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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

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No. 2.

"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—Ps 137, v. 6.

SERMON.

By the late Rev. John Logan, F. R. S. E., of
Leith.

Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God.—COK. ii. 12.

THERE are two characters which, in Sacred Scripture, are set in perpetual opposition, the man of the earth, and the citizen of heaven. The first character pertains to that class of men, who, whatever speculative opinions they entertain, yet in practice consider this life as their only state of being. A person of this character centres all his regards in himself; confines his views entirely to this world, and pursuing avarice, ambition, or sensual pleasure, makes these the sole objects of pursuit. Good dispositions he may possess, but he exercises them only when they are subservient to his purposes. Virtues also he may cultivate, not for their own sake, but for the temporal advantages they bring along with them. The citizen of heaven moves in a nobler sphere. He does not indeed affect the character of sanctity, by neglecting his temporal concerns. He looks upon the maxim of David as inspired wisdom, "If thou art wise, thou art wise for thyself." But although he has his temporal interest in his eye, he has a higher interest in his heart. What is necessary, what is useful, will often be a subject of attention; but what is generous, what is loving, what is honourable, what is praiseworthy, become the chief objects of pursuit. He cultivates good dispositions from a sense of their beauty, previous to his experience of their utility; he esteems the possession of virtue

more than the earthly rewards it procures; he lives in a constant discharge of the duties of life in this state, and with a well-grounded faith, and an animating hope, looks forward to a better world, and a higher state of being.

These two characters, which divide all mankind, are always represented in Scripture as inconsistent and incompatible with each other. It is impossible, says our Lord, at one and the same time to serve God and to serve Mammon. If any man love the world, says the Apostle John, the love of the Father is not in him. The principles that actuate these characters, are represented in the text as two spirits opposite to one another, the spirit of the world, and the spirit which is of God. The spirit of any thing is that vital principle which sets it agoing; which keeps it in motion; which gives it its form and distinguishing qualities. The spirit of the world is that principle which gives a determination to the character, and a form to the life, of the man of the earth. The spirit which is of God, is that vital principle which gives a determination to the character, and a form to the life, of the citizen of heaven. One of these spirits actuates all mankind. While, therefore, I represent the striking lineaments in these opposite characters, take this along with you that I am describing a character which is your own; a character which either raises to eminence, or sinks down to debasement.

In the *first* place, then, The spirit of the world is mean and grovelling; the spirit which is of God is noble and elevated. The man of the earth, making himself the object of all his actions, and having his own interest perpetually in view, conducts his life by maxims

of utility alone. This being the point to which he constantly steers, this being the line from which he never deviates, he puts a value on every thing precisely as it is calculated to accomplish his purpose. Accordingly, to gain his end, he descends to the lowest and the vilest means; he gives up the manly, the spirited, and the honourable part of life; he makes a sacrifice of fame, and character, and dignity and turns himself into all the forms of meanness, and baseness, and prostration. The Prophet Isaiah, with infinite spirit, derides the idols of the Heathen world. "A man," saith he, "planteth a tree, and the rain doth nourish it; he heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak; and of the tree which he planted, he maketh to himself a god. The carpenter stretched out his rule, he marketh it out with a line; he fashioneth it with planes, and maketh it after the figure of a man; and then he worshippeth it as a god. Part thereof he burneth in the fire, with part thereof he maketh bread, and with the residue he maketh a god." Similar to this is the creation of these earthly gods. Reak the pages of their history, and behold them rising to divinity by compliance, by servility, by humiliating meanness, and the darkest debasements. How dishonourable often is that path which conducts to earthly grandeur; and how mean a creature frequently is he whom the world calls a great man! So low and grovelling is the spirit of the world.

It is a spirit of a different kind that animates the citizen of heaven. He is born from above; he derives his descent from the everlasting Father, and he retains a conscious sense of his divine original. Hence Christians, in Scripture, are called "noble;" are called the "excellent ones of the earth." It is unworthy of their celestial descent, it is unbecoming their new nature, to stoop to the meanness of vice. The citizen of heaven scorns the vile arts, and the low cunning, employed by the man of the earth. He condescends, indeed, to every gentle office of kindness and humanity. But there is a difference between condescending, and descending from the dignity of character. From that he never descends. He himself ever feels, and he makes others feel too, that he walks in a path which leads to greatness, and supports a character which is forming for heaven. Such is a difference between the spirit of the world, and the spirit which is of God. Suppleness, servility, abject submission, disgrace the one; dignity, elevation, independence, exalt the other. The one is a serpent, smooth, insinuating, creeping on the ground, and licking the dust: the other is an eagle, that towers aloft in the higher regions of the air, and moves rejoicing in his path through the heavens.

In the second place, The spirit of the world is a spirit of falsehood, dissimulation, and hypocrisy: the spirit of God is a spirit of truth, sincerity, and openness. The life which the man of the earth leads is a scene of impos-

ture and delusion. Show without substance; appearance without reality; professions of friendship which signify nothing; and promises which are never meant to be performed, fill up a life which is all outside. With him the face is not the index of the mind, nor the tongue the interpreter of the heart. There is a lie in his right hand. He is perpetually acting a part, and under a mask he goes about deceiving the world. He turns himself into a variety of shapes; he changes as circumstances change; he goes through all the forms of dissimulation, and puts off one disguise to put on another. He does not hesitate to counterfeit religion when it serves a turn, and to act the saint in order to gain his ends. Hence the spirit of the world hath often passed for the spirit which is of God, and Satan, under this disguise, hath been mistaken for an angel of light. Such is the spirit of the world.

The spirit which is of God is a spirit of truth, sincerity, and openness. The citizen of heaven esteems truth as sacred, and holds sincerity to be the first of the virtues. He has no secret doctrines to communicate. He needs no chosen confidants to whom he may impart his favourite notions; no private conventicles where he may disseminate his opinions. What he avows to God he avows to man. He expresseth with his tongue what he thinketh with his heart. He will not indeed improperly publish truths; he will not prostitute what is pure and holy; he will not as the Scripture says, throw pearls before swine; but neither will he on any occasion partake with swine in their husks. He is what he appears to be. Arrayed in the simple majesty of truth, he seeks no other covering. Supported by the consciousness of rectitude, he holds fast his integrity as he would guard his life. Such is the difference between these characters. The man of the earth turns aside to the crooked paths and insidious mazes of dissimulation; the citizen of heaven moves along in the onward track of integrity and honour. The spirit of the world seeks concealment and the darkness and the shade; the spirit which is of God loves the light, becomes the light, adorns the light.

Thirdly, The spirit of the world is a timid spirit; the spirit which is of God is a bold and manly spirit. Actuated by selfish principles, and pursuing his own interest, the man of the earth is afraid to offend. He accommodates himself to the manners that prevail, and courts the favour of the world by the most insinuating of all kinds of flattery, by following its example. He is a mere creature of the times; a mirror to reflect every vice of the vicious, and every vanity of the vain. His sole desire is to please. If he speak truths, they are pleasing truths. He dares not risk the disapprobation of a fool, and would rather offend against the laws of Heaven than give offence to his neighbour.

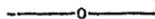
To sinners he appears as a sinner; to saints he appears as a saint. In the literal sense he becomes all things to all men, without aspiring to that faith which would set him above the world, or to that spirit which would enable him to assert the dignity of the rational character. He is timid, because he has reason to be so. Wickedness, condemned by its own vileness, is timorous, and forecasteth grievous things. There is a dignity in virtue which keeps him at a distance; he feels how awful goodness is; and in the presence of a virtuous man, he shrinks into his own insignificance.

On the other hand, the righteous is bold as a lion. "I fear my God, and I have no other fear," is the language of his heart. With God for his protector, and with innocence for his shield, he walks through the world with an erect posture, and with a face that looks upwards. He despises a fool, though he were possessed of all the gold of Ophir, and scorns a vile man, though a minister of state. The voice of the world is to him as a sounding brass, or tinkling cymbal. The applauses or the censures of the high or the low affect him not. Like a distant thunders, they vibrate on his ear, but come not to his heart. To him his own mind is the whole world. There sits the judge of his actions, and he appeals to no other tribunal upon the earth. He possesses the spirit which rests upon itself. He walks by his own light, he determines upon his own deeds. Supported by the consciousness of innocence, and acting with all the force of providence on his side, he has nothing to fear; knows that he can no more be hurt by the rumours of the idle, impious, and hypocritical, than the heavens can be set on fire by the sparkles that arise into the air, and that die in the moment they ascend. Animated with this spirit, the feeble becomes strong in the Lord. Apostles, who on former occasions had been weak and timid, whom the voice of a woman frightened into apostasy, who deserted their Master in his deepest distress, and hid themselves from the fury of the multitude; these Apostles no sooner felt the impulse of this spirit, then they appeared openly in the midst of Jerusalem, published the resurrection of Jesus to those priests and elders who had condemned him to death, and discovered a boldness and magnanimity, a spirit and intrepidity, which shook the councils of the Jewish nation, and made the kings of the earth to tremble on their thrones.

In the last place, The spirit of the world is an interested spirit; the spirit which is of God is a generous spirit. The man of the earth has no feeling but for himself. His own interest is his only object; he never loses sight of this; that is his all; every line of his conduct centres in this point. He has a design in every thing he does. As the prophet Malachi says, "He will not shut the doors for nought." He deliberates not whether an action will do good, but whether it will do good

to him. That generosity of sentiment which expands the soul; that charming sensibility of heart which makes us glow for the good and weep for the woes of others; that Christian charity which comprehends in its wide circle all our brethren of mankind; that diffusive benevolence, reduced to a principle of action, which makes the human nature approach to the Divine, he considers as the dreams of a visionary head, as the figments of a romantic mind that knows not the world.

But the spirit which is of God is as generous as the spirit of the world is sordid. One of the chief duties in the spiritual life is to deny itself. Christianity is founded upon the most astonishing instance of generosity and love that ever was exhibited to the world; and they have no pretensions to the Christian character, who feel not the truth of what their Master said, "That it is more blessed to give than to receive." This is not comprehended by worldly men; and the more worldly and wicked they are, the more it is incomprehensible. "Does Job serve God for nought?" said the first accuser of the just. Yes, thou accursed spirit! he serves God for nought. Thy votaries serve thee for lucre and profit and filthy mammon; but the children of God serve him from reverence and love. Rewarded indeed they shall be in heaven, while thine are to be tormented, and by thyself, in hell; but they account that to be a sufficient reward which they have even here in their own hearts,—the consciousness and the applauses of generosity.



FOR THE MONTHLY RECORD.

There was silence in heaven—no anthem was heard,

Round the throne where the wings of the cherubim stirred.

Where jasper and gold pave each beautiful street,
Was hushed the light footfall of ministring feet;

Archangels and seraphs no longer were seen
By the river of life, where the pastures are green,

The city that rang with the songs of the blest,
From eternity's birth, lay in jubilant rest;

In light, unapproachable, dwelling alone,
From the Father, the brightness of glory was gone.

The only begotten, whose infinite love,
Now hushed for a moment the voices above.

There was music on earth, such a glorious strain
Went up through the midnight from Bethlehem's plain.

Where each awe-stricken shepherd kept watch at his post,

A multitude came of the heavenly host;
A glory shone round them, the glory of Him,

Before whose effulgence even light becomes dim,
Glad tidings they brought of redemption and peace,

Whose fullness to men should not alter or cease;
While the chorus that rang from that glorious choir,

Filled the echoes of space as the chords of a lyre,
Singing "Glory to God and peace upon earth,

Good will towards men," in Emmanuel's birth.

There was silence in heaven, the cherubim's gaze
 Was lifted in awe to the Ancient of Days,
 There was wonder on Earth—lying low in a stall,
 In the guise of an infant—the Sovereign of all;
 There was joy in the tidings—the angels rang out,
 Filling earth with their voice, going up with a
 shout,
 Till it circled the throne of the First and the Last,
 Where the crowns of the elders and martyrs were
 cast;
 The Son had gone down from His Father's abode,
 To reconcile man to an infinite God,
 While the angels who carried the message from
 heaven,
 Return to rejoice over sinners forgiven.

And still through the courts of the great upper-
 land,
 Where the Saviour now sits at the Father's right
 hand,
 Whose love cannot weary, whose help cannot fail,
 Our High Priest forever, having passed through
 the veil;
 There is joy where the angels encompass his
 throne,
 And sing the new song of the first-born alone,
 Where the tempted and tried rise up from the
 strife,
 And strong in their Lord, pass from death unto
 life;
 Thus through Him who came down and ascended
 again,
 Still "Glory to God and good will towards men,"
 The angels repeat as they hail the new birth
 Of each lost one redeemed and repentant on
 earth.

