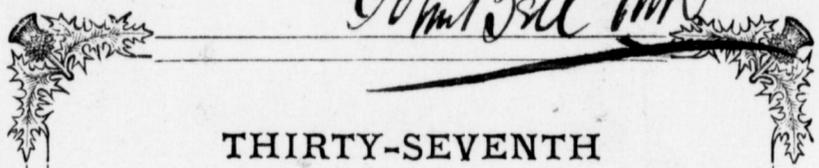


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John Becket



THIRTY-SEVENTH

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

OF

MONTREAL,

FROM

NOVEMBER 4th, 1871, to NOVEMBER 7th, 1872.

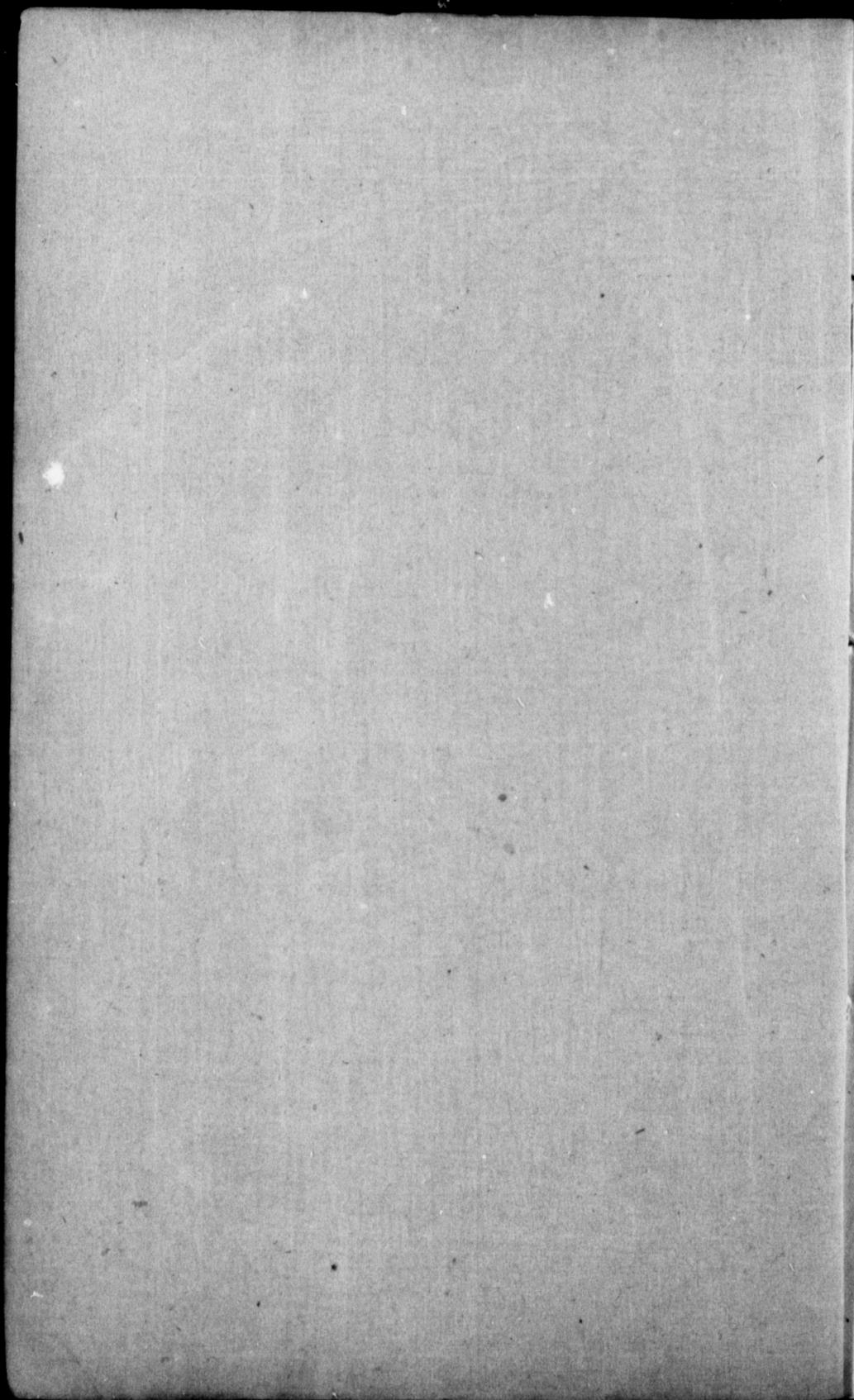


Montreal:

JOHN C. BECKET, PRINTER, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

1872.





THIRTY-SEVENTH
ANNUAL REPORT

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Montreal:

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1872.

NOTICE.

Committee of Management and Ladies' Committee meet every Wednesday afternoon, at the Home, at 3 o'clock.

Regular Meetings of the Society take place on the following days, at the Home, at 8 P. M. : Thursday, 6th February ; Thursday, 1st May ; Thursday, 7th August ; Thursday, 6th November,—the latter being preparatory to St. Andrew's day, and for election of office-bearers.

Members can be supplied with "diplomas" by applying to the President or Secretary, St Andrew's Home, 484 Dorchester Street.

DONALD CAMPBELL,
Superintendent.

MRS. CAMPBELL,
Matron.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1872-73.

- President.*— ALEX. MCGIBBON.
- 1st Vice-President.*—SIR A. T. GALT, K. C. M. G.
- 2nd “ “* ANDREW WILSON.
- Secretary.*— JAMES RIDDELL.
- Assistant Sec'y.*— P. S. ROSS.
- Treasurer.*— JAMES STEWART.
- Chaplains.*— { REV. GAVIN LANG.
 { REV. R. M. THORNTON.
- Physicians.*— { DR. WANLESS.
 { DR. BELL.
 { DR. F. W. CAMPBELL.
- Charitable Committee.*— E. McLENNAN, D. MORRISSON
 WILLIAM BURNET, GEORGE GRAHAM, EDWARD
 MACKAY.
- Committee of Accounts.*—HON. JOHN YOUNG, A. W. OGILVIE,
 DAVID MACKAY, ANDREW ROBERTSON, WAL-
 TER MACFARLAN.
- Installation Committee.*—W. MCGIBBON and M. HUTCHISON.
- Representative Governor to House of Refuge.*—J. C. BECKET.

LADIES' COMMITTEE.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>Mrs. James Johnston.
“ D. McDonald.
“ John C. Becket.
“ W. Macfarlan.
“ David McKay.
“ M. Hutchison.
“ (Rev.) Dr. Taylor.
“ “ J. M. Gibson.
“ “ Gavin Lang.
“ “ R. Campbell.
“ “ Alex. Young.
“ “ R. M. Thornton.
“ Dr. Burns.
“ J. Greenshields.
“ Jas. Ferrier.
“ M. Ramsay.</p> | <p>Mrs. James Dakers.
“ R. S. Oliver.
“ David Brown.
“ A. McGibbon.
“ James Mavor.
“ Chas. Alexander.
“ James Haldane.
“ R. Forsyth.
“ H. Munro.
“ John Watson.
“ James Muir.
“ John Stirling.
“ A. Robertson.
“ A. Milloy.
“ John Foulds,
“ A. Ferguson.</p> | <p>Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie.
“ A. MacFarlan.
“ James Harte.
“ James Poet.
“ George Graham.
“ Peter Redpath.
“ James Stewart.
“ James Riddell.
“ A. N. Shewan.
“ W. W. Ogilvie.
“ P. Learmont.
“ Robt. Mackay.
“ Neil McIntosh.
“ John McDougall.
“ Prof. Murray.</p> |
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ANNUAL PREPARATORY MEETING

HELD IN

ST. ANDREW'S HOME,

MONTREAL, November 7th, 1872.

The St. Andrew's Society held its usual Annual Preparatory Meeting, pursuant to an advertisement and circular calling said meeting for purposes named in the circular, in the above place and on the date mentioned.

