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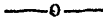
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THE

**MONTHLY RECORD**

—OF THE—

**Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces**

Is printed and published for the proprietors, the 1st Saturday of each month, at

THE OFFICE OF THE "COLONIAL STANDARD"

Foot of South Market Street, Pictou, N. S.

The proprietors are willing to allow agent commission to the extent of forwarding six copies for the price of five; or they will send ten copies for \$5. Single copies, 3s. 1-2

Communications intended for insertion must be in hand by the 20th of the month previous publication, and may be addressed "REV. McCUNN, River John. Letters on business be addressed to Mr. WILLIAM JACK, Pictou.

# THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

## CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

NO. 11

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

### Sermon.

BY

THE Rev. A. K. H. BOYD, D. D.,  
Minister of the First Charge St.  
Andrew's, Scotland.

#### The Redeemer's Errand to this World.

"For the son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—St. LUKE, xix. 10.

**N**OW if such an incident as that described in the preceding verses of this chapter had occurred somewhere close at hand, within the last hour, we should have no difficulty in feeling, when we were told of it, that it had actually happened. We should at once see before us the whole circumstances: the Prophet of Nazareth in His garment without seam; the crowd of people that thronged Him as He walks along the street; the publican Zacchæus, little of stature, running on in advance and climbing up the tree; the kind Saviour stopping at its foot, calling Zacchæus down saying a few kindly words that fairly bewilder the head while they go straight to the heart of the poor disreputable publican, quite unaccustomed to be spoken to kindly by people of any credit or character,—and then, amid the astonished murmurings of the crowd, going away to be guest at a house which it was long since any respectable man had entered. But it is far towards twenty centuries since all these things happened; and things look misty, and indistinct, and unreal, when we look at them over many hundreds of years. They seem like shadows,

the people whose names and doings are preserved upon the historic page. They were not always names in a book; but now, in many cases, they are little more. Events recorded are to events as they actually befell what the embalmed mummy is to the living man. Let us try to bring back that day. Let us try to see these little things which took place upon it, as though they were going on now. The interest of these things ought to be to-day as fresh as ever. We see our blessed Redeemer acting and speaking; mercy, sympathy, and salvation in all He does and says.

He has stopped at the foot of the plane-tree, and called Zacchæus down. "To-day," says Jesus, "I must abide at thy house." Now, Zacchæus was a publican. He was one of those Jews who were regarded as traitors to their country and their blood, because they had undertaken the odious work of collecting the tribute which the Romans levied upon the conquered race. And you know it is difficult for any man to continue better than the character he bears. The publicans, probably, were as bad as they were esteemed. And Zacchæus, probably, was no better than the average of his class. The Jews certainly spoke of him as "a man that was a sinner"; and we all know, that, although in theological phrase every man is a sinner, yet when the word is used in the conversation of daily life, it always implies that a man is a greater sinner than usual. Zacchæus was the very last man that the reputable Pharisee would have thought of offering to go home with. It was something new to the poor publican, accustomed to averted eyes and contemptuous

glances, to find this great and good Teacher treating him like a human being,—*also* a son of Abraham like Himself,—to find this pure and holy Prophet coming like a friend to his house, and sitting at his table. It was long since the poor publican had been used to kindness and respect; there was something wonderfully fresh and new about them; and his heart, so long shut up and hardened, swelled out in kindly charity at once. That moment he devoted half of all his wealth to the poor, and declared that he would restore fourfold all that he had ever unjustly taken. Ah, brethren, if Jesus had cast a stern look up into that plane-tree, or if He had severely bidden the publican to keep his distance, do you think *that* would have converted Zacchæus and saved him? No; he would have gone home harder and bitterer in heart than ever; and the next time he had tribute to collect, he would have ground and squeezed and cheated worse than ever. But our Blessed Redeemer, notwithstanding this manifest and instant reformation which a kind word had wrought upon the poor extortioner, knew that some folk would find fault with what He Himself was doing. He is going towards the publican's house; and He hears the murmur, perhaps only in self-righteous hearts, that says to Him, What are you doing there? Do you know into whose house you are going? You are going to an evil-doer's house; and not going as a judge, or as an officer of justice,—*that* would be all quite right,—but going as a guest, a friend. "He is gone," they murmured, "to be guest with a man that is a sinner!" As if He could have gone to be guest with any man who was not! Am I here, the Saviour seems to say, in the house of a poor lost creature from whom you would hold apart? Even you could not say worse of him than that he is quite a lost creature. Am I here?—then I am just where I ought to be? "for the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost!"

How mercifully, you see, the Saviour puts the case! How differently from the severe fashion in which the murmurers put it! He is gone, said the murmuring Jews, to be guest with a man that is a sinner. He is gone, they said, to a bad man, a wicked man. They never think of his peculiar temptations; they never think of his secret repentance; they never think of that poor, weary, burdened heart, that needed but the slightest touch of kindness to make it melt and glow. They put the thing severely: gone to a man that is a sinner. The gentle words of Jesus seem to rebuke that severity. He does not say that He is come to save the cheating, griping, traitorous publican: No; He is "come to seek and to save that which was lost." No doubt, the Blessed One seems to say.—No doubt the publican is a sinner, if it comes to that; and so are you. But, He seems to say, We will not call him *that*. You will never

win and save a man by calling him by harsh names. Let us take a word that shall speak rather of his misery than of his guilt. No, not sinner, though the word would be perfectly true. Call him a lost creature; call him a lost sheep, a poor, weary wanderer from the Fold.

And yet, merciful as it is, there is no undue laxity in Christ's estimate of sin. There is do shading away the evil of sin, and speaking of it as if it were no such very great matter after all. There is none of the cant, which prevails in a certain portion of our literature, about human weakness, about strong natural propensities,—about passion with its witching voice, which oft hath led men wrong. The essential evil that is in sin is not extenuated, though of the two things which always go together in sin, misery and guilt, the Saviour puts prominently less the guilt than the wretchedness. No, there is no treating sin as a small matter here. You never can represent sin as anything much more serious than utter destruction,—final perdition and ruin and despair: and you see Christ describes the sinful soul as a thing lost: He came "to seek and to save that which was lost"; and the very word which means the last and lowest extremity to which a human being can go down,—the word *perdition*,—as many of you know, it just means *loss*; it just means the state of being lost. And it is in that woful state that even the kind Redeemer puts it we are by nature; for the text was not spoken of Zacchæus only: it describes the state and condition of every soul for whose sake Jesus came to this earth and died. "That which was lost": that phrase names the condition of every soul with which the Redeemer has any concern. He came, He tells us expressly, "to seek and to save that which was lost";—it is only with lost ones He has to do. If there be any mortal that is not lost, then he has no part in the Gospel salvation;—it was not for any save the lost that Jesus died. *Lost*. He says; oh, surely, *that* is not making light of sin. *Lost*. He does not say through whose fault; but the poor sinner would remember well. But while the Pharisee would say, That man is a sinner, thank God I am not like him, let me stand off from him and have nothing to do with him,—Christ says, That man is lost; he has wandered away like the lost sheep, and of himself he never would return; the more need then that I should go to his house, and treat him like a human being: *that* may melt his heart and bring him back; holding him at arms' length never will. *Lost*: and among such lies my occupation! I see my work, the Redeemer seems to say, wherever I see a lost soul. It was to seek and save such I came!

So, for one thing, we find in our text *Christ's estimate of the condition of humanity*. It is something that is lost. Man is a *lost thing*. He is many things more. You may

look at him in many lights. He is a toiling, hard-working creature. He is an anxious, careworn creature. He is a weary, sorrowful, restless creature. But for the Redemer's purpose, the characteristic that surmounted and included and leavened and ran through all the rest, was, that he is a *lost* creature.

Yes, brethren, we are *lost*! And what wide meaning, what unutterable sadness, are in the word,—*lost*! What pictures are called up before our mind's eye by that word, that tells us what we are by nature!

We think of the poor wayfarer in the sandy desert, who has strayed from his path. He has lost all count of the landmarks; he has hurried feverishly hither and thither, thinking he had caught some clue; his blood feels like liquid fire, his brain is in a bewildered whirl; and now, parched, fainting despairing, he sinks down on the hot ground to die!—That man is *lost*!

We think of the gallant ship ploughing her way across the Atlantic,—a floating palace, a detached sample of all the science and refinement and might of the land, far upon the sea; we think of her, in the deceiving fog, steered at her full speed upon the huge iceberg: then the sudden shock, the wild despair of most, the desperate efforts of some; the sudden partings, the wild horrible hurry and confusion, the water rising foot by foot, and then, when the vessel made the last sickening plunge and went down, that final frightful cry of perishing hundreds, which was once described as having been heard on the shore eight miles off, like a high, faint, prolonged wail, like the faintest murmur of an Æolian harp. They tell us that *that* sound curdled the blood of those who heard it. Yet all this horror we can crowd into the commonplace statement, that *that* ship was *lost*!

Then we think again of some guileless youth, brought up in a pious home far in the quiet country, who must go out at length, like a bird from the nest, to stand on his own responsibility, and push his way in life far from a father's and a mother's care. We think of him, (ah! have we not known of him?) falling from his early truth and integrity, beginning by petty pilferings, gaining gradually in hardihood, till some day the tidings reach the cottage far away that he, the clever boy at the parish-school, the lad who was to make his parents independent in their old days,—that he has fled from justice to some distant country, where he may join himself to desperadoes, himself as desperate;—and the heart-broken father and mother never hold up their heads again. And all the neighbors who knew him, now look sorrowful when his name is mentioned; and every one who has a heart, ever afterwards speaks the more respectfully and kindly to the poor silent old couple, whose darling boy is so sadly *lost*! "So I lost her," wrote the kindly genius, as he told the story of his

parting in childhood from the mother whom he saw no more. "It was in the fever we lost him, and then we lost heart," said the poor starving widow in her bare garret, when she told a humane visitor how her husband died, and she and her children sunk always lower in sorrow and want. "I have lost a day," said the Roman emperor, when he remembered how on that day he had done no good. "That man is lost," we say of one who is placed in circumstances in which his powers, of body or of mind, are turned to no useful account. It would be easy to run up the induction of instances in which we use this word to convey a vivid meaning,—a meaning, for the most part, more or less sad. We have mentioned these that we may say that in all these senses, and many similar ones, man is spiritually lost.