HALIFAX, JANUARY, 1863.

M. J. K.

Memorial.

IF the righteous are to be held in everlasting remembrance, we should not omit all mention of those who fall asleep in Jesus, however humble their merits, or unknown to fame their persons; on the contrary, we should notice them for a twofold reason: to glorify the grace of God in them, and to derive profitable lessons from their departure. This has prompted many a memoir, and the *Record* has already embalmed the memory of a christian lady of great worth (August, 1862). I have no such flattering account to give in the present instance, but write a few plain remarks concerning the religious character of a youth, who, last week, after a lengthened sickness, closed his eyes upon this world at the early age of 21.

A. M.— was ill for nine months, but it was within the last two that he had confidence to call Christ his Saviour, and God his Father. His first experience in his illness was that it was grievous to be laid low in youth, and that the sooner, therefore, he got well, the better. Wherefore he tried many a remedy, and spent much upon physicians, but it all failed, whereupon he abandoned hope and resigned himself to his fate. Now commenced his religious career, and he began to pray,—not that he had been altogether a prayerless, and he had never been a wicked youth; but there is a distinction between

making conscience of devotion and merely saying one's prayers, and of him might it be now said, with reference to his frequency and seriousness, "Behold, he prayeth." But his beginnings were any thing but flattering. He evidently satisfied himself with the mere performance of a duty, and remained for a season in a state of formality. But God had another purpose in view than to let him die a self-deceiver, and therefore he was not suffered to rest in mere duty. Now was he faithfully shown the way of salvation: that "not by works of righteousness which we could do, but according to His mercy God saves us," and the message of grace was explained to him; but all was listened to without any real concern. Why could he not purchase salvation, or have Christ when and on what terms he chose? Thus his heart reasoned, and in his own righteousness he remained many a day. But now from viewing himself safe, he began to feel his situation dangerous. He had never seen his condition as a sinner, nor ever felt that he was under the condemnation of a broken law. Christian's fright at the foot of Mount Legality might serve as a type of his, when the commandment came home to him and his sinfulness was revealed. Now he dreaded that his convictions were not sufficient, and that he could never find peace. Anon he read and listened and prayed earnestly, so as to impress visitors with his sincerity. He cherished edifying conversation, and was obedient to his counsellors. Yet it was not then he found peace. The seed of the word had been within, but he could not act in faith in the Redeemer. The blade was there, but he could not distinguish it from the weed or tare, and he cried that he was in the deep, and that all the billows went over him. In vain was he directed to the promises; like the wandering dove, his soul had as yet found no resting-place, and like the sheep astray, he trembled at the roar of the lion. But why enumerate all his trials, or what was done for him? Sufficient to say that within a month or two he came to solid peace, by taking Jesus as all his righteousness and salvation, and at last ventured to approach to God. For it is by little and little that the soul learns to confide, like the eye opening to the light of day; but when it has believed, then certainty and progress mark its course. Like the light, flickering for a time, but prevailing till mid-day, so with the illumination breaking in upon the benighted soul: first, men as trees walking are seen; then things distinctly, and at last delightfully. So with A. M.—. He found Christ, and his fears and doubts vanished; then he understood his relation to God; and, lastly, declared that his heart was drawn to his Saviour. On Christmas day, his mother reported that he could scarce contain his joy, when he thought of his interest in a Saviour the anniversary of whose birth was then celebrated, and of his privileges in

consequence. He was evidently better pleased with being a child of God than though he had been son of the Governor or Prince of Wales, so well did he understand and rejoice in the grace of adoption. After this his health gave way, and the hopes that He who had visited his soul would recover his body were doomed to disappointment, for in a few days he sunk rapidly. But he was not allowed to leave this world without a conflict. The morning of the day on which he died found him in trepidation. During the previous night, darkness had shrouded his prospects, yet he was disposed to depart, if such was the will of God; but in the morning the enemy renewed his assaults. The sufferer was directed to the shield of faith, whereby we shall conquer all fiery darts, and to the promises of strength and victory through Him that overcame for us. At night he replied that he was again comfortable. That evening proved his last. While we were engaged at the social prayer meeting, he had risen up and prayed for himself, then falling on his side, he died.

"So fades the summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing:
O grave, where is thy vict'ry now?
Invidious death, where is thy sting?"

Why do I obtrude upon your readers this unpretending narrative? Because, first, we are told not to overlook one of Christ's little ones, but to cherish their memory, and to magnify God on their behalf. The far-seeing apostle declared himself bound to give God thanks for as many as were begotten through sanctification of the truth unto a new life. The grace of God, in his own conversion, the primitive Church saw and glorified God for; and shall we omit all mention of these, whom the Father distinguished not for learning, or birth, or worldly greatness, but by his grace marked them out for glory? if we do, surely we are blind to the glory that excellet, and strangers to anything higher than this world. If we are to honour the works of God, are we not to admire his workmanship in Christ Jesus, and therefore to notice these vessels of mercy, which, in a season of affliction, he chose for his glory, as both comely, honourable, and praiseworthy?

Secondly, because ministers hereby see the fruit of their labours, and are encouraged. How often are spiritual labourers distressed that they see so little success in their work. I venture to say that, without seeing it in measure, or, at least, good hopes and great faith, they will at times be ready to droop. But God is not forgetful of our labours of love, when we visit the poor of this world, and of his kingdom; on the contrary, He gives us to reap encouragements, and to enjoy a recompense. And was it no recompense for as many spiritual labourers as watered and sowed

the seed, or for those others, who ministered of their substance and sympathised, to behold a "outh thereby comforted and happy? or shall there be no reward on the great day when benefactors and benefited shall meet together, and "inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," shall be proclaimed? Yes, although even weeping the sower sow his seed, yet, when the end has come, and the soul, like a shock of corn, is gathered in to the garner, verily he is not without his reward; then in the morning let him sow his seed, and in the evening withhold not his hand, not confining himself to preaching, but visiting the distressed, and watching over souls as those that must give in their account, that he may rejoice in their spiritual change and fitness for a better world.

Thirdly, because we here see the benefit of affliction. No small number of those who are brought to God, are so by means of and in the season of affliction. Indeed this is promised. (Isaiah xxvii. 9.) But affliction is beneficial to others than to the individual. The visitor who waits, as well as the minister who converses, has his mind impressed and improved thereby. Prayer, then, is peculiarly comforting. The sick bed itself, as well as the youth's patience and hope, all preach, and few, it is to be hoped, leave the sick room without some impression of the necessity of a new life or of preparation for eternity.

I am glad to say in the case described, that not a few, and those of different communions, cheerfully ministered, temporarily or spiritually. The occasion was blessed to the evoking of much good feeling and of happy fruits, and at the funeral some youths shewed that they had lost a friend, and looked for his reappearance in a higher and more enduring world. So prepare us, Lord, for thy coming. AMEN.

A. W. H.

Pictou, Jan. 14, 1863.

Thoughts and Notes by the Way.

HALIFAX TO GLASGOW.

FEW set out to cross the trackless ocean, without some anxiety and dread: and still fewer, on having gone down to the sea, and witnessed the wonders and majesty of the Lord there, but are made to tremble, or are filled with inexpressible awe. When we hear the veteran, as well as the occasional mariner, say that necessity or duty, and not choice, induced him to pass through the roaring billows, we are led to reflect on the magnanimous faith of our fathers, who, 60 or 70 years ago, committed themselves to its then cheerless bosom, for the space of 3 or 4 months together: and further, to consider how amazingly science, under the guidance of divine light, has advanced since then, enabling us to cross in the face of flood, and wind, and mist. Still, the

same dependence is, and ever shall be required in Him, who rules the elements. No possible advances in knowledge can ever render frail man independent of Him, who alone—~~an~~ set bounds to the sea, lock up the wind in his treasures, send forth that pleasure mists as thick as can be felt, and turns the liquid sea into icy mountains. Canst thou, O vain man! vaunting in the pride of thy science, hold the sea in the hollow of thy hand? Canst thou restrain the winds, while ignorant whither it comes or goes? Canst thou create light brighter and hotter than the sun, to dispel the mists and melt the frigid zones; then mayest thou contend with the Almighty, and not till then, cease to cast all thy care upon Him, and to learn the sweet lesson, that He careth for thee. Well it is, that the thoughtless and profane should be made to tremble before Him with whom they have to do, and that the serious so be led to repose all their confidence in Him, who hath promised to be with them in the "swellings of Jordan." But how much it is to be regretted that greater facility is not afforded to the mariner on entering the harbour, to deepen these impressions. How sad, what a national disgrace that the noble line of Cunard steamers, which kind Providence has so long guided in safety, should be so arranged as to have to deliver the mail and passengers on the Lord's day on entering Liverpool, and that the passengers should be necessitated to have their luggage searched, and in many instances duty paid. And also to leave so as to have to take mail and passengers on board, on their way out, on every Lord's day. Might not some effort be made by serious influential men, to prevent the continuation of such Sabbath profanation.

Passing from the unequalled docks and ship-forests, through the city of superb and solid buildings, all but the blind must be struck with the continuous line of temptation, open to the mariner and to all, and the comparatively little provision made or embraced, to worship God in houses dedicated to Him. After frequent inquiry as to where public worship was to be observed that afternoon, at length we were directed to an old parish Church, seated for nearly two thousand, with a congregation of about 50 persons assembled. After the ordinary services, performed by the curate, with the most scrupulous formality, suited more to freeze the warm, than to warm the cold, a stream of females entered, with about 70 or 80 infants, and nearly as many lads or young men. The former took their seats on a bench in the centre aisle, the latter in pews near by, and same young females on the opposite side. I learned that the infants were about to be baptised, "but," continued my informer, "there are not nearly as many as when I got mine baptised." The Clerk having recorded their future names, the curate takes his place by a font at the end of the bench. After a brief address, which few heard and fewer desired to hear, one female after

another brought forward an infant. The Baptistiser (?) goes on as follows, naming the child and dipping his hand in the water, he then wipes its forehead twice with his fingers, saying, "We receive thee into the holy congregation of the Lord," and then crossing its forehead with one finger, he says, "I cross thee with the sign of the cross." So he proceeded until the question was raised as to whether the child presented had not been baptised. The Baptistiser hesitated and inquired, "do not the parents know?" He then goes on, saying, "If thou wast not already baptised, 'We receive thee, &c.'" It were difficult to decide whether those who presented the children, or those in the pews, were more merry—only those in the pews gave vent to outbursts of laughter. Methinks if these be the God-fathers, they have not yet learned to take care of themselves. Thinking that I had spent too much time witnessing such a profane scene, I found myself, for the first time in my life, locked in a Church, and was told none could leave until the ceremony was ended. At length he concludes, assuring them that they were regenerated and sanctified by this rite. What an easy way of access into a holy heaven do these blind leaders of the blind encourage the grossly ignorant to expect with this sham "baptismal regeneration!" And such is the display and manner of teaching on each successive Sabbath, and not unfrequently on week-days. But it might offend the delicate taste of many were we to mention the character of many of those females who bring their infants to be admitted into the "holy communion." Should it not, however, prove a salutary lesson to those connected with other communions, who flee from discipline, to consider the sort of fellowship they thus form. Especially might all who would not desecrate this divine ordinance and injure their own souls, to seek honestly and faithfully to have the scriptural qualification—not to rest short of "belief with all the heart," evidenced by a life "according to godliness."

We have more than once witnessed the ceremonies of the Romish Church, and felt some solemnity mingled with pity; but here all was fitted to excite disgust or laughter. With Dr. Cumming, we should prefer "the original to the counterfeit." How much to be deplored that so much sham, backed with the most erroneous teaching, should be allowed in a Church embracing some earnest evangelical expositions of the truth.

No wonder that, amid such undevout ceremonies, the earnest soul should seek something more satisfying to the spirit; no wonder though, amid such scenes, dissent should be felt an absolute necessity. And how reviving to the whole being to enter the Church and hear the soul-stirring and refreshing scriptural teachings of Stowell Brown of Liverpool, most justly called the poor man's friend. Having risen from the rank of the

operatives, he deeply sympathizes with their condition, and has perhaps done as much as any living man to elevate them. Conducted by an old friend to the pew of a Nova Scotian Presbyterian, seldom did we listen to a discourse containing so much christian philosophy, combined with the most lucid enforcement of duty. He is a bad man indeed who is not benefitted by hearing such teaching. The great congregation appeared to join devoutly in the whole services. Singing was both vocal and instrumental. Never before did we feel in any wise reconciled to instrumental music in Church. But here the vocal—the spiritual, so overruled the mechanical, that it seemed like the soul giving animation to the body, while the body gives visibility and actuality to the spiritual.