PRESENT AS FOLLOWS, VIZ.:

Thomas Macduff, W. S. Macfarlan, Anthony McKeand, Jas. S. Watt, C. H. Kirby, Robt. Gardner, Dr. Wanless, G. Templeton, M. Hutchison, D. McIntyre, Thos. Irvine, James Torrance, W. McFarlan, Alex. Milloy, Rev. R. Campbell, W. B. Cummings, A. W. Ogilvie, Wm. Burnet, G. W. Lundie, Philip S. Ross, J. C. Becket, Andrew Wilson, G. Graham, C. P. Davidson, Prof. Murray, Rev. Alex. Young, A. B. Stewart, R. Taylor, Robt. Dalgleish, Alex. McGibbon, D. Morrison, James Wright, Rev. Prof. Glass, James Riddell, D. McMaster, Geo. Kay, James Rose, W. W. Ogilvie, James Knox, Hon. J. Young, Jas. Speirs, Rev. Dr. Burns, A. McLean, Alex. Crawford, A. N. Shewan, E. McLennan, James Drummond, W. F. Mewhart, Robt. Gardner, Jr., Adam Darling, D. MacKay, Jas. Stewart, D. Grant, John McDonald, A. McGoun, John C. Watson, D. Brown.

Fifty-eight members, besides others who dropped in subsequently during the meeting.

The President occupied the Chair.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last Preparatory meeting in 1871, as also the quarterly meetings in February and May, 1872, which were sustained.

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The Monument Committee reported progress, submitting two designs for the monument proposed to be erected in the Montreal Cemetery, on the Society's property there. The committee was continued.

The Fraser Bequest Committee reported and were continued to watch over the progress of the matter.

Mr. EWEN McLENNAN then read the following report of the

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

GENTLEMEN,

At the close of another year your Committee, in presenting their customary annual report, have much pleasure in stating that the work of the "Home" has been carried on in a satisfactory manner.

The number of persons admitted to the "Home" during the year has been 246; of this number 216 were emigrants direct from Scotland, all of whom, with very few exceptions, found employment on arrival, at good wages. The conduct of the whole number was most praiseworthy, and at no period in the experience of your Committee did a more respectable or better class of emigrants avail themselves of the advantages of the "Home."

The demand for masons, carpenters, cabinet makers, plasterers, farm and domestic servants, and labourers, was, during the whole season, very great, and could not be met by the arrivals.

Forty-five persons were forwarded to various points in Canada and the United States at a cost of \$86 85, and eight persons to Scotland at a cost of \$143.00; of the latter sum the larger proportion was raised by special subscription.

The past winter, owing to its severity, the scarcity, and consequent high price of fuel, was most trying to the poor of the city. The supply of wood yarded, with the addition of a small quantity purchased from the Corporation, was sufficient, however, to enable your Committee to meet all demands made for assistance. Of the class assisted, 123 applicants, representing about 360 souls, had their necessities relieved, and it is but fair your Committee should state, that with but two or three exceptions they were considered worthy.

In the operations of the year the following amounts were expended:—

Meat, milk, &c., for Home.....	\$ 69 25
City poor in small sums for rent, &c.,.....	46 75
8 persons to Great Britain.....	143 00
45 persons to various points in Canada.....	86 85
10 funerals.....	66 00
3,600 lbs oatmeal.....	96 00
3,322 loaves of bread.....	307 13
Meat for New Year.....	18 55
20 pairs boots and shoes.....	38 00
Home & School of Industry, Douglas Children.....	24 00
Groceries.....	400 00
254 Loads wood, and cartage.....	814 10
Sundries.....	31 00
Total.....	\$2,140 63

Also, the following donations of provisions, clothing, &c. :

Mr. Penton, Chief of Police,	40 Loaves Bread.
Alex. Crawford Petite Cote,	10 Bags Potatoes.
Daniel Butters,	1 Parcel Clothing.
James Drummond, Petite Cote,	10 Bags Potatoes.
" " "	1 Bag Turnips.
" " "	1 do Carrots.
" " "	1 Doz. Cabbages.
D. Seath,	1 Bdle Cast-off Clothing.
Mrs. Rutherford, Cote St. Antoine,	1 " " "
" " "	1 " Overshoes.
" " "	1 " Mitts.
John Aitken & Co,	1 " Men's Underclothing.
Mrs. Geo. Graham,	1 " Cast-off Clothing.
Ottawa Hotel,	1 " Underclothing.
Rev. Mr. Black,	1 " Cast-off Clothing.
Alex. McGibbon,	28 lbs. Currants.
" "	28 lbs. Raisins.
Robt. Nicholson, (Butcher,)	50 lbs. Meat.
Wm. Ryan, (Butcher,)	50 lbs. Meat.
Alex. Coultry,	2 Quarters of Mutton.
A Friend,	1 Bdle Cast-off Clothing.
Matthew Hutchison,	1 Barrel Oatmeal, result of a curling match.
Mrs. Post,	1 Bdle Cast-off Clothing.
Angus, Logan & Co.,	1000 Paper Bags.
Mrs. Greenshields,	6 Bags Potatoes.
Thoms McEwan, Portland, his annual donation,	1 Case Fresh Haddock.
Alex. Coultry, (second donation,)	1 " Finnan Haddies.
Alex. McGibbon,	2 Baskets Meat.
Mr. McPherson,	Quantity Fish, Ferring, Biscuits, &c.
John Anderson, (Baker,)	1 Overcoat.
James Buchanan,	4 Bags Potatoes.
	2 " "

Thomas Irvin
 " "
 " "
 The result of
 " Twa Brod
 Mrs. Forsyth,
 Wm. Wilson,
 J. N. Allan,
 McCloch & E
 Wm. Smith,
 Mrs. James J
 Alex. Coultry,
 Archibald Mc
 Angus, Logan
 Mrs. Bissett,
 Matthew Hut
 match,
 Hugh McLenn
 A. W. Ogilvi
 donation,)

Mrs. Hall,
 Ferrier & Co.,
 T. C. Christie,
 Mr. Wanless,
 A Friend,
 Mrs. Alex. Mc
 Mr. Penton, (donation,)

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\$ 69 25	Thomas Irvine, Logan's Farm,	8 Bags Potatoes.
.. 46 75	" " "	1 " Carrots.
.. 143 00	" " "	1 " Turnips.
.. 86 85	The result of a curling match between	1 Barrel Oatmeal.
.. 66 00	" " " " "Twa Brodies,"	
.. 96 00	Mrs. Forsyth,	1 Bdle Cast-off Clothing.
.. 307 13	Wm. Wilson,	1 Brl Oatmeal and 1 brl Flour.
.. 18 55	J. N. Allan,	} All the result of 1 " Oatmeal.
.. 38 00	McCloch & Brodie	
.. 24 00	Wm. Smith,	
.. 400 00	Mrs. James Johnston,	
.. 814 10	Alex. Coultry, (third donation,)	1 Basket Meat.
.. 31 00	Archibald McDougall,	1 Parcel Cast-off Clothing.
	Angus, Logan & Co., (2nd donation,)	2000 Paper Bags.
	Mrs. Bissett,	1 Bdle Cast-off Clothing.
	Matthew Hutchison, result of a curling	1 Brl Oatmeal.
	match,	
	Hugh McLennan,	Quarter Venison.
	A. W. Ogilvie & Co., (their annual	} 2 Brls Oatmeal.
	donation,)	
	Mrs. Hall,	1 Brl Cornmeal.
	Ferrier & Co.,	1 " Split Peas.
	T. C. Christie,	1 " Pot Barley.
	Mr. Wanless, Lonque Pointe,	1 Trunk Clothing.
	A Friend,	2 Loads Kindling Wood.
	Mrs. Alex. McGibbon,	1 Parcel Cast-off Clothing.
	Mr. Penton, Chief of Police, (second	3 Bags Potatoes.
	donation,)	1 Bdle Cast-off Clothing.
		1 " " "
		35 Loaves Bread.

