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**VOLUME XXIII.**

**NUMBER V.**

—THE—  
**MONTHLY RECORD**  
—OF THE—  
**CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,**  
—IN—  
**NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK**  
—AND—  
**ADJOINING PROVINCES.**

**MAY,**



**1877.**

**PICTOU, N. S.,**

**PRINTED AT THE "COLONIAL STANDARD" OFFICE,**

**1877.**

## Poetry.

## THE FOUR CALLS.

The Spirit came in childhood,  
And pleaded, "Let Me in;"  
But ah, the door was bolted  
And barred by childish sin.  
The child said, "I'm too little;  
There's time enough to-day;  
I cannot open;" sadly  
The Spirit went His way.

Again He came and pleaded  
In youth's bright, happy hour.  
He called, but heard no answer;  
For, fettered in sin's power,  
The youth lay dreaming idly,  
And crying: "Not to-day;  
For I must have some pleasure."  
Again He turned away.

Again He came in mercy,  
In manhood's vigorous prime;  
But still could find no welcome—  
The merchant had "no time"  
To spare for true repentance,  
No time to praise and pray;  
And thus, repulsed and saddened,  
The Spirit turned away.

Once more he called, and waited.  
The man was old and sad;  
He scarcely heard the whisper,  
His heart was scared and bad.  
"Go, leave me. When I need Thee  
I'll call for Thee," he cried;  
Then, sinking on his pillow,  
Without a GOD he died!

Strange, that the sweet angelic strain,  
Once heard by night on Bethle'm's plain,  
Telling a Saviour born,  
Which thus proclaim'd the wond'rous birth,  
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,"  
Should be repell'd with scorn.

How sadly true th' emphatic word  
Of him who said, I send a sword  
Through the unhappy world!  
Full well he read man's heart aright,  
Who saw, for Peace's banner white,  
A blood-red flag unfurl'd.

Such the ill fate of human kind—  
They sorrows still from blessings find,  
And sweets to acids turn;  
A poison gather from the balm,  
Intended every pain to calm  
That in the heart may burn.

The wound that most religion rends  
Comes not from foes, but from her friends,  
Enflamed with hostile pride;  
And, like the Eagle, she may mourn,  
The arrow that her breast has torn,  
Was feather'd from her side.

What spirit lately cried with glee,  
"How I rejoice the day to see,

When 'the first stab is given;'  
That, follow'd up with vengeful force,  
Will lay the church a lifeless corpse,  
With ghastly horrors riven.

How like this cry to that of those,  
Whose shout erewhile 'mid Salem rose,  
"Away with him! away!"  
That first from priestly lips it came,  
The late adoring crowd 't inflame,  
Proclaims foul envy's sway.

Mark Salem's fate—to ruins turn'd,  
Her people slain, her temple burned,  
Fired by a soldier's brand!  
Let Britain fear to meet such doom,  
Her glory buried in the tomb—  
A God-forsaken Land.

—From "The Church of Scotland Magazine,"  
March, 1835.

## THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh mamma," cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could have been so naughty. One day—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs Philpott 'before you continue we will see if your 'story' will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean mamma" asked Blanche.

"I will explain, dear. In the first place, is it true;"

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Miss Perry, who said a friend of Miss White's told her the story, and Miss White is a great friend of Edith's." "And does she show her friend-ship by telling tales on her. In the next place though you can not prove that it is true is it kind."

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and that you may not indulge in evil speaking."

B. H. R.

# THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

## Church of Scotland

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XXIII.

MAY, 1877.

NO. V.

*If forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.—Psalm 137, 4-5.*

### WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?

#### A MISSION SERMON BY REV. W. H. A.

“Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.”—John vi. 67-69.

The People who went away from Hearing Christ—Their Modern Compeers—What was it that made them turn away from Christ—Force of the word “also”—Death and the Judgment—Anecdotes of the Hopeless Man, and the Lady who received Christ.

THESE words were connected with one of the saddest episodes in the history of our Lord. That morning's sun had seen vast multitudes of people eager to find out the Great Prophet of Nazareth, to hear more of His wisdom, and to gaze on that mysterious combination of weakness and power which He seemed, to them, to exhibit, and to be sustained by that miraculous supply which He could afford. All day long the multitude had hung upon His lips while He spoke of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, of which He was the Ambassador. Hour by hour the throng had decreased. There was something in His tone, and in the manner of His discourse, which not only failed to interest them, but which excited their prejudices.

Still the crowd decreased, and, at last, as the shadows of evening lengthened and gathered round them, He turned round with sorrow on His face, and a burden on His heart, as He said,—“Will ye also go away?” Oh, what a depth of sorrow there was in the question! He who had been to them what no one else had been, who knew the wants of the human heart, and who had been endeavouring to make those who listened to Him know them also, instead

of producing by His sermon the results He wished, saw results of an exactly opposite description. These men found nothing in His words which met their immediate fancy, and something that was out of consonance with their affections. They listened to what He said for a while, then turned their backs on Him who was the truth and the life.

They went away. And they have gone to their account. No longer can they listen to Him who ministered on the shores of Galilee. They heard the words of Him who spake as never man spake; but their day of grace passed away, and one by one, their opportunities ended, and they have gone to their account. They cannot come back to us to hear another sermon. Christ came to them. They had their opportunity, and it is past. But the thing that was done then is being done now. Christ is still gathering a multitude, drawn to Him by a variety of circumstances. Some, perhaps, are drawn by curiosity, some by an aching sense of their need.