Passing onward from Liverpool by train, in speed outstripping the wind, the green fields and grazing cattle would suggest the thought of transition to another world; but observing on all hands men and women partaking of the rich bounties of providence with the gracelessness and thanklessness of dogs, it was too evident that we had not arrived at a better world nor a better country than Nova Scotia. Advancing a little north beyond the "auld Tweed," the hoary hills and dales were covered with more snow than we left behind only ten days before on the Nova Scotian shores.

Having arrived in "auld" Glasgow, amid fogs and smoke, which every one who would desire to see his invisible body, or would know that it is pleasant to behold the face of the sun, must hasten to depart; but we learned that Dr. Caird was to deliver his inaugural address the next day. Urgent must be the duty which would cause us to deny ourselves the rare treat. Before the hour arrived, black coats and neck ties of various creeds, with many of the *literati* from town and country, evidenced that unusual expectations were formed. The doors being opened, what a rush and crush amid people and students ensued! In the commodious hall, the students, numbering about 800, whether present or absent, were only a sprinkling amid the crowd assembled. Some minutes after the hour, the principal, followed by Dr. Caird and then the other Professors, entered amid tremendous cheering, which gave way to the most profound silence whenever the young Professor arose to proceed. This far-famed pulpit orator is of a swarthy appearance, with a bushy head of jet black hair, full eye, and depressed cheek. His visage shows that he has not attained his celebrity without intense study. But although he has lost much of his youthful appearance which so characterized him when we first heard him fourteen years ago, yet probably no one ever occupied the same Chair wearing such a youthful, boyish appearance. He offers up a brief but comprehensive, most appropriate earnest prayer, and at once proceeds, in the most unassuming

manner, to read his address, which now and then gave rise to hearty applause. But no interruption; the glance of his eye and the utterance of the first syllable of a sentence, commanded universal, instantaneous silence. Anticipation had certainly been high, but we believe that they were more than realized by all present. It was not so remarkable for oratory as for its profundity and substantiality: for its solid reasoning and laconic sentences: and, at the same time, the clearness with which its principles were unfolded. He first showed the relation which science, philosophy, theology, bore to one another—that they were sisters, not rivals—that they were not independent, but one substantial whole, theology leading the van, guiding the all. Then, in the most masterly manner, he grasped Sir W. Hamilton's theory, copied from Kant, of the finite being utterly incapable of knowing anything of the Absolute, and cast the whole, root and branch, to the winds. Such was the boldness of his first effort: what now may he not attempt? But what gave force and beauty to all his reasonings, they were confirmed and sealed by the word of truth. In conclusion, he showed the higher requirements requisite for his new sphere to that of the ministry, and the little opportunity afforded him amid these active duties to prepare for the deeper and wider studies necessary for rightly discharging the duties of Divinity Professor. "No one," said he, "ever approached the task with a more anxious and depressing sense of inadequacy than that which I now feel; requiring to feel my way only a little in advance of yourselves, gentlemen. I shall often have to be feeling my way. But to the Revealer of the word of Truth, which is to be in daily study . . . to Him I commend myself and you." Thus was true humility and deep feeling manifested, as his full eye displayed the sincerity of his words. Truly, Scotland may feel thankful for such a Professor of Theology, and the Church of Scotland should adore the Head of their father Church, who continues to raise such bright and shining lights—ornaments not inferior to the many who have made her pre-eminent among the Churches of the Reformation. I could not but feel delighted to see our Nova Scotian students—regarding all of whom I received the most pleasing and favourable accounts—in prospect of studying under such a master mind, who, under God, must produce the most beneficial effect in moulding the minds of new and old Scotland.

M. S. and G.

[We by no means endorse the strong opinions expressed by our correspondent upon the Church of England, and would prefer the avoiding of all reflections upon other denominations. Were even the Church of Scotland to be judged by individual selections, her own door steps would not be altogether clean.]—
ED. REC.

The Canada Temporalities Fund of the Church of Scotland.

MOST of our readers are aware that our Church in Canada is in possession of a valuable endowment under the above name. Its annual revenue, we believe, is about \$38,000, which has yielded a valuable supplement to the incomes of the clergy. According to an agreement entered into with the Church, when the Clergy Reserves were secularised, and which agreement was afterwards consolidated into law, the ministers of the Church at the time commuted their rights for £112, during the whole period of their incumbency. Eleven ministers were not allowed to commute, and to these the sum of £100 per annum is to be paid. £500 are also to be paid annually to Queen's College, and the residue to be divided as far as it will go, by supplementing the other ministers to the extent of £50 per annum each. Several causes have combined recently, in making it impossible to pay *all*, and the Trustees of the Fund, in their anxiety and hopefulness, have, it would seem, advanced largely, during the past year, beyond their means. The consequence is, that for the present, 27 of the ministers, according to date of the appointment, the latest being cut off, cannot be paid during the current year. The cause of this unfortunate state of matters has been explained very clearly by Dr. Cook, of Quebec; viz., decrease of interest in some of the investments, increase in ministers, and failure of the Church, in contributing to the contingent Fund, with sufficient liberality, and proposes as a remedy, that each Church assess itself to the extent of \$50 a year, to make up the deficiency. We trust that the effort will be successful, and that the £112 pounders, especially, will consider their less fortunate neighbours.

The only person, who has so far uttered any audible complaint, is the Rev. Mr. Mair, formerly of Barney's River, in Nova Scotia, and his complaint is loud and vehement enough. On his settlement at Martintown, he was promised \$200 a year, out of the Fund, in addition to his stipend from the people. Now, it turns out, that both he and our late missionary Mr. Cameron, are to be among the deprived for the time being. This is to be regretted, but if we understand the matter, it is perfectly unavoidable, and Mr. Mair's letter on the subject, which he has published in a newspaper, is extremely foolish, and we should say, uncalled for. The spirit in which he, a young and comparatively inexperienced person, addresses a man of the character and accomplishments of Dr. Cooke, is very painful, and the charges he brings against such men as Mr. Paton, for neglecting or mismanaging the Fund are simply absurd. Just imagine the late minister of Barney's River, lecturing the manager of the Bank of British North America, how to invest Funds, and telling him that if he knew even the alphabet

of financeering he might be getting *eight* per cent. of interest with perfect safety!

All this is, of course, very idle, and can only tend to exasperate, and we trust that when the excitement has passed, Mr. M. will apologise to these gentlemen, and set himself strenuously to carry out Dr. Cook's plan in his own parish. We subjoin a portion of Mr. M.'s letter:—

"This for certain, if the funds are allowed to continue under such management as the present; unless the congregations are foolish enough to invest still more money in a Fund that has ever been a bone of contention—Fund that has waddled through such a deal of mismanagement that it is next to a miracle it now exists—a Fund concerning the investment of which the managers have never given an account to those that trusted them—Fund entirely *per se* in every feature. Great has been the speculation at times in public funds. But I dare assert that never in the management of any public trust were the directors so outrageously confident in their power of casting dust in the eyes of their shareholders, that year after year they should systematically refuse a full report. In no single report since the Temporalities Fund fell into the present management, has there been a statement of the sums invested, or of the rate of interest. I have tried to make something like an approximation to the rate at which your investments pay, and find that the average is somewhere about five per cent per annum. If I am wrong, you have yourselves to blame, for the least you could have done was to have told us how you had invested the funds, and at what rate of interest. It seems as if you had forgotten that the Fund belongs to us; that ever since the minister so nobly instituted the Fund, every individual minister has a right, title, and interest in the Fund. Now, it is well known that eight per cent. has been offered to you for the money equally well is it known that good safe investments can even be now had at eight per cent. Had this money been thus invested something like \$15,000 more would have been in hand for the past year alone—a sum sufficient to pay three times the number of the poor unfortunates; while, in past years at this rate, plenty would have accrued to have prevented you the necessity of 'advancing.'"

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The office of the Ministry.

IN England, and to a less degree, in Scotland, the Church offers a good many of what in vulgar parlance, are called prizes. In the former there are benefices worth £15,000, £10,000, and £5,000 downward; while in the latter, there are two or three bordering on a £1,000 per annum, a good many about £500, while the average in the established

Church is about £200 or £250 sterling per annum. To this are attached a manse and glebe, and the satisfactory feeling that having once obtained a living, as it is called, it is enjoyed for life, or, in legal phraseology, *ad vitam aut culpam*—that is, as long as you live and lead a life becoming the sacred profession. Disenters are not quite so well off, though their position, in a worldly point of view, is rapidly improving. The income of the two great bodies called the Free Church and United Secession, will average, we dare say, not far from £200 per annum—with this disadvantage, that the rural charges are more indifferently paid, and the position of the clergyman is much more precarious and dependant.

At home, however, all the Bodies find abundance of candidates for the holy office of the ministry—and in the Established Churches, especially, the supply is far in excess of the requirement.

In the Colonies there is a considerable difference in various respects. The remuneration is very much smaller, and also more uncertain. The position and influence of the clergyman also suffer materially when brought in comparison with those of the Mother Country. We even hear the purely menial phrase sometimes, of *hiring* a clergyman, as if his services were to be placed in the same category with those of a ploughman or a laundry maid. This implies the existence of a feeling not quite dead, which would be positively repulsive in the older country.

Perhaps it may be owing in no small degree to these circumstances, that so much difficulty is found among ourselves in securing the services of a sufficient number of young men of talent and character to labour in the ministerial or missionary field. Every other profession presents more inviting worldly inducements, and accordingly they carry the day against the clerical one, unless in the case when the worldly consideration is thrown aside and the office is sought for higher and nobler considerations than any that the world can offer. Or it may be, in some instances, that without any really over-mastering feeling of pious enthusiasm, the office is sought rather as a matter of taste, and from a conviction that it will afford a fair and respectable sustenance, while some measure of good in return may be conferred.

Experience, however, has taught us that this latter inducement is not strong or extensive enough to keep up, by itself, a sufficient supply of young men for the ministry. Hence our Young Mens' Scheme, which feebly enough endeavours to help us out of the difficulty. There cannot be a doubt that the true and the effectual way to raise up young men for the ministry, would be for the people to hold in proper estimation the office of the minister. It ought to be recollected that the servant of the Altar is not only a man of God, but is or should be also a scholar and a gen-

tleman, with the wants and feelings belonging to that class. So soon as the position, respect, influence and income of the Colonial clergyman become a reality—a portion, as it were, of the public feeling—the office will begin to become an object of ambition to our young men of the middle and higher classes. It will appropriate its fair share of the talent of the rising generation, and religion, too, will profit largely thereby. But while we would wish to secure comfort and respectability for the pastor, far be it from us to advocate it from mere worldly consideration. While we hold that the minister of religion should be independent, and beyond even the apprehension of worldly difficulties arising from straitened means, we equally hold that he ought to seek the office from no such views, and that if he does, he is only a wolf in sheep's clothing. Indeed, we know of no more humiliating circumstance—none more calculated to bring shame upon the christian profession, than to see a clergyman engaged after the world, ready to leave a flock spiritually destitute if he can secure another which will yield a few more pounds per annum. This cropping out of the worldly spirit, charged only with self, is a sufficient proof that such a man has entirely mistaken his calling. Let us not be misunderstood. There is an immense difference between a generous ambition whose aims are high—which feels equal to and seeks a wider and higher sphere for exertion and talent, and the narrow grovelling soul which would go from the one parish to the next, careless of the souls' weal in that which he has left, drawn away by the cord of a little filthy lucre. This is what we blame, and what all men, whether of the Church or of the world, heartily despise. It is not only justifiable, but in the highest degree laudable, that the missionary should aspire to a settled charge—that the rural minister should aim to obtain a Church in a town—and that the latter, feeling his power equal to the task, should be pleased to be called to the preferment of a city, or the responsible and honorable position of a public instructor in a seat of learning. Such ambition is not only compatible with the sincerest piety, but is one of the best nurses of christianity. In each instance the motion is upward, the sphere is enlarged, and the power and opportunity of doing good are extended. In many cases of this kind a parish laments the loss of an excellent minister, but it ought not to complain if it sees the power of their friend increased in the great school of the Christian world.

There is one other important point, we would wish to say a word or two about, in connection with this subject, and bearing special reference to our Colonial field.

We have referred to the fact of so few of our young men offering themselves to the ministry, but we have experienced something even more painful than this.