In compliance with the united request of the different National Societies of the city, C. J. Brydges, Esq., Manager of the G. T. R. agreed to deliver 1,000 cords of wood at Point St. Charles for \$4 per cord. The quantity allotted to the Home, 150 cords, was received in June last. By this arrangement a very large saving has been effected, and your warmest thanks are due to Mr. Brydges for his kindness in the matter.

Since last annual meeting your committee was called upon to bury the large number of ten persons; amongst them were several of our old pensioners.

The Chaplains, Revs Dr. Burns and Gavin Lang, and the physicians, Drs. Fraser, Wanless and Bell, have at all times attended to their respective duties with promptitude when called upon. In this connection your Committee express regret at the sudden death of Dr. Fraser, who for many years occupied the office of one of the physicians of the Society. Dr. Fraser was ever ready to administer relief to the patients committed to his care by your Committee; by his remo-

val the poor have lost a good friend and the Society a member whose heart always "warmed to the Tartan."

The ladies of the Committee have with their usual zeal and self-denial attended to duties pertaining to their office.

Mr. A. N. Shewan continues to represent the Caledonian Society at the weekly meetings of your Committee, and kindly performs the duties of Secretary.

The hearty thanks of the Society are due to the following:—Messrs. H. & A. Allan, for reduction in passage money to Britain: C. J. Brydges, Esq., G. T. R., A. Milloy, Esq., C. N. Co., J. B. Lamere, Esq., Richelieu Co., for passing persons on their respective lines at half fare; J. H. Daley, Esq., Dominion Emigration Agent, for his attention to requests of your Committee; J. A. Harte, Esq., Glasgow Drug Hall, and Messrs. Kenneth Campbell, & Co., Medical Hall, for medicines, &c., supplied *gratis* to the city poor.

The Superintendent and Matron, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, continue to give, as heretofore, entire satisfaction to your Committee. Their great desire to make the Home a credit to the Society, and a place where the emigrant may feel that he is not among strangers, is beyond all praise, and in recognition of their services, the Committee recommend that they be presented with the sum of \$150.

In conclusion, your Committee express the hope that their successors in office will *heartily* enter upon their duties, so that the operations of the Home may be carried out in such a way as to prove a continued blessing to the stranger and a source of much comfort to those of our countrymen who have "waxed poor" and fallen into "decay."

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. McLENNAN,
GEORGE GRAHAM,
DAVID MORRISON,
WILLIAM BURNET,
EDWARD MACKAY.

Nov. 7th, 1872.

The Convener of the Charitable Committee read a report of the operations of that Committee during the past year. Mr. A. Wilson moved and Mr. W. McFarlan seconded, the following res-

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olution supported by the Revs. Dr. Burns and Alex. Young, viz. : That the report be received, adopted and printed, and that the thanks of this Society be tendered to the members of the Charitable Committee for the zealous performance of the arduous duties that required to be performed by them, and especially to Mr. E. McLennan the Convener. Carried unanimously.

The Treasurer read a report of the financial operations of the past year. On motion of Mr. W. McFarlan, seconded by Mr. Alex. Crawford, the statement was remitted to the committee on accounts.

The Secretary read a communication from Mr. Andrew Robertson sending in Fifty Dollars from Mr. James Robertson, of Bradford, England, for the use of the Home. It was moved by the Hon. John Young, seconded by Mr. J. C. Becket, that the thanks of this Society be conveyed to Mr. Jas. Robertson, and that he be nominated an Honorary member of this Society, and that the same be communicated to him. Carried.

Mr. E. McLennan handed in a donation of Five Dollars received by him from Judge MacKay.

The names of the following members were read out as those deceased since last annual meeting, viz. : Wm. Fraser, M. D., Wm. McRae, Robert French, D. McDonald, John Graham, John Smith and John Boyd.

It was moved by Mr. James Stewart, seconded by the Hon. John Young, that the usual procession on St. Andrew's day be discontinued. After considerable discussion the motion was carried by a division by a vote of twenty-four to twenty.

The President having appointed Messrs. W. A. B. Stewart, scrutineers, the election of office ensuing year was proceeded with, and the following were declared duly chosen to the various offices named, viz. :

The Ladies Committee was continued as before and Mrs. (Revd.) R. M. Thornton added thereto.

It was moved by the Hon. John Young, seconded by Mr. J. C. Becket, Esq., that the Rev. Dr. Burns be requested to deliver the annual sermon on St. Andrew's day. Carried.

The Treasurer drew attention to the indebtedness under which he lay for the purchase money of the new shares of the Bank of Montreal stock allotted to this Society in Spring, and asked for permission to sell so many shares of the stock held as will pay off this indebtedness. It was moved by Andrew Wilson, Esq., seconded by W. S. McFarlan, Esq., that the President and Treasurer be authorized to dispose of such portion of the shares held by the Society in the capital stock of the Bank of Montreal as will be sufficient to liquidate the debt due by the Society, it being understood that not more than four shares be thus disposed of. Carried unanimously.

It was moved by Mr. A. W. Ogilvie, seconded by Mr. Bowie, that the celebration of St. Andrew's day (evening) be by a ball, but inasmuch as the day falls on Saturday, the ball be held on Friday evening the 29th of November inst. Carried by a vote of twenty-one to twenty.

At the suggestion of various members a reconsideration of the evening upon which the ball should be held was allowed, and the evening was unanimously fixed for Monday the second day of December in place of Friday the 29th November. The following were named as the Committee to carry this out, viz.: Sir Hugh Allan, Sir A. T. Galt, A. W. Ogilvie, Esq., the Hon. J. Young, Hector McKenzie, Esq., E. McLennan, Esq., and the office bearers of the Society generally.

It was moved by A. W. Ogilvie, Esq., seconded by James Torrance, Esq., that the St. Andrew's Society deeply sympathises with the St. Patrick's Society in any loss they may have sustained by the destruction of St. Patrick's Hall, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the St. Patrick's Society. Carried unanimously.

The President announced his having previously added the following names to the roll, viz.: Professor Murray, Messrs. Wm. Murray, Alex. Murray, George Bowie, W. B. Bowie, and he now proposed the following, viz.:

Jonathan Hodgson,
J. M. Douglas,
James Brown,
John McIntosh,

W. F. Mewhart,
Thos. Caverhill,
H. McFarlane,
W. M. Ramsay,

C. P. Davidson,
John Paterson,
Geo. Ross, M. D.
Wm. Falconer,

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Douglas Brymner,
C. A. Starke,
Henry Beattie,
James Yuill,
W. S. Gentles,

James Mavor,
R. C. Jamison,
James Strachan,
John McGillies,
Wm. Leitch,

P. McQuisten.
G. A. Drummond,
J. S. Watt,
W. H. Rintoul,
Prof. Andrews.

The following were also proposed by various members, viz. :

John McFarlane,
John Ramsay,
D. K. McLaren,
John T. Wilson,
R. G. Watson,
Thos. Turnbull,
J. Anderson,

James McFarlane,
James Pollock,
Neil McGillivray,
Alex. Hamilton,
J. D. Croll,
Wm. Fraser,
P. S. Stevenson,

D. D. Sidey,
Hugh Watson,
Robt. Benning,
J. G. Sidey,
D. McEachern,
Jas. Wilson,
J. D. Scott.

These were all ordered to be enrolled and the meeting was closed.

JAMES RIDDELL, Secretary.

MECHANICS' HALL, Montreal, Nov. 30th, 1872.

The annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Society was held this day in the Mechanics' Hall, pursuant to advertisement in city papers. Present: Alex. McGibbon, Andrew Wilson, P. S. Ross, James Stewart, Rev. R. M. Thornton, Hon. J. Young, A. W. Ogilvie, J. C. Becket, David McKay, E. McLennan, W. Burnet, W. McFarlan, M. Hutchison, George Kay, John C. Watson, James Fairie, C. P. Davidson, &c.

The President occupied the Chair.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last annual meeting of November 30th, 1871. The Secretary was ordered to put in after the words "Dr. Burns having declined," the following "and arranged with the Rev. Gavin Lang to do so for him," after which the minutes were sustained.

The minutes of the preparatory meeting of 7th November, 1872, were read for information merely.