As it was then, so it is now. In our churches and chapels large numbers of persons will still gather, and feel a certain measure of interest; but when we come to the truth which most intimately concerns them, and on the reception of which their eternal interest depends, does not the crowd diminish? do not the many turn their backs upon Him? Back they go to their old life, to their old-self-seeking and self-pleasing. Numbers go away. Souls that seemed to be attracted are repelled, and by-and-by Jesus is left surrounded only by those who have found what they need—everlasting life. There is plenty of misery to be seen now,

PLENTY OF WORLDLINESS TOO, even in quiet country districts. The saddest of all tragedies is to be seen in the history of a man whose back is turned upon God. If I had to divide humanity into two classes, I could not have a truer position than this, I could not

make a better division than this,—those who are drawing nearer and nearer to God, and those who have their backs turned upon Him. As I look at this congregation to-night, I see every man and woman belonging to one of these. Your faces are lifted to God, and you are yielding to the blessed influences of the Holy Ghost, or you have come under the influences of another spirit, whose object is to destroy body and soul in everlasting ruin. You are certainly under one or the other of the seat this moment. And as certainly as you are under one or the other of these will your life be lived, and in one or other of those goals, heaven or hell, will your life end.

Both heaven and hell are only the continuance of the life or earth. "As the tree falleth, so it lies." It is but a prolongation of our course here on earth. The path of the just is a continual approach towards perfection, so that even those around us have clear vision of whither we are going. When we have passed within the veil, a blessed eternity will be spent in continually approaching nearer to Him. And as the ages roll on, we shall see more and more of His beauty, and be more and more conformed to His image, and be always approaching that centre of inconceivable love, and be lifted to the height of the indescribable glory which belongs to Him. As this is true of the one end of human life, it is also true of the other, that the life of the man of the world is a continual wandering from God, and receding further and further from Him. He is on the wrong line; and every month and every year will take him further away.

O men and women who have your backs turned on God, you may be seen in your pew in church week by week, and year by year, and yet your heart is only getting further and further from God, and while sitting in your pew you are by a centrifugal force being sent into a region of darkness and unbelief, you are being cast away from His presence. The chains of hell are being wound around you—chains forged by yourselves, and under this influence you are going further and further from God, deeper and deeper into sin, and you are being prepared for the prolongation of the same condition of life hereafter. And when the sentence goes forth,—“He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still,” and the voice of the Judge pronounces the doom, “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire,” from that moment forward you will be throughout eternity wandering further and further from the true centre of your being, “a wandering star, for whom is reserved the blackness for ever.”

Now, let us proceed to ask *what it was that made these men turn back upon Christ.* How

was it they came so near, and then were lost? Rather let us say, *How is it that so many in our own day come so near, are brought under such blessed influences, and yet are lost? I do not know anything more mournful than this! It is a mournful thing, indeed, to look upon the self-destroyed sinner,—upon the man, for example, who spends his day in the public-house, who desecrates his home and ruins his family; but even this is not so tragical a spectacle as that of the man who comes so near Christ and then*

*SINKS INTO A DARK, GODLESS HELL!*

*To be so near, and yet banished so far! To have been “almost persuaded,” yet to be lost! To be brought to the very door of heaven, and then cast down to hell! This is a terrible thing, is it not? Do such things happen? Would, to God I could impress on those who are living respectable lives, but are not Christians, that they are on the road to be lost! Do you think that by coming to church, you have your passport to glory? To say this, we must subvert the whole revelation of God. The religion of God is a spiritual thing; it is not a thing of fashion. It is that which we must possess. There is no escape from it. Respectable men and women, people who have their Gospel privileges, like the Jews of old, come within a step of Christ, then turn their backs and wander further and further, until eternity finds them in the outer darkness, amid the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.*

How was it, we ask again? How was it that they did not value the gift which Christ offered them? What was the gift? St. Peter can tell us. Peter, when asked, “Will ye also go away?” answered, “Lord, to whom can we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of everlasting life.” Peter made a great discovery; it was that Christ had the words of everlasting life. He had left his home, and turned his back upon his country; he had found something better—“the words of everlasting life.” He had found these. The present world might be good enough for his brother-men, but communion with the Mysterious Being he followed had brought him to a grand discovery. He had found at last everlasting life! It was a reality; and when Jesus hinted at the possibility of his going back like the rest, he retorted the idea of it, because he had had from Jesus that which all the wide world could not have given him—eternal life. “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of everlasting life.”

Now, I ask, Have you been true to the wants of your own nature? Have you done justice to the wants of your own soul? As the multitude gathered round Jesus, He told them that He was “the bread of life.” He said, too, that if they drank of Him they should never thirst. It was a glorious revelation, and a necessary

one. They had heard in other days that their nation was going to be lifted up to a high pinnacle of greatness and prosperity. In a word, their minds were taken up with the same sort of things that your minds are taken up with—the things of the world. The result was, that when Jesus set before them the thing which they really did want, they turned their backs upon it. "We do not want eternal life; we want temporal glory instead," they said. "If you feed on Me, you shall never hunger," Jesus said; and their answer was, "Keep your gift!" And so they turned their back upon Him.

And what is it that keeps people away from Christ now? The self same thing. I sometimes think that the Mission preacher is able deeply to enter into the feelings of our Lord upon this matter. I do not for a moment say that all go away unblest,—I make no such general assertion; but I cannot help fearing that many rush away as if afraid of getting a blessing. Many are in the same condition of soul, and under the same influence, that induced the Jews to turn their backs on "the Light of the world." I conclude my sermon, and what happens? Eight hundred people go away. I watch them going, and I have to ask myself, What feelings now possess them as they go? I can do nothing but ask: How many belong to that class who put themselves out of the road of blessing by turning their backs on Christ? I watch the throng diminishing, until we have only a hundred out of the seven or eight hundred. Then comes our after-meeting, when another invitation is given. Perhaps we ask them to come forward; perhaps we make another arrangement. In some places we may have fifty or a hundred remain, perhaps ten, perhaps one or two; but in every place I have to ask myself, "Out of all that come to hear me preach, how few there are who determine to have the blessed gift which God has for them?"

