiated, is the most prominent feature in the religion of the Africans. According to their belief, there is not only a specific for every ill that flesh is heir to, but for every woe of the wounded spirit. The good spirits of the departed, Azimo or Basimo, may be propitiated by medicines, or honoured by offerings of beer or meal, or anything they loved while in the body; and the bad spirits, 'Mchesi' of whom we have heard only at Tette, and therefore cannot be certain that they belong to the pure native faith, may be prevented by medicine from making raids and mischief in the gardens. A man with headache was heard to say, 'my departed father is now scolding me; I feel his power in my head,' and then



was observed to remove from the company, make an offering of a little food on a leaf, and pray, looking upwards, where he supposed his father's spirit to be. They are not like Mohammedans, ostentatious in their prayers. They speak of the spirit world with reverence, and court the shade and silence for their acts of worship. The Mohammedan is right in making the great show he does, bowing down to the earth before all, and using the repetitions which belong to his creed, because his religion enjoins great show of piety, and fosters the idea of proud superiority in the self-complacent Pharisee over the whole human family; while the African retires from view, somewhat like the Christian, who enters into his closet, and, when he has shut the door, prays to his Father who sees in secret.

"The primitive African faith seems to be that there is one Almighty Maker of heaven and earth; that he has given the various plants of earth to man to be employed as mediators between him and the spirit world, where all who have ever been born and died continue to live; that sin consists in offences against their fellow-men either here or among the departed, and that death is often a punishment of guilt, such as witchcraft. Their idea of moral evil differs in no respect from ours, but they consider themselves amenable only to inferior beings, not to the Supreme. Evil speaking—lying—hatred—disobedience to parents—neglect of them—are said by the intelligent to have been all known to be sin, as well as theft, murder, or adultery, before they knew aught of Europeans or their teaching. The only new addition to their moral code is, that it is wrong to have more wives than one. This, until the arrival of Europeans, never entered into their minds even as a doubt.

"Everything not to be accounted for by common causes, whether of good or evil, is ascribed to the Diety. Men are inseparably connected with the spirits of the departed, and when one dies he is believed to have joined the hosts of his ancestors. All the Africans we have met with are as firmly persuaded of their future existence as of their present life. And we have found none in whom the belief of the Supreme Being is not rooted. He is so invariably referred to as the Author of everything supernatural, that, unless one is ignorant of their language, he cannot fail to notice this prominent feature of their faith. When they pass into the unseen world, they do not seem to be possessed with the fear of punishment. The utensils placed upon the grave are all broken, as if to indicate that they will never be used by the departed again. The body is put into the grave in a sitting posture, and the hands are folded in front. In some parts of the country, there are tales which we could translate into faint glimmerings of a resurrection; but whether these fables, handed down from age to age, convey that meaning to the natives themselves, we cannot tell. The true tradition of faith

is asserted to be, 'though a man die, he will live again;' the false, that when he dies he is dead for ever."

These are the men who are hunted up like wild beasts and driven off to market. Truly they are liker men than the armed savages who prey upon them. Dr. Livingston describes these African tribes as exhibiting considerable skill and ingenuity in some of the industrial arts, and as capable of great improvement. They engage, in a small way, in the spinning of cotton; and the country presents a field much larger than the Southern States for the successful cultivation of the cotton plant. But natural resources of various kinds exist in vast abundance in that neglected region. Indigo, sugar, tobacco, and other commodities, may be raised to any extent, while the soil is rich in copper, iron, and coal, and gives indications of a plentiful deposit of gold. Of the use of the coal, the natives do not seem to have the slightest idea, as the boundless forest has hitherto supplied them at hand with all they require in the shape of fuel and fire. The country swarms with game. There are herds of buffaloes, zebras, antelopes and elephants. Dr. Livingston mentions an elephant procession two miles in length, and before the tread of this lordly brute every living creature, including the vaunted lion, takes to flight and disappears. Dr. Livingston has exploded the old notion that the lion is the king of the forest. The boldest lion turns tail at the sight of a buffalo, and skulks into the jungle, and the buffalo, in his turn, gives way at once to the giant of the wilderness.