The Committee on Accounts reported through Mr. D. MacKay, that they had examined the Treasurer's statements and books, and found them correct.

The Hon. John Young gave notice that at next preparatory meeting in November, 1873, he would move for the discontinuance of the procession on St. Andrew's day.

A deputation presented itself from the Caledonian Society, who, after expressing their feelings of gratitude for the kindness of the St. Andrew's Society, in allowing them the use of the Home for their meetings, and in token of their sympathy with the charitable operations of the Home, begged to present a donation of One Hundred Dollars to the funds of the St. Andrew's Society. The President thanked the deputation and appointed the Hon. J. Young and A. W. Ogilvie, Esq., to proceed along with the returning deputation to the Caledonian Society's meeting and convey the thanks of the St. Andrew's Society, which these gentlemen did and reported having done so.

Mr. Walter McFarlan gave notice of motion for next preparatory meeting that the sermon be dispensed with, as well as the procession, if the latter should be discontinued.

The Secretary read letters from the following parties, viz.: J. Rolfe, Sherbrooke, 25th November, 1872, wants information to form a new association—President had furnished this.

James Moir, New York, thanking this Society for invitation so kindly extended to him for their ball.

Mrs. (the Rev.) R. Campbell, Montreal, 30th November, 1872, enclosing piece of poetry from Mr. McKillop, the blind Canadian poet. This was referred to the Executive Committee.

James M. Smith, Boston, 16th November, 1872, soliciting assistance for the Boston St. Andrew's Society. Referred to Executive Committee.

The President reported that the plate for the Diploma had been found, but very much tarnished and incapable of throwing off a good impression. He reported having given it to Mr. Bishop for renovation and was sustained by the meeting in his action.

On motion of Mr. J. C. Becket, seconded by Mr. Walter McFarlan, it was resolved that a vote of thanks be given to Mr. James Fairie, for a supply of Heather for this occasion pulled on the hills of Scotland by himself. Carried unanimously.

Mr. Fairie briefly replied.

The procession was then formed and proceeded to Cote Street Church where the Rev. Dr. Burns preached the annual sermon.

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The collection taken up amounted to Eighty-two dollars and ninety-six cents.

The procession being reformed returned to the Mechanics' Hall, and on motion of Mr. David McKay, seconded by Mr. J. C. Becket, it was unanimously resolved that this Society do present to the Rev. Dr. Burns a vote of thanks for the excellent sermon just preached by him, and request that he allow it to be published along with the report of the Society's operations for last year.

The President having conveyed the same to the Rev. Dr. Burns, who was present, he gave his consent to the request therein contained.

The following new members were proposed and accepted, viz. :

D. McEachren, Thos. Turnbull, Wm. Fraser, James Wilson, John Anderson, W. H. Rintoul, P. S. Stevenson.

Meeting then dispersed.

PHILIP S. ROSS, *Assistant Secretary.*

SOCIETY.

\$ 38.74

Donation D. A. MacDougall.....	4 00	
Do Estate—per J. L. Morris.....	40 00	
Do Kate McCaughten	2 00	
Do Agnes Murray.....	2 00	
Do A Friend.....	5 00	
Do Miles Williams	5 00	
Do Mrs. Hill	10 00	
Do Major Manson.....	3 00	
Do Mr. Bissett	2 00	
		638 50
Bank of Montreal, December Dividend.....	320 00	
“ “ June “	320 00	
		640 00
Premium on Sale of 1 2-3 Share Bank of Montreal Stock.....		130 38
Caledonian Society.....		100 00
James Fairie, Sale of Heather.....		6 00
Mr. Harte, Sale of Heather.....		11 50
Grand Duke Alexis, (donation).....		50 00
Collection St. Andrew's Day.....		67 00
Soup Kitchen, per A. W.....		5 00
Proceeds of Ball.....		302 43
Subscription per Members List, (P. S. Ross).....		524 00
Mechanics' Bank, proceeds of Note April, \$1550..	1521 57	
“ “ “ “ July, 1550.....	1521 57	
“ “ “ “ Oct. 1550.....	1528 25	
		4571 39
Balance.....		214 19
		<u>\$7299 13</u>

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Charitable Fund paid to E. McLennan, 1872.....	\$ 340 00
Do A. W. Ogilvie & Co., for Meal.....	\$ 53 25
Do “ “ “ “	42 75
	96 00
Do John Anderson, for Bread.....	102 33
Do “ “	122 40
Do “ “	58 00
Do “ “	24 40
	307 13
Do Alex. Coultry for Beef.....	18 55
Do Hunter & Co., for Boots.....	23 65
Do “ “	14 35
	38 00
Do Chas. Robertson, for Funerals.....	27 00

Charitable W. S. Goodhugh, Board of Children,		
L. B. I.....	24 00	
Do John Rankin to Toronto.....	3 00	
Do Boatman, Father Point.....	10 00	
Do A. McGibbon, for Groceries.....	400 00	
	<hr/>	1263 68
D. Campbell for services, 1871.....		100 00
Carpenting, Painting, &c. :		
James Wright, Carpenter.....	23 22	
F. X. St. George.....	4 94	
A. Andrews, Painting.....	11 00	
James Baylis, Carpets.....	11 85	
Antoine Yon, Painting.....	25 17	
	<hr/>	76 18
Insurance, Dec. 7, Imperial.....		12 00
Commissions for Collections :		
J. White.....	5 00	
do	1 00	
do per P. S. Ross.....	25 00	
	<hr/>	31 00
Printing, Advertising, Postage, &c. :		
T. & R. White.....	13 58	
" "	15 31	
	<hr/>	28 89
G. & W. Clark.....		8 20
J. C. Beckett.....	20 45	
" "	43 00	
	<hr/>	63 45
J. Dougall & Son.....	16 91	
" "	3 70	
	<hr/>	20 61
Postal Cards, P. S. Ross	3 12	
" "	3 25	
" J. Riddell.....	70	
	<hr/>	7 07
Penny Wilson & Co.....	33 40	
	<hr/>	161 62
Fuel Account, L. Tourville.....	706 50	
House of Industry	22 50	
P. Larkin.....	7 50	
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Carting Fuel, Thomas Sanderson	77 65	
" " James Brennan.....	171 25	
" " J. Rodden, "Piling".....	34 25	
" " Thomas Brennan.....	19 50	
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Water Account.....		11 20
Discount on two Sovs.....		30
Bank of Montreal for Six Shares new Stock at 25 Premium.....		1500 00

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THE BALL.

[From the Montreal Herald.

The magnificent ball given last night under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society must have put to flight for ever the last lingering idea that Montreal was dependent for its diversions on the presence of the military. When the troops were re-called we were told right and left that the reign of the Goddess of Dullness had commenced,—that the last roll of the drum, and the last shriek of the bugle, were our doom to un-relieved stupidity and money-making. But Montreal has, it appears, resources of gaiety within herself and an intense appreciation of it besides. The ball last night gives promise of as lively a winter season as we have ever had. In fact the season has opened, if anything rather too brilliantly, for it is almost too much to hope that we shall have very many opportunities of making merry in such splendid style. However, in the matter of amusement, we are content to live from hand to mouth, taking the good the gods provide us without wondering whether they will ever be as bountiful again. Certainly the Committee of Management have the greatest reason to be satisfied with the results of their efforts to make the ball in every way worthy of the noble Society in connection with which it was given. The memories of our lady readers are, we believe, very tenacious of recollections of entertainments which they grace with their presence, but we do not think that in their most extensive *répertoire* of past festive occasions they can find one more thoroughly delightful—not excepting even the St. Andrew's ball of last year, which was one of the most enjoyable of the season. We are very glad too that it has fallen to our Scotch fellow-citizens to set so brilliant an example, for the national character has been libelled as morose and sordid in every form of mis-representation which stupidity and conceit could devise. Every sensible person knows that there is not the slightest foundation for such ideas of Scotch character, and when Scotchmen and Scotchwomen make up their minds to enjoy themselves, they far out-do others of more volatile nationality. It must not be supposed, however, that the affair was for the exclusive enjoyment of persons who could claim connec-

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tion with the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, remarkable also for its mountains and its floods. [It would be unpardonable in a record of anything Scottish not to quote these memorable lines.] The fall of snow made sleighing a pleasure, instead of as is usual till winter fairly sets in, a means of torture far more excruciating than Dante ever conceived. And as pleasure is enhanced by contrast either with pain or with pleasure of a totally different kind, the occupants of the sleighs, which for full two hours glided up to the main entrance of the Hall, however enjoyable the ride might have been—and the first sleigh-ride of the season deserves to be chronicled in any one's diary—there was an expression of intense satisfaction with the arrangements made for their reception.