Yes, brethren, such is our natural state. No doubt our spiritual condition may be put in various ways. We are guilty creatures; we are depraved creatures; we are condemned creatures: in all these fashions, and more you may truly and justly describe our spiritual state, and express those things about us which make us so greatly in need of a part in Christ's great salvation. But probably there is no single word which you could employ which gives so complete and comprehensive a description of man as he is by nature, as to say that he is *lost*. All error from the right way, all distance from our Heavenly Father's house, all destitution and danger and impossibility of return and imminence of final ruin, are conveyed in that one word,—*lost*! Trace that word's meaning out into its various shades and ramifications, and you will find it implies, as no other can, all that we are, all that makes our need of the Saviour,—His sacrifice, His Spirit, His intercession. We are lost as the wayfarer is lost, because we have gone away from our Father's house, and we are wandering in the wilderness,—in a wilderness where there is no supply for our soul's greatest needs, where we are surrounded with perils, and whence we can of ourselves find no way to return. We are lost, as the great ship is lost, for we have made shipwreck of our best interests; and we drive, without a helm, over the trackless sea of life; and, away from Jesus, we know no haven for which to steer. We are lost, like the guilty child that by reckless sin has broken his father's heart; for, evil by nature, and worse by daily temptation and transgression, we are left to ourselves, lost to holiness, to happiness, to heaven, to God. We have lost our birthright, lost our Father, lost our home, lost our way, lost our hope, our time, our souls! And what loss there is in our unimproved and unsanctified powers and faculties! How these souls are lost, in the sense that so little is made of what was meant for so much: lost as the untilled field is lost; as the flower which no man sees is lost; as the house built and then left empty

is lost; as the ship which rots in harbor is lost! Are not these souls made for God's glory? ought not every power about them to conduce to *that*? oh, what loss of noble possibilities unless they do! What glory ought we to have rendered to God, what good to man, what knowledge and happiness to ourselves! And if a soul's whole powers and energies are given to the mere supply of wants that end upon a present life and world, —to the mere earning of the daily bread— is not that soul a noble thing *lost*, a noble machinery whose power is wasted and flung away!

In all these senses, and more, the Saviour's description of us is a sound and just one. Each of us is lost. We have indeed the means of knowing what was the Saviour's especial meaning when he spake of us as such. It should seem from the parables of the lost sheep and the lost piece of money, that the thoughts present to His mind were, mainly, that we are lost, in the sense in which any precious possession is lost when we have no longer the use of it; and that we are lost, in the sense that we have wandered away, and by ourselves never will return. But in any case, the text reminds us of what the Blessed Redeemer did for us in our lost estate. He came to seek and save us.

Yes: "the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." When we were lost, *that* was what He did for us. Is it needful to repeat that old story, that good news which never can be repeated too often, but which I trust we all know and love so well, of how the blessed redeemer came to the world, and wore our manhood about his God-head, and lived and died to save? Let us try to meet a difficulty which we may have heard not infrequently stated, and which at the first glance appears to have much weight. Can it be believed, say some, when they read such words as those of the text,—can it be believed that Christ, the Creator and Preserver of countless worlds, would come to this little speck in immensity,—would live here in human form for three-and-thirty years, and here would suffer and die,—all "to seek and to save that which was lost,"—all to work out fallen man's salvation? And truly, when in the starry night you look up at the glittering host above you, and think of their incalculable number and vastness, and remember how it is the creed of the philosopher, and, as some have maintained, the faith of the Christian, that each of these gigantic orbs, among which the earth is a sand-grain, has its own teeming population of rational and immortal life, do you not feel as the psalmist felt when he said, in the contemplation of that grand sight, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him!" Was it worth the Saviour's while to come down to so little a world, to seek and save a lost thing so very small!

Yes, brethren; reason and experience come in here to confirm the teachings of Revelation; it is quite credible, quite natural by the very make of all things, that the Son of Man, Creator of the universe as He was, should "come to seek and to save that which was lost." By the very make and nature of the universe, if a thing goes wrong, it becomes a matter of special interest. Suppose that some skilful engineer is watching the first trial of some great, complicated piece of machinery; suppose that a hundred pistons and rods and cranks and levers go right, but that he sees away in a corner some little piece of machinery going wrong, jarring and straining; do you think that the skilful mechanic will for the time forget all the rest of his engine, and concentrate his attention on that little thing that is wrong, till he has got it right? And even so we may think of the great Creator, as He looks upon the system of things playing beneath Him, turning away from a million worlds, where there is no sin nor sorrow, where there is no jarring of the grand machinery, and coming down to this world, that is wrong, to set it right, to this race, that is lost, to seek and save!

Did not the man leave the ninety and nine sheep that were safe, and give his entire thought and energy to the finding of the one that had gone astray! That sheep had been an unnoticed unit in a mass; it was singled out, it became of importance, just by going wrong. A thing which never attracted attention when going right, often becomes a matter of much interest when it goes wrong. Some little detail in your household arrangements,—some little nerve in your physical frame,—you never thought of it,—but you are obliged to think of it now that it is jarring and tingling. And does not the sick member of the family awaken more interest, and get more care, than all the rest put together? How softly you speak to the dying ear; how kindly you clasp the dying hand; how anxiously you moisten the dying lips; how lightly fall the footsteps round the dying bed! You were kind enough, perhaps; but you know you never were so careful in the days of health and vigor. And have we not all been touched to see how the special care and fondness of the mother of a healthful, hopeful family centre on her poor little deformed child,—that poor little thing that must face the toils and trials of life at so sad a disadvantage? And even so may Jesus look upon this defaced and deformed world: the poor object amid a fair family of millions; the one, perhaps, in all He made that fell!—Or, to take a familiar instance, suppose a merchant is balancing his books at the end of the year; suppose that in his calculation thousands and thousands of figures are right, and only one is wrong; does he not fix upon the little error, and labor and labor on *that* till it is put right? And even so, we may say, does God hunt out the error that has



erupt into creation, does God efface the little speck which obtrudes itself upon His view. Yes, a thing becomes of consequence by going wrong. You know that if a man or a woman who never was heard of becomes suddenly a great criminal, then that crime-stained name is for a while in every mouth. And even so, this world, so to speak, pushed itself into notice when it fell. Ah, the little planet might have circled round the sun, happy and holy, and never been singled out from among the bright millions of which it is the least. But, as it is, perhaps this fallen world's name may be on the lips of angels, and in the thoughts of races that never sinned. *That* may be doubtful; but we *know* that this world, by falling, gained a yet grander distinction than *that!* For three-and-thirty years it became the dwelling-place of the great Redeemer. And we, when lost, as it might seem, in hopeless loss, were singled out thereby for the grandest, most precious, most glorious blessing that, so far as we know, was ever given by the Almighty. The Son of God left the glories of heaven, to die for us. The Son of Man came "to seek and to save that which was lost!"

It is indeed a mysterious thing, a thing not to be wholly explained by human wit, that the Son of God stood by till man had lost himself, and then came, at cost of painful quests, to seek and save him,—when we might think He could so easily have kept man from wandering at all. Why let man fall, you would say, and then do and suffer so much to save him; why not rather prevent than cure? The question, we grant at once, is one which we cannot entirely answer. We rest, indeed, in the firm belief, that great ends must be served, and shall yet be seen to have been served, by man's permitted fall, by man's permitted loss, else sin and sorrow had never entered this creation. But there is one fact in the constitution of our minds which casts some little light upon this mysterious permission,—upon the fact that man was suffered to lose himself, before the Redeemer did so much to find him. Is it not the fact that there is a peculiar satisfaction in having a thing, great or small, which was wrong put right? You have greater pleasure in such a thing, when it has been fairly set to rights, than if it never had been wrong. You have greater pleasure in finding a thing which has been lost, than if it never had been missing at all. Every one knows this who has lived in the country, and taken an interest in the hundred little matters which do so much there to keep up the interest of life. Now we know that our minds, in points which involve no sin, are made after the image of God. So we are justified, before getting any express information, in concluding that our feeling is a faint reflection of one which may have place in the mind of God; and, besides, we have express information upon that matter;—do we not read, have we not got it upon the very high-

est authority, that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance?" May we not think, that, apart from those grand, inscrutable reasons which the Almighty has for permitting the entrance of evil into His universe,—those reasons which no man knows,—this fact of the peculiar interest and pleasure which are felt in an evil remedied, a spoiled thing mended, a lost thing found, a wrong thing righted, may cast some light upon the nature of the Divine feeling towards our world and our race? They are fallen, indeed, and evil; but they will be set right. They are lost, indeed; but they will be found. And when all evil that can be remedied is done away with, and when that evil which was remediless is turned by the Divine wisdom to conduce to the Divine glory, may not this world seem better to its Almighty Maker's eye, may it not afford Him greater joy when He looks upon it, than even when He beheld it, all very good, upon the evening of the Sixth Day? Ah, it was fair and beautiful then; it was right then! but it never had been tried; it had gone through nothing. Far more fair will it be to see, right once more, after being so sadly wrong,—sought and found, after having wandered away so far!

And now, my brethren, as we look once more at the Redeemer's gracious words, we think, Were there ever words so fitted to carry hope to the most despairing! What worse can you be than *lost!* Is not *that* just the word which the world applies to those who have strayed the farthest and sunk the lowest? You never can be worse than *lost!* All sin, all misery, are comprehended in that word. And yet, for you Jesus died. He did not undertake to save you in ignorance of the extremity of your case. He knew quite well how sick you were when He undertook your cure—how far away, when He undertook to bring you back. You may have read that beautiful and touching story, which tells us how one who in the pride of intellect had reached within a few paces of the grave, without ever betaking himself to Jesus, was arrested at last, and brought to intense concern. But now he was filled with despair; and you may remember how this text came like a gleam of light upon his darkened spirit. "It is too late for me," he said; "too late, and I am lost." *Lost*, was the reply; then you are just the man who Christ came to save; "for the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was *lost!*" And on his gravestone, besides his name and the number of his years, the same words stand to tell all his story. May they not tell the story of every soul in heaven? *Lost*, yet sought and found: *Lost*, yet sought and saved!