The grand results of the expedition were the discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa; the ascertainment of a vast cotton field; and the practicability of putting a stop to the slave-traffic by the establishment of a gun-boat on the waters of Nyassa, which extend 210 miles in length and 25 in breadth. This measure would shut up all intercourse between the interior of the country and the sea, via the Zambezi and its tributaries. Until the slave-traffic is effectually stopped, all missionary labors must be vain. While the hand of the white man is polluted with native blood, it need not come with the symbol of love and mercy. The poor and ignorant African cannot distinguish between one white man and another; and so long as these barbarities are practised by any European nation, the Devil of the African will be painted white. By-the-by, why do we paint OUR Devil black? He certainly ought to be white.

W. M. P.

*Albion Mines, Dec., 1865.*

### Cape Breton.

WE are not in possession of sufficient data to enable us to form a right estimate of the undeveloped wealth of Cape Breton. There

can be no doubt, however, that the 'quantity of Coal buried under its soil is immense; and its insular position and extent of seaboard secure for it facilities of transport that cannot easily be over-estimated. There is some ground, therefore, for the hope entertained by many, that it will ere long attain to great importance.

But there is another subject connected with Cape Breton, which many of the readers of the *Record* will consider fully as interesting as its incalculable wealth and beautiful scenery; and that is, the religious condition of its inhabitants. I propose to offer a few remarks on this subject.

The population of Cape Breton is about 63,000. As I have not the statistical account at hand, I cannot give the exact number belonging to each of the religious bodies in the Island. I believe I am sufficiently near the mark, however, in saying, that a little more than the half of the people are Roman Catholics. The remaining smaller half, if I may use the expression, is divided into a number of sects, viz.: Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, &c. And the Presbyterians, again, are sub-divided into the United Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, the Church of Scotland, and a body known by the name of Normanites. Of these three, the United Presbyterians are by far the most numerous.

It must be observed, however, that the strength of the Church of Scotland in the Island is apt to be under-estimated. We have two ministers there, but that is no index of the number of our people. Most of the readers of the *Record* remember the time when we had only one minister in the County of Pictou. It would have been a ridiculous mistake to infer from that, that there were but few Kirk people in the county. The result shows that there were, even then, enough to form many congregations; but they had not an opportunity of showing their strength till a sufficient number of ministers arrived to labour amongst them. As the people of Cape Breton were poorer, their wants were longer in being supplied. Even at the present day, many of them have to look for services from deputations from the Presbytery of Pictou, just as Pictou itself had, some fifteen or twenty years ago, to depend, in a measure, upon the services of the deputations sent out from Scotland. When we compare the present state of our Church in Nova Scotia with the past, there is good hope that the efforts now made to build up the walls of our Zion in Cape Breton will be crowned with success. The vacant charges here being mostly filled up now, it may be expected that some of the young ministers who are looked for next summer will find their way across the Gut of Canso.

The reader may form some idea of the present state of the Church, if he will take the trouble to read the following brief sketch

of the various stations visited by the deputation sent there in August last:—

At Baddeck, there is a promising congregation, though but small. They are, as yet, without a proper place of worship; but it is to be hoped that things will not continue long in that condition. There are some very energetic and wealthy members amongst them, and we understand that they contemplate building a Church soon.

Baddeck is a very important place, and is fast rising to eminence. There is a steamer plying regularly between it and Sydney twice a week; that, with other natural advantages is calculated to make it a flourishing town, and a good field for a rising Church.

Middle River Church is about 12 miles to the northwest of Baddeck. The Sacrament having been dispensed while we were there, we saw a large concourse of people, on each of the sacramental days. On Sabbath, the Church was crowded: and outside, where the Gaelic services were conducted, the audience was, of course, far larger. We were informed that nearly the half of the people in this district adhere to the Church of Scotland, and the congregation seems to be flourishing. The people are warmly attached to their minister, Mr. Brodie, as is evinced by the present of an excellent waggon which he received from them last summer. The Church, with about 100 acres of land, is deeded to the Church of Scotland.