I will suppose that in this church to-night there will be thirty or forty who may remain; but even among that number how many will there be, who, when asked to receive God's gift, will be so filled with their own dreams and fancies that they will not grasp it! By-and-by, perhaps, out of the seven hundred you have the joy of believing that some five or six, or eight or ten, or ten or twenty, are taking Christ at His word and receiving the gift. What has He done for the rest? Ah, what will become of the rest? We gaze on the receding multitude, and again we think of the preciousness of every soul. O souls of men and women, let me plead with you! What is there in the marred countenance of Jesus that will repel you? What is there in the sight of those wounded hands to thrust you away from the feast of everlasting life? What is there in the words He speaks

to drive you away? Come there not from His dying lips the words, "Will ye also go away?" Others have gone, but will ye? The Saviour asks the same question He did of old. He looks at men and women as He then did upon men and women who might be enjoying the full privileges of God's house, and rejoicing in the presence of all His people. He looks at each of you, and asks, "Will ye also go away?"

My friends, let us not lose the special word, "also." It is the very thing your forefathers have done that you do. If I were to go into the churchyard, and call the sleeping dead from their tombs, and let them bear their testimony, would it not be, "Take care! Beware of thy sin—the bane of my life, the guilt of my past! The deep, damning sin above all is this, that I turned my back upon Him who called me, that I spurned His counsel, that I despised His salvation when it was brought to my very door, and now I am doomed! I have lost my opportunity for ever!"

Or, again, if I were to preach to-night one such sermon to such a congregation, and give such an address as I have given to you, and say, "Ye need not go away, for there is One here ready to receive you." Oh, with what a shout of acclaim would the offer be accepted! But their day is past. There is a force in that word "also" which ought not to be lost sight of. My friends, are there not enough down yonder in the dark? Are there not enough who have lived simply to buy and sell, to be married and given in marriage? Are there not enough who have lived the sinful life already described, and found it end in eternal doom? Will ye also go away? Are you coming, or are you going? To whom will you go? It is your soul that is going. Will you go to the world? Ah! you have tried it already. It was filled with broken cisterns that held no water. Will you fall back upon indifference—that rock upon which so many have foundered?

My friends, the awful moment of awakening is before you. You may succeed in driving the Holy Spirit from your bosom; you may succeed in losing your day of grace; but the awful hour will come when the realities of eternity will stand before your vision, and there will be an end of your apathy when you stand in the judgment. To whom then shall we go? Shall we go to nominal religion? Have we not had enough of that already? What profit has it been? What good has it done? Has it answered the deepest cravings of my being? Why should I die of starvation, when there is bread enough, and to spare? Why should I put up with the darkness of the shadow, when God Himself offers to be my light? Why go away unsatisfied, when all the time the Bread of Life is within your reach? You have but to stretch

out your hand, and you can grasp it.

TO WHOM WILL YOU GO?

You cannot go to the world—to formal religion. Then to whom? If death and judgment are drawing every moment nearer and nearer, and if that precious thing which we call time is slipping away, and the work of life is not done, what are you doing? Let us reason together. Have you not lived long enough in sin? Ask yourselves; in the name of reason: Lord, to whom shall we go? I will tell you some places to which you will have to go. You will have to go to the darkened house of adversity. Your riches may be turned into sorrow, and what then? By-and-by you will have to face the last enemy, and the cold chill waters of Jordan will be at your feet, and the world will reel under you, and the life you are now living will pass away like a dream of the morning. Then, to whom will you go? To whom will you then lift your eyes in the dying hour?

Oh, mock not your soul with the hope that you can go in sin, and be plucked as a brand from the burning. God is, indeed, merciful; but God forbid that we should slight His mercy! In the ears of such a speaker let the solemn words sound,—“God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” In the dying hour, to whom will you go? When the books are opened, on what advocate will you call? Who shall plead for you, and say a word for your trembling spirit? In that last hour will you look the Saviour in the face, on whom you have turned your back? Nay! the very sight of Him will appall you. The thought of His wounds will awaken awful memories, as the reflection will be borne in on you that those wounds were for you; that blood was shed for you, and that it is again all this you have sinned; that through the blood of Calvary, through the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, you have broken your way, and secured your own eternal perdition.

To whom shall we go, when the last awful moment comes, and the judge says “Depart!” and in that solemn word you find your doom, and the glories of heaven fade from your vision, and you drop into the depths of despair? To whom will you go? To whom? No preacher is there with a Gospel message. No ray of hope lights up the gloom of that world into which you have forced your way. The only song that shall ever be heard will be that of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. What is your answer, then, to the question you have been repeatedly asked, “To whom will you go?”

Friends, everlasting life is within your reach. Do not count yourselves unworthy of it. Now that the message is so near, now that Christ is

pleading so affectionately, come to Jesus. Confess your guilt and gaze up into His face, saying, as Peter did, “I am all guilt, all condemnation, there is nothing in me but deserves thy wrath; but Thou hast the words of everlasting life. I believe these words, and I trust my soul into Thy keeping, my case into Thy hands, and Thou shalt receive me from the grave of corruption into the glorified place of Thy love, set my feet upon a rock, and make my goings secure.”

I was recently talking to a minister at Oxford, who told me two anecdotes bearing upon one subject. “When I was a young man,” he said, “I was listening to a powerful sermon in a Scotch church. When I came to dine at the table of the minister, I met the stranger who had preached this morning. The sermon which had been preached was the subject of our conversation, and I remarked,—‘Well, my dear sir, you will be glad to know that there was one person who appeared deeply interested.’ ‘Was there?’ he asked. ‘The man I refer to sat three or four seats from the pulpit. Did you not see him?’ He had proceeded no further than this, when, to his surprise, he saw the venerable minister of the church hide his face in his hand. He was in tears. Very sorrowfully he presently said,—‘My dear young friend, that man is always there. Thirty years ago he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. He was “all but,” yet not quite. Now he comes regularly, and if I preach an affecting discourse, down goes his head, and out comes his pocket-handkerchief; but if at the close of the service you had followed him to the gate, he would have talked about anything else. That old hoary-headed man is hopeless, although his tears seemed to tell you that he was affected.’ That came of trifling with convictions.”