What more would you wish, my Christian friend, to be recorded of you? Do not these words tell where He found you, and whither He brought you, and what He made you,

and what Blessed Friend it was that did it all? Lost by nature, lost by sinfulness, lost in misery, in deplavity, in helplessness, in ruin, in despair! Lost utterly and hopelessly; yet sought, and found and saved! God grant that each one here this day may be able to take up for his own those beautiful words of a good divine and poet, whose beauty lies just in this, that they have so saturated themselves with the very spirit of the beautiful and hopeful text, of which God in His kindness has allowed us to think at this time!

"Love found me in the wilderness, at cost  
Of painful quests, when I myself had lost.

"Love on its shoulders joyfully did lay  
Me, weary with the greatness of my way.

"Love lit the lamp, and swept the house all  
round.

Till the lost money in the end was found.

"'Twas Love whose quick and ever-watchful eye  
The wanderer's first step homeward did espy.

"From its own wardrobe Love gave word to  
bring  
What things I needed,—shoes, and robe, and  
ring"

—o—

#### Church of Scotland India mission.

In view of the annual collection in the Home Church in behalf of this scheme, the Committee have issued the follow statement:

The Committee would respectfully suggest a few facts for the thoughtful consideration of those who are specially expected to contribute to this Scheme.

#### I. THE MISSION FIELD.

"India" represents a population of probably two hundred millions. Each of these is a human being, made after God's image, possessing that same human nature which in Jesus Christ is highly exalted to the very throne of God; each is known to God, and of more value to Him than all the material universe; each must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ to be judged according to his works, and must live somewhere for ever and ever.

The inhabitants of India are, moreover, given to us in the providence of God, as our fellow citizens, and are in a special sense our "neighbours," our "own flesh."

#### II. PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO INDIA.

25 Protestant missionary societies labour in India; of these 3 are in Scotland, 8 in England, 1 in Ireland, 4 on the Continent of Europe, and 9 in America. There are, besides these, 7 societies for literature and education. These societies maintain upwards of 550 missionaries, and, along with the Bible and Tract Societies, &c., expend annually about £250,000.

The India Government expends in secular education upwards of £700,000 per annum.

#### III. RESULTS.

These cannot be estimated by the mere

number of converts to Christianity, as there is necessarily a great preparatory work, in which "one sows" what another "reaps," while both will "rejoice together" in the day of harvest. This is chiefly a sowing time in India; but nevertheless there are in British India, including Burmah and Ceylon, upwards of 150 native missionaries, 1800 native catechists, 1550 native churches, 50,000 native communicants, 214,000 native converts, with probably 100,000 boys and girls receiving Christian instruction.

One result of missions should be remembered—that of 2000 native converts involved in the sufferings of the great mutiny, 11 of whom were massacred, not more than 6 apostatised, and even they returned when the trouble ceased; while all proved faithful to the British Government, and to the English families with whom they were connected as servants, &c.

#### IV. OUR INDIA MISSION.

Since last collection was made our missionary, Mr. Taylor of Sealkote, has returned in bad health, and Mr. Lang, whose father and two brothers are ministers of our Church, has been ordained, and set sail for the same station. Mr. Thomson, teacher in Dundee, has also gone for Madras. The strength of our mission staff has thus been maintained. But it has been proved by statistics that, to keep up, but not to extend a mission in India, the supply must amount in ten years to the one-half kept in the field. We are at present able to keep up, although not to extend our staff; but for this we thank God and take courage.

When those missionaries who are on their way to India shall have reached their destination, the statistics of the mission will be nearly as follows: Stations, 5; ordained European missionaries, 7; European teachers, 3; native preachers, 2; native catechists, 10; native colporteurs 3; communicants in connection with native congregations, 200; adult baptisms during the year, 28; pupils receiving Christian instruction, 1438; in Gyah Orphanage, 60—all of whom are supported by Sabbath-schools in Scotland. Received from school fees and Government grants in Sealkote, Bombay, Calcutta, &c., £1804; local subscriptions, about £600. There are besides, in connection with the Ladies' Association, 6 European and 2 native Christian teachers with 210 pupils, most of whom are supported as well as taught. The income of the Association was last year £1874. The Ghospara Mission employs 1 native catechist, with 71 pupils. We have thus, in the India Mission connected with our Church, 16 European agents, with 15 natives directly engaged in mission work—in all, 31, with 1719 boys and girls under Christian instruction. Along with these, we should remember with gratitude the efficient aid given to our missions by our 13 chaplains in India. As to

the prospects of the India Mission, the Committee have the hope of obtaining two efficient ordained missionaries, while three long known and tried native missionaries have been accepted, and will probably be ordained when the deputation are in Calcutta. Lastly the Committee have, as advised by their Corresponding Board, considerably raised the salaries of their Bombay missionaries, and guaranteed £3000 for the purchase of a dwelling-house. It is almost certain that the salaries of all our missionaries will have to be increased.

#### V. THE CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR INDIA MISSION

*Collections and contributions for 1865-66.* £4756, 18s. 3d. To keep up, much more to extend, the mission, these must be largely increased above their present low average. Yet last year there was a considerable decrease as compared with the previous year!

The contributing congregations have given, on an average, less than 1s. 6d. weekly; very many not one-third of that sum. Is it conceivable that any system of regular contributions by subscriptions could produce so low a result as this? But 230 congregations have given nothing! The poor female members of our native mission church in Madras contribute each their handful of rice at every meal in aid of our India Mission; while there are 230 ministers, with their office-bearers and congregations, belonging to the national Church of Scotland, who altogether have not given equal to one handful of rice during the year for the spread of the Gospel throughout the whole heathen world!

#### VI. THE DEPUTATION TO INDIA.

The Church of Scotland has sent two deputations, consisting each of three ministers, to visit the congregations in communion with her in British North America. She has sent a deputation of two ministers to visit her Jewish Missions; and one also of two ministers to British Guiana. Moreover, six deputations from different missionary societies have visited their respective stations in India, but this is the first proposed by our Church to be sent to that great country in which she has several congregations, and in which her missionaries have been labouring for about forty years.

The request for a deputation came from India, and has been cordially responded to by the Foreign Mission Committee and the General Assembly of the Church. The Convener of the Indian Committee and Dr. Watson have accepted of the call given to them, and that too with the hearty consent of their respective presbyteries and kirk-sessions. £1000 was generously guaranteed by Mr. David Johnstone of Greenock, a member of committee, to meet expenses.

The deputation go to visit their missionaries, to see and understand their work; and in the name of the Church of Scotland, and in the presence of the heathen and of the

Christian Church at home and abroad, to acknowledge and encourage them, thank and advise them. They go, also, as far as time and circumstances will admit, to preach to their countrymen in India; to visit as brethren the missions of other bodies, to obtain information respecting their labours of love; and they hope, on their return, to make some use of the knowledge thus acquired for the good of the Church at home. The deputation intends to sail from Marseilles for Bombay on November 6, and to proceed from thence by rail via Nagpore and Allahabad to Sealkote, returning by the Ganges Valley Railway to Gyah and Calcutta, visiting Madras on their way home. They expect to be able to give in their report to the ensuing General Assembly.

The Committee beg to commend the deputation to the sympathies and earnest prayers of the Church, that God may enable them successfully to discharge their very difficult and most responsible duties, for the good of the Church of Scotland and her missions, for the glory of Jesus Christ, and for the advancement of His kingdom.

The result of the Collection this year will afford some index as to the interest taken by the Church in her India Mission at this crisis of its history, and it is therefore anticipated with more than ordinary anxiety.

N. MACLEOD, D. D., *Convener.*

#### COLONIAL MISSIONS.

(From the *H. & F. Missionary Record.*)

##### NEW ZEALAND.

The Rev. P. Barclay, having been appointed as commissioner to represent the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand in this country, has for some months been engaged in pressing the claims of that colony upon all the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland and Ireland.

In pursuance of his mission, Mr. Barclay delivered an interesting address in the Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, from which we make the following extracts:—

I cannot help being struck with the ignorance prevailing in reference to New Zealand and all its concerns, even among ministers, elders, and others, who might naturally be expected to be better informed at least as to its ecclesiastical wants and necessities. This statement refers to Scotland as well as to Ireland; and until this ignorance be dispelled, it is not likely that much will be done for the evangelization of that distant land. Permit me to remark that lectures, illustrated with pictures and maps, might be given in Sunday schools; and thus the young people would grow up with a better understanding of the work God has committed to His Church. Might it not also be well that the Colonial reports were read and commented

on from the pulpit? Might not the sermon be shortened on such occasions, and a narrative, in the style of the Acts of the Apostles, be given to your congregations? That book of Scripture has been called the Acts of the Holy Spirit; and would not such a narrative tell of the actings of the same Spirit working through the ministrations of His servants, through the means and ordinances of grace?

There are many things I may say in regard to New Zealand and the Presbyterian Church there. But I must not detain the Assembly with a lengthened statement, and I shall be as brief as I well may.

It is a fine land; and, if it get fair play, it will very soon develop into one of the best colonies of the empire. That fair play, I regret to state, it has not received from Sir G. Grey and his advisers. I could much wish your countryman Colonel Gore Browne had been left to us; and then, in all human probability, the wretched, and ill-conducted war in which the country has been involved would have speedily been brought to an end. However, it is likely to come to an end now, thanks, under God, mainly to the colonists themselves; and if ever Christian Churches are to work in New Zealand, now will be the time. The country is being more rapidly settled than it has hitherto been; and unless you want a population Christian in name and heathen in practice, we must make haste in the work of Christ—for this farther reason too, that such a population is the most difficult of all to work among. Who are going to that far away land? Many go as emigrants usually do; people who have no means or way of getting on at home who, for their own sake or their families, think they may be better and cannot be worse in a colony. And so they come many of them very poor, and not a few in debt. Even if they get work at once, and what in this country would be reckoned very high wages, living is so expensive, and settling down attended with so great an outlay (especially for people who have little or nothing to lay out), that generally for the first two or three years it is a great struggle. Then it is only a certain proportion of them who care for divine things, and all exposed to temptations incident to a new colony; so that where religion is a thing merely external, whether of rites and ceremonies on one side, or mere mechanical morality on the other, it is very apt to pass away. Alas! where true religion exists, it is apt to get blighted from the less wholesome atmosphere?

As to the work of evangelising, it is very difficult, from there being little or no supply for the pulpit, when ministers are engaged in it. We are worse off than any other Churches in this respect. The Church of England has its bishops and several retired missionaries, especially now since a good deal of Maori Christianity has proved false.—Thank

God! not all of it. So also the Wesleyans with their missionaries, their local preachers, &c., can make progress where we are almost at a standstill. I need not speak of the tact and wisdom of the Romanists, of what they can do in building churches and schools, and setting their whole machinery in motion.