THE ARRANGEMENTS.

The repugnance which was very naturally entertained by some of the more sedate members of the Society to this mode of celebrating the return of the national anniversary having been overcome, the Society made a very judicious selection of the gentlemen to superintend the several branches of the affair—such as dancing, refreshments, etc., and so well did they discharge the duties assigned them that it is the barest justice to give their names :—

MUSIC AND DANCING.—Messrs. Hector McKenzie, A. A. Stevenson, E. McLennan, John Hope, C. P. Davidson, J. Esdaile.

RECEPTION.—Sir Hugh Allan, Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. J. Young, Messrs. Fred. MacKenzie, D. Lorn McDougall, Geo. Stephen, A. W. Ogilvie, W. McFarlan, Andrew Allan, Edward MacKay.

DECORATIONS.—Messrs. Duncan McIntyre, W. W. Ogilvie, D. P. Beattie, D. Sinclair, Hugh McKay, John Cassils, J. C. McLaren, Thos. Symington.

SUPPER AND WINES.—Messrs. A. McGibbon, R. B. Angus, J. Stewart, W. MacFarlan, A. Wilson, John Rankin, Geo. Stephen, Edward McKay.

STEWARDS.—W. W. Ogilvie, R. J. Reekie, R. B. Angus, A. Walker, J. A. Gillespie, J. C. Watson, W. R. Oswald, Robt. Dalglish, W. W. Kinloch, Duncan McIntyre, Hugh MacKay, John Cassils, James Rose, William MacKenzie, Geo. Stephen, Alexander Crawford, Andrew Robertson, Jas. Dakers, Adam Darling, M. Hutchison, Jno.

Grant, Donald Ross, Robert Benny, D. McMaster, A. Buntin, Alex. Campbell, R. C. Jamieson, J. Riddell.

The duties of the members of the other Committees were of course of a preliminary character, and that of seeing to the comfort of the evening's guests necessarily devolved on the gentlemen appointed stewards. So well did they fulfil their functions that we shall be very much surprised if on the recurrence of the joyous occasion there should be any doubt as to the appointment of "gentlemen in waiting." Every lady—gentlemen being of course out of court in such a matter—who was present last night will bear us out in saying that the stewards performed their *devoir* with a gallantry which no one of the knights who stretched his legs under Arthur's round table could have surpassed.

THE GUESTS.

The list of invited guests embraced representatives of all the National Societies, together with the city members of Parliament, and many distinguished Scotchmen from abroad. Amongst the most prominent of those present, we observed His Worship, the Mayor, Charles J. Coursol, Esq.; Wm. A. Dart, Esq., Consul General of the United States of America; C. J. Brydges, Esq., President St. George's Society; James Howley, Esq., President St. Patrick's Society; Alex. Murray, Esq., President Caledonian Society; G. M. Millar, Vice-President Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Hon. John Young, M. P.; M. P. Ryan, Esq., M. P.; L. A. Jette, Esq., M. P., &c.

Letters of apology reached the Secretary from the Right Hon. Sir John A. MacDonald, K. C. B., D. A. Smith, M. P., President St. Andrew's Society, Winnipeg, Manitoba, James Moir, Esq., New York; E. F. Ames, Vice-President New England Society, A. M. Stewart, Esq., New York; John Gordon, Esq., President St. Andrew's Society, Toronto.

THE BALL.

The spacious dining-room of the St. Lawrence Hall was very tastefully decorated for the occasion, the flags of all nations, and a good many flags which it would have puzzled Capt. Maryatt to assign to any nation whatsoever, adorning the walls, which were further beautified with garlands of evergreen. We give the above, however, as the result of a preliminary survey, for after the doors were thrown

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open the spectator, however little of the proverbial Jenkins there might be about him, became completely oblivious to the attractions which the room itself possessed. We despair of giving any idea of the appearance which the ball-room presented after the guests had assembled. Our scissors exercised on a tailor's fashion sheet might serve the purpose so far as the masculine portion of the assembly was concerned, but nothing short of the brush, pigments and skill of the most famous son of Apollo would enable us to reproduce the varied and tasteful attire of the ladies. We give it up. Monotony is tedious, but such endless and dazzling variety is bewildering to a painful degree. We subjoin the list of dances, the music for which was supplied by Gruenwald's orchestral band.

PROGRAMME.

ENTRY.	{	"Campbells are coming,"	Piper Weir.
		"Blue Bells of Scotland	Orchestra.
1	{	Strathspey	"Tullochgorum."
		Reel	"Lord McDonald."
2	...	Quadrille	"Bonnie Dundee."
3	...	Galop	"Ka-foozle-um."
4	...	Lancers	"National."
5	...	Waltz	"Weiner Keider."
6	...	Quadrille	"Canadian."
7	{	Strathspey	"Lady Baird."
		Reel	"Fecht about the Fireside."
8	...	Lancers	"Carnival."
9	...	Galop	"Uberall and Nirgends."
10	...	Cotillon	"The Campbells are Coming."
11	...	Waltz	"Kunstler Leben."
12	...	Quadrille	"After dark."
13	...	Galop	"Jolly Brothers."
14	{	Strathspey	"Cameron's got his wife again."
		Reel	"Keep the Country, Bonnie Lassie."
15	...	Lancers	"Cure."
16	...	Waltz	"Wine, Wife and Song."
17	...	Quadrille	"Edinburgh."
18	...	Galop	"Flick and Flock."
19	...	Lancers	"Echoes of London."
20	{	Strathspey	"Miller of Drone."
		Reel	"Highlandman kisses his Mother."
21	...	Waltz	"Burgersinn."
22	...	Quadrille	"Star of Erin."
			"The March of the Cameron Men."
			"I lo'e na a daddie but ane."
23	...	Cotillon	"Mary Macnell."
			"O, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."

24. Galop "The Very last."
 25 { Strathspey Tam's Highland Fling."
 Reel..... The De'il among the Tailors."

We give the above card of dances in its entirety, but the list was agreeably broken by a supper, served up in a style worthy of the reputation of the St. Lawrence Hall. We subjoin the—

MENU.

SOUP.—Oyster.

SCOTCH HAGGIS, with plain potatoes.

COLD MEAT DISHES ORNAMENTED.—Hure de Sanglier à la Chasseur, Galantine de Dinde au Prince de Galles, Pâtes de Gibier aux Truffes à Orléans, Mayonnaise de Homard en Bordure, Galantine de Poulet à l'Aspic, Jambons ornés à la Royale, Salade à la Russe, Petite Galantine de Gibier à l'Aspic, Langues de Bœuf Glacés à la Moderne, Aspic de Filet de Volaille en Belle vue, Aspic aux Huitres, Ronde de Bœuf à l'Anglaise, Bastion de foie Gras à la Parisienne, Pâte de Volaille à la Richelieu aux Truffes.

ROAST.—Canard Noir, Dinde Farcis, Perdreaux, Poulettes Grains Coq de Bruyère.

PASTRY.—Charlotte Russe à la Vanille, Nugots à la Chantilly, Pyramides aux Oranges, Amande aux Pâtisseries, Gelée aux Maraschine, Petits Patés aux Fruits, Gâteau à l'Espagnol, Bonbons Parisiens, Pyramides aux Raisins, Biscuits Decores, Macarons, Pâtisseries Française, Gelée au Rhum, Blanc-Mange, Meringues Crèmes, Gelée aux Fruits, Gâteau à la Milonaise, Italian Cream, Mottoes, Gâteau de Coco, Gâteau de Fromage.