There is a thriving congregation at Broad Cove. During the whole of the sacramental services, there was a large number of people in attendance. Friday was observed as a *Ceist* day, as was also the case at Middle River; and it was very pleasing, as well as instructive, to see the earnestness, modesty, and good sense with which the men spoke. One of the elders of the United Church, who was present, spoke also "on the question"—thus showing the good feeling that exists there between the two bodies. A very handsome and commodious Church, which was being erected while we were there in August, is now ready for the use of the congregation.

On the week following that at Broad Cove, the Sacrament was held at River Inhabitants. That was the first time that our people in that district enjoyed such a privilege since the Disruption; not, certainly, for any lukewarmness on their part, but for the lack of ministers hitherto. We did not expect a large gathering there on that occasion, for the people were in the midst of their hay harvest; besides, in the neighborhood of the Church, the Protestant population is not numerous. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there was a goodly attendance at the week day services; and on Sabbath, there was a large Gaelic congregation outside, while the Church was well nigh filled with those worshipping in the English language.

But, as is the case in almost all Highland congregations, the number of communicants was but small.

A number of the men of the district remained after the conclusion of the service on Monday, to consider what steps could be taken to provide a suitable place of worship. The present Church, which is decreed to the Church of Scotland, is not worth repairing. It was resolved, therefore, to erect a new one on the old-site; and those present at the meeting subscribed, in a few minutes, about £70 towards the building, besides undertaking to provide the timber for it. River Inhabitants, with the surrounding districts, would be a good charge for a settled minister. It is at a convenient distance—about 10 or 12 miles—from River Dennis, West Bay, and Plaster Cove. An energetic minister would gather a large congregation between these places.

The Church which our people worship in at West Bay, is in need of repair. We believe, however, that it will soon be made more comfortable. There were about £50 subscribed last summer for this purpose, and steps were taken to put the building in an efficient state of repair.

At Loch Lomond there is a large body of people attached to our Church. Some of them candidly told us that they would still prefer the Free Church, if it existed there; but as it is no longer to be met with in these Provinces, they turn to the Church of Scotland. At the time of the union, they took the necessary steps, we believe, for preventing their Church property being conveyed to the U. P. Church. They have, therefore, a Church of their own, and they earnestly entreat the Presbytery of Pictou to try to procure a minister of the Church of Scotland for them; and until one be found willing to take charge of them, they are very desirous to get services as often as possible from our ministers.

The field at Cow Bay and Glace Bay is, in a manner, unoccupied. These places are fast rising to importance. As yet, there is no Presbyterian Church in either place; and if we had a suitable minister to send forthwith, there is every prospect of gathering a good congregation there in a short time.

I have thus endeavored to give an idea of the state of our Church in Cape Breton. Our short visit to it was a very pleasant one. It was very refreshing to meet with so many simple, pious Christians. We never witnessed more fixed attention or more fervent devotion than was indicated by the appearance of the congregations we saw there. May the Lord bless their solemn meetings, and add His seal to the instructions there received.

J. M'D.

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No man can avoid his own company—so he had better make it as good as possible.

## Missionary Labors in Cape Breton.

As we all must feel the benefit of being thoroughly acquainted with the labors performed by our different deputations in the places they are sent to, I think it right that even now, after such a length of time, the labors of the deputation from the Pictou Presbytery to Cape Breton, should be laid before our many friends who have stood so nobly by the old, old standard of Gospel truth, as bequeathed by the noble dead unto us, their sons.

As the different congregations have helped much both in money, and, better far, in sending those whom they "honour in the Lord" to preach His Gospel among their fellow-believers here, it will and must be for mutual good to know that many hearts have joined their united thanks to God for the labors of your ministers. I have frequently and earnestly exclaimed, concerning the friends and adherents of the Church in the County of Pictou: "The Lord reward them all in that day!"

The deputation was appointed at the meeting of Presbytery held at New Glasgow, and on their way to Cape Breton were to assist their "true fellow-laborer" at the Lochaber Sacrament.

Messrs. Brodie and Goodwill met in the neat and beautiful Church erected and well finished at the Albion Mines, where services were conducted by Mr. Brodie,—a large number of both sexes being assembled there after their day's toil was over.

The whole surroundings, the earnest friends of both sexes, the noble exertions of those sons of toil, aided by all who took part in the work, must make that field of usefulness one very desirable, in all respects, to a minister; and as Mr. Philip is now settled there, I have no doubt that his congregation will always enable him to point to all our schemes, and say: "My congregation is chiefly composed of such as are earning their bread with 'honest sweat,' and yet we help and do our part."