Another anecdote. “I remember another instance. I was preaching on the text, ‘There is one thing needful.’ At the close of the service I met a beautiful girl, a leader of fashion. In the course of conversation with her, I said, ‘One thing is needful, will you accept it?’ ‘Mr. McPherson,’ she said, ‘I will.’ We went into the vestry, and poured out our souls together. Three months afterwards I was sent to see her on her death-bed. She had been seized with illness; but I learned that these three months had been spent in the enjoyment of God’s love. The Master was now going to call her home, and everything was ready. She could scarcely gasp out the words, ‘Oh, Mr. McPherson, was it not a good thing that I took the one thing needful that night?’ So she died with peace and confidence.” Think of these things.

## SCATTERED SEEDS; OR FIVE YEARS' ZENANA WORK IN POONA.

### INTRODUCTION.

So much has been written of late about the condition of our women of our Eastern Empire, that there does not seem much left for any new writer to say on the subject. Still, the country is of such vast extent, and peopled by so many different nations, that the restraints imposed upon the females differ greatly in the different parts of India; and even in these are modified by the rank and position in the social scale which the families occupy.

Over the greatest part of the Bengal Presidency and the North-West Provinces, where the Mussulman element predominates, a much greater degree of seclusion and isolation from all society, beyond their nearest relatives, prevails among them, at least in the higher classes. How far it is the case among the middle classes, or in the rural districts, it is not our province to inquire. Our work lay in a different part of India: and it is chiefly of the Mahrattas of the Deccan that we have to speak. Among them the term "Zenana Mission" is not so correct a one as it is further north and east. In Western India generally, polygamy is by no means so common among the middle classes as that term would lead us to expect, although it is permitted by their religion, and occasionally practised. The most common reason for it is the want of a family by the first wife, and this will give occasion for it sometimes among the very poorest; indeed many men, even if they have daughters, contract a second marriage in the hope of male issue, so great is their dread of having no son to carry their body to the funeral pile. This is considered to involve a certain degree of disgrace, and even the risk of some

penalty in a future world: and the opinion adds a fearful poignancy to their grief on the death of an only son.

Instances do, however, occur of a man marrying more than two wives, even among the middle classes; for one young woman in whom I took a great interest was a *third* wife,—the other two being both alive. She lived with her father and mother, just as any unmarried daughter here might do, and was an articulated pupil at the Normal School;—a fine, intelligent-looking girl, receiving an education up to the sixth standard of the Government schools. For a long time I believed her to be one of those widows from childhood, for whom one always feels such sympathy; but when I heard what her real condition was, a feeling of indignation arose in my mind against the system that allowed a woman like her to occupy such a position.

These marriages are often formed at the urgent solitations of the bride's family. A man may not have his daughter unmarried beyond a certain age, or he is looked down upon by his caste people; and if he has several daughters and no great dowry to give them, the consequence is that he gets some friend to advise any man of the *caste* who is tolerably well off to take one of them as an additional wife, even though he should have one or two already.

I have known girls thus wedded in their youth—*nay*, childhood,—to men older than their fathers, and placed under the dragon-like guardianship of a mother-in-law, subjected to all the jealous and suspicious humours of the elder wives, enduring a lifetime of bondage and misery. One such instance rises to my mind just now: a sweet-looking, gentle girl, in whom I felt a deep interest, and of whom, at one time, I had great hopes that if she became a widow she might be won over to the Christian faith. These hopes, like many others, have, as yet at least, not been fulfilled; but of individual



cases we shall speak hereafter : we must not multiply these in a chapter professedly introductory.

The class of houses I visited in Poona were mostly those of people of middle ranks of life. One or two we had of a grade considerably higher ; and I have paid more than one visit to families of royal blood. Perhaps the most numerous class were those of clerks in Government offices, some still in employment, others enjoying a pension in reward of past services ; others were artisans of various kinds, but all within the *magic circle of caste*, the lowest of them raised far above the position of those denominated *low-caste people*,—a designation generally applied to Mahars, Mangs, and Bhangis, &c.,—who are often spoken of as outcasts and pariahs. Some of the Mahars, however, assert claims to a higher position than the Hindoos of the four castes are willing to accord them, and lay all the blame of the degraded rank assigned them on the Brahmins, because they were the bitterest and most formidable opponents to them in the establishment of their tyrannical rule over the other nations of India—alleging that the word “Mahar” is a corruption of “Maha-wire,” or great enemy, and that their name therefore means the great enemies of the Brahmins. However this may be, there is no doubt that a great enmity exists between the two races ; and as there is no doubt that the converts from the Mahars have been more numerous in Western India than from any other caste, this is sometimes cast as a reproach upon Christianity by high-caste Hindoos, that only Mahars became converts. These people, however, do not deserve, as a class, the contempt with which the Brahmins treat them. They have the faults of a trodden-down race ; but many of them are fair examples for the Christian life, when compared with other converts from heathenism ; and those who judge them harshly, as too many among Euro-

peans do, would do well to read some of the exhortations which Paul addresses to converts from the more dignified paganism of Greece and Rome. It was not among these people, however, that what may be strictly considered our Zenana work lay ; but we had a mission among them, and a very zealous and faithful worker, who was blest as the instrument of bringing several of these to the Saviour, and who afterwards adorned the doctrine of Him who had graciously called them out of darkness into His marvellous light.

In the city of Poona, where my own visits were almost exclusively paid, the people mostly belonged to one or other of the four castes, and among them the women are not actually shut up. In pursuance of their household avocations, they go out and in freely enough—those at least who have no servants to assist them ; but they seldom go far from their own door. Some are naturally more shy and nervous than others, and some have husbands more prone to jealousy, and mothers-in-law more prone to suspicion ; but with an attendant or companion some of them would come a little way in their own town to meet us in a neighbour's house, and many are seen even in the streets going to the well with a pitcher on head or shoulder, or taking part in a marriage procession or a religious service.