In more than one instance, individuals have been found, who have preferred to labour in a distant field, while their native land is suffering severely from spiritual destitution. How is this? Are we to believe that there is actually less of that *esprit du corps*, of that chivalrous sense of honour in the clerical, than for example in the military profession? What would be thought of an English officer, who should prefer foreign service, while his country was in straits, merely because the pay was higher in the one case than the other. There is not one man in a thousand, who would do it; the very idea would be scorned, and should any one be found mean enough to yield to the temptation, he would be universally tabooed. And yet this is a mere matter of worldly concernment, and if to turn one's back upon his country in this sense is accounted a dishonor and a crime, how much more prominently does the act stand out, when it is committed by a minister of religion, who turns a deaf ear to the cry of his suffering native province and wanders away into a strange land, where he does not know a face, merely because it may be, the prospect of a little better remuneration may be held out, which, after all, may turn out a delusion. It is difficult to understand how such an act may be justified almost under any circumstances. Nature itself cries out against it, and we know no reason why that which would be condemned as base and almost traitorous in a soldier, should be countenanced anywhere in a minister. The love of country is a feeling, which a beneficent Providence for wise purposes has implanted deeply, in the human heart. It demands our first services, and whatever position, we occupy, we ought to place it first in our thoughts. Scotland sends us now and then, a few ministers, but then she has more than she can find employment for, which alters the whole case. Nova Scotia is crying out in the extremity of her destitution. Large congregations have for years been without pastors, and yet with a feeling of shame and humiliation, we write it. More than one or two Nova Scotians have made choice of the neighboring province of Canada, as the sphere of their labors. To us such a thing seems unaccountable. We punish as a criminal, the parent who deserts a child; we despise as a mercenary, the soldier who draws his sword in any cause but that of his country, and is it possible that we can respect the man, who, having assumed the office of "a bishop of souls," leaves the home of his birth, in all its spiritual destitution, and goes forth to preach and pray, in a land that knows him not, and which stands in less need of his services than his own.

Let our young men think of this, and save themselves, and the Church from what can be considered in no other light than that of a natural reproach. The claims of country and kin are not to be lightly thrown aside. We all remember the words of Scotland's greatest

genius in reference to such a character, where he says that he

"Doubly dring shall go down,
To the vile earth from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

The War in the Neighboring Republic

LET any one of our readers who may happen to have a map at hand, cast his eyes over the Southern portion of the United States and look at the positions of the various places, he is reading about every day, as the seat of stirring events; he will have a tolerably fair idea of the extent, though not of the depth of the calamity which is now resting upon our unhappy neighbours. The desolation seems to be sown broad-cast. The greater portion of the great state of Virginia is a wilderness. Here, have been massed again and again, the choicest forces of both the contending parties. The vaunted army of the Potomac, some 200,000 in number, has twice made it the scene of their disastrous operations. This immense host, whose lines extended more than fifty miles in length, have brought sore destruction in whatever direction they moved. Her fair fields have been made a desert, and the homes of comfort, plenty and family happiness have become a wreck. The quiet homestead has become the prey of the spoiler, and ruffian hands have committed outrage upon the goods and persons of helpless families. Virginia is a state considerably larger than England, and some five times the extent of Nova Scotia. The whole of its northern portion has for the last year been suffering all the horrors of war. Twice has the invading army endeavoured to reach its capital, but in vain. Battles have been fought, and blood has been shed like water, still the invader has made little or no progress. Tens of thousands have offered up their lives, apparently to no purpose, for no really decisive engagement has yet taken place, though, altogether, in this state alone, probably more have perished five times over, than fell on the field of Waterloo. But great as are the forces employed in Virginia, they are but a small proportion of the great Northern army. We are told by their Secretary of War, that at this moment, they have 800,000 men, fully equipped, in the field, and that when the quota are filled up, they will have a million. In addition to this, they have 450 vessels of war, manned by many additional thousands. The object of the North, in raising and maintaining so tremendous a host, has been to crush the Rebellion as they call it, by the overwhelming force of numbers alone. For this purpose, they have thrown huge armies into almost every Southern State. Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas have been, in turn, the scenes of bloody and useless contests. These hordes of half-disciplined men,

ied for the most part, by ignorant and unprincipled commanders, have brought untold misery upon the wretched inhabitants, without obtaining any very decisive military advantage. The world looks on with wonder, mingled with horror, and while anxious for peace, stand back, lest their interference may only embitter the strife.

We question if the conscription in France, in the worst days of the first Napoleon, carried away so large a proportion of the population, to the unproductive trade of war, as is now being done in the once United States of America. Bonaparte invaded Russia, with an army unparalleled, in point of numbers, in modern history. Half-a-million of men marched upon this desperate enterprise. But, even then, France contained thirty millions of people, and this immense host was made up largely of other nations, Germans, Italians, Prussians, Poles, &c. swelled its ranks. The foreign element was probably at least 200,000 strong, leaving 300,000 Frenchmen. But what is this compared to the United States, when we are told that considerably less than twenty millions send one million into the field? When we reflect that one-half of the population is women, and more than a third are either too young or too old for war, we find that considerably more than every fourth man fit to carry arms is a soldier in some capacity or another. We question whether history can present any thing equal to this, at least in modern times. And every day that proportion, vast as it is, is extending. \$731,000,000 have been voted to keep this army in the field for another year—a sum so vast that we can have but a feeble idea of its magnitude.

And for what is all this strength and treasure poured out? To restore the Union, says the North. To crush out freedom from our soil, answers the South. To destroy forever that accursed institution, Slavery, cry the sympathisers of the North. While Lord Russell curtly declares that the North fights for dominion, the South for freedom. Were the North, indeed, sincere in its desire for universal liberty—did they desire to elevate or ameliorate the condition of the poor African—had they declared, at the outset, against slavery as a principle, and nothing else, and that they would dare and suffer everything to drive out this pollution, then the whole civilized world would have been on their side, and their moral strength would have been irresistible. But, alas! how different have been the feelings and conduct of the North! Some States have refused to the colored man the privilege of setting his foot upon their soil—and in all of them the prejudice and hatred of their persons have been as intense as it is universal. The President has given true expression to the national feeling in the proposal to remove them from the country altogether, regardless of what may become of them. This has convinced men that the cry

against slavery is a mere pretence, unworthy and contemptible in whatever light we may view it.

Northern success would bring no relief to the poor slave, for in those very States in which they have been partially successful, the shackles are to be kept as firm as ever. Where their arms have made no way, liberty has been proclaimed,—not for the sake of the slave, evidently, but to embarrass and weaken their enemy at his expense. The act, so far from possessing merit, is cruel, even devilish. Should it produce any effect at all, in whatever direction it may be successful humanity will shudder at the results. Should the slaves be unsuccessful in their attempt, their extermination would be the almost certain consequence. Should they succeed, imagination could not picture the horrors that would follow, and every civilized nation in Europe would hasten to chastise the fearful iniquity.

We believe, however, that this Proclamation will be virtually innocuous, as the feeling of the negroes towards the Federal is only less bitter than that of their masters. Besides, there are more than indications that the people of the North are heartily sick of the war, and would gladly welcome peace if a way to it could only be found. It is to be hoped that it will be found, and the North will ere long see the folly of persisting in a practical impossibility.

We observe, from a calculation made by a Northern paper of the list of battles fought during the past year,—on which, however, no great reliance is to be placed,—that the South has lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, 96,000, and the North 132,000. This is exclusive of loss by disease, which, on the part of the North, at least, would more than double this large number. Surely, this cannot last much longer. At the present moment, the tide of battle seems turning against our Northern brethren more strongly than ever, and the tone even of the wildest newspapers is much more subdued, while the party crying out for a more vigorous prosecution of the war is daily becoming feebler. May we not look upon this as a favorable omen?

National Societies.

LOVE of country is a feeling existing more or less strongly, in the breast of every man. It is one of the best safe-guards of a nation's honour and interest. It is, perhaps, not very strange that patriotism should speak in a louder tone and evince a deeper sympathy among strangers in a strange land. It is then only, that the latent feeling bursts forth in all its enthusiasm, and hence, there is scarcely a considerable city on the face of the earth, where the English language is spoken, which does not boast of its St. Andrew, its St. George, or its St. Patrick's Society. On

each recurring saint's day, the knot of Irishmen, Englishmen or Scotchmen love to gather together in social brotherhood, and recall the beauties of their native land, live their youth over again for a brief hour, and console themselves in their expatriation, by recounting on her past glories, and dwelling on the illustrious names, which have given her a history. There is, perhaps, no being so intensely national as the Scot, and yet few that are greater wanderers. But wherever he goes, he carries with him his true Scottish idiosyncrasy. He is proud of his country, and everything that belongs to it. He cherishes and loves to hear her Doric tongue, he clings, with tenacity to her old world customs, and as one of the representatives of his country in a foreign land, he feels that it is, to a certain extent, in his keeping. Other people may do as they please, but the true Scottish man never forgets that he is a fellow-countryman of a Knox, a Wallace, or a Bruce, of a Scott, a Ramsay, or a Burns, of a Napier, a Watt, or an Adam Smith, of a Blair, a Robertson, or a Chalmers. He has heard that in a foreign land, a Scot is always a rising man, and that he never can be satisfied with being a mere sewer of wood amidst strangers. He has learned, too, that the true secret of promotion among his countrymen has been by frugality, industry and honesty, and he is accordingly frugal, industrious and upright. Intensely clannish, he prefers Scottish Association to every other. Hence, these societies have been something higher and better far, than mere gatherings brought together for social enjoyment. They are the best nurses of our national virtues, which are kept warm in our hearts, by the periodical eulogy of our most virtuous men. Thus they drunk in the healthiest of all nourishment, for their moral principles, for in their most social hours, it is their pride to remember that Scotland is still a land of Bibles and Catechisms, of humble honesty and manly worth, as well as a land of song, of scientific and other lore. Who will deny that these high feelings tend not only to maintain a virtue, but to keep out the baser feelings, and preserve the adventurous Scotchman amidst temptations into which he might otherwise fall?

These reflections have suggested themselves to us, from the perusal of a sermon now before us, preached by the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, on last St. Andrew's Day, before the St. Andrew's Society, in St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

He calls his discourse, "The good Centurion," and portrays his history as an example for Scotchmen settled in Canada. The subject was well suited to the graphic powers and peculiar style of the author. The character of the Roman Centurion is held up with considerable power of delineation as an example to Colonists. He shows that love of one's native country is every way compatible with devotion to the interests of one's adopted country. Departing somewhat from the

beaten track in such addresses, he draws his hearers' attention rather to the present than the past—and describes the advantages which their new country opens up to them. Upon these advantages he dwells at great length, indeed they form the body of the discourse, and strongly impresses this duty, that Scotchmen should do their utmost to engraft upon the country of their adoption, the manly virtues, the energy, intelligence and deep religious principle which have made Scotland what it is. The counsel is wise and where followed will produce the best effects upon the country and the individual. The sermon is thoroughly practical, which is well, but our more sanguine temperament perhaps, would not have found fault with a little more warmth of colouring and ardour of expression. The occasion would have at least afforded the excuse, but we must remember also that there is a difference between the pulpit and the platform. We beg to thank the accomplished author, for his able and eloquent discourse, and if we thought it would have the effect of establishing a Society of the kind in our midst, we would ask his permission to be allowed to publish it in the *Record*.

Authorship.

IN the days of our great-grandfathers, to be an author was to be a man of mark. Books were not then daily published by the gross, yet were they a reading and reflecting people, and the books they read and wrote will bear perusal for many a long year to come. Now-a-days we print by steam, our appetite in the reading department is something enormous. But what is the prevailing food? The newspaper, the novel, the journal of light literature. These are literally devoured; but, unfortunately, they seldom leave any very profitable trace behind them. We sigh after sensation literature,—the quality not being so much a consideration, as the extravagance. Plain substantial dishes are completely out of vogue, and our palled appetites must be coaxed with nothing but the most highly seasoned narrative to afford any enjoyment or command an extraordinary sale. A *mediocre* bishop publishes a book making out Moses a myth or an impostor, and the first five books of the Bible a delusion; and the whole reading world is wild with excitement. The press cannot print the copies fast enough for the demand; while a book with ten times its learning, and a hundred times its intellect, falls from the press nearly unheeded. All this is very sad, and is a proof of the unhealthy condition of the public mind. Such a public taste is eminently vicious, and, if it cannot be arrested, will in the end become dangerous. Of making of books there is no end; and such books. We read somewhere, not long ago, that in the city of Boston alone

there are 400 authors. We wonder how many there must be in the whole United States? And yet after we have counted some five or six American celebrities on our fingers, we are at the end of our tether. Good, really good books, are scarcely more numerous than they used to be.