After dining with the minister of New Glasgow, we bade him good-bye. We parted from one who is well remembered in Cape Breton, and whose exertions for its Highland population has endeared him to all who came in contact with him whilst there.

All the members of the deputation met at Mr. Adam McKenzie's on Wednesday night. Then the duties assigned to each were arranged, and, after thanks to Him who doeth all things well, we retired, so as to make an early start. The journey was long, and Messrs. Goodwill and Brodie required to be at Lochaber for the services of that day.

B.

(To be continued.)

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THE Rev. James Murray, lately of Tabusintac, has accepted a call from the congregation of Dalhousie, N. B., and is now fulfilling his duties with much acceptance.

Address to the Rev. Wm. Murray, late of Dalhousie, N. B.

PREVIOUS to returning to Scotland, the Rev. Wm. Murray received the following address from the members of his congregation at Dalhousie, N. B., presented in their name by a committee chosen for that purpose, consisting of Dugald Stewart, Esq., and three other gentlemen:—

DALHOUSIE, Sept. 20, 1865.

*Reverend and Dear Sir,*—It affords us no ordinary degree of pleasure, although deeply mingled with regret at your departure, to bear testimony to the uniform feeling of respect and deep sense of the obligations we are under to you as our spiritual guide and adviser, as well as for the sympathy and devoted interest you always manifested on behalf of the congregation of St. John's Church in this place while under your pastoral care, and also for your unwearyed exertions and aid in erecting a manse and out buildings; and now that the connection so amicably subsisting for the last six years and upwards is dissolved, we take this opportunity of conveying to you our best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness. That you may have a safe passage and happy meeting with your friends, but above all, that you may be long spared to be a faithful and successful servant in the vineyard of your Divine Master, and finally receive the promised reward, is the sincere prayer of,

Rev'd. and dear sir,  
Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. MONTGOMERY, *Chairman,*  
On behalf of the Trustees and Congregation.

REPLY.

*Mr. Stewart and Gentlemen,*—It is with feelings of pleasure and of gratitude that I have listened to the kindly address which you have done me the honor to present to me. There can be nothing more gratifying to a minister than to know that his feeble efforts to promote their spiritual welfare are not unappreciated by those among whom he labours, and when the tie that subsisted between them is broken, nothing that he so much desires, as that he should carry their good wishes with him. Believe me, gentlemen, those feelings of good will which you have so kindly expressed towards me, are reciprocated on my part. I have had every reason to be satisfied with the disposition which the congregation has all along evinced to provide for my support, and the handsome manner in which you have acted towards the close of our connection, fully supplementing your engagements, notwithstanding the badness of the times, and leaving a balance over for improvements—this has still further convinced me of the value you attach to religious ordinances, and of your desire to promote the comfort of those whom God may place over you in the Lord. Since the con-

nection must be dissolved, it is pleasing to think that it is on the best of terms that we part with each other, and as you are so kind as to express your best wishes for my future welfare, so, I assure you, is there nothing that will afford me so much pleasure as to hear of your prosperity as a congregation, and of your very soon having a suitable and devoted pastor to superintend your spiritual interests.  
(Signed) WILLIAM MURRAY.

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### To the Readers of the Record.

FOR the last seven years, no number of the *Record* has appeared without an article or articles from me. To-day an article that I had sent on for publication in the December No. has been returned to me by the Committee, on the ground that, at a meeting in Pictou on the 24th inst., they had decided that further discussion at present in the *Record* on the subject of the proposed Divinity Hall would be adverse to the interests of the Church. Against this decision I desire hereby to protest, and I appeal to the Synod at its next meeting, and for the following reasons:—

(1.) That it is neither fair, nor in accordance with use and wont, thus summarily to close a discussion which had been allowed to commence in the *Record*. Notice should always be given in a previous number, or contributors are exposed to injustice and discourtesy.

(2.) That more particularly the article in question was entitled to insertion, since, instead of being a reply to the extraordinary productions in the November *Record*, as might have been expected, it was simply the calm discussion of the practicability of a measure now being considered by a Committee of Synod, and on which it is the interest of our people to be well informed.