We would need to follow the example of John Knox, and appoint a "Superintendent for the Plantation of Kirkes," otherwise that evangelistic work so necessary in a new country must either come to an end or be carried on in a painful and unsatisfactory way. If there were a small fund, raised partly at home and partly in the colony, from the proceeds of which (and interest is 10 per cent. in the colonies) such a man could be paid, it would be a great blessing. The work might indeed be tolerably well done by giving any qualified minister an ordained assistant. But the other plan would be better, and not much more expensive. We should like also to do something towards the difficult work of founding a college—to bring the claims of the ministry before the eyes and minds of the community. But without help (of which Bishop Selwyn gets a great deal from this country for English Church collegiate purposes) the attempt cannot be made for a long time to come.

We want men, living and loving men. And here I must tell the truth, impugn it whoso list. It will not do to talk of men, "being good enough for the colony," while the fact remains that, if any good is to be done in a colony you must rather pick your men. Men of piety are needed, because, although there is less actual crime than at home, the tone of morality is not so high. There is little of the atmosphere of Christian love, although with many there is much kindness and much hospitality. Yet there is much improvement in these respects; and with an earnest ministry, and the various influences and agencies that are at work, there will be more. Men of common sense, intelligence, and catholicity of character are also needed. There are so many nationalities and so many churches represented in the same place, that it may easily be seen how unfitted some men are for such a sphere. Then, as a rule, the colonists are more educated and much more intelligent than our home congregations. Men cannot have travelled so far, and many of them all over the world, without gaining a certain amount of education, activeness, and intelligence. Their minds are pretty much out of a groove. And I am sorry to say that in some classes semi-infidel books and reviews are greatly read. The last pattern of infidelity quickly finds its way to the colonies, and men seldom care to inquire after the antidote to the poison. Then there is Romanism, active, earnest, insidious, with all its machinery worked with wisdom and power. It has erected some of the best schools in the colony, and to these very

many Protestants will freely send their children and contribute money. And then many of the people are broken off from church-going ways, and care little for Sabbaths and the ordinances of religion. Nevertheless they are willing to support a clergyman whom they can respect, and attend his ministrations. If ministers were attractive, if we had all much more of the winsomeness of Christ photographed on us, how much good would be done in the world!

In some new places the most that can be done is to get promises of support for a living ministry. If a suitable man come, buildings will by-and-by be provided. But it is a mistake when ministers come expecting that everything will be found made ready to hand, and congregations gathered and waiting their coming. And organization is sometimes very difficult at first, from the nature of the country, the difficulty of finding suitable men, and from the unwillingness of many to take part in the management of church matters. I need not add that the minister has often few to consult with (but this will not so much be the case in time to come,) and that if he is guilty of an error of judgment, such a blunder is with some reckoned worse than a crime. Yet there are some charges very much like home charges, in full working order, and more will now rapidly get into this condition.

I have now only to impress on this Assembly the necessity of sending right men, and that even for its own credit. The men sent are among the colonists taken in the broadest sense as true representatives of the Churches from which they come; and from what I have said you might at once perceive that there are good men that will do at home who will not succeed in the Colonies.

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(From the Presbyterian Witness.)

The following sketch of New Zealand is from the pen of the Rev. Geo. Sutherland, late of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Four weeks from the day in which we weighed anchor in Panama Bay, and about the same hour of the day, we first saw the lofty mountains of New Zealand. They were in the rear of Cape "Turn-again," so called by Capt. Cook, and were capped with snow which glittered in the morning sunlight. We then sailed direct for Cook's Strait, the Strait which separates the two main Islands. The same lofty rugged mountains appear as we run down the coast. At dusk we enter the Strait—and in two or three hours are off the harbour of Wellington, but as we have no pilot, we lay off till the morning, and enter at dawn of day. The morning is charming—the large circular bay which constitutes the harbor is so calm that all surrounding objects are reflected on its surface. The Bay is surrounded by lofty, conical volcanic hills

of a dull yellow colour, and scantily covered with grass. There is nothing to tell you that you are in mid-winter. It is agreeably warm, and of course there is neither snow or ice to be seen. The hills have approached so close to the water that in the centre of the city they have left room for only one street, and in some places the waterside of that is not built upon. Our steamer lies out in the stream as she has to go on to Sydney in N. S. W., and so employing a waterman we go on shore and for the first time plant our feet on the soil of the Southern Hemisphere, and thank God that after six thousand six hundred miles of lonely ocean we again stand on solid ground. I traverse the city east and west, a cab you can obtain, but no one who wishes to explore a city will drive in a carriage. You feel pleased but yet disappointed—pleased at the pleasant weather, the strange shrubbery, the neat gardens, the clean streets and pretty cottages—but disappointed at the smallness, the low one-storied character of the buildings. You look for a city, and in point of extent it may be called one—but it lacks the regularity, the massiveness the loftiness of a city. A great proportion of the houses are built on small eminences on the flanks of these lofty rounded hills—every individual selecting his own hill and planting his own garden in front and around his own dwelling. Hence it is scarcely possible to have regular streets. After rambling towards the east end of the city, I attempted to take a back street, but I was soon happy to find a way of escape down to the main street by descending a zig-zag wooden stair. I was disappointed in the House of His Excellency Sir G. Grey. It is a simple low on-estoried cottage, not equal to the Manse I left behind in Charlottetown. Of course it was not built for a Governor—and he has only resided in it a couple of years—but I describe things as I see them, without any attempt at colouring. The collected wisdom of New Zealand is at present in Wellington. I went to the Assembly. My friends in P. E. Island will understand the appearance of the house, when I say that it is extremely like the residence of Hon. W. H. Pope near Charlottetown. You might describe it as a junction of three English cottages—two of these with their ends to the street—the centre with its broadside to the street and uniting the two others. After passing through its rooms and looking upon its Speakers Chair, the desks and seats—my reflection was—give me British America before this. But let me not be unjust to New Zealand. Wellington is only a small town to Auckland and Dunedin, the Northern and Southern Capitals. Of the first of these I cannot speak except by report; of the latter. I may for I am now writing in it, and have pretty fully explored it in all directions. In Wellington the Roman Catholics following their usual practice have planted their chapel

on a high eminence, and in immediate contiguity to the Governor's house and to the House of Assembly. They could not, indeed, go to the top of any of the lofty hills, whatever their ambition may have been, but they have built above any protestant church. I went to the chapel. It was being enlarged and decorated, the old inside shell presenting but a poor appearance. The Protestant Churches are small neat buildings—low in the roof and decorated externally, like first class modern school houses. I was glad to see that the Presbyterian Manse was very prettily situated on a small knoll, surrounded with beautiful strange trees, and with mounds ornamented with flower beds. On the streets I met several Maories, tall, stout, sturdy looking fellows, like the stoutest of our Indians at home. One was tattooed on the face and had a string of strange fish in his hand which he seemed very anxious that I should purchase. All I wanted, however, was to see himself and his fish, both of which were curiosities to me. I was invited by members of the Presbyterian Church to stay over Sabbath and preach; but in the circumstances I declined. I was specially anxious to be where there were no ministers, not where men were already usefully employed. I left Wellington in the coast steamer "Egmont" and steamed south for Canterbury. This is one of the chief Provinces of the Southern Island. Here let me state that the Islands of New Zealand embrace an area equal to England, Scotland and Ireland, less one million of acres. The Southern Island is the largest of the three, and has by far the larger population of Europeans and very few Maories. Nearly all the traders are in the North Island, and there all the fighting of late years has been. After a pleasant trip of 160 miles, I reached Port Cooper in Canterbury, on which is situated the small sea port of Littleton. Before going into Port Cooper you pass on the left Bank Peninsula—a bold projecting series of head lands—lofty rounded yellowish hills with the usual scanty verdure, between which are deep ravines, and sometimes coves and armlets of the sea in which the wild ducks delight to make their resort. On this Peninsula the French began to settle just two or three months too late, as a Bill had passed the House of Commons making these Islands a British Colony. Some are still there nestled in a lovely nook called Akoroa, enjoying a delightful climate. I went ashore at Littleton, and had some pleasant converse with the Rev. Mr. Hall of the Presbyterian Church, late of Victoria, Vancouvers Island, who was well acquainted with your mutual friend, J. H. Turner, Esq. I was pleased to find the Manse so happily situated, and so neatly finished, surrounded by beautiful flowers, some of which were in full bloom. The day was remarkably fine and of course everything was seen to advantage. Mr. Hall urged me to stay and preach

—but he himself was on the spot, I had a ticket for Otago and Melbourne in my pocket, the steamer was about to sail, another might not be for a week, my mind was made up to proceed to the Capital of the South—Dunedin. Here then I landed on Saturday forenoon, after a pleasant sail of 190 miles from Littleton in the steamer "Airedale"—a very swift steamer. And it is simply the truth to say that there are few places so picturesque and beautiful as that ever-varying hill and dale—cove and creek from Port Chalmers to Dunedin. The morning was all that could be wished for—hence all appeared to advantage. No sooner landed than you find yourself amidst a bustling, energetic population. You are surprized at the extent of the place, at the many fine buildings—at the well laid out streets with paved sidewalks and crossings. Here I must abruptly close. Perhaps another mail may bring you a description of Dunedin. Let me only say that it is a city of 16,000 inhabitants, chiefly Scotch. It has three Presbyterian Churches—in two of which I preached last Sabbath, and in one of which I preach twice next Sabbath, God willing. I have preached twice every Lord's day without exception since I left Nova Scotia. The wide world affords ample scope for all who are willing to serve our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yours truly,  
GEO. SUTHERLAND.

### Department for the Young.

#### "I Said I Would Try."

"Children," said a superintendent of a Sunday School, one day, just before school was dismissed, "I want you each to try if you cannot bring one new scholar with you next Sunday. It would be but a small thing for each one to do, and yet it would double our school. Will you all try?" There was a general "Yes, sir!" though I am afraid they did not all remember the promise they had made.

"I said I would try," thought little Mary Gordon, as she walked home. "I said I would try; but all the children I know go to a Sunday School already, except Tom; but I couldn't ask him: he is such a big boy, and so bad; and, besides, I'm afraid of him. No, I couldn't ask Tom."