In their own houses they have more liberty in receiving female visitors than is customary even among ourselves. There is a free and easy way of walking into a house without even a salutation to the mistress, or the least notice of her presence, that at first surprised me, as I had been accustomed to suppose that they were very punctilious in regard to all the ceremonies of social life. So long as the person is not “low-caste,” she may come and go without a remark being made. While sitting in an up-stairs room I have seen women enter and sit down, who were entire strangers to the family, and

no one take any notice or seem to think it a liberty. But on one occasion, when a man did so, I saw at once that it was looked upon as an intrusion. He was in attendance on a Brahmin widow lady of some rank, who had come by her own desire to pay the visit with us, and she, though a stranger, was received very politely—but after a little this man, who was a sort of manager or confidential adviser to the lady, followed us up-stairs and seated himself on a couch. I noticed that our hostess immediately became very reserved and taciturn, and that my two native assistants looked grave. Nothing was said at the time, nor was any offence taken at us, but I was told afterwards that it was a thing he ought not to have done—and I felt annoyed that it should have occurred in connection with our visit. I fancy it was a bit of Brahmin presumption. The people belonged to the fourth caste—the artisan; but they were people of good standing—the men were well educated, employed in a Government office, and, fortunately, of liberal opinions, otherwise it might have led to unpleasant results; but I daresay the Brahmin thought he rather conferred an honour by entering the house of one whose caste came from the feet, while his came from the head of Brahma.

Even male visitors, if well known to the family, sometimes call in the absence of the husband. I knew a young man, a friend of the husband's, but no relative, who came various times to a house when I was expected, in order to have some talk on religious subjects. Frequently I found a native doctor sitting with a woman whose health was delicate, and who was a high-caste woman, and rather exclusive; and I have seen a young student, from one of the educational institutions, giving lessons to boys in the same room where the mother was engaged in household tasks.

Within their own circle, therefore, it is evident that women of their class in

Western India have a greater amount of freedom than many in this country suppose; but it varies much, as we have said, in individual cases.

Some of the women are very hard-working, and are very hard wrought. I have many a time been sorry for them, toiling in the midst of such a muddle as most of their houses are. One case occurs to me of a very small-sized, weakly woman, with an infant in her arms, and another boy, hardly two years old, hanging on the other arm, roaring lustily because he could not also be taken up. I begged him to let his mother alone, and she excused him by saying he was unwell—"all night he had fever," she said, "and I could get no rest with him." Knowing that her husband had a good salary in the office where he was head-clerk, I said to her one day, "You are not fit to do all this work alone; why do you not get a servant?" "Ah," she said, "that is not so easy; the women of our caste do not go out to service, and my daughter-in-law is too young yet to come to me and help in the work, so I must just go on as I can—but," she continued, "do you know what the neighbours are doing? they are telling my husband that I am sickly and not able for the work of the house, and that he must take another wife."

Surprised and shocked, I exclaimed, indignantly, "Another wife!" and then looked round at the little brown boys and girls who were tumbling about the room. "Oh he will never do it," I said, "and you the mother of so many children." "Yes," she said, with a half sob that nearly choked her; "but I don't think he will, only that is what they tell him." I knew the man well, and, to do him justice, I did not think him capable of such conduct to so good a wife as I knew she was; and my confidence in him seemed to inspire her with the same. The event proved that we were right, for he did not follow the advice of his

neighbours; and they are perhaps the most hopeful as they were among the earliest of my city friends.

E. R.

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## The Monthly Record.

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MAY, 1877.

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### THE SUPPLEMENTAL FUND.

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Having ascertained at meetings of most of our congregations that they are hearty and unanimous in favour of a scheme that will raise them in a few years above the necessity of applying for any external aid, which, from circumstances to which we need not refer, is from year to year becoming more and more precarious, it will be necessary for the Presbytery, at the earliest possible date, to arrange the details for setting the machinery in motion in order to accomplish this much to be desired and praiseworthy end. The success of the scheme will largely depend upon the heartiness, vigor, and zeal with which Kirk Sessions will go to work and with which they will inspire their several congregations. That they will have much uphill work, and many discouragements to contend with is pretty certain. A large sum looked at through the sombre colours of "hard times" will discourage not a few. But while there may be a few faint hearted soldiers in the ranks, we believe that, as a whole, a braver band never went more undismayed to face hardships or danger, and we predict for them a proud triumph. Their history shows that they have always been equal to the occasion; and although the burden about

to be undertaken may appear to be heavy for the comparatively few who are to share and bear it, we believe it can be carried without galling or chafing the shoulders or backs of any one. Outsiders will lend a friendly helping hand. To secure the sympathy and help of others we have but to go to work in earnest ourselves. The church expects every man and woman to do his and her duty in the matter. Every one is expected to give as the Lord hath prospered him, and the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Not only are the lovers of God and His Zion expected to contribute their share while living, but also in imitation of the late generous, benevolent Wm. Gordon, Esq., to remember the claims of the Church in their final disposal of their earthly possession, when "setting their house in order."

We offer the three following resolutions passed at a meeting of coloured Christians in the S. States, for the consideration of all, viz:

1. Resolved that we shall *all give something.*
2. That we shall give *according to our ability.*
3. That we shall give *cheerfully.*

If the above be acted out in good faith we need not fear the result. We are convinced that the "people have a mind to work." We believe the people are willing to deny themselves many luxuries, and even *necessaries*, that the work may be accomplished. No one need face the work feeling that he is obliged to "make brick without straw." The mite of the poor and the widow will not fail to receive commendation and reward from him who, though now ascended up on high, still "beholds how the people cast money into the treasury." Let each gird himself to the task before us and may the testimony of Him who knoweth all things, of each of us, be "he hath done what he could."