(3.) That whereas place has already been given in the *Record* to more than twenty-five columns in opposition to a scheme, the principle of which was unanimously affirmed by the Synod, only seven columns have appeared in answer, because I did not wish to occupy too much space in any one number. That is, the one side has been heard fully, and the other has not. Had the Committee declared that the discussion would only be permitted for a certain time, I, too, could have stated my case fully on behalf of the Synod, whose representative I at present am, in the October and November numbers.

For these and other reasons, I protest and appeal to the Synod, from whom the Committee derive their powers. I only trust that all the members of Committee who so decided, will be as ready to write for the *Record* as to stop others from writing.

(Signed) GEORGE MUNRO GRANT.  
*The Manse, Halifax, 27th Nov.*

### The Evangelical Alliance.

The Nineteenth Conference of the Evangelical alliance has been held at Hull. Among those who took an active share in its business may be mentioned the Hon. J. W. Van Loon, of Amsterdam, Supreme Judge of Holland; Rev. Dr. Bliss, of the United States, President of the Protestant College at Beyrout; Pasteur Revel, President of the Waldensian College, Florence; Pasteur Casalis, of Paris, and Pastor Beskow, of Stockholm. Some interesting information was communicated regarding the progress of the Gospel in Continental countries. M. Revel remarked that Italy formed at present one of the most favorable fields in the world for Evangelistic labours. At Brescia, for example, on the very borders of Austria, the ground had been broken by a colporteur, three years ago, selling a number of Bibles, and now there were sixty-five communicants. Similar results had taken place at Milan, Como, Turin, Alexandria, Genoa, Civita Vecchia, Lucca, Elba, Florence, and Naples. At Florence they were printing an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" of 10,000 copies, and a great number of other books of religious instruction. Pastor Beskow, of Stockholm, observed that a great revival was going on in Sweden, which might be said to have begun almost with the century. For himself, he had to preach every day. At first the people had been forbidden to hold prayer meetings, but they would not give them up, and by-and-by the restriction was removed. The Hon. J. W. Van Loon gave a somewhat dark account of the state of religion in Holland, but expressed the hope that the Alliance, by holding its next annual conference at Amsterdam, would help to promote the spiritual good of the country. Dr. Bliss, in speaking of the religious condition of Syria, referred to the importance of the recent translation of the Bible into Arabic, and to the purpose of the college with which he was connected, which was to train native ministers for the East. Among the most prominent of the miscellaneous papers read was one by the Rev. Dr. McCosh, Professor in Queen's College, Belfast, on the characteristics of the Broad Church and the Narrow Church in all denominations.—*Sunday Magazine*.

### Rome.

The year 1866 has been long looked forward to by interpreters of prophecy as one that would mark an important epoch in the downfall of the Papacy. When the Emperor of the French fixed on that year as the time when he would withdraw his troops from Rome, the expectation that some decisive change would take place then was greatly quickened. It appears, however, that the pope and his advisers are bent on signaling

the year in a different manner. The 29th June, 1866, according to tradition, will be the 1800th anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter, and the Pope it is rumored will celebrate the event by convoking all the catholic bishops of the church at Rome. It is plain that there is no lack of courage of a kind in the proceedings of the Vatican, for in addition to the Encyclical that lately astonished the world, denouncing all progress and innovations in church and state, an allocution has just been delivered which is levelled at Freemason brotherhoods and all secret societies. No one can tell what the next eighteen months will bring round in the history of Italy and the Papacy. It is, however, gratifying to find both that the civil government of the country gets more consolidated, and that the streaks of evangelical light are shooting here and there over the firmament.—*Id.*

### Madagascar.

Mr. Consul Packenham, of Madagascar, has published a report to Government, in the course of which he gives a favorable view of the state of the native Christians in the capital of the island. Five thousand profess Christianity in Antananarivo, of whom the greater portion are Protestants; and should the present Hova Government continue tolerant, there is every prospect of Christianity spreading. Education is making progress among all classes. Besides a large school opened by the Queen for the instruction of the officers of her household, and confided to a native teacher, there are at the capital seven schools belonging to the English Protestant, and three to the French Roman Catholic, missionaries, all well attended.