This "Tom" of whom Mary stood so much in awe, was the terror of all the little boys and girls in the neighborhood. If any boy's kite was found torn, or any girl's pet kitten hurt, Tom was sure to be concerned in the mischief. As to his attending Sunday School or Church, such a thing had never been known. He had even been heard to say, with a threatening look, that he would like to see any one try to get him inside such places. No wonder little Mary was afraid.

"I said I would try," she thought again to

herself. That was making a promise; and if I don't try I shall break it, and that would be very wrong. Besides, he might come; and then he would learn how to be good, and how to go to heaven, and I don't believe he knows anything about it now. Oh, yes, I'll ask him to come."

It was not long before she had an opportunity. The next day as she was returning from school, she saw Tom at a little distance, walking slowly along. He did not see her till she was just up to him. "Tom," she said with a trembling voice and a beating heart, "won't you go to the Sunday School with me next Sunday?"

In utter amazement, he gazed at her for a minute without speaking; then he said slowly, "Go to the Sunday School! Why, what in the world shall I go there for?"

Taking courage from his manner, Mary ventured to look up at him, and said earnestly, "Oh, Tom, don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Well," said Tom, "suppose I do; going to the Sunday School won't take me to heaven, will it?"

"No," said Mary, hesitatingly; "but, Tom, when I first went there, I heard them singing 'I want to be an angel'; and they sang it so beautifully, it made me feel as if I wanted to be an angel too. Tom, if you would only come!"

She had scarcely finished, when Tom walked abruptly past her; and, a minute after, she heard him whistling as he walked down the street. Poor little Mary! she was so disappointed that the tears would come; and, as she was wiping them away, she heard a hasty footstep behind her, and, in an instant, Tom stood before her again, "Mary," he said, "are you crying because I won't go to the Sunday School?"

She looked at him surprised, and a little startled, and then said earnestly, "Oh, Tom won't you come?"

"Mary," he replied, you are the only one that ever cared enough about me to cry for me. You need not cry any more; I'll go with you next Sunday."

Tom went, and after that his seat was never vacant. He did learn the way to heaven, and walked in it; and the last I heard of him was that he had taken his life in his hand, and gone to preach to the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I know not where he may be now. I know not whether, in a distant land, he yet stands up in his Master's name, and proclaims, "Come, whosoever will;" or whether, "having fought the good fight and finished his course," he has entered his everlasting rest; but I am sure that, when the trumpet shall

sound, and sea and land give up their dead, one who might have risen to shame and contempt, shall awake to glory and everlasting life. I know not what became of little Mary, whether she is struggling in poverty and loneliness, or is surrounded by riches and honors, or whether she has already fallen asleep; but I am sure that in the last day, when the crown of life is placed upon her brow, one gem, surpassing all earth's brightest jewels, shall shine in it for ever and ever.

Would you not like to win such a gem for the crown which the Judge shall give you?

### Real Courage.

Boys and girls, as well as men and women, are apt sometimes to mistake prudence for cowardice, and yet no two qualities can be more unlike.

"Pooh!" said a rough boy once to his more gentle cousin: "I do believe, John, you're afraid to go near that horse just because he isn't tied."

"There is no need of my going near him, Stephen," was the reply; "and there is danger of his kicking any one who teases him."

Ha! ha!" shouted Stephen, "you're a bravey, now, ain't you? The idea of being afraid of a horse!" and with a taunting look at John, the foolish boy walked up to the grazing animal and poked him with a stick. The horse gave an uneasy start, but continued pulling at the grass.

"See here!" exclaimed Stephen, growing bolder, "if you'll promise not to faint, I'll present you with a lock of his tail in a minute."

John didn't faint, but Stephen did; for, as he stealthily approached the horse in the rear, the animal bounded away, performing a flourish with his hoofs that laid his tormenter senseless in the dust. John tried hard to restore Stephen to consciousness. He loosened his clothing, rubbed his hands and feet, and bringing water in his cap from the pool near by, splashed it upon the boy's white face, but all in vain: there was no sign of life. The nearest house was their own home, and a quarter of a mile distant. John felt that not a moment was to be lost. He approached the now quiet horse, and, leaping upon him, rode swiftly, without saddle or bridle, to his uncle's house for help.

When, after a long illness, Stephen recovered, he was a wiser boy, and told his cousin that he really believed that the horse had managed to kick a little common sense into him.

"What a dunce I must have been, John," he added, "to fancy you were afraid of that horse."

## The Monthly Record.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

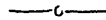
The month of October, in Nova Scotia, has been marked by three events more or less directly connected with the work of the Church. The three events to which we refer are, first, the Convention in this Province of Delegates representing Young Men's Christian Associations—held in Halifax during the first week of October; second, the issue of the first statement and appeal of the newly formed British American Book and Tract Society; and, third, the commencement of our new school year, and holding of our annual school meetings over the province. It will at once be seen that each of these things have a somewhat direct bearing on the work of the Christian Church. The Christian Minister needs the School Teacher as a pioneer—the colporteur agency he is glad to welcome as an auxiliary—and the Young Men's Christian Association he should regard as one of the wings of his army. Accordingly, it is just what was to be expected when we find ministers of all denominations, our own among the number, taking an active part either in the way of superintendence, or co-operation, or encouragement in all the three. Their names are found in connection with the convention, addressing, encouraging and welcoming the young men. Their names are found in the list of the Board of Directors of the new Tract Society, and their names are found in the list of school commissioners, examiners of teachers, and visitors of Schools. But we want more than this. While the ministers do their part, let the people also do theirs. Let them give their sons to swell the roll of membership of the Associations. Let them give their money to swell the funds of the Tract Society; and let them give themselves to the work of co-operation in the School Section.

At the Young Men's Convention there were upwards of 70 delegates, but these did not, probably, represent more than 40 or 50 localities, so that many parts of the Province must have been unrepresented. It is to be hoped, however, that a measure of interest in the matter may have been awakened all over the country, and it is sincerely to be desired that every town and village, and

district should soon be found with its flourishing Young Men's Christian Association. Now is the time to form new Associations where none at present exist. The Halifax Association has undertaken to be a kind of centre for the diffusion of information, and generally for holding out a helping hand.

With regard to the Tract Society, we give on another page an extract from the Committee's appeal. Most of the newspapers contain lists of the subscriptions already received; and any of our readers who do not find their names on that list, and are disposed to assist in setting this new piece of machinery in motion might send a few dollars to the Treasurer.

Our School Teachers are no new set of functionaries—they are old friends, and we trust they will continue to receive encouragement, and be rewarded with success in their arduous and important work.



ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—Instead of "we publish in the present number a sermon bearing on Foreign Missions," read "we published in the August number."

WE learn that the Presbytery of Prince Edward Island, has just received an accession to its staff of ordained missionaries. The Rev. Jas. McCoil, sent out by the Colonial Committee, at the desire of the Presbytery, arrived by last mail steamer.

WE are glad to be able to state that the Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Earltown, who was for a few weeks, early in the fall, laid aside from active duty, is well again and able to attend to his pastoral duties. The Rev. Mr. Anderson who has more recently had a severe attack of fever is also, we are happy to learn, recovering, though still very weak.

WHILE the congregations of Earltown and Wallace had been deprived of the services of their ministers by sickness for a few Sabbaths, there are two others of our congregations likely to lose their present pastors by removal to another part of the New Dominion. It is expected that the Rev. Mr. McKay of Salt Springs will shortly be translated to the charge of Lochiel, in the Presbytery of Glengarry, and the Rev. Mr. Gordon of Truxo to the city of Ottawa.

WE would remind all our ministers and congregations of the Foreign Mission Collection, enjoined by Synod to be made on Sabbath 3rd November, or first opportunity thereafter.



For the Monthly Record.

### A WORD FOR THE POOR.

These chill October winds make us draw our chair close to the fire and hug our comforts. Sitting by the fire in a comfortable room, as the daylight is fading into dark, one is very apt to fall amusing on the great world outside in cities, villages and homes. At such a time, in obedience to the law of contrast, we begin to think of those who are not so comfortable as ourselves. The soothing warmth of the rosy embers, the sensation of comfort enjoyed as we watch the shadows of the busy blazes dancing round the room, the feeling of safety and independence afforded as the wierd blast vainly attempts by its artillery of rain and hail to storm our well shielded dwelling, all help to summon before memory's presence, cold and cheerless faces, shivering thin-clad forms, and homes whose every corner is haunted by the grim ghost of poverty. In the lull of the storm we seem to hear a still small voice whispering, "Pity the poor," and on the face of the merry fire to see engraved the words, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

This is to many the season of plenty, the season of storing up the good things with which God has crowned this harvest, and He has crowned it with no sparing hand. In many a store-room and cellar there is already a whole winter's supply, enough to laugh at want and care for six long months to come, and at this season too, many a dainty delicacy goes upon our table welcomed alike by old and young. But in many homes stores and delicacies are great strangers, while the provisions on the table fall far short of the cravings and necessities of nature.

God has cheered us with His loads of benefits, godlike let us seek to cheer and benefit those who fear to face the coming winter, knowing as they do, from sad experience that it will bring nothing to them but privation and suffering. A little from a store would scarcely be missed, while it would certainly be a great blessing to an ill-clad, ill-fed family. Give something, do something to relieve the destitute even though it be but a little. But, why should charity so commonly be content with no higher a standard than a little—a crust of bread, "old shoes and clouted" and old garments of a very transparent texture. Such is not the manner of God's dealing with many of us, verily no. He has given to us "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over." Never, since the hour we were born have we known the horrible feeling of being hungry and having nothing to eat, or of being cold and having no clothes to warm us. Let us give then with a generous hand for we know not the good it is in our power to do and the happiness we may be the means of conferring by a timely gift at this season.

The widow struggling hard to bring her fa-

mily through in a decent way, may be enabled to thank God and take fresh courage, the family of the thriftless squanderer will esteem your errand of mercy as the breaking of the bright sun in a cloudy day, a heart soured and hardened through misfortune, may be drawn by your kindness out of itself, and enabled to recognise a gracious purpose in the discipline of a hard lot.