In Great Britain, there may, perhaps, be 30,000 sermons preached every Sunday, which would make a couple of thousands of substantial volumes of professedly original matter. Perhaps 30 of these—perhaps not so many—in a literary point of view, would bear publication. Intellect walks the earth alone, and its grand proportions used to be easily recognised. In the long run it is so still, but is often jostled, and sometimes literally buried amidst literary rubbish. Nova Scotia, British America, has few authors of any mark or likelihood, and the fault lies with the prevailing rage for the trash with which the market is inundated from the States. Tennyson would be sure to starve in our midst, and we question whether Dr. Whewell could make enough by his books to buy himself a new coat once in a twelvemonth. And yet we are a reading people—an intelligent people, and so on; but we are rapidly becoming a superficial people. The 400 Boston authors are rapidly making us so, between whom and the six select there is as much difference as there is between the real diamond and the imitation of paste.

Life Jottings.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

WE never knew an instance in which the outer afforded so slight a key to the character of the inner man as that of Dr. McKinlay. Rude and abrupt in manner, scornful and profane in speech, a professed hater and despiser of all mankind, especially bitter and abusive whenever the subject of religion happened to be introduced, he lived almost alone, keeping the world at arms length, swearing at it with appalling emphasis. The Church he avoided much more carefully than he would a pest house, for in such a place he would have felt himself engaged only in an ordinary professional duty. Nevertheless, he was never heard to declare himself an actual unbeliever! He was never known, like the common class of small infidels to make the Bible the subject of criticism. Indeed, we rather think he avoided that sort of subject altogether. He was a misanthrope rather in expression than in feeling, for in reality he possessed a large amount of reverence for goodness, though slow to own it. The rich man who had nothing to boast of but his riches, he would delight to find an opportunity of insulting, but he would travel a dozen miles on a stormy night, and at the end of his journey

give the coat off his back to relieve even a beggar. Regard for the privations and sufferings of the poor man was with him not so much a hobby, as a consuming passion. By the sick bed of suffering humanity, especially in its humblest phase, his sympathies were ever ardent, his voice ever low and tender. It was indeed a strange and touching sight, to see this man with so rude an exterior in the sick chamber. Every moan extorted by pain seemed to be tearing his own heart, and sometimes, especially, in the case of the very young, when it burst out into unrelievable agony, we have seen the tears coursing down his cheeks like a child. Yet there was no shadow of sentimental weakness about him, quite the reverse. No man ever held an instrument with a firmer hand, or used it with a cooler eye or a wiser judgment, when an operation had to be performed. For the pain caused in this way he cared but little and did not hesitate to express his contempt if he thought it unnecessarily manifested. But to that suffering for which the medical man can at best do little, he was indulgent, tender and soothing as a mother.

It might be supposed from what has been said, that Dr. McKinlay was in practice a sensualist. Nothing could be further from the truth. In his eating he was almost a Pythagorean, in drinking nearly a practical teetotaler, and though adopting the cause of the poor man with the enthusiasm of passion he was no politician, and no sight was more apt to drive him to the verge of madness—than that of the mountebank, preaching up extreme political nostrums. For such a man to have come into close contact with him would have been most dangerous. Imposture, falsehood, meanness or deception in any shape were to him the most hateful and abominable of all things.

Dr. McKinlay had few associates—almost none—and yet a better read, or in the general sense of the term, a more accomplished man, one would not meet with in a summer day. His information on nearly every subject, was full, flowing and exact, and there was not a better assorted or more valuable private library than his, within a radius of twenty miles. At the time of which we write, the down was beginning to appear on our lip. We had somehow managed to gain access to the doctor's books, and did our best to keep on the sunny side of our gruff friend for their sake. He, no doubt, saw our motive, and was good enough to humour it, by permitting a free range over his shelves. One evening while he was reading a favourite passage, from his favourite author, Pope, to me, a knock came to the door, and a small, barefooted, ragged, bleared and begrimed urchin was ushered in, who, without waiting to recover breath, proceeded to deliver his message. "Oh, doctor, come awa' fast, my mither's hurt awfu' and she's lyin' in bed, and a' the neighbours are about her, and my father's bad tae, come fast."

Here burst forth a torrent of oaths, which might have appalled the fallen angels, directed to no one in particular, but poured out with such fierce vehemence, as he thrust his arms into his great coat, and seized his hat and a huge stick for the journey. Stop, I'll take the gig, he says, turning to me, and for this once, just come with me, in order that you may see what your boasted religion does for this precious parish. The people I am going to see are a family of colliers out at Pitfurly. It is the day after the pay, and there has doubtless been a jolly fight and some broken heads. Come away quick and I'll tell you something more about them as we drive out. In less than five minutes we were in the gig and on our way. "Now, he began, you know perhaps, that there are about one hundred and fifty men, besides boys, children, working in this Pitfurly pit. Its owner is making out of it, eight or ten thousand a year, and yet the people who make this money for him, are as ignorant as brute beasts. Not a child is ever sent to school—there is no school, but almost as soon as they can walk, they are put down into a miniature pandemonium, and made to draw huge hutches of coal, after them. There are not three families in the whole line of stone huts built for them, that have ever been in Church. There is but one Sunday coat among the whole of them, which is at Church as regularly as the parson himself, seeing that it has to do service on every christening occasion. For these poor creatures, though as real undiluted heathens as the mother of Caractacus, must, Heaven bless the mark, have all their children baptised, and the rite being over, drink two or three gallons of whiskey on the head of it! Oh! it is shocking, utterly blasphemous, he continued with intense bitterness, and yet who cares for these poor, ignorant, degraded people? Not the vile scum who employs them, it is his supposed interest to keep them brutalised. Not that besmirched parson, who never even thinks that they may have a soul in their body." He talked so vehemently and continuously that we had no opportunity, if we had been ever so anxious, to say a word. But the long line of cottages were now in view, and in a few minutes more, a scene was presented to me, which I shall never forget.

The house consisted of a single room, in which, with the exception of a sort of table and a bed, there did not appear to be an article of furniture. In the bed lay a woman moaning deeply, as if in extreme pain. Three other women, neighbours, stood around it, comforting her in their own rude way. By the fireside sat the husband upon a huge piece of coal, which did duty for a chair. He was holding the side of his head with both hands, through which the blood was trickling somewhat freely. In the centre of the earthen floor lay the debris of a large iron goblet, bearing witness that a rough passage at arms had taken place not very long before. "What is

the matter here?" said the doctor in his gruffest manner! "Oh, doctor," cried one of the attendants, "Peggy's bitten by the doug, all over, Geordie set him on her." "The infernal brute, the infernal monster," but we will not write all the expletives of the justly indignant physician. He proceeded to examine the wounds, which presented a sight truly shocking. Both the poor woman's legs were bitten and torn in at least a dozen places. The doctor was now very quiet; he gave the women standing about, the necessary orders about getting warm water, and with the utmost tenderness and care, proceeded to dress the wounds. The operation completed, and the patient being softly happed, and told to keep very quiet, she would have every attention, he now had time to inquire into the cause of the melee, which had ended in this shocking manner. "I'll just tell you hoo it was, doctor, without a word of a lee, one way or another," said one of the foremost of the bel-dames, "Geordie, you see, cam in for his sipper, and Peggy had the porridge ploutin on the fire, and maist ready. 'Whar's the sipper, Peggy,' says he. 'It'll be dished in nae time, Geordie,' and before she had time to say another word, he gave her sick a crack on the side of the head that it stotted back frae the wa' iike a ball. Wi' that she lifted the goblet of boiling porridge, and cam down straight on her crown with her full wecht." "Well," said the doctor, apparently interested, and beginning to be amused, "and—" "Weel, what does Geordie do, but he cries out, 'Gleg, Gleg, come here, Gleg?' that, sir, is Geordie's fechtin doug, and he sets the brute on his ain wife, and made him bite her tim and again, though he did na want to do it." The doctor's whole form seemed to expand at this horrible narration, as he went up to the gloomy savage,—who still kept seated on the coal, holding his bloody head,—as if about to inflict upon him summary punishment,—a fierce growl was heard, and turning round, we saw "Gleg" sneaking forth from under the bed, and making towards the doctor with mischief in his eye. He was a low set, ugly, savage-looking brute of the real bull-dog breed, and the terror of the whole neighbourhood. The doctor grasped firmly his huge stick, and dealt upon its head a single blow, which shattered its skull, and it fell never to rise again. "And now you cowardly scoundrel," he said, turning to Geordie, who had risen to his feet in a state of great excitement, "I have a great mind to break every bone in your miserable body, but you have been tolerably well punished already, and I hope it will be a lesson to you." "You'll pay for that doug, if there's law in the land. I could hae gotten a five pound note for him last week and wud na tak it." "Be thankful, my man, be thankful, and now let me tell you that I will be here to-morrow morning; you will go into town and get some wine for your wife, and if you disturb her by speaking a single word.

"I'll have you strung up as high as the church steeple for this night's work." He went to the bed-side once more, laid his hand softly on the sufferer, and spoke a few kind and cheering words—desiring one of the women to remain with her during the night, and, if possible, to keep her from fretting or moving about much. We were now about to depart, when Geordie whined out, "Are you no going to dress my head, doctor?" "Not a finger, sir, will I put on you; it would be a burning shame to do it." Geordie muttered and swore, but in a very undertone. He was evidently thoroughly cowed.

"Well, youngster, what think you of this insight into human nature?" "It is perfectly shocking," I replied; "the barbarity of that settlement is evidently as real, as utterly heathenish and savage, as any you could find in Africa." "And yet this very people, with little more than the human form, ignorant, debased, and quite uncared for, are within a mile of the parish Church, and yet not one of the worshippers there wastes a thought upon them—though I believe they have a Missionary Society, or something of the sort, for converting the heathen. Oh, it is rich!" and he stopped with a bitter smile. "Come, now, doctor, you know well enough that effort after effort has been made to reclaim these people, but that nobody has ever succeeded in making even an approach to them, in a religious sense. You are not a professor of religion, but you cannot deny that Dr. Chrystal has tried every plan he could think of to gain a footing among them so as to give them religious instruction, and he had actually to desist from fear of his personal safety. I know he is willing to do any thing if he knew how, but he is a gentle, amiable, and kindly man, and is actually afraid of them; and from what I have seen to-night, I do not wonder. But some remedy is very badly wanted, and it seems to me that you are the only man that can effect it." "Really? A moral regenerator, eh?" "I am in earnest, and so are you, doctor, if you like to own it. These colliers, it is well known, fear you, and at the same time respect you. You could make an opening for yourself, or prepare one for another." "Go on, my young Loyola, with your plan, I am all interest." "My plan is a very simple one. Ask the parish minister, Dr. Chrystal, to go along with you to Anderson the coal master, to and make arrangements for establishing a school. This would be a beginning, and it would not shock your prejudices either." "Dr. Chrystal is a pleasant, oily little man, soft and smooth as a down bed; I am rough and hard as a piece of thorn. No, we could not work together, though the thing is sadly wanted." "I believe, doctor, you are the only man in the parish that can make a beginning, and it is a duty you owe to our common humanity. Such a state of things is a reproach to our country." The doctor answered nothing, and

during the rest of the ride did not speak a word.

By a strange accident, when he arrived home he found a message for him to visit the manse. Dr. Chrystal's niece had been attacked by erysipelas, which had made such alarming and rapid progress that the greatest fear prevailed for her recovery; and when the family physician declared that the case was a very critical one, the poor little Dr. was nearly distracted. Mrs. Chrystal did not quite despair, and proposed that Dr. McKinlay should be called in to consult in this trying case. Her husband made no opposition, neither did the physician, and he was sent for accordingly. Doctor McKinlay was much surprised and sorely puzzled. He had never been in the manse; he was not even on speaking terms with the minister; and he was aware that Dr. Chrystal was not altogether ignorant that the medical man had more than once made his foibles and good nature a subject of ridicule for his sardonic wit. But notwithstanding, he respected the good little Dr. in spite of himself, and his hesitation in going arose as much from shame to meet him as from any other feeling. But go he did, and it was, in its effect, by far the most important visit he ever paid, not in a professional point of view, but in the effect it produced in the whole man, moulding, elevating, and purifying him of his grosser elements, and converting the generous and high-minded, but rough and scoffing man of the world, into a sincere and earnest Christian, the eager and successful co-worker in all that was good and noble. How this was brought about will be related in a second part.

Brief Biographies.