"The members of the present Hova Government, with one or two exceptions, belong to the old heathen Conservative party, are opposed to an extended intercourse with Europeans, and to the spread of Christianity in Madagascar. If left to the bent of their natural inclinations, they would gladly revert to the old system in force during the reign of Queen Ranavalona. The fear of complications with the British and French Governments alone prevents their doing so. The limited views of the majority embrace the present only, without concern for the future; and to secure that present, as regards their own position and influence, is their aim and ambition. The regenerating effects of civilization, and the progressive moral advancement attending the spread of Christianity, are consequently not only feared, but sought to be resisted by means of a restrictive policy. Under existing circumstances, therefore, we can scarcely look for the development of the resources of Madagascar, for administrative reforms, improvement in the social condition

of her inhabitants, or increase in trade. Such advantages could only be obtained under a Liberal Government in favor of progress."—16.

### Gleanings.

#### Two Sides of the Story.

A RHYME FOR WINTER.

Old Father Frost has come again,  
With ice, and snow, and sleety rain;  
And wintry days are short and dreary;  
And wintry toil is sad and weary:  
A poor man cannot wish his stay,  
Old Father Frost! haste—haste away.

I know some spots that Father Frost  
Near with his chilling foot has cross'd;  
'Tis the warm kind heart with love o'erflowing,  
'Tis the thrifty home with comfort glowing:  
Old Father Frost may go or stay—  
True hearts have sunshine ev'ry day.

Father Frost is a tyrant grim,  
He chills the blood, and bites the limb;  
His touch locks up the flowing river,  
His breath can make the stoutest shiver:  
The poor man cannot wish his stay,  
Old Father Frost, haste—haste away.

Nay, Father Frost is not so bad,  
His hand is hard, his purpose glad;  
Under the ice the stream keeps flowing,  
Under the snow the seed is growing:  
You'll find when Father Frost's away,  
His work has helped the summer day.

And so the cares of life, good friend,  
Though hard to bear, and slow to mend,  
Bring to the soul a heaped up measure  
Of wisdom's secret, precious treasure;  
Like Father Frost's most healthy chill,  
They're sent to cure, and not to kill.

—C. L. B. in *British Workman*.

#### "A Short Life and a Merry One."

A tract distributor was walking to her place of worship along the Harrow Road, one Sunday morning, when she met a group of people hurrying on at great speed towards the canal bridge. She offered a tract to the first woman of the party; a man at the woman's side threw the tract back, saying in a loud voice and with a mocking laugh, "None of that, I'm for a short life and a merry one." The tract distributor knew that the party were going to the canal boat that was to take them and others up to Alperton, or the fields beyond, where the day would be spent in drinking and revelry. Already the group she had met looked very tired, particularly the women, some of whom were carrying infants, others were leading young children, and the men had bottles and bundles of drink and food.

At night, just as the different churches and chapels dismissed their congregations, and parents, children, and friends who had taken sweet counsel together and walked to the

house of God in company, were returning homeward on the side of the canal, and leading up to the bridge there was a great concourse of the returned merry-makers. Sounds of noisy anger and distress—policemen were hurrying to the place of landing,—there were men quarrelling, women screaming, children crying. Any stranger who had not been that way on a summer Sunday before, might well ask in alarm, "What's the matter?" but the tract distributor knew that this was too often the state of things on the Sunday evening with these pleasure seekers. On the particular Sabbath referred to, there had fallen some very heavy showers, and it was a sad and humiliating spectacle to see the women with their clothes dappled, their bonnets spoiled, their shoes and boots plastered with mud, and their tempers irritated, while the men were lustily impatient, and in that state which working men understand as half-and-half, when nothing can please them.

The poor children were pitiable, so tired, so scolded, so wretched. Was this "the merry life" the man had spoken of in the morning? It seemed of all lives the most toilsome and miserable.

The contrast between the neat, orderly, peaceful groups, wending their way home from the house of God, carrying a blessing with them, that would soothe and comfort them the whole week through, and the poor, wearied, cross, tumbled-looking creatures, who had in the morning talked of "a merry life," was so marked, that the latter themselves noticed it, and mostly turned their steps to bye-streets where they might not meet the churchgoers.