## BRIDGEVILLE, EAST RIVER.

from Pictou to Stellarton by train, from Stellarton to Bridgeville by stage, formed a pleasant day's journey one of the brightest days of April. The visit to the new manse, and our old minister, were sufficient incentives to undertake the trip: we were rewarded with an additional unexpected pleasure in spending our or two of the afternoon stirring maple sap in a very large pot, and better storing the maple sugar in a big pocket.

It was delightful to find everything so quiet on the East River. We had heard sundry rumors of bad and bitter news prevailing, but we could discover traces of it. The brook sang sweetly and bubbled past the manse. The sky was bright—the air was balmy—well fitted for all poetic. We will come to other statements. Thirty and two days before, fencing the Glebe, and at the same time putting a fence of maple sap around the minister. A quiet and a profitable prayer meeting in the schoolroom in the evenings closed the day's work.

Why should there be anything but peace and good will on the East River? There is abundant room and quiet work for both ministers. Why should the maple trees be the only ones that are full of sap. Let "those that are planted in the house of God be planted by the word of God" be free of sap and sweetness that the word of the Lord may have its free course. Be glorified.—*Com.*

## WHO ARE SAVED.

Who are they that whiten heaven with the flowing of their garments? Who have their hands lift those ever-vibrating harps? Whose heads are crowned and adorned? Whose brows are illumi-

nated with that new name given them of God? Are they not those who came out of the great tribulation, whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb? Who first followed the Saviour along the path of his ascension, and demonstrated in the sight of heaven the efficacy of the atonement as an act already accomplished? Was it not the thief who hung on the cross? Unto whom were given the keys of the kingdom, the badge of honour and high esteem? Was it not unto him who denied Lord? Who was appointed to break the boundary of Jewish prejudice; to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles and make it as free as the water that runs and the sun that shines? Was it not Paul, the persecutor of Jesus? And whose heart here tonight is fullest of gratitude? Whose lips beyond the grave will open quickest with thanksgiving?—whose? Of that one among us whose darkness was the most dense when the light of mercy broke through and illuminated it!

## ST. PAUL'S, E. R.

A live congregation! Now that farming operations are quite the order of the day in the country, considerate congregations will see to it that their pastors are not overlooked. In this respect St. Paul's congregation has set a good example; for no fewer than thirty two of them turned out a few days ago with teams, axes &c., and hauled and built almost all the fencing required for the Glebe. If any congregation has better than that they have been too modest to let the public get a short account of it.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Mr. McKay, of Gairloch, is on a visit to Hamilton, Ont., where, we believe, he has a brother lying seriously ill.

## MINUTES OF PICTOU PRESBYTERY.

VALE COLLIERY, 14th March, 1877.

The Presbytery met here, according to appointment, this day, and was constituted with prayer by the Moderator, Rev. Geo. Coull, with whom were present Rev. Messrs. Dunn and MacKichan, and Messrs. McPherson, McLennan's Mt., and Campbell, N. Glasgow, Elders. Mr. MacKichan was chosen Clerk *pro tem*.

The Moderator stated that in accordance with minute of the quarterly meeting of Presbytery held at Pictou on the 28th ult., the Presbytery has now met to consider the petition of certain residents of Sutherland's River, Vale Colliery, and vicinity, praying to be formed into a separate congregation in connection with the Church of Scotland. The representatives of the proposed new congregation being present stated that the reasons for taking this step were given at the previous meeting of Presbytery, and that the people were very enthusiastic in the matter.

The New Glasgow session, through their representative, declared their willingness to have all the families at Sutherland's River, Vale Colliery, and vicinity, at present in connection with their congregations, detached from them and formed into a separate congregation. Mr. Fraser, Elder, and Messrs. McDonald and McMcKenzie, trustees of McLennan's Mt. congregation, said that though regretting this movement, still they did not consider it their duty to throw any obstacle in the way. It was then moved by Mr. MacKichan, seconded by Mr. Campbell, that the prayer of the petition be granted. This motion was declared carried, Rev. Mr. Dunn dissenting.

In accordance with the foregoing resolution the Presbytery did and hereby

do declare the petitioners a distinct congregation in connection with the Church of Scotland, and under the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Pictou; and do also declare the following to be elders of said new congregation and members of Kirk Session, viz. Messrs. Alex. Cameron, Angus McBean, Don. Gray and John Munro. Rev. G. Coull appointed interim Moderator, and he instructed to call a congregational meeting on some suitable day next week for the election of trustees.

After transacting some other business the sederunt was closed with the benediction.

ROBT. MCCUNN, Pres. Clerk.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,  
Pictou, 2nd May, 1877

A *pro re nata* meeting of Presbytery was held here this day, Rev. J. Coull, Moderator, with whom were present Rev. Messrs. Herdman, Fraser, Millan, Galbraith, Dunn, MacKichan and McCunn, and Messrs. McLennan, Fraser, and Campbell, Elders.

Mr. Wm. Herdman, student in ministry, having completed his full course of study for the ministry, and having applied for license as a preacher of Gospel, the Presbytery unanimously agreed to take him upon trial, and appointed the following committee to conduct his examination on subjects pointed viz. the Moderator, Mr. Fraser and the Clerk, to meet at Pictou Wed. 31st inst., at 9 a. m.

It was moved, seconded, and agreed to, that the Rev. Jas. Fitzpatrick be present, be invited to sit and deliberate.

The following appointments made for Mr. Fitzpatrick :  
 Vale Colliery, 11 a. m. } Sab. 6th M  
 Sutherlands R. 3 p. m. }  
 do do " 20th M  
 Salt Springs Sab. 18th May.  
 Earltowia " 27th "

Appointments were made for Mr. Wm. Herdman as follows :

Saltsprings	Sab. 6th May.
Stellarton	" 13th "
Hérmou	" 20th "
W. B. R. John	" 27th "

A committee was appointed to arrange rules for the Sustentation Scheme, and committee to consist of Rev. Mr. Dunn, Convener; Rev. Messrs. McMillan, Coull, MacKichan and Galbraith.