GLACES.—Vanilla, Citron, Roman Punch.

FRUITS.—Raisins de Serre, Oranges, Pommes, Raisins de Malaga, Crystalized Fruits Figs, Amandes, Noix, Prunes.

WINES—Jules Mumm & Co., Extra Dry, Seltzer Water, Amon-tillado Sherry, Moselle Sparkling.

ALE.

These were surely luxuries enough to have satiated the more exacting appetite, but what shall we say as to the steaming haggis which, preceded by the piper, paraded the room when the feasting was at its height? In some cases the national dish might be tasted

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experimentally, just as one might walk a few yards to see a live gorilla, but no one who partook of yesterday's dish at the Hall will dissent from the opinion which every true Scotchman holds that nothing roasted, stewed, boiled, grilled or cooked in any way can compare with it. The supper was an undoubted success, and in connection with this we must again acknowledge the efficiency with which the members charged with this very important part of the business discharged their duty.

AFTER SUPPER

Before the guests rose from the table the health of Her Majesty was drank with as much enthusiasm as ever the unfurling of the Stuart banner elicited.

Mr. C. J. BRYDGES then proposed the toast of the St. Andrews' Society, complimenting the President and his fellow members on their worthy commemoration of their national anniversary.

In the temporary absence of the President from the Supper room, Mr. Andrew Wilson responded, thanking Mr. Brydges for his complimentary remarks, to which Mr. McGibbon, the President, was specially entitled, as it was to his energetic efforts any success they might have achieved was mainly ascribable. After these interchanges of complimentary sentiment the company returned to the ball-room, where dancing was kept up till—well we won't say what hour.

THE LADIES.

The ladies having withdrawn, as many of the gentlemen as were not required as escorts, gathered in a ring in the centre of the room and closed the festivities with singing with evident gusto and an emphasis which made the walls vibrate the national song of "Auld Lang Syne." "God Save the Queen" was then sung, and the curtain fell.

We had deferred to the close of our notice the awards of praise for the success of the ball, but the necessities of the press compel us to condense what we would prefer to say at length, into a few words. First and foremost; and most emphatically. The ball could not have proved the success it was but for the daily, we may say, hourly efforts of the President, Mr. A. McGibbon, to stimulate others in its behalf. In the next place Mr. Gerikin, did his duty in a way which

gave the highest satisfaction to everybody, while the attendance was very creditable, considering the number who had to be waited on.

We find in an exchange the following account of the life and adventures of the Saint to whom Scotland has decreed tutelary honours :—

“ St. Andrew was the son of Jonas, the Galilean fisherman, and a brother of Simon Peter. After the ascension of our Saviour, he travelled as a missionary through the whole of Asiatic and European Scythia. He afterwards laboured in Thrace, Macedonia and Epirus, and finally coming to Achaia, was arrested at Batra one of the principal cities of the last named region, and crucified by order of the Roman proconsul. Instead of being nailed to the cross, he was bound with ropes, and the cross was in the shape of the letter X, or, as it is sometimes called, a cross decussate. Early in the 4th century, his remains were carried to Byzantium, and honourably interred by order of the Emperor Constantine. In the year 368 they were conveyed to Scotland by a Greek monk named Regulus, and by him deposited on the coast of Fife, where the city and cathedral of St. Andrew's now stands. Ever since that time St. Andrew has been regarded as the patron saint of Scotland, and a cross, shaped like that upon which he suffered martyrdom, has been called a St. Andrew's cross.”

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SERMON :

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN KNOX.

Joel i. 3.—“Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.”

Eighteen seventy-one was memorable to Scotland as the centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott. Eighteen seventy-two will be not less held in remembrance as the Ter-centenary of John Knox's death. In August of last year our countrymen in all lands, and not they alone, but many other nationalities as well, gathered round the cradle where, a hundred years previously, lay as a tiny babe, the great literary enchanter, by the witchery of whose genius the civilized world was spell-bound, whose magic pen rendered classic so many spots in our loved Fatherland, and to whose favourite haunts, meet “Meccas of the mind” have repaired such crowds of literary pilgrims. It was his to cover the walls of the Temple of fiction with a series of historic pictures which start out from the canvas with a life-like vividness.

“The last of all the bards was he
Who sang of border chivalry.”

But to many of us the present memorial year has lent to it a yet greater charm, though the gathering be not around a cradle, but a grave. Three centuries ago—these bleak November days—all Scotland hung breathless over the bed where struggled for release from his prison-house of clay the representative of a nobler chivalry than ever Sir Walter portrayed in story or in song. Three hundred years ago last Wednesday, all Scotland was in tears, as a sackcloth clad procession slowly and solemnly wended its way to the historic church-yard—our Westminster Abbey—which opened her gates to receive Scotland's greatest citizen, who had struck from her limbs shackles more galling (since the iron entered into the soul) than ever “proud Edward” forged, and secured for her the boon of a more “glorious liberty” than rewarded the patriotism and prowess of “Wallace wight” or the “Bruce of Bannockburn.” On the 26th November, 1572, “devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him,” and as the grave closed over those honoured remains—the lips of Scotland's Governor (treacherous, time-serving Pilate-like Governor though he was) pronounced the terse and telling eulogium—“There lies he who never feared the face of man.” This being the memorial year, the month, the week, almost the very day of that event, we trust it may not be deemed an inappropriate method of improv-

ing this anniversary—the anniversary of a Society peculiarly national—“to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance” of one to whose instrumentality our country owed more than to any besides, and with reference to the facts of whose career and the features of whose character it behoves us to carry out the instructions of our text—“Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.”

KNOX'S BIRTH.

Knox was over forty years of age before he stood forth as the great Reformer, and wrought the wonders which have immortalized his name. Into little more than a quarter of a century were crowded the deeds which have made his life sublime and his death glorious. Yet the earlier scenes of his life, in so far as we have any reliable information regarding them, should not be lost sight of. At Gifford Gate, a suburb of Haddington, with which other theological “Mighties” were hereafter to be associated, he first saw the light. William Knox, his father, was a plain man, scion of an old and respectable Renfrewshire family. In the records of the Hotel de Ville, Geneva, when he was admitted a burgher, he is styled “John Knox, son of William Knox, of the Burgh of Hamilton.” The eminent historian, Froude, who is now on a visit to this continent, and with whose eloquent teachings we expect our city this season to be favoured, discoursing on the reign of Henry VIII., and of events happening about 1505, speaks thus of the birth of this wonderful child:—“In the reign of the same King an event occurred of vaster importance. In the house of a retainer of the Earl of Bothwell, in the Suburbs of Haddington, there was born into the world an infant who became perhaps in that extraordinary age its most extraordinary man.”

EARLY EDUCATION.

His early studies were carried on at such schools as Haddington could then furnish. At the age of sixteen he repaired to the University at Glasgow, whose antiquity stands next to that of St. Andrew's, its charter bearing the date of Pope Nicholas V., and the date A. D. 1450. In the College Album, under date October, 1522, may still be read, written in his own hand, “Joannes Knox.” We can picture the student, Knox, according to the then custom, started from his couch at five in the winter mornings by the unrelenting “hebdomador,” then hastening to class, from 6 to 8; returning thereafter to a frugal meal, followed by prayers, then lessons continued till dinner at 12, after which a psalm was sung; then lessons the rest of the day till 9 in the evening, which hour witnessed anew the rounds of the aforesaid inexorable “hebdomador,” to see if all was right. Woe to the transgressor of university rules, who, according to the usage of those antique times, had corporal punishment inflicted on the bare shoulders by the hand of the Principal, in the common hall, in presence of professors and students. John Major or Mair, was the Gamaliel at whose feet Knox was brought up, a skilful dialectician, who had studied in Continental schools, and was “learned in all the wisdom” of the scholastic theology. He had for a fellow student one who afterwards aided him different ways in his great work,—a peasant lad from

a lowly straw thatched shieling, on the banks of the Blane, in Kilarn, Stirlingshire,—George Buchanan, who became tutor of James VI., Principal of Leonard's College, St. Andrew's, and Moderator of the 14th General Assembly of the Kirk, whose Latin style Lord Monboddo pronounced superior to that of Livy himself, of whose treatise, "De Jure Regni," Sir James Macintosh declared that in it "the principles of popular politics and the maxims of a free government were delivered with a precision and enforced with an energy which no former age had equalled and no succeeding one surpassed," and in regard to whose celebrated Latin version of the Psalms, Pope Urban VIII. announced "'twas a pity it was written by so great a heretic, for, otherwise, it should have been sung in all the churches under his authority." The two students possessed affinities, though the aspirations of the one flowed more in a literary, of the other, in a religious channel. Knox had a very successful college career. In philosophic acuteness he outrivalled his master, and subsequently acted as tutor or lecturer at St. Andrew's in his favourite branches.