Some seek to be excused from helping the destitute, because so many of them are unworthy and ungrateful. True enough. Can it be then that our paths drop fatness because we are worthy and truly thankful? No. Those who receive many tokens of God's favour oftentimes forget to give God thanks. Every vain and selfish plea for withholding help may well be silenced by the humbling truth that as objects of God's mercy, we are all brothers and sisters. Ingratitude may well be put to the blush, and love stimulated to a generous and practical benevolence by the grand example of Him who died for us, "while we were yet sinners." The love of God in Christ truly appreciated and experienced, reproduces itself to a certain degree, in loving feelings and actions. If we sincerely believe that all we possess has been given to us, that our fortunes have been made by God and not by ourselves, and have been entrusted to us as so many talents, of which we must render an account when the master returns, our charity would be more spontaneous and generous. The common mistake is to consider things as our own, practically ignoring God's hand in the disposing of the events and circumstances of our lot. Though a common mistake, it is not the less a very selfish one. Of course, it is not expected that a man is to starve himself or his family in order to bestow his goods upon the poor, but it is binding upon every Christian to make it a matter of duty, if he cannot of privilege, how much he can do to help the needy; and, having determined that point, to let no after selfish consideration frustrate his charitable designs. Sitting by the fire on a cold stormy night, one is very apt to feel very charitable and to frame noble resolutions and schemes of benevolence which to-morrow finds exploded through the "impotence of thought." It is this vague dreamy way of building castles of kindness in the air of a comfortable room, as the winter wind howls outside, that weakens our power of doing good, robs the poor of many a comfort, and converts what would be a blessing into a mere bauble of the brain. Better not to vow than "vow and not pay." and better still to offer a dove on the first promptings of pity, than to sacrifice an ox on the altar of a good intention.

There is no lack of altars whereon we may present to the Lord our free-will offering of love and gratitude. Not a great many steps from each of our dwellings are hearts and homes, waiting to be cheered and blessed, and if we will, ours may be the delightful privilege

and the sacred mission of ministering to others, and by so doing, exhibiting the spirit and power of the gospel, and being like Him, "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." M. D.

—o—

*For the Monthly Record.*—

Late Communion in Cape Breton.

Although our old friends of the Presbytery of Pictou have not, somehow, been able to come to assist us at our Communion this season, I doubt not but they and their people will persevere with wonted interest a dry statement of these solemnities, as celebrated here in three of our Congregations, last month.

At this time, owing to the political excitement prevailing in some localities more than in others, we arranged the Communion in the inverse order of River Inhabitants, Middle River, and Broad Cove.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brodie was out of the Island, and though daily expected across the Strait he had not as yet shewed himself. Notwithstanding, on Tuesday, the 10th I started for River Inhabitants, by the back of Judique, a wild and barren tract of country, but twenty miles shorter than by the shore road; and there I met with our junior Missionary, Mr. Fraser. He knew little about the missing man; which set us both on our metel, and we resolved to go on and go through with the work. We had the usual services on Thursday and Friday; on which latter day two men of the place spoke to the "question" to much purpose. Saturday was chilly after a rainy night, and drove us into the half-finished new Church; when I had the satisfaction of preaching the first sermon in it, whoever will preach the last one there. It is a substantial, tasteful structure, much to the credit of the Congregation and of their young Missionary, for the energy with which he has forwarded the work.

Not till a late hour that night did Mr. Brodie stand before us, wet and cold, pale and coughing. Next morning, however, after a good sleep, he looked better; and did most of the work of the day outside. Meantime, Mr. Fraser preached to a few English people in the Church. The day was fine. Many people from all hands, besides the Congregation, assembled about the tent; where, generally, they joined in the various exercises of divine worship; gladly listened to the joyful sound of the gospel, and reverently beheld the holy table spread beneath the canopy of the skies; around which a few sat in remembrance of the Lord till he come to judge the world in righteousness.

The day being short, the Congregation was dismissed at an early hour of the evening, when they quietly broke up, spread out, and slowly moved away in all directions. On

Monday, after a parting word in Gaelic, and afterwards fortifying the body against the odds of the journey with our hospitable friends here, we set our faces towards Middle River Communion that week, calling by the way on friends at River Dennis, Whycocomagh, and the Narrows.

At this river, notwithstanding all that has come to pass, we occupied the old church, without molestation, all the days of the Communion. On Friday, one of us discussed the question proposed; after which two men of the Congregation offered up earnest prayers. Sunday was fair again. The crowd gathered from all quarters sat down on a former bank of the river opposite the tent, with that subdued air and manifest interest in all that was going on, so characteristic of our Scotch Highlanders everywhere. Indeed a file of outsiders stood behind the Congregation, and there was some rumbling of wagons on the road; but Mr. Brodie's piercing voice reached, at times, the outmost bounds of the camp. And I should not wonder though some of them went away with the laudable resolution of sensible people of old,—“We will hear thee again concerning this matter.” This time also the Communion was administered in the open air; upon Mr. Fraser having come out of the Church with his English hearers. All were sent away at an early hour of the evening, as some of them had far to go to their homes.

On Monday, after a Gaelic Sermon, and next day calling on old friends up and down we directed our course towards Broad Cove Communion the same week.

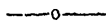
Here, along with the Congregation, we found many strangers from Lake Ainslie to Baddeck, and from Margarie to the Strait of Canso. We were glad to see their faces, on the occasion, enjoy their fellowship, and feel more of the divine presence at our public exercises, always accompanying such people. Mr. Fraser preached on Thursday. I joined him on Friday and opened the question, whereupon a dozen of speakers were ready to discuss the topic, some more, some less, to the point. Mr. Brodie joined us on Saturday and undertook the work of the day. The golden weather continued, Sunday was beautiful still. I took the "action Sermon" at the tent, in the hollow above the Church. Mr. Brodie addressed a mixed audience of all tongues in the Church, when, I understand, he had a good time of it. At the Communion there were four tables, all outside. Mr. Fraser served the English table; Mr. Brodie the three Gaelic tables: when he appeared to be quite in his element; and when, besides, there appeared to be a movement among the dry bones in that hollow, and that, not only at the tables, but over the Congregation, now grown into a multitude by the accession of those from the Church, some sitting, some standing all round. There was much weeping and some crying; and who would wonder

at it? The poor souls after many a weary day, had one hour of melting of hearts and eyes, the purchase of an "hour" of agony. Praise ye the Lord. Being late, there was no time for an evening address, nor scarcely was there any need. After prayer and praise the benediction was pronounced. And they descended, for the night, from the mount of ordinances, looking as though their thirst had been well slaked at these wells of salvation.

Monday poured down a deluge of rain. The spacious Church received all who ventured out, and it was well packed. And Mr. Brodie delivered a Gaelic discourse with great vehemence and effect, but all of an assuring nature to them who "fear God." Then did many feel that it was well for them to be there.

Thus terminated the services of our Communion this season. The blessing made up for the absence of those we would like to have with us and assist us; nevertheless it must not be so in time to come. J. G.

B. C., C. B., October.



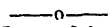
The Dispensation of the Lord's Supper at Barney's River.

According to appointment of Presbytery Mr. Herdman and myself repaired to Barney's River. The Sacramental services commenced on Friday. On the first day we were all in the Kirk, Gaelic was preached in the forenoon and English in the afternoon. A meeting of session was held immediately after Divine Service, Mr. Herdman acting as Moderator, and an opportunity was afforded to any one intending to communicate for the first time to state their intention to the session. We were very glad indeed to see three applicants of apparently great devotedness to the cause of Christ coming forward. After having satisfied the session as to their knowledge of the purpose and end of the Sacrament of the Supper, they were asked to come on Saturday and receive tokens. On Saturday, service commenced at the usual hour, English in the Kirk, and Gaelic in the Presbyterian Church. After service tokens were given to communicants in the Kirk.

On Sabbath the service in both languages commenced in the two Churches. There were two table services in each language. The Gaelic congregation was pretty good, and I understand the Kirk was full. The behaviour of the people so far as came under my observation was indeed godly. Though they are at present without a pastor, yet past labour was not fruitless. On Monday, the Gaelic congregation numbered about 50, but there was a very good attendance in the Kirk. We thought from various causes that the Monday meeting would be very small, but we were happily disappointed. There was one thing in connection with the Monday meeting that struck me very forcibly, and that was the goodly number of young people

of both sexes, who are not communicants. In many parishes non-communicants think that the Monday service is applicable to communicants only, but the case is otherwise at Barney's River. They have been so long without service round Barney's River that they felt a hungering and thirsting after it. Mr. Herdman baptized two children at the conclusion of the English service, one of whom was called after their late minister showing that though he is out of sight he is not out of mind. Before parting the elders conveyed their gratitude to us who officiated for four days in succession, and to the Presbytery for sending us to break unto them the bread of life. We both felt tired enough at the conclusion of the services, but the hearty manner in which we were thanked by all, made us feel in some degree sorry that the work, for the time being, was over. When I express my own feeling I know I express the feelings of every member of Presbytery, that it would afford us all great pleasure to see a minister placed over them.

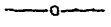
WILLIAM STEWART.



Musquodoboit.

The following sums have been kindly paid to assist the Musquodoboit congregation in liquidating the liabilities incurred by the purchase of a manse and glebe. Further contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged:—

Alex. McLeod, Esq.,	Halifax,	\$10.00
Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Grant	"	10.00
Doull & Miller,	"	10.00
W. Bauld, Esq.,	"	4.00
John R. Murray, Esq.,	"	5.00
Jas. J. Bremner, Esq.,	"	2.00
Mrs. Hume,	"	2.00
Mrs. Alex. McLean,	"	4.00
W. A. Hesson, Esq.,	"	2.00
Rev. C. M. Grant,	"	4.00
Geo. McKenzie, Esq.,	"	5.00
Total		\$58.00



SURPRISE PARTY.—It has again become our pleasant duty to record the visit of another surprise party at the manse of Earltown. On the evening of the 17th inst., a number of the Earltown Section of Mr. McMillan's congregation joined by a few not belonging to his own congregation, willing to give practical expression to their affectionate regard for their pastor, met at the manse, bringing with them gifts of gold and silver; the fruits of the field and fold, Mr. A. McLean, elder, in name of the party assembled, opened the treasures and presented their tokens of good will, which was acknowledged by Mr. McMillan, in a brief and feeling reply—after a repast that might well be called a "love feast" and an evening passed in friendly intercourse, the party returned leaving more than a pleasant grateful impression on the occupants of the manse.—Com.