"A MAN OF FEELING" is but a poor denizen of this world. His sensitiveness is not adequate to the struggles of life; and, except when his confidence is placed in an object transparent and free from all suspicion, he is weak and trembling. As days glide by, he finds these objects one by one receding into the darkness of the tomb, each departure increasing his shrinking loneliness. There are seasons, too, when he fancies that he is singled out from among the mass as the mark at which bereavements, disappointments and troubles aim their sharpest arrows, until he bows his head in resignation, and says, "Thy will be done." I do not know how it is with others, but relative changes affect me more than personal ones, and the departure of a friend is, in prospect, more dreaded than my own. For a few years, possibly, we are all exempted from inroads on our cherished circle of friends, but soon, too soon, changes come, not generally singly, but in battalions; and the few friends left can scarcely be said to form a circle. By this exordium I do not

measure my own feelings exactly, but it is a description which my own experience easily suggests.

Within the last three years, three of my brethren most dear to me have died.

The first, after seven years' service in the vineyard of the Lord, has, I doubt not, received the reward of the faithful servant. His naturally robust frame yielded under intense application and devotion to his office; and though his career was short, the fruits of his labours are to be found in the intelligence and piety of not a few of his sorrowing parishioners. He was but little known beyond the limits of his quiet rural parish, for from worldly ambition he was wholly free. To lead his hearers to the Saviour in whom his own soul had found rest, was the noble ambition which roused and sustained his energies. Rest in peace! companion of my youthful studies and recreations; and may thy mantle of holy zeal be mine, as I have seen it in its beauty in the days of our annual reunion, when we took sweet counsel together going up to the house of God!

The second, whose friendship also I enjoyed to a wonderful degree, laid aside his armour at the command of Him who inclined his whole soul to put it on. In his calm mien, and his broad exposition of Divine truth, no one could fail to see the strength of mature faith, and the assurance of hope, very far beyond his years, for he, too, was young. His was the munition of rocks, and the consciousness of the refuge of the Most High, which enabled him to look at the gradual approach of death, not only with fortitude, but with holy desire. Never did I witness such contentment and charity and humility mingled together, nor such an intellect united to such self-surrender.

The third has but very recently resigned his earthly labours, crowned with years and honours. His was a name of national fame. Where is the Highlander who has not heard of the Rev. Dr. McLeod of Glasgow? It is not for me to detail his public virtues or rehearse his praise, which is in all the Churches; but as one who enjoyed his confidence and his society, I would almost deem it a crime should all notice of him in our *Record* be borrowed from a foreign obituary. His public ministrations were widely known and appreciated. Who that saw, can forget his prepossessing, venerable countenance—those silvery locks—that massive brow, and noble chest? That eloquence, so persuasive and so artless, who can forget? His genius of the highest poetic order, combined with the charm of his voice and manner, soothed and delighted his audience. The happy blending together of all the warm genuine feelings of his benevolent heart, appeared in every discourse. I seldom listened to his Gaelic sermons—in which language he greatly excelled—without the deepest emotion. It was in these he soared to a sublimity of grandeur

equal to the towering mountains of his native Argyle, which he could so beautifully describe, and which he loved so well. Into his English discourses, also, he not unfrequently threw the same ardour of mind and simplicity and elegance of expression—so much so, that not a few of the aristocracy of rank and talent were led to sit under his ministry. Two of the most distinguished of the Professors of the University were members of his congregation. But his were no laboured efforts, artificial adornments. Pure and real as was his style and manner, they were altogether spontaneous, and almost disappeared from view in the full lustre of the subject-matter of his sermons. There was always depth and clearness, power and majesty in the Gospel as handled by him. The love of God, Christ Jesus formed the all-absorbing theme. But let me rather offer a tribute—humble though it be—to his private merits. It was in private his generous nature unfolded itself in the most confiding manner. His hospitable doors were opened to young incipient talent and “rising hopes,” and with these the inner chambers of his spirit. In the bosom of his family and select friends, there was no reserve. Here his humour and wit, in which there was no sarcasm to wound the most sensitive, reigned supreme; and the flow of domestic happiness diffused by his presence was so communicative, that few could retire without redoubled strength for the duties of life. But why add more? I but anticipate, and that in feeble expressions, what his own gifted family will one day publish to the world—“The Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. McLeod”—the noble-hearted Highlander, and the constant friend of the Highlanders.

O, Church of my fathers! whose sons and fathers I mourn, long may thy fostering care under the Spirit of all grace, rear and equip such true and sainted men! J. S.

Glasgow University.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE BY PROFESSOR
CAIRD.

ON Tuesday, the Rev. Dr. Caird, the recently-appointed Professor of Theology, delivered his introductory lecture in the Common Hall of the University, which was crowded in every part.

In the course of a long and eloquent lecture, Dr. Caird said—Passing from general views of the essential unity of all true knowledge, and of the mutual harmony and interdependence of the various departments of knowledge, as they converge or approximate to that unity, it cannot be denied that with reference to the bearing of other studies on that special department of knowledge with which we are here concerned, views of an opposite character have been frequently enter-

tained and expressed. Science and philosophy have not always proved the handmaids of theology. The study of the natural may constitute anything rather than a fit preparatory discipline for the study of the supernatural. Our physical and metaphysical inquiries may be so prosecuted as to engender habits of thoughts eminently unfavorable to the theological investigation; and with some measure of plausibility the study of theology may be represented as lacking many of those incentives which lend interest and ardour to other intellectual pursuits. The formal sciences, for instance, possess a degree of certitude which can never be claimed for other kinds of truth, and it is the natural tendency of an exclusive devotion to such studies to render the mind contemptuous and intolerant of those branches of knowledge which admit only of reasonings less precise and rigid. The mathematician, accustomed to investigations in which the principles are self-evident, each step follows the preceding by infallible deduction, and the system of truths are concatenated together by a rigid necessity of thought, is apt to become insensible to the value of results that depend only on moral evidence. He trains himself to expect demonstrative certainty everywhere, and often regards with unjust depreciation studies in which, from the nature of the case, truth cannot so be reached. If the studies of the natural philosopher, again, do not foster in the mind this exaggerated estimate of deductive certainty, and this tendency to erect it into a universal exterior of truth, they may yet furnish, in another way, a mental training unfriendly to theological study. The tendency of an exclusive devotion to physical science is that which, in its excess, is exemplified by a certain modern school of thinkers—viz., to lead the mind to regard all other knowledge as uncertain and unprofitable in comparison with that which consists in the observation and generalisation of outward facts. In the facts and phenomena of nature, and in her laws of co-existence, resemblance, succession, there is a certain hard, material certitude, an ascertainable and indisputable definiteness, which may easily induce, in the incautious mind, an exaggerated estimate of all that lies within the province of positive science, and a false contempt for all that lies beyond it. All is vague and impalpable, to such a mind, that does not admit of being scientifically determined. Induction the only sure instrument of knowledge; facts, and generalisation of facts; phenomena in their fixed relations, and uniform, invariable laws, as the only real objects of knowledge; and all speculations as to the nature of causes, the origin and design of things; all attempts to rise into the supersensual and invisible, as misdirected and fruitless effort—this, in its grossest form, is the philosophy to which a too exclusive pursuit of science tends. The feeling insensibly insinuates itself that, in the domain of science only do we tread on

solid ground, that here we affirm only "that which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled," or what, by sure and irrefragable inductions from such things, we have discovered to be true; but when we pass into the region of metaphysics and theology, into discussions about first and final causes, personality, freedom, absolute being, about supernatural reasons, providential supervision, and miraculous interferences, all becomes bewildering and uncertainty. Instead of definite facts and established laws, we are lost in endless disputations and insoluble problems. We seem to have exchanged the walking world for a land of dreams—to have passed from the clear, bright territory of solid, measurable, ascertainable realities, into a dim and thorny region, where we in vain try to grope our way amid phantoms and nonentities. Now, whatever, may be said for metaphysics, on the side of theology it may perhaps be conceded that a false advantage has sometimes been given to the upholder of the superior certainty of science, by the jealousy which sincere but mistaken religionists have entertained with reference to the idea of natural law, and the ever-widening domain which science has won for it. The supernatural has but too often been represented, not as embracing law and rising above it, but as beginning only where law ends, and as asserting its presence and authority not through law but by the infringement or subversion of law. In the infancy of science, and to the ignorant and unscientific mind at all periods, the longing for the supernatural manifests itself in the disposition to ascribe all natural events to the immediate volition and agency of invisible powers. There is a stage of mental development in which every unexplained fact or phenomenon is translated into the expression of a divine will and purpose, and nature in all her manifold movements and appearances is regarded as but the thin veil of a supernatural presence and activity. But as knowledge progresses, innumerable effects accounted only for by supernatural agency began to be traced to the operation of natural causes. The domain of the marvellous is drawn further and further back, and law begins to take the place of arbitrariness and caprice. First, the greater, and more uniform phenomena, the motions of the planets, the recurring seasons, the ebb and flow of tides, and the like, are reclaimed from unaccountable will, and reduced to law. Then, by degrees, other and seemingly more inconstant and mysterious effects such as the changes of the weather, the phenomena of electricity, light, heat, &c.—are wrested from superstition by the discoveries of science. It is no longer the voice of a God that is heard in the thunder, or the breath of his fury at which men tremble as they listen to the storm, when the laws of electricity and of meteorology begin to be known. In the darkened luminary there is

no frown of a retributive power when the observer witnesses in it only the exact fulfilment of his calculations as to the period and duration of the solar eclipse. And so, step by step, as irregularity disappears, and science sheds on Nature its all-penetrating light, the darkness in which superstition lives is chased away, and its divinities are exorcised from the world. But as this process goes on, it has unfortunately sometimes happened that religion has exhibited that jealousy of science which superstition only has just cause to feel.—at least that sincere but unenlightened friends of religion have looked with suspicion on the pretensions of science, as if reductions to law were equivalent to the ignoring of God—as if the phenomena of the universe in ceasing to be arbitrary ceased to be divine. The miraculous, indeed, in the sense of an abnormal manifestation of supernatural power, a disturbance by the author of nature of its uniform sequences, a divine power acting on nature out of the line of cause and effect, is an element inextricably involved in our Christian faith. The attempt to eliminate or explain away the miraculous element from the Christian records we must ever hold to be not less vain than it is disingenuous. You cannot disentangle miracle from the gospels without destroying their integrity. But the belief that miracles are not as rare and exceptional acts, excluded from the order of nature, and that in so far as science or scientific training leads to the denial of this, it is hostile to theology—is a very different thing from the half-acknowledged notion to which I have referred, as giving rise in religious minds to a needless jealousy of scientific theories, and as sometimes reaching on the other hand, on the part of men of science, in a mistaken contempt for theologic dogmas. For whilst science bases all her pretensions on the discovery of law, it has sometimes seemed as if theology rested its claims solely on exception to law. The former represents the universe as an order—a cosmos, in which by every fresh discovery she is establishing more and more the supremacy of law. The latter has but too often seemed to seek evidence and confirmation of her principles, not in the orderly but in the accidental, and with vain timidity to dread the advance of science, as if the reduction of all phenomena to law were equivalent to the final exclusion of God. Unable to dispute the uniform action of law in the more obviously regular phenomena of nature, such as the revolution of the heavenly bodies, the recurrence of the seasons and the like, it has seemed for a time perhaps as we could still claim as the exclusive domain of supernatural agency the apparently inconstant and unaccountable phenomena of the weather—the sending or averting of sunshine or storm, or favourable or adverse meteorologic influences; or again, the phenomena of health and disease—the advance or arresting of plagues and epidemics—as if in these and

like events, where no natural law had yet been discovered, the finger of God could more immediately and impressively be traced. But when in turn these irreducible phenomena began to yield to the advance of discovery, when even in mysterious pestilence and unaccountable storms and tempests the operation of laws as fixed, uniform, unvariable as that by which the planets revolve in their orbits, began to be discerned, pious minds have almost revolted from such discoveries, and in their apparent discomfiture and bewilderment, scientific, but sceptical, minds have been led to feel as if science had gained ground and theology lost it. This conflict between science and theology is, however, I need scarcely go on to remark, only an imaginary one. * * *

—*Glasgow Courier.*

Monday Forenoon Service, after the Communion.