The annual collection for Foreign Missions was appointed to be taken in all the churches within the bounds on Sabbath 20th May.

Closed with the benediction.

ROBT. McCUNN, Pres. Clerk.

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It is now time for our Sabbath Schools to be stirring. The summer work has fairly begun. Would that our Elders and wise laymen would exert themselves in this matter. Our people look too much to the minister to do everything, and especially in Sabbath Schools. What is the reason that we have so few good Sabbath School teachers? We have plenty laymen who can correct a sermon and nowadays a rising race who can even on occasion preach one, and relate a marvellous Christian experience, but few who will teach a class. Is it because it is easy to talk, and difficult to go through the labor of preparing the Sabbath School lesson. Children will not listen long to mere nonsense, therefore the teacher must know all about the lesson, he must study it. We see many people anxious about the day school—would that we were equally anxious about the souls of our children. There is much strength lying unused in our congregations. Let us arise then and put on our strength.

A great deal of sickness has prevailed in the country for the past month or two, and our ministers have been kept very busy visiting the sick. It is sometimes said that there is no more respect shown to ministers here than to schoolmasters in Scotland; but however this may be, the pleasure a thoughtful man has in helping to relieve human distress and sorrow, makes up for the ease and dignity with which many a well endowed man goes through the world.

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Mr. D. McKenzie, Divinity Student, is to labor in Pictou Island, in the Summer, as Teacher and Catechist. The people of the Island, in number some twenty-three families, are worthy of praise for their zeal in securing the preaching of the word among them. They undertake the full burden of Mr. McK's expenses, but it is understood that the Session of St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, assists with a liberal grant, as the island is ecclesiastically a part of Pictou congregation.

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PARADISE FOR ELDERS.—Intending Elders whose digestion is so weak that they cannot swallow the confession of faith without danger of dyspepsia, are admitted to office in the P. C. in Canada, on taking down the Shorter Catechism! What next? The mother's catechism?

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THE GROUND BROKEN IN C. B.—The first contribution towards Mr. Dunn's supplementary fund has been received from a loyal and liberal son of the Church in C. B. As may be supposed the contributor is a Pictonian. God bless him, and send us many like him.

**CURRENT NEWS.**

A disastrous fire occurred in Montreal last week, which resulted in the death of twenty brave self-sacrificing firemen.

The Presbyterian Church of the U. S., will meet D. V., at Chicago on the 17th inst.

Bunting at the Church Standard's seems now the short road to distinction and popularity of a sort.

The next quarterly meeting of the Pictou Presbytery will be held D. V., in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wed. 30th May, at 11 a. m.

The U. P. Church in Scotland is excited over the bold speaking of some of her members relative to the confession of faith.

The reports from the Mission field are generally of a cheering character. Rev. J. F. Campbell writes of a frightful famine in the Presidency of Madras.

Annoyed by the discussion that followed the proposal to call him to a Theological chair in the English Presbyterian College, Dr. Christlieb has requested his name to be withdrawn.

The President of the United States, who is showing himself to be the right man in the right place, has also shown his good sense by a proclamation that the U. S., shall remain neutral with reference to the war.

The war cloud that hung thickening over Europe for some months, has at length broken, and a cruel war now rages between Russia and Turkey. Defeat has generally so far followed the Russian arms. The other European Powers have resolved in the meantime to remain neutral spectators.

**OUR OWN CHURCH.**

The Earl of Galloway will be I High Commissioner at the meeting of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland which is to be on the 24th inst. It is believed that Phin will be chosen Moderator.

The Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick has successfully completed his currial and received license to preach the gospel is now on a visit to his friends and occupy some of our vacant pulpits few sabbaths. Mr. F. looks well his many friends in Pictou County be glad to see him.

Congregations will please take note that the Presbytery has enjoined a collection, to defray incidental expenses incurred in the interests of Church, be made by all the congregations during current month.

R. MCCUNN, Pres. Clerk

Agents for the M. RECORD who are in arrears for the past year will please be so good as remit the amounts immediately to enable us to meet Printer's bill overdue and to please mention irregularities, if any, in the numbers sent and postal management.

**OTHER CHURCHES.**

The third Session of the General Assembly of the P. C. in Canada, will be opened in St. Mathew's Church, Pictou, on Wed. 13th June at 7.30.

Professor H. B. Smith, one of the editors of the Princeton Review, "ceased from his labours," and is succeeded by Rev. M. Sherwood.

PICTONIANS ABROAD.

Mr. James Fitzpatrick, after a distinguished career at Dalhousie College and Princetown University, has been licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Presbytery of Westchester, New York. He has agreed to preach in some of our vacant charges this month. We only hope that some of them will be sufficiently awake to secure his services permanently. Unless action is taken at once they cannot expect to succeed, as we understand his services are looked for in a neighbouring Province.

By the *News* of Kingston we notice the name of another Pictou student in the honour list—Mr. Hugh McIntosh of Rogers Hill, who went to Queen's College under the auspices of this Presbytery. At the close of last session he stood second in Junior Latin, 2nd in Greek, 3rd in Mathematics. Also he received a \$70 scholarship with honour of class memorial, besides class prizes in classics and mathematics.

George McMillan, B. A., of Scotch Hill, has, as usual, distinguished himself. He received the first prize in Hebrew for the second year. Also the first for Church History and Biblical criticism and also the first in Divinity.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Stellarton and Westville K. Session towards late synod clerk's fee \$7.00.

W. McM.

S. S. LESSONS.

Select Notes on International S. S. Lessons, by the Revs. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet.

LESSON VII. MAY, 13, 1877.

JEHU THE KING.—2 KINGS 10: 20-31.