The tract distributor did not recognize in the throng the man she had seen in the morning. She would have known him, for he was a large dark man with a powerful face. She was however destined to see him again, about six weeks afterwards. Passing one Monday up Lisson Grove, her steps were impeded by a crowd at the end of a small dingy street. There had been an affray with some bad characters and the police. Led between two policemen was a strong man, perfectly mad with passion; blood was flowing from his head down to his shoulder, leaving his face bare. Yes, that was the man who had said, "A short life and merry one."

He had been trying to rescue a prisoner from the police, and had inflicted some terrible injury in his rage, and was now taken for the assault.

"It's a pity, he's a good workman," said one woman.

"Ah, if he was only steady," said another. "What's to become of his wife and children?" inquired a third.

"Oh, there's the workhouse," was the answer.

As hastily as circumstances permitted, the tract distributor passed on. She knew that the offence the man committed was a serious

one. The police must be protected in the execution of their duty; and sometimes long terms of imprisonment are awarded to those who assault them. A short life certainly is that of the Sabbath breaker, but *not* a merry one. In his pursuit of pleasure, he has bitter pain, all his joys are like poison berries, bright to the eye and deadly to the taste. It is not only said in God's word, "the wicked shall not live out half their days," but in shortening them by their own follies and sins, they make the days of their life "few and evil."

Reader, God who gives you all your days, demands that one day, the Sabbath, should be kept holy. In so keeping it there is happiness both in the heart and in the home. Family joys, and quiet rest, and spiritual good, are all to be gained on a well-spent Sabbath day. Who would forfeit these for the noise, the work, the suffering, and the sin that come by Sabbath breaking? In this matter learn WISDOM, for "length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour," but "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*British Workman*.

#### The Fatal Flower.

TRAVELLERS who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract, and her own daring. She leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her feet, and with a shriek she descended, like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impenitent sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation; but in pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insanely venture *too far*.

They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth or pleasure; they seem to hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment for the allurements of sin; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes up from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the *second death*. Oh, every hour life's sands

are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the *unconscious* hand, the trifler goes to his doom.

The requiem of each departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in *exchange* for his SOUL?"—*Ib.*

#### Bible Bones.

A SHREWD old working man once said; for a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like *eating fish*. When I find a difficulty I lay it aside and call it a *bone*. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is so much nutritious meat for me? Some day, perhaps, I may find that even the bone may afford me nourishment.

Would that there were less of *picking of bones*, and more of feasting on the substantial food with which infinite love has spread the spiritual board!—*Ib.*

#### The "Hub."

THE following, in homely words, presents a true and happy metaphor. A negro preacher while holding forth to the colored soldiers then stationed at Port Hudson, said:—*De whole ob God's relation to us am like de wheel. De Lord Jesus Christ am de hub, de Christians am de spokes, de tire am de grace ob God a binden em all together; and de nearer we get to de hub, de nearer we get to each oder.*"

#### Notes of the Month.

THE Rev. William Wilson has been sent out from Scotland to supply Campbelltown, and has reached Miramichi.

IN the last *Presbyterian* fault is found with the Preabytery of Montreal for receiving Mr. Paton as one of their number, and acknowledging him as minister of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, upon a certificate of ordination from the Presbytery of Kinross, Scotland. The proceeding may have been informal, and the ignoring of the Canadian Church by a very small Scotch Presbytery, very few members of which either knew or cared about our Church in Canada; but the proceeding was concurred in from a feeling of respect for the venerable Dr. Mathieson,—a sentiment so worthy, and in these colonies so rare, that it would reconcile one to almost any informality. So long as the matter was confined to a Presbytery, the majority probably thought that no great evil could arise from it. Should such a case, however, appear in the supreme court of the Canadian Church, a regard for the future independence, respectability, and purity of the Church, would necessitate a decision upon its own merits.

A week of prayer, extending from Jan. 7th.

to Jan. 14th, has been recommended to Christians of all countries.

THE Presbytery of Glasgow have granted permission to three more Churches to use organs.