I SEE by the January *Record*, that the Perth Churches now omit this service, and substitute a missionary meeting on the Monday evening. The reason, I believe, is that business men, tradespeople, and the working classes are unable in a large city, to attend in the middle of the day, however much they may desire it; the Thursday preceding, or Preparation Day is always declared an holiday, by the authorities, but it would be impossible to appoint another holiday so soon after, and to keep up such a practice twice every year. The consequence is, that in cities like Glasgow, you will see the Churches well-filled on the Thursday, over-crowded on the Sabbath, while on the Monday, perhaps not a dozen men could be counted inside any Church. Ladies who have nothing pressing to attend to, constitute the audience. In such circumstances, it is perhaps better to have an evening service, which all can attend; though one is indeed loath to resign the thanksgiving Monday sermon, around which so many fragrant and refreshing memories cluster. Each Presbytery, however, should be allowed to regulate this matter, so as best to meet the circumstances of the people within its bounds. The other day, I was dipping in an odd medley of a book, called "the Life of Brown, of Wamphrey," by the Rev. T. Lockerby of Cadder, when I stumbled across the origin of the Monday forenoon service. It was not prescribed by a law or the rubric of the Church, but was first adopted at the celebrated revival of religion, at the Kirk of Shotts, and the practice so recommended itself to the feelings of Christian people, as appropriate and solemnizing, that it thereafter gradually spread, until it became universal throughout the Church of Scotland. Here is the account given as by Mr. Locherby, a man I may remark by the way, whom a Scotchman would describe by telling you had a 'bee in his bonnet;' the most distinct specimen of the

coglomerate type of mind, to be met with in these latter days; Christian humility and obstinate vanity in him, pedantry and real learning welded in huge masses, plodding industry turned all awry by flighty crackbrainedness; a man not long departed this life, and of whom I warrant, many odd stories are told in the parish of Cadder. He writes in page 58 of his queer memoir:—"On Sunday, June 20, 1630, the communion was celebrated at Shotts to a large assemblage of people, among whom were all the more eminently pious women of rank in that part of the country. The impression produced by the solemnities of the day was so very great, that many did not depart, but spent the whole night in prayer and conference. The bed-room of Lady Culross was filled with people, to whom she prayed fully three hours' time. Mr. John Livingston (the chaplain to the Earl of Wigton, at Cumbernauld) was requested to give a sermon that morning, to the still lingering multitudes. He had such a sense of his weakness and unworthiness, and had such misgivings of spirit, that he considered how he might steal away. When he had gone to such a distance that he was losing sight of the Kirk, the words, "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel, a land of darkness," were brought home to his mind with such an overcoming power, that he was constrained to return. In the ensuing service, he got good assistance, about an hour and an half, upon the text. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26. In the end, offering to close with some words of exhortation, "I was led on," says he, "about an hour's time, in a strain of exhortation and warning, with such liberty and melting of heart, as I never had the like in public, all my lifetime." The effect of the address is spoken of by Fleming, in his fulfilling of the Scriptures, as an extraordinary appearance of God, and down-pouring of the Spirit, with a strange, unusual motion on the hearers, insomuch that five hundred, it was calculated, had at that time, a discernible change wrought upon them, of whom most afterwards proved lively Christians. It was the sowing of the seed through Clydesdale, so as many of the most eminent Christians could date either their conversion or some remarkable confirmation of their case from that day. The importance of such a sermon in propagating religion in a country, where it was as yet but imperfectly introduced, has given this event a prominent place, not perhaps in the history of the Church of Scotland, but certainly in the history of the propagation of the Gospel. *It caused Monday sermons after the celebration of the Communion to become general, and appears to have been the origin of that now habitual practice.*"

This Mr. Livingston, who was the instrument in producing the Kirk of Shotts revival is one of the most revered worthies in our ecclesiastical history. His father and grandfather were ministers of the Church of Scotland, and their ancestry was noble. Their descen-

dant John lived during the troublous times of Charles I. and the Restoration, and under persecution, banishment and hardships of all kinds, proved himself a good soldier of Christ. until the year 1672, when he died an exile in Holland. Twice driven to despair by the persecutions of the bishops, he sailed for America, but was driven back by storms to his post. Some of his children, however, emigrated to the State of New York, where, says Locherby, "their descendants still reside in the first ranks in society." He himself, in 1637, was at Lanark, when the covenant was renewed by the congregation there, and he says that, excepting at the Kirk of Shotts, he never saw such motions from the Spirit of God. "A thousand persons all at once lifting up their hands, with tears falling down from their eyes." A man much needed in his day and generation,—this Reverend John Livingston.

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To the Ladies and Gentlemen in our Churches.

A WORD with you, ladies and gentlemen. It may be great presumption in me to trouble you, but I promise not to keep you long. I wish to quote the text, "To whom much is given, of them shall much be required," and to ask the question, Are you of as much more service to the Church than your poorer neighbours, as your means are greater than theirs? A letter I lately received from a young friend now in Canada, and from which I clip an extract, is what has prompted me to write these words to you. Although it is a private letter, yet it refers to a well-known and much-deplored fact, and although an individual's name is mentioned in it, yet, by all Churchmen at least, he may be considered as a public character. My young friend writes:—"I am at present engaged in Sabbath School work, teaching a class in a small village about two miles from Kingston. The circumstance that led to this was as follows: One Sabbath afternoon, shortly after I came up here, I remained after service to see the Sabbath School; and while I was sitting behind the door, Mr. Paton, the superintendent, came up and introduced himself to me. During our conversation, I mentioned that I had been a teacher in Prince Edward Island. After finding that I was willing, if necessary, to resume once more the responsibilities of such work, he requested me to accompany him to the Sabbath School on the following Sabbath morning, to which I readily agreed. Mr. Paton seems to me a perfect specimen of the Christian gentleman, with none of that cold and haughty spirit so prevalent among the members of our city congregations, which makes them regard strangers with so much indifference, and on account of which many young persons leave the good old Church of their fathers' love for Churches less pure in

doctrine, but among whose members a large-hearted spirit of Christianity is to be found. Certainly I shall not speedily forget his kindness, which I have been able to appreciate all the more from coming as a stranger among people with none of whom had I previously had the slightest acquaintance. This is the same Mr. Paton whose name is so well known from the interest and energy with which he has prosecuted the Indian Orphanage Scheme of our Church. With characteristic energy he is foremost in every public or private movement which has for its object the welfare and best interests of his fellow-men. To such an extent is this the case, that one of the city journals, to which he has unfortunately, or fortunately, made himself obnoxious, always dubs him with the title of Saint Paton," &c.

Why have we not a few more such laymen? Men like unto this I have met in the old country, and three or four in our own Synod also; but they are few and far between. For you see it is in general much easier to find fault with the minister than to live such a life. "Why are there not more Records taken in the congregation?" Oh, because the minister will not canvass as he ought for subscribers; he takes no interest in it, I really think. Very good, friend; but how many new names did you yourself get since last year? "Why did your congregation give so small a collection for the Home Mission?" Because the minister did not explain enough about it to the people. "Why are there so many vacant pews in the Church?" Because the minister does not visit the absentees as often as he might to stir them up to their duty. "Why is your Sabbath School so thinly attended?" Because the minister does not beat up recruits, does not instruct the teachers, does not superintend the classes after the two services are over. "Why are there so many people who never go to Church at all?" Because the minister does not hunt them out, and bring them along with him on Sabbath morning. "Why are so many young men who go from the country to cities, lost to the Church?" Because the minister does not ascertain all about them, interest himself in them, and keep a constant eye upon them. And so friend Slothful, sitting in his easy chair toasting his toes at his parlor fire on Sabbath afternoon, can answer every question on the scape-goat principle.

I protest against the whole of this monstrous fiction that the clergy are bound to do all the work of the Church, while the laity have a "right divine" to be drones. Our clergy are worked, fagged to death—unable to find time to study as they ought, or to read up to the times; so irregularly paid that they are obliged to ask for credit, and thus to pay higher prices and to be harassed with the fear of debt; so distracted with multifarious calls that when they get to their studies they are too exhausted to think or read hard. To be priest-ridden is one extreme; to over-ride

our priests is the other, and equally unchristian. The Methodist and Romish Churches are wiser and more generous. The former has its lay agencies as nicely and effectively organized as even Jesuitism is; each member works, and consequently the sum total of a congregation's action is prodigious. The latter has its lay-brothers, its monks, sisters of mercy, nuns, &c., without whom the priests would be almost helpless. But with us it is often far otherwise. In some of our city Churches, when a gentleman takes a pew, he considers that he has paid his money for a first-class carriage to heaven, and consequently, that if he be not taken there safely, without being annoyed or disturbed in any way, he is an exceedingly ill-used man, and that he must get out and travel by another line.

SELECTION.

(From the H. & F. M. Record.)

Visit to Aldershot.

ARMY AND NAVY CHAPLAINS' COMMITTEE.
—The Rev. John M. Lang, Fyvie, having, at the request of the Army and Navy Chaplains' Committee, gone to assist at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper at Aldershot and Shorncliffe, in the end of October, on his return addressed the following letter to the convener, with an account of his mission, which will be read with lively interest. Besides such occasional missions, the Committee have been enabled, by sending copies of the 'Aids to Devotion, and otherwise to assist the Presbyterian chaplains, both at home and abroad, in the discharge of their important duties; and it is earnestly hoped that the members of the Church will, by their liberal contributions in aid of the funds of the Committee, enable them to continue and extend their operations for the spiritual welfare of soldiers and sailors.

THE MANSE, FYVIE, Nov. 13, 1862.

In compliance with the request which the Army and Navy Chaplains' Committee did me the honour to make through you, I proceeded, towards the end of last month, to Aldershot and Shorncliffe. The perusal of the letter which I send will satisfy you that the discharge of the duty confided to me—viz., assisting the chaplains of the Church of Scotland in the dispensation of the Holy Communion—could not be otherwise than pleasing.

The statements of Dr. M'Duff, in 'Good Words' and the 'Record,' had prepared me for the bleak, treeless scenery around Aldershot. My expectations were not disappointed. The locality in which the camp is situated certainly possesses the minimum of landscape beauty. Nevertheless, to a civilian like myself, so striking are the "pomp and pride and circumstance" of military life, which everywhere meet the eye, that the considera-

tion alone distinguishable is—this is the metropolis of the British army.

Of the troops at Aldershot, about 1300 represent the average of adherents to Presbyterianism. It must be remembered that these 1300 are scattered over the two divisions of the camp—north and south—and the recently-erected barracks. To discover his sick, the clergyman must visit, every two or three days, each hospital and sick-ward. I am satisfied that, in order to an efficient ministry—a ministry that shall not perform mere routine duties, but, by God's blessing, shall vitally and powerfully influence the soldiers' hearts—another Presbyterian chaplain is required. We stand, relatively to other religious bodies, at a disadvantage. The strength of Episcopacy may be set down as 7000, and eight chaplains are allowed. Roman Catholics number generally about 2900, and three chaplains are allowed. We, with our 1300, have one. Augment the number of chaplains, however, as Government may, there is a large field of labour which they cannot overtake, which they can only oversee. As, in part, the occupiers of it, the army Scripture-readers perform good service for Christ. Some officers' ladies are also doing what they can. At Aldershot and Shorncliffe "mothers' meetings" exist, and form hallowed points of connection between the higher and lower grades of the service. And a feature full of promise is, that quiet little gatherings for praise and prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, at which officers and men commune together, are increasing in the camp. Thirteen of such gatherings have, I was told, been already established. May the fruit correspond to the desire of every pious soul!

There are three churches at Aldershot—two in the south camp and one in the north. In these churches different services are conducted at different periods, an hour being the time allowed for each. To a stranger it is something quite new to find congregations, in doctrine and ritual far apart, worshipping within the same building. At Shorncliffe, for example, the Roman Catholic mass was celebrated in the morning; then, as the Roman Catholic troops were paraded out, the Church of England troops were paraded in; and their vows performed, next drew near the sons of the Church of Scotland. One could not help feeling, this is not Scotland, when watching, on Saturday night, the progress of the arrangements for the spreading of the Lord's table in front of the Romish altar, with its candlesticks and crucifix. Not, however, that aught offensive to the eye is permitted to remain during the season of worship. The benediction pronounced, the orderlies in attendance immediately remove all that is foreign to the associations of those who are to follow. There is very little of the *odium theologicum* within the camp. The chaplains agree to differ. The clergyman of our Church and the Romish priest at Aldershot are next-door neighbours,

and treat each other with becoming courtesy and respect. Every man's position, in fact, is so clearly defined, and his work is so abundant, that there is no *casus belli*.

The day upon which I arrived was the fast-day for our troops. By order of the general, they had been exempted from military duty. A parade service was held in the Iron Church in the forenoon, and a voluntary service in a large schoolroom in the evening. The Rev. Mr. Palm, minister of the chapel at Hurst in connection with the Scottish Church officiated, and preached with great earnestness to large congregations on the evenings of Friday and Saturday also worship was held; and it was encouraging to notice that nearly 100 were upon both occasions, present. Some officers were of the number—honorable exceptions to what I fear is the rule amongst the youth of our gentry who enter the army. Indifferent, too often, about religious things, and wishing to be quite in the fashion, they become, if the acceptance of the mere form warrants the description, Church of England men. Those whom I have noticed as exceptions were not ashamed of their national faith; what is better, they were not ashamed to own their Lord and to maintain His cause."