HIS TRANSITION STATE.

Though ordained a priest before he was 25, the age fixed by the canons of the Church for admission to orders, he had begun to feel dissatisfaction with the existing state of things. Poring ever the writings of Jerome and Augustine, drinking from the crystal springs of the Holy Scriptures, (especially the New Testament in its original Greek), gradually, in his experience, "old things passed away, and all things became new." The state of affairs, both in Church and State, would have an influence upon him. Clerical demoralization had reached its climax. The Beatons (uncle and nephew), Cardinals James and David, were moral monsters of whom the Borgias of Rome could alone supply the parallel. The shackles of superstition bound the land. Every spark of religious life and liberty was stamped out beneath the iron heel of priestly despotism. Henry VIII., however questionable his motives, had heaved off the incubus in England. Scotland was rent by intestine strife. There had been a strange fatality about the occupants of her throne. Several in succession had come to untimely ends. James I. had been imprisoned 18 years in England, was set at liberty in 1423, and conspired against and murdered at Perth on the 20th February, 1427. James II. was killed at Roxburgh Castle, by a cannon bursting in August, 1460. In the neighbourhood of Stirling, James III. had miserably perished with forces under his son pitted against him. On the fatal field of Flodden, on 9th Sept., 1513, two arrow wounds and the gash of a brown bill, had let out the life's blood of the gallant, reckless James IV., who fell in the centre of that famous "Scottish circle," which England's serried spearmen could not penetrate. The ill-fated King with two Bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, five eldest sons of peers, and gentlemen so numerous that there was not a family of any note throughout the land which had not its representatives among the slain. In 1542 James V., bitterly mortified at the failure in the Solway fight of his designs on England, retired to Falkland Castle, to Falk-

land that "sits so queenly at the head of the fair 'howe of Fife,' on the skirt of the green mantle that wraps the feet of Lomond." There he died broken-hearted at the age of 31, just as the news is brought him of the birth of a daughter at Linlithgow, the lovely, unfortunate Mary—the sad opening of a sad life. Scotland which began to wear the "dule weeds" or dress of mourning when James' first wife, the lily of France

"Quhilk grafted was into the thistle keen,"

prematurely withered, found further use for them. She sits solitary as a widow, the Niobe of the nations. Persecution kindles its baleful fires. Patrick Hamilton, of the blood royal, George Wishart, a scholar and a gentleman, and others of kindred saintly character mount the gleaming chariot.

THE LANGNIDDY TUTOR AND SWORD-BEARER.

In the retirement of his mansion at Langniddry, Knox is acting as tutor to three lads, sons of East Lothian lairds. While attending to all literary accomplishments, he pays special heed to their religious training. He catechises them publicly in a chapel near the mansion house—expounding a chapter of the Bible. This some from neighbouring parishes are allowed to attend. The building, whose ruins are still shown, was known as "John Knox's Kirk." On Knox, now, now, six years his senior, who had carried the two-handed sword before Wishart during his last visit to Lothian, his mantle falls. In "bodily presence" apparently "weak," though in speech the reverse of "contemptible," this lithe, supple, wiry framed sword-bearer, mark well. He is the "coming man" who is to set "the copestone" (Wishart's own figure) on the edifice whose foundations were laid by Hamilton, and whose walls he was engaged in rearing. A trumpet tongue will yet ring from that diminutive body that will rouse his country from its death sleep. Though turned forty, his hidden power has not yet appeared. But in that unattractive Scotchman lies secreted a revolution—a reformation—a new Evangel for his land and people. Like the brave Baptist, to whom in physical aspect and mental characteristics he bore some resemblance, "he is in the desert until the time of his showing unto Israel."

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS.

The sixteen slayers of Beaton retain possession of the Castle of St. Andrews, which on the landward side has a deep fosse with massive ramparts, crowned by cannon which sweep the city, and on the seaward side a precipitous declivity of frowning rock, against whose iron sides are dashed into foam and spray the waves of the German Ocean. Others join them till they number 150. Here they are besieged by the Regent Arran, whose own son is retained as a hostage in the Castle. After the expiration of ten months the siege is raised. About this time a little man with black flowing beard comes to the Castle gate. A few words to the sentinel across the moat—down with a clang comes the draw-bridge, and the little man crosses, followed by three lads. It is the Tutor of Langniddry with his pupils. The evil eye of Hamilton, Beaton's successor, is on him. He has thoughts of leaving his

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country and going over to Germany, but finally concluded to seek shelter under the shadow of those brass guns and ramparts heights. Sir David Lindsay is there before him, now nearing 60, and none better than this long-bearded new-comer could appreciate, Sir David's sallies of sprightly, sarcastic humour. The meeting between the doughty poet knight, who had attacked the enemy with the light shafts of ridicule and raillery and the embryo hero who was to head the coming struggle with heavier weapons, is significant. The tutor is busy with divers human text books, but the Divine retains its central position. The Catechism is conned—and the "bairnes" (as Wishart called them) have to repeat it aloud in the Parish Church of St. Andrews. Daily he expounds the Gospel of St. John in the chapel of the Castle. Balnaves, a Lord of Session; Rough, the eloquent priest preacher, Lindsay, and other choice spirits, form his appreciative hearers. They divine for him a higher post than tutoring boys, and insist on his assuming the Chaplaincy. "Perceiving the manner of his doctrine, they began earnestly to travail with him, that he would take the preaching place upon him." John Knox is not the man to take this honour upon himself. He positively declines. With the modesty and self-diffidence of the ancient prophet, he is ready to say—"How can I speak, for I am a child;" yet to him, as to Ezekiel, God is about to say—"Behold, I have made thy forehead strong against their foreheads. As an adamant stronger than flint have I made thy forehead—fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house." The Castle Council consult. A plan is fallen on to circumvent the hesitating tutor. Rough on a selected day gives a pointed sermon on the "Election of Ministers." Coming to the practical application, he singles out John Knox by name, and solemnly adjures him, as he would avoid God's heavy displeasure, to take on him this Ministry. Then, turning to the little band of eager listeners, he asks, "Was not this your charge to me? and do ye not approve this call?" They answer promptly and together, "It was, and we approve it." The man with the broad brow and eagle eye is confounded and abashed by Rough's appeal—bursts into tears and hies him away alone from the chapel to his closet. In his own quaint way he tells the story: "Whereat the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears and withdrew himself to his chamber." That chamber is the cradle of the Scottish Reformation.

THE SIEGE RESUMED.