A very important discussion has taken place in that court upon the pastoral address on Sabbath observance, moved to be sent down to the churches. It offered an opportunity to Dr. McLeod to express his adherence to the views of Luther and Calvin, and the continental Churches generally, upon the subject of the Sabbath. His argument was that the Jewish Sabbath was abolished, because the Jewish law was abolished, the Decalogue, as *such*, or *per se*, being of no authority, the law had features no longer applicable to us, that we do not and cannot observe it as the Jews were commanded to do it, that no one now thinks of inflicting the penalty of death upon Sabbath breakers, that our Saviour opened up a milder system of interpretation and life, and that the Apostle Paul inculcated deliverance from days, &c., and ordered these things to be judged of charitably. The Presbytery (one of about 50 ministerial members) stood up for the old view, and passed their address. There has been immense excitement on the subject, part of the Scottish public being with the Doctor and part against him. The whole public of England is with him. The Rev. Dr. Wm. Anderson of Glasgow, and the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan of Dundee, leading men of the U. P. Church, have publicly declared their agreement with these views. While adhering to the old view, and thinking that, if there be any difference between the Jewish and Christian Sabbath, the difference is that we have more to commemorate and therefore ought to be more zealous in the observance of a Sabbath, we cannot but admire the courage of Dr. McLeod in boldly announcing his opinions.

When such things happen, there is a disposition manifested on the part of some to identify them with a particular Church, and transform them into a reproach against a particular denomination. Thus we have heard zealots, ignorant of Church history, declaim about "cold moderation," opposition to missions, to revivals and toleration, as reproaches against the Church of Scotland, in the last century, when it would be easy to prove that such things were then common to all British churches, and some of them more fully exhibited among some sect of dissenters than in the Establishment. It is evident that there is a party arising, among all churches in Scotland, who are determined, in the cause of religion, to claim more freedom of thought and action for individuals than have hitherto been allowed. This was very apparent in the very fair and temperate discussion of this subject, that took place in the Presbytery of Glasgow. The crowd was vociferous, but the members were calm.

THE cattle disease in Britain is not diminishing. The Cabinet has been formed, and the Queen at last is to open the new Parliament in person. While the Jamaica insurrection has been quelled, it is to make more noise than ever, in the shape of a discussion in Parliament, and a commission of enquiry into the severities exercised by the Governor. The whites, who, as compared with the blacks, are as one to thirty, were thoroughly frightened and alarmed. People will do anything for safety. Had Mr. Bright and the people at home been there, they would have been frightened, too, and would have had little time for philanthropy. A new kind of government will probably be devised for Jamaica. The functions of freedom cannot be performed by a previously enslaved and degraded people, and a few men of one race cannot be trusted with irresponsible power over a large class of poor people of a different race.

THE message of President Johnson is a splendid document—calm, clear, farseeing, pacific, and well-expressed. How rash is the public, as represented by the press, in its judgments! Who would have expected such a paper from one who was described as Mr. Johnson was, when a sudden calamity placed him in the presidential chair. The difficulties with great Britain are to be left to "legislation."

## SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

### 1865. YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

Dec.—St Columba, St Peter's Road, PEI.	£2 0 9
St Andrew's, Brackley Point do. do.	1 10 0
	PEI. c'y £3 10 9
Additional St. Matthew's congregation, Halifax	3 2 6
	£6 1 3
Dec. 26th	W. GORDON, Treas.

### FOREIGN MISSION.

Dec.—Collection from Wallace	£0 10 0
Collection from Pugwash	17 7 ½
Collection from Lochaber	2 5 0
Collection from Barney's River	1 12 ½
	£5 4 8
Dec. 16.—To cash enclosed Jas. Bremner, Esq., Halifax, Treasurer Foreign Mission	£5 4 9
Add'l from Carriboo, 2d Div.	6 4
	W. GORDON.

### HOME MISSION.

From Broad Cove congregation, for expenses of Baptization	£3 0 0
From River Inhabitants for do.	1 14 7 ½
Joseph Hart, Esq., Baddeck, for do.	1 5 0
Rev. Neil Brodie and Middle River congregation, for do.	1 10 0
Broad Cove cong., Home Mission	10 0
	£6 19 7 ½
Dec. 26th, 1865.	W. GORDON.