The Communion Sunday was a day which I shall long remember. The morning was dull and rainy, but about 10 o'clock the clouds rose, and before the hour of assembling the sun was shining through them. The preliminary to the administration of the Eucharist, usually observed in Scotland, it was necessary to curtail—with some it was necessary to dispense. In my Master's strength I dwelt for a short time upon "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Mr. Cannon afterwards gave the consecration prayer; and, in solemn silence, the "little flock" partook of the blessed sacrament. "A little flock" indeed; for, although the church was full, not more than sixty approached the table. A man must be ready to assume a decided position, and bear up against the scoffs and jeers, and little, yet aggravating persecutions of his comrades, before publicly acknowledging Christ as his Master. Hence, generally speaking, only the strong in faith eat and drink in remembrance of the Lord.

In the evening we re-assembled. The school-room was crowded, and a holy earnestness was expressed on many countenances. Exhorting them all to fight a good fight, and commending them unto the grace of God, I finished the work at Aldershot which the Church had summoned me to do.

Upon the evening of the following Wednesday I was at Shorncliffe. For picturesque of situation I must give the preference to the camp at Shorncliffe. Occupying an elevated plateau between Folkestone and Hythe, it possesses the attraction of a charming sea-view, and the benefit of a delightful sea-air. But it is upon a much smaller scale than Aldershot, not more than 3000 or 4000

troops being accommodated within it. What I have written concerning the greater is so applicable to the less that I need not enlarge upon my visit.

One thing which enhanced its interest was the presence of the the 78th Highlanders. The policy of army authorities appears to be that of breaking down the distinctions implied in regimental titles. I was amused one day by a conversation between Mr. Cannon and a private soldier; "You are a Cameronian," said the former. "Yes, Sir." "Do you come from Scotland?" "No, Sir, I'm from Tipperary." "Are you a Presbyterian?" "No, Sir, I'm a Catholic." The idea of a Tipperary boy and a Catholic being reckoned among the Cameronians struck me as bordering upon the ludicrous. In the Ross-shire Buffs there are, of course, many men who never saw "Auld Scotland." But it is the birthplace and early home of the majority; and I could not suppress a feeling of pride when, some 800 strong, the kilted lads marched past me to church. "That's one of the crack regiments," said an Englishman, in my hearing; and I said, with enthusiasm, "It is."

We had forenoon and evening service on Thursday. On Friday forenoon I accompanied Mr. Arthur, the chaplain, to Dover—a distance of seven or eight miles. Part of his duty lies in visiting, through the week, any Presbyterian soldiers garrisoned there, and in preaching to them every Sunday morning. A meeting for devotion was held in the evening of Saturday. Sunday was in every respect all that could have been desired. The large Church was nearly full. As in Aldershot, the congregation exhibited the utmost decorum and devoutness. I think that the celebration was more solemn than any which I ever beheld. The 40 who communicated were seated literally around a table. In dispensing the elements I stood in their midst. Of one cake of bread all shared, of one cup all drank. After communion, I dwelt upon Jesus' wonderful discourse to His own before they left the supper-chamber; and, when our moment of parting came, it seemed, indeed, as if he were uttering the words "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

A schoolroom capable of containing 200 was that evening filled to overflowing. The Lord grant that the word which was spoken prove, through the power of His Spirit, for the profit and comfort of all who heard it.

JOHN MARSHALL LANG.

To Rev. Dr. Cook, &c., &c.

—o— Presentation.

AT the beginning of the present year, Mrs. Gordon and Miss Harper waited upon Mrs. Herdman at the manse, and in the name of the ladies belonging to St. Andrew's Church,

Pictou, begged her acceptance of a Sewing Machine of the value of \$75, as a New Year's gift and a slight souvenir of the estimation in which she is held by the female members of the congregation. Mrs. Herdman expressed her warmest thanks and great gratification at receiving so valuable a proof of the thoughtful kindness of her lady friends, and assured them, it would serve to bind both herself and her husband still more closely to the spiritual interests of the congregation.

A more appropriate gift could not have been made, and we trust that all our congregations will seek the opportunity, as soon as possible, of placing so useful an instrument in every clergyman's house where there is a family.

—o— MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

WE think that the "cotton famine" has not only reached its climax, but, we trust, its turning point,—not that as yet, there has been any very material reduction in the number of sufferers, but people are beginning to grasp it, and take courage in the hope that they will master it. It is most gratifying to find on the authority of lord Derby that the weekly allowance to each family from all sources is about ten shillings weekly, and that the committee could increase it if they thought it advisable. The county of Lancashire, has itself contributed very nearly half a million of money to that purpose, which is munificent indeed. The sympathy in behalf of these suffering, but uncomplaining people has been as practically generous as it has been world wide. Our own little Province has already contributed nearly £6,000 and is not yet done giving. Canada has probably given altogether, something like £25,000. The offering of New York has been indeed princely—amounting in value to about £60,000 sterling. This of itself should go some way in softening the asperities which have arisen between the two nations. In the meantime the commercial prosperity of Great Britain in other departments of trade was never greater—the revenue for the past year being nearly two millions in excess of the preceding one. This considering all things is wonderful.

DISTRESS IN FRANCE.

THE war in America has affected France, only to a less degree than it has done Britain. The United States were her best customer for her choicest manufactures, and besides France has latterly entered on the spinning and weaving of cotton on a very large scale. The result is that nearly 300,000 work people are said to be out of employment in that country, and so far as has transpired no effort commensurate with the exigency of the case has as yet been made to relieve them. The

French papers scarcely allude to the subject, but it is not unlikely that the Emperor will step in and by devising some shrewd measure for their relief carry away the whole credit of the deed, though the work will be that of the nation.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE Church of England just now affords a strange spectacle. This noble edifice, so imposing and prominent among the churches of the Reformation, would seem to be going through an ordeal of no ordinary character. Puseyism in its day has done it some harm, but was too weak and antiquated to affect its Evangelical character seriously. Another danger has arisen of quite an opposite character, which consists in revolutionizing Christianity altogether by impugning the facts of the Bible, and claiming the right to deny Inspiration, miracles, the literal resurrection of Christ, and the truth of the narrative of Moses, and yet to retain the name of Christian. We question after all, whether the disciples of this strange school, number many. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that this great body corporate, the Church, is sound in the faith, and is at the present moment more active and successful in her Master's service, than she has ever been before.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE Church of Scotland has never been what may be called a platform Church. Even in performing her greatest works she has left the speaking trumpet in many cases idle at her feet. Her works of charity have been many, and form a large portion of her daily existence in every parish. But little record is kept of them. She has never had the sense even to have a recognised newspaper organ to watch after her interests, and let the world know her doings. Yet she continues to grow, slowly, but surely, as the oak grows, striking her roots deeper and broader into the affections and hearts of the people of Scotland. Year by year her Churches are being better filled, her influence wider and more unmistakable. Her ancients are passing away, but the young arm is stronger than the old one. Her younger men are her pride and strength. This is well.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN THE COLONIES.

WE have heard it said that the Church of Scotland will never make much progress in the Colonial field, as a Church. Her root is taken away in the process of transplanting. Endowments there are none, so that her children, who at home had the Gospel without money or price, find the matter quite changed when they come to a colony. There are no heritors to build a Church for them, and no friends to support a minister, so that they must

take to the ways of the dissenters, and get up a Church as they best can, and look out for a minister for themselves, and discover the ways and means of paying him. To them this is a new business, which requires some time to learn, whereas to their other Presbyterian brethren, who are, as it were, to the matter born, it comes perfectly natural. It is with them, only continuing the same system of architecture they had at home, while the poor Churchman feels awkward enough, having to provide the straw and mortar which were formerly found to his hands. The time, however, has come, when we must study the system of adaptation, if we wish to succeed and maintain the Church of our fathers in a distant land. The sister Church of England offers us a good example. In nearly every colony, she is stretching out her branches, and seems even more green and vigorous than at Home. There is no reason why it should be different with us, if we so will it. Individual exertion is the secret of united strength.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN NOVA SCOTIA.

WE sometimes wonder whether we shall ever really be a well-equipped Church, whether the time will ever come, when we shall have no cause to mourn over desolate fields, because no one can be found to occupy them. We have been crying out for ministers for the last twenty years, and several large congregations have in fact been vacant so long a time, and what is almost wonderful, have not ceased to cling to the Church of their affections. It is sad enough. But, perhaps, had we set ourselves to consider, that though it is a great misfortune, it is not an irremediable one, would we only go to work the right way. We say had we come to this conclusion sooner, we would to day have been better off in regard to ministers. We have lifted up our voice and cried, "Come over and help us," but though we saw no aid near, we have made comparatively slight efforts to help ourselves. Had we, fifteen years ago, established a College.—had it been of only one professor, provided he was a good one,—had we supported him heartily, to-day, we doubt not, our College would have had a "staff" of professors, and we would have had a native ministry supplying our whole field, and our adherents double their present number. Is it too late now? It is not. But the enterprise is not for one or two enthusiasts, but must be the sober and zealous work of the entire membership of the Church.

Let us see. We have but one missionary in Cape Breton. There is now room for three, and with systematic culture, in three or four years the requirement would probably be doubled. We have neither minister nor missionary in Lochaber or St. Mary's, though we have a good many devoted adherents. Barney's River is vacant; so are McLennan's

Mountain and River John. Prince Edward Island wants a missionary or two. Pugwash has been left without ministerial services. There are other smaller stations, which would grow rapidly if they got fair play. But they get no chance at all.

The Rev. Mr. McKay of Salt Springs has been sent to Scotland by the Presbytery of Pictou to endeavor to secure the services of two or three suitable missionaries. What chance he may have of success, we cannot tell, but we will soon know. But whether he succeed or fail, we must be up and doing. If it should be found impossible to obtain men from the mother country, there is but one way left. But, thank God, it is a sufficient way—a way certain of success if we set our hearts upon it—the rearing of a native ministry.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A SAD commentary on the Christianity of the age and country. We have entered upon the second month of a new year, and we find the distracted country plunged in deeper horrors than ever. The battle of Fredericksburg was the last blow of the departing year. Since that time, an equally bloody battle has been fought in Tennessee, in which, while the Federals were victorious, they suffered by far the greatest loss in killed, wounded, prisoners, and guns. Vicksburg has been attacked, and a bloody repulse sustained, by the North, with a heavy loss of men and material. Galveston has been re-captured by the South, who have taken one gun-boat and destroyed another—viz., the "Harriet Lane" and "Westfield." There has been fighting in Arkansas with uncertain results. The Alabama continues her depredations. The famous Monitor has foundered at sea. The Commander of the great Army of the Potomac has resigned, and, to crown all, the currency of the country is in a state of utter confusion. The people are weary of the war, yet they will not say so, but continue to disgrace themselves by making a hero of such men as General Butler. May the time soon come when the sword shall be sheathed, and the dove of peace rest once more on the Capitol of Washington!

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

THESE two worthies after a long estrangement seem to be drawing a little nearer to

each other. His Holiness has forwarded a modest contribution, with a complimentary note, in aid of the suffering workmen of Lyons and other places. The act in itself is a commendable act, but it indicates far more than it does. It tells Victor Emmanuel that political matters have taken a turn, and that Rome is not for Italy, for some time to come.

GREECE.

GREECE is but a small country, not a very great deal larger than Nova Scotia. But the Greeks are a remarkably lively people, restless, plotting, clever exceedingly. They have lately sent their sovereign about his business, with wonderful unanimity, and with the same unanimity, have invited our youthful Prince Alfred to accept the vacant seat. With great good sense, Her Majesty's Government have declined the distinguished offer with thanks, and from a feeling of gratitude, we suppose, for the compliment, have proposed to surrender the protectorate of the Ionian Isles, which proposal has pleased the Ionians vastly.

A SUGGESTIVE FACT.

IN one of the city Churches of Perth, Scotland, the circulation of the *Home Record* was 15. The Young Men's Society belonging to the Church took the matter in hand, and in a couple of weeks the number taken by the same congregation amounted to 300. We wonder whether there are any Young Men's Societies in connection with our congregations. If there are, the above fact will require no application. If there are not, we would say—organize to-morrow, lose not an hour. The strength of a Church lies in its young men.

THE article on Bishop Colenso's Book in our next.

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