(For the Monthly Record)  
Two Days in Musquodoboit.

DEAR EDITOR,—As I know you are anxious to secure variety and interest for the readers of our *Record*, I daresay you will find a corner for a short sketch of one of my summer visits to our Country Congregations.

A Sabbath in the country can only be thoroughly enjoyed by one who spends most of his time seated at the city desk or standing behind the city counter. It is only occasionally we can manage to secure such a delightful and peaceful Sabbath. My plan is to throw in the half, or, if possible, the whole of the Saturday immediately preceeding and the Monday immediately following, the three days, or even the two and a half, making a desirable break in the monotony of a busy life. I am thinking now of such a trip, the journey being more than half by rail and the rest by the road, and my destination being Little River, Musquodoboit.

It was in the middle of summer, I daresay about the beginning of August, but whether this present year or last year does not much matter. Soon after sunrise on Saturday morning, our early-rising, active maid of all work knocked at our bed-room door, and successive half-hours were devoted to private preparations, breakfast somewhat hurried and only half enjoyed, then the Horse Cars, whose half hour ended we found ourselves at the Richmond Depot. Some two hours took us to the Station where the Railway journey was to end, and our friend's conveyance was expected to be in waiting; and waiting it was, driver and all. Which do you enjoy most, my reader, to be your own driver or to have some one to do that work for you? I confess I prefer the latter method, when convenient, although the other seems to be generally regarded as the more unexceptionable plan, and many a small boy is now-a-days heard exhorting you in song and chorus "to paddle your own canoe." On this occasion I was not the owner of the vehicle. The canoe was not my own,—my companion was proprietor, and acting in accordance with the maxim just alluded to, he did the driving. And he did more than that, for he pointed out to me the various objects of interest in the localities through which we passed, and, in addition, detailed his twenty years' travels in regions where my feet had never trodden, but where he had spent a great part of his life. Saturday afternoon was spent in making two or three calls and in hearing from friends of the diligence and success of the young Pastor of Musquodoboit, the Rev. Mr. McMillan. I may as well mention here, to account for my interest in Mr. McMillan and his work, that I am not altogether an uninterested outsider, being an ardent lover of the old Kirk, being in fact a member of the Church of Scotland and connected with one of her Congregations. Saturday evening was devoted to a solitary

stroll and peaceful meditation. When we speak of *Saturday evening* we always think of Isaac Taylor's delightful book of that title, and we often think, at the same time, how rarely that author's works are to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. Probably there may be an American edition, but we do not remember to have seen any. There is one book of his we should certainly purchase could we discover it in any bookstore, and as certainly borrow could we catch a glimpse of it in any friend's library, his "Physical theory of another life," a peep into which some ten or twelve years ago has left a longing for a thorough perusal, which longing has hitherto remained ungratified. But Saturday evening fades into Saturday night, and before recalling our Sabbath and Monday we shall say good-bye for the present month.

Yours, &c.,

A DWELLER IN THE CITY.

—o—  
ADDRESS

OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH AMERICAN BOOK & TRACT SOCIETY TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC.

APPEAL.

At a meeting of the Financial Committee of the British American Book and Tract Society, held August 16th, 1867, the following resolution, after prayerful consideration, was unanimously adopted;—"Resolved,—That, in order to carry on successfully the operations of this Society, it is necessary to raise the sum of five thousand dollars, viz., three thousand dollars for a (permanent) Publication Fund, and two thousand dollars for Colportage and grants for the first year."

Contributions to the above will be thankfully received. One dollar constitutes an Annual Member of the Society; twenty dollars a Life Member. Two hundred and fifty dollars will support a Colporteur for one year.

Congregations may constitute their pastors Life Members, and Sabbath Schools or Bible Classes their Superintendents or Teachers. Congregations, Sabbath Schools, or an association of christians may support a colporteur, in whole or in part, and receive Annual Reports of his labors.

Will not all who read this Appeal help to forward this work. Let each give according as he hath, even as the Lord hath prospered him. Let the rich, the poor, the little children, thus give. Let every active christian do what he can to interest those around him in this gospel work.

Donations may be sent to.

GEO. H. STARR, Esq., *Treasurer*,  
137 Upper Water St.

or, REV. A. McBEAN, *Secretary*,  
112 Cunard Street.

Halifax, Sept., 1867.

*Address of the Executive Committee of the British American Book & Tract Society to the Christian Public.*

#### ORIGIN OF THE SOCIETY.

A society bearing the above name, has been recently formed for the purpose of disseminating religious truth throughout our land. The *American Tract Society* extended its operations into this Province in July 1863, employing that year one colporteur; the next, eight; the next, twelve; this year (1867) ten, beside the Superintendent. More than twenty thousand dollars worth of its publications were circulated, a considerable part of which were in grants to the destitute. In the prosecution of its work many waste places were explored, and numerous facts revealed, of families and neighborhoods living without the gospel. A deeper interest was thus awakened in Missionary Colportage, and the circulation of Religious Books and Tracts as a means of spreading the gospel among the unevangelized masses. In 1866 the churches of Halifax agreed to co-operate with the Society in its benevolent work, by contributing one thousand dollars in support of six additional colporteurs. Early in this year (1867) the Society intimated, that at the termination of its engagement with the churches and the colporteurs employed, its work in this Province would be closed, the wide and destitute field in the South and West requiring all their means. The committee and officers proposed that the churches here should organize a society, to continue the same work, wisely suggesting that an institution of the kind, owned and conducted by the Christian community of the Provinces, would command more general sympathy and co-operation, and thus be more extensively useful. This proposal was acted upon. Several preliminary meetings have been held, and a constitution prepared, the Society was fully organized August 2, 1867.

#### OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

Its object, as defined in the constitution, is to "diffuse a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the Redeemer of sinners and to promote the interests of vital godliness and sound morality, by the circulation,—through colportage and other means,—of Religious Books and Tracts, calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical christians."

#### PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

The Society's publications will be circulated—

1. From their Depository, as a central source of supply, for clergymen, Sabbath-schools, families, local Tract Societies, voluntary tract distributors, and colporteurs.

2. By Colporteurs,—men of earnest active piety and prudence, of love to Christ and souls, seeking out the destitute, carrying the gospel to them in the printed truth, and by personal prayerful effort.

3. By Local Tract Societies,—wherever Christians will unite in forming them.—and by the voluntary efforts of Christians in behalf of the perishing around them.

#### CHARACTER AND PRINCIPLES.

It is a *Union Society*; combining the efforts and enlisting the co-operation of Christians of every name, for the dissemination of those fundamental and soul-saving truths on which they are agreed, such as, "man's native sinfulness,—the purity and obligation of the law of God,—the true and proper Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ,—the necessity and reality of His atonement and sacrifice,—the efficiency of the Holy Spirit in the work of renovation,—the free and full offers of the gospel and the duty of men to accept it,—the necessity of personal holiness—as well as an everlasting state of rewards and punishment beyond the grave."

Its work is *missionary* in its nature, striving to do good to all men as it shall have opportunity, but carrying the gospel to the perishing as its special object. seeking them out in the highways and hedges, not waiting for them to come for it. *It is benevolent in principle and aim*, seeking simply to do good to souls, supplying the needy gratuitously with saving truth, calling out the voluntary efforts of Christians,—its colporteur work and grants sustained by Christian beneficence, and its publications sold as nearly as possible at cost. It is a combination of the great instrumentalities, printed truth and prayerful personal effort for souls. Either of these, singly, with the Divine blessing, has great influence for good. But united the one helping the other, their power is vastly increased.

#### NEED FOR SUCH AN INSTITUTION.

That such a work, as is thus undertaken, is *necessary*, must be obvious to every Christian who will consider such facts as these;—There are many neighborhoods in our land that are very destitute with respect to the public ordinances of religion. One such had no Sabbath service for a period of eleven years. There are numbers of families in almost every christian community, who do not avail themselves of these means of grace, when within their reach. Hundreds of families are found living without the word of God. In one neighborhood eleven out of twenty families had no part of the Bible. There are thousands of families that have almost no religious reading. There is a sad state of ignorance in the minds of multitudes respecting the only way of salvation. There are great numbers of children and youth growing up without any adequate religious instruction. There are thousands of impenitent ones around us treading in the "broad road," who too often have reason to say, "No man careth for my soul." Such facts show the absolute necessity there is for united earnest Christian effort, co-operating with the ministry, in disseminating the truth, seeking to

save souls and promote the interests of religion, so that our whole people may be evangelized.

*Such a work is calculated to do much good*—it is catholic in spirit, exciting no denominational prejudices, but uniting the minds and efforts of all who love our Lord Jesus. Its object is single, seeking only the glory of God in the salvation of souls. The means used are simple and most appropriate,—religious truth in the form of books and tracts, the best uninspired works, carried to the homes of the people, accompanied with the prayers and efforts of humble, self-denying Christians, making direct and personal appeals to families and individuals, warning and beseeching them to be reconciled to God.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Political affairs, both in Europe and America wear an aspect decidedly uncomfortable. All over the world appear the ominous signs of unrest, so beautifully depicted by the ancient prophet under the figure of an ever moving—ever heaving ocean. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace saith my God to the wicked." Russia is plotting in Persia with the view of settling down dangerously in the rear of British India. At the same time she is strengthening her force in the north-west for the purpose of gaining possession of the Danubian principalities, and possibly the entrance to the Bosphorus. Austria is quiet and watchful,—as the prevalence of wars of nationality threatens her empire with dissolution. Italy is in extreme commotion, Garibaldi has been imprisoned by the Italian government, which at first professed to represent the revolutionary movement as trifling. France however, has strenuously interfered in behalf of the Pope. We fear that the worst government upon earth will be preserved a while longer. The conduct of Napoleon in the case of Rome is unjustifiable. Italy is kept in a state of chronic weakness by the Papal Government, and Napoleon by his policy contributes to this. It would not be surprising if the revolutionary tide in Italy would sweep them all away—the Pope, the King of Italy, and even extend to France. If the present crisis passes, however, without Rome becoming the property of Italy, many things may occur to enable the pope to perpetuate his reign. Popery has suffered many reverses of late in the uprising of the Protestant Empire of Prussia, the total abolition of the Concordat in Austria, the destruction of the Mexican Empire, and lastly the danger of Rome—for all which she receives consolation in England by the success of Puseyism and Ritualism. France and Prussia are mutually suspicious; and their suspicions disturb the world and

injure trade. Millions of men are under arms, hundreds of millions are spent upon war material, which becomes every two or three years useless by fresh discoveries in the art of murder, the labour of millions of able-bodied men is lost, men, who, if they don't fight, scare people from trade and work, and if they do fight, murder and destroy the fruits of labor and among other things, set fire to the sixth commandment. And this is christian civilization!