20. A solemn assembly. A holy convocation.

21. The house of Baal was full. Literally, "brimful."

22. Bring forth vestments. Like the priests of almost all nations the priests of Baal also had their particular sacred robes, made probably of white byssus, which they put on only when officiating, and which were kept in a particular wardrobe in the temple under the care of a master of the wardrobe.

23. And Jehonadab, the son of Rechab. That is, the son of the "Rider," an Arab chief of the Kenite tribe, who was the founder or second founder of one of those Nazarite communities which had grown up in the kingdom of Israel, and which in this instance combined a kind of monastic discipline with the manners of the Bedouin race from whom they were descended.

25. As soon as he had made an end of offering. We are not to suppose that Jehu offered with his own hand, any more than Solomon.

26. And they brought out the images. At last, when the bloody work was over, they found their way to their inner sanctuary, which towered like a fortress above the rest.

27. Brake down the image of Baal, etc. The image of Baal which was broken down would seem to have been of stone.

28. Thus Jehu destroyed Baal. So ended this great revolution.

LESSON VIII. MAY 20, 1877.

JONAH AT NINEVEH. JONAH 3: 1-10.

1. The word of the Lord the second time. The first time he disobeyed the word of the Lord.

2. Nineveh. This city was founded B. C. 2200, by Nimrod the Cushite, a mighty hunter.

3. An exceeding great city. The conclusion to which recent discoveries lead is, that the name Nineveh was used in two senses; first, for one particular city; and secondly, for a complex of four large primeval cities, including Nineveh proper.

4. Began a day's journey. It is impossible to determine how far Jonah penetrated into the city, since it is probable that in making his announcement he would stop at different places as the crowds might gather around him.

LESSON IX. MAY 27, 1877.

THE DEATH OF ELISHA. 2 KINGS 13: 14-27.

14. Elisha was fallen sick. It was now at least sixty-three years since his call, when he cannot well have been less than twenty years of age; so that he must have been at this time have been eighty-three at least; very possibly he was above ninety.



LIST OF AGENTS OF THE "RECORD."

Rev. W. McMillan,.....	Bridgville.	Alex'r McDonald,.....	Sunny Brae.
Hugh McLean,.....	West River Station.	Samuel Fraser,.....	Ebmsville.
Robt. Maxwell,.....	Lime Rock, W. R.	Geo McLeod,.....	West River
Kenneth Sutherland,.....	Watervale, W. R.	Alex'r Sutherland,.....	Cotch Hill.
James McLeod,.....	Salsprings.	Donald Fraser,.....	Carriboo
Geo. Sutherland,.....	Six Mile Brook.	Msrdoch McKenzie, Three Brooks, Carriboo	
James Hislop,.....	Pictou.	John Fraser,.....	Glengarry
Postmaster,.....	New Glasow.	John Ross,.....	Scotch Hill.
Postmaster,.....	Stellarton.	Alex'r McQuarrie,.....	Hardwood Hill
Postmaster,.....	Westville.	Wm. A. McDonald,.....	Kempton, Col. Co.
Rev. A. J. MacKichan,.....	Barney's River.	Alex'r McKenzie,.....	Carriboo Island.
Geo. Gunn,.....	Truro.	Wm. McDonald, Elder,.....	Gairloch.
Rev. J. W. Fraser,.....	Scotaburn.	James McKay, Esq.,.....	Earltown.
John McKenzie,.....	Scotsburn.	Rev. P. Galbraith,.....	Hopewell.
John McLean,.....	Roger's Hill.	Donald Gray,.....	Cape John.
Alex'r McDonald B. S.,.....	Scotsburn.	Alex'r Fraser,.....	Tomey River.
John McKay, Elder,.....	Millville.	Rev. W. Stewart,.....	McLennan's Brook.
Alex'r McLellan,.....	Millville.	Wm. M. McPherson,.....	McPherson's Mills,
Alex'r McDonald, Elder,.....	W. R. Station.	Sutherland's River.	
Daniel McKenzie,.....	Gairloch.	Kenneth J. McKenzie,.....	W. B. B. John.
John Sutherland,.....	Mill Brook.	Robert Danglass,.....	Logansville.
James McLeod,.....	Glengary.	Wm. McLeod,.....	Tatamagouche River, Col.
John McDonald, (Merchant),.....	Pictou.	Murdoch McKenzie,.....	Upper North River.
John Sutherland,.....	Three Mile House.	Capt. Angus Cameron, River Inhabitants, C. B.	
John Grant,.....	Irish Mountain.	Allan McQuarrie,.....	Cape Mabou, C. B.
Doug'd McDougall, Loch Side St. Peter's, C. B.		Geo. Baillie,.....	Port Hastings, C. B.
Wm. Grant, (Tanner),.....	Springville.	Joseph Hart, Esq.,.....	Baddeck, C. B.
A. McDonald, (Piper),.....	Bridgville.	Angus McKay,.....	Plainfield, Pictou Co.
Alex'r McDonald, (Roy),.....	Bridgville.	Rev. R. McCunn,.....	River John.
		W. G. Pender,.....	Halifax.
		Neil McD nald,.....	Lake Aunslie.
		Chas. Fraser,.....	St. Pauls, E. E.

# The Monthly Record for 1877.

It has been arranged that **The Monthly Record** of the Church of Scotland, in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and adjoining provinces shall be continued as last year.

Ministers will be kind enough to see that arrangements are made in all our congregations to have a **subscriber in every family** according to the following terms:—

- Parcels of 5 Copies to one address, .....* \$1.50.
- Parcels of 10 Copies to one address,.....* \$3.00.
- (With an extra copy gratis, as formerly.).....*
- Single copies (through the Post Office,) post-paid, \$0.50.*

Agents will please observe that there is no gratis copy with parcels of FIVE.

☞ Communications for insertion, as well as letters on business to be addressed to ☞

Rev. Wm. McMillan, Bridgville, E. R., Pictou.