In Britain the large concessions made to the people obviate the danger of revolution. An upheaval in Europe would be met in Britain, as securely as in 1848. The only trouble at present is Penianism, and it derives all its power from its secrecy and ruffianism. It can never do more than mischief. There is loyalty enough in Ireland alone to deal with the wretched conspiracy. Miserable as the movement is however, it will produce probably changes in Ireland by hastening the downfall of the Irish establishment. It will produce Irish reform.

In America we see our new members hastening from every quarter to the new Dominion Parliament. It is to be hoped that the passions of political canvass will subside into the order of patriotism in our legislative halls. Governor Williams has left our shores with a great demonstration of respect, worthy of such a distinguished Nova Scotian. In the United States the most awful confusion prevails, venting itself in such terms as repudiation, impeachment of the President, treason and plots with a view to despotism. It is certain that there is no reconstruction in the South, and that acts of Congress for that purpose are worthless, while they irritate. The South is at present no part of the United States in a constitutional sense. The army preserves order.

The modification of patronage has been moved by Dr. Gillan in the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr and carried by an immense majority. The modification of patronage is impossible, though its regulation may be maintained. A minister must either be presented by the patron or the people. How can you combine them. If the patron agrees to the people's man then the people present—while if the people agree to the patron's man, it is the patron who presents. People never reflect that, though such harmonious settlements occur, the difficulty lies in embodying in any statute a principle of modification in two things by their own nature incompatible. The Church must just use every means to legalise the call. The Duke of Argyll has delivered a lecture in Glasgow, on the relations between the bible and science, which in the pulpit would be considered a very dull sermon.

The Pan-Anglican Synod has issued a pastoral, which must have overwhelmed with rage and despair every true friend of the Church of England. It consists of a series

of phrases from Paul's Epistles, and contains no advice as to the present errors and superstitions in the Church. The Pope's allocutions are in every way more respectable. There were scarcely two men at the Synod agreed upon leading Church questions and how could they advise the people. The Pan-Anglican has only revealed the weakness and disgraceful state of the Church, and covered her members with humiliation—the sense of which will render them far less patient and tolerant than before, and may produce violent changes. A. P.

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#### Departure of the Rev. Mr. McKay, of Salt-springs.

It is with sincere regret that we have to notice the removal of the Rev. Mr. McKay of Salt-springs, from the Church in Nova Scotia to a new sphere of labor in the Province of Ontario. Mr. McKay has accepted a warm and unanimous call to the Pastorate of the large and important Congregation of Lochiel, in the County of Olenagarry. On the 30th ult., the Presbytery released him from the extensive charge, the heavy duties of which he has performed for the period of eight years with the greatest fidelity and devotion. The Church of Scotland in these Colonies never had a more zealous, upright and disinterested Minister than he, and his departure will be regretted not only by his own attached flock, but by the Church at large. Mr. McKay's profound religious convictions in early life induced him to adopt the sacred profession and with apostolical devotion he has labored to extend the Kingdom of Christ, since the day he was set apart for the work of the Ministry. His mental energy, his fervent piety, and the exalted purity and utter unworldliness of his character have rendered him a man of marked influence, and we doubt not he has been the instrument of sowing many precious seeds in the field where he has so long labored. Even while preparing himself for the Church, as a Student in Scotland, at the University of Aberdeen, Mr. McKay gave proof of the great industry and ability which has characterised him in his public career. He published at that time a Compendium of Church History, formed on the basis of Mosheim's large work, which possesses so great merit as a Text Book, that a second edition was called for and published about three years ago.

We sincerely hope and pray that the Divine blessing may follow him and his family, and that he may be spared for many years to labor in the service of his master with success and happiness.—*Com.*

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#### Temperance Sermon in Westminster Abbey,

The special services in Westminster abbey were very largely attended on Sunday even-

ing, it having become known that, in compliance with the desire of Dean Stanley, the Rev. Robert Maguire, M. A., incumbent of Clerkenwell, was to deliver a special sermon on the temperance question. Taking for his text the fifth chapter of Joshua, ninth verse, the preacher described how England had a bygone history ever to be mindful of, a present greatness to be careful of, and a future destiny to be always striving after. Intemperance formed the dark plot on our national greatness. To intemperance we must attribute many of the diseases of the body, most of the diseases of the mind, much of the poverty of the people, the destitution of the poor, the crime of the country, and the ruin of fortunes and reputations. It hindered the spread of the gospel, and by its baneful influence practically placed large masses of the people beyond the influence of ministers of religion. Abroad it interfered with the success of missionary enterprises. Intoxicating drink preceded the Bible and the Christian faith, and thus we became disqualified from becoming the evangelists of the heathen. Pointing out the nature, tendency, and causative character of strong drink, the reverend lecturer proceeded to declare that nothing short of total abstinence would meet the necessities of the case. Education was no safeguard, neither were improved dwellings for the laboring poor, although both had much to do with the proper training of the people. He spoke to each man's conscience; he asked that each should be a law to himself. He was there to plead the cause of slaves, and he addressed his plea to free men. He pointed out a path for doing good, and humbly bade them enter, promising them that before they had gone far they would overtake some man, some life, some soul that might be saved. The sermon was listened to with great attention by the vast congregation.—*English Paper.*

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#### SELECTIONS.

**MAN'S ACTIVITY REQUIRED.**—It is not fit that heaven should take all the pains to bring earth to it: earth must do somewhat to bring itself to heaven. He that lies in a dark pit will yet offer his hand to him that will help him up. Jeremiah did put the cords under his own arms, that Ebed melech let down to draw him out of the dungeon. (Jer. xxxviii.)

**WORKING CHEAP.**—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one gentleman of another. "He don't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheap: to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people; to suffer; and lastly, to risk your own precious soul—and for nothing. You certainly do work cheap—very, cheap indeed."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MORRISBURGH, ONTARIO, }  
Oct. 14, 1867. }

To the Members of the Synods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

I regret exceedingly that it will not be in my power to carry out the proposition made to your Synods, and favourably received by them, for publishing a historical and statistical statement of the Church of Scotland in the Maritime Provinces, along with that for Ontario and Quebec. Many reasons might be given, but one will suffice for the present:—it is hard to make bricks without straw! There are 23 congregations in Nova Scotia, and 14 in New Brunswick, in all, 37. At this date I have received only 13 returns from the former and 9 from the latter, as follows:—

N. S.	N. B.
1 Halifax, St. Mathews.	1 Fredericton.
2 " St. Andrews.	2 St. John.
3 Pictou.	3 Portland.
4 New Glasgow.	4 Newcastle.
5 Salt Springs	5 Chatham.
6 Albion Mines.	6 Nashwaak.
7 Musquodobit.	7 Richmond.
8 River John.	8 Woodstock.
9 Earlton.	9 Bathurst.
10 Charlottetown.	Not heard from:
11 Belfast.	1 St. Andrews.
12 Georgetown.	2 Dalhousie.
13 Newfoundland.	3 Campbellton.
Not heard from:—	4 Tabisitac.
1 Truro.	5 N. Richmond.
2 McLennans Mountain.	
3 Rogers Hill and Cape John.	
4 Barneys River.	
5 Wallace and Pugwash.	
8 Cape Breton, 3 congregations.	
9 St. Peters Road.	
10 East River.	

It is thus evident that any statement that might be given of the history and present position of the Church in your Synods must necessarily be incomplete. Most of the returns are very satisfactory, and they embrace a great deal of valuable and interesting information. A few of them however require to be supplemented, which implies further correspondence and consequent delay. Under these circumstances I desire to express my willingness to hold the information already received *in retentis*, to wait the convenience of those who have not yet corresponded with me, and when full returns shall have come to hand, to do the best I can to arrange them for publication. If the expense of printing them separately shall be found too great, they might be published in the *Presbyterian*, or in your own *Record*, in such a way that the portion of the magazine thus occupied could be detached and appended to the General Report which would then be rendered more complete.

Of all the Colonial Churches I know of none whose history is likely to prove more interesting than that of your Synods, and, while there are parties still living from whom authentic information may be received, it seems to be most desirable now to collate all the facts that may come to our knowledge. In this way, though what we may attempt be but an outline or brief synopsis it will be valuable to the future historian. Without reference to the late Mr. McGillivray of McLennan's Mountain, the story of the Kirk in Nova Scotia cannot be told: the absence of data from Cape Breton Island were an unpardonable omission: and, were nothing said about the Rev. Donald McDonald, the minister, and his 5000 followers, our statement would be shorn of its most interesting features. I feel sure that there is enough in the life's history of this one man, to furnish material for a biography that would far exceed in interest that of his namesake, "The Apostle of the North."

Hoping that this explanation and these suggestions may meet with your approval, and with the assurance that I wish to be guided by your opinions in the matter referred to, I remain respectfully yours,

JAMES CROIX.

To the Editor of the Record.

DEAR SIR:—It might prove interesting to the readers of the *Record* if some of the ministers of our Church would answer in it the following question, and give their views on the subject.

QUES.—"Are the children of believing parents to be considered as members of the visible Church before their Baptism? Or, do they become members of the visible Church only after Baptism; in other words, in the case of the children of believing parents, is Baptism or is it not the rite of initiation into the Church?"

Yours, &c,

INQUIRER.

## SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

1867.	YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.	
Oct 3—	Salt Springs Congregation.	£1 14 3
"	—Albion Mines Congregation.	2 9 3
" 26—	James Anderson, Esq., Treas., Charlottetown, P. E. Island	1 0 0
1867	SYNOD FUND.	
Oct 26—	James Anderson, Esq., Treas., Charlottetown, P. E. Island.	£6 15 0
	RODERICK MCKENZIE, Pictou, Oct. 28th, 1867. Treasurer.	
	YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.	
McLellan's Mountain, Congregation,		£2 16 3
	W. STEWART.	

Presbytery Clerk's Fee.

New Glasgow Kirk Session,

\$4.00