Within two months after, the siege that had been raised by Arran is resumed. The aid of France is called in against the brave little garrison. The garrison has sought the aid of England. Early one bright summer morning their eyes from the eastern battlement are strained athwart the horizon and catch sight of sails from the southeast rounding Fife Ness and making for St. Andrew's Bay. Are they foes or friends? As they come nearer and nearer the silver lilies of France are descried on the pennons flying from the topmast. Alas! England has proved laggard. The 16 vessels draw up in line, they open fire, but the lurching caused by the swelling surge, interferes with its steadiness and precision. The tactics change. The steeple heads of the Abbey and St. Salvator's are manned with light cannons. Shot, and hot

heavy, is poured into the castle, and its pavement streams with the blood of the resolute defenders. Soon the pestilence begins its horrid havoc. In the midst of a tremendous storm, which soaks powder and matches, drenches the gunners and stops the fire; a council of war is hurriedly held, and on a spear's point, from the shivered battlement, the white flag is waved. The French commander, a Florentine by birth, gives honourable terms. In our countrymen he had found foemen worthy of his steel, and treated them with characteristic chivalry. It is no fault of his that the terms were subsequently broken. Never did Scottish patriotism and pluck appear to better advantage, than when fewer by one-half than Leonidas's noble Three Hundred, they kept so long two nations at bay. Among the many grand illustrations which history supplies, when prowess, and patience, and piety had all their perfect work, this brilliant episode at St. Andrew's has perhaps scarcely got justice. "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

KNOX IN FRANCE—AT THE GALLEYS.

We must now follow John Knox to different scenes. With the 120 knights and men-at-arms he is marched out of the Castle, and borne away to France. Instead of being permitted, as was agreed on, to go to any country save Scotland, some of the captives were thrown into dungeons, the rest were sent to the galleys. Knox is included in this last class. The galleys are described as "long sharp snouted craft," rowed by forty or fifty oars apiece. The muzzles of cannon grinned from the port-holes of a strong square fore-castle in the bow, and of a raised quarter-deck at the stern. Able-bodied vagrants, convicts, and the worst off-scourings of France, were swept into these floating prisons. The long low under-decked waist of the ship was packed full of the rowers, five or six of them chained to each oar. The labour of rowing was terrible. From the great length of the oars, the rowers had to rise to their feet in drawing the stroke and fall back again on their haunches." They were stripped to the loins—yet, so violent was the exertion, that in the coldest weather the sweat trickled from their bodies. The slaves were on the benches night and day. The "forcers" paced the gangway which ran along the center of the galley, applying mercilessly the whip whenever time was not kept. The hospital in the hold was almost like the Black Hole in Calcutta. For nearly two years John Knox was chained to the oar on board one of these galleys. In the suffocating atmosphere of the Galley Hospital, he can write words that live to-day. There is yet extant a treatise on Justification by Faith, written by Balnaves, afterwards a Scottish law lord, who was also a captive, to which Knox wrote a preface and summary. In the preface Knox says: "This was sent me in Rouen, lying in irons and sore troubled by corporeal infirmity, in the galley named the Notre Dame." At the end of the preface he exclaims: "Abide! stand! call for his support, and so, the enemies which now effraye you, shortly shall be confounded, and never more shall appear to molest you." An All-wise Providence deemed it needful that the hand which gave Scotland liberty, should feel the chain. Though it must have often chafed his naturally impetuous spirit,

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he could bide his time. He will possess his soul in patience. Knox is soon to lift up his head knowing that his "Redemption draweth nigh." At the galleys he learns some of the best practical lessons of his life, the un murmuring submission to the Divine Will, the enterprise of soul, the self-conquest and self-sacrifice, the calm confidence, unresentful endurance of wrong, the superiority to surroundings, the fertility of resources, and wondrous self-possession, which were among his noblest characteristics. It is profitable to make this victory over self. "He that hath power over his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Herein is true heroism! Emulate it! Imitate it! "Tell your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

KNOX AT THE COURT OF EDWARD VI.

The scene changes. The Langniddry Tutor, the Castle Chaplain, the Galley Slave, reappears in 1549 in strangely different circumstances. We find him appointed by the Privy Council of England under Edward VI., to preach the Gospel in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and subsequently in Newcastle, labouring for about a year. Within a year thereafter, he makes such full proof of his ministry that he is promoted to be one of the six chaplains of Edward VI. In December 1551 he receives this royal appointment. It shows the liberal spirit of the time in England, that so strict a Presbyterian should have been appointed a Royal Chaplain at the English Court, associated with such men as Grindall, afterwards Archbishop of York, and Horne, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. In the public records is preserved a letter from the Duke of Northumberland to the Prime Minister of the day (Cecil), in which he is strongly urged to offer Knox a Bishopric. "I would to God," (writes his Grace) "it might please the King's Majesty to appoint Mr. Knox to the office of Rochester Bishopric." He assigns three reasons for the recommendation—the first of which is: "He would not only be a whetstone to quicken and sharpen the Archbishop of Canterbury whereof he hath need, but also, he would be a great confounder of the Anabaptists lately sprung up in Kent." In the records of the Privy Council of date 2d February, 1552, appears a recommendation to the Archbishop of Canterbury in favour of Mr. Knox "to be presented to the vicarage or parsonage of Allhallows, in Broad street, London, by the preferment of Thomas Sampson to the Deanery of Chichester." Knox is indisposed to receive either the Bishopric or the Vicarage. He is summoned before the Council to assign grounds for declining the latter honour, when he fully and faithfully gives a reason for the hope that is in him. "With some gentle speeches (says the record) "he was dismissed." In 1552 we find him travelling through Buckinghamshire for six months, proclaiming the Gospel to immense crowds. In a letter yet extant, dated 2nd June of that year, he is cordially commended to Lord Russell and honourable gentlemen of the county. He preaches repeatedly before the King and Council in London. He takes some part in the Revision of the Liturgy, and of what ultimately became the 39 Articles. His own writings and certain works of the Parker Society tell us of changes Knox effected in the Episcopal Communion service. In a Conference at Oxford, in 1554, Dr. Weston, the

Prolocutor, accuses sturdy, faithful Latimer of complicity with Knox in this purging process. "A renegade Scot"—as he calls him—"a renegade Scot did take away the adoration of Christ in the Sacrament." "So much" [continues Weston] "prevailed the authority of that one man at that time."

KNOX AN EXILE.

In July 1553 the sun of Edward VI. goes down at noon, and Mary succeeds, bringing on a darkness that might be felt. Six months thereafter, at the beginning of 1554, John Knox seeks in France and Switzerland a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." We find him at Dieppe in deep poverty, yet almost jocularly writing his future mother-in-law—a lady of rank—"I will not make you privy to how rich I am, but from London I departed with less money than 10 groats." But his heart is in England. In a letter accompanying a precious exposition of the 6th Psalm, written in his exile for this good lady, he writes thus feelingly: "Sometimes I have thought it impossible that it had been so to have removed my affection from the realm of Scotland that any realm or nation could have been equally dear to me. But God, I take to record in my conscience that the troubles present and appearing in the realm of England are troubles more dolorous unto my heart than ever were the troubles of Scotland." Then, as if hearing "the sound of the battle from afar," and as if the question of the man of old were occurring to him, "Should such an one as I flee," he goes on to say:—"Albeit I have in the beginning of the battle appeared to play the faint-hearted and feeble soldier, yet I pray that I may be restored to the battle; that England and Scotland may both know that I am ready to suffer more than adversity or exile in the profession of the truth." A golden sentence follows. He hides himself for a little moment till the indignation be overpast. But he is no coward. He is ready whenever opportunity presents to play the man for his God. "For a few sermons (he continues) to be made by me in England, I would be content to suffer more than Nature were able to sustain." From his retirement in 1554, he issues a letter dated "From Dieppe—whither, God knows," in which he says:—"I would jeopard my life; but, seeing it cannot be done instantly without danger to others than me, I will abide the time which God shall appoint." An elaborate document comes after, entitled, "An admonition to the professors of God's truth in England," in which his whole soul goes out towards that land. He mourns over the divisions that had crept in:—"I perceive that the heart, the tongue, and the mind of one Englishman is bent against another, and division to be in the whole realm, which is an assured sign of desolation to come." Then he breaks into the pathetic apostrophe:—"O, England! England! dost thou not consider that thy commonwealth is like a ship sailing on the sea?—if thy mariners and governors shall one consume another, shalt thou not suffer shipwreck in short process of time? O, England! England! Alas! these plagues are poured upon thee, for that thou wouldst not know the most happy time of thy gentle visitation. But wouldst thou yet obey the voice of the Lord, and submit thyself to His holy words! Truly, if thou wilt, thou shalt find mercy in His sight, and the estate

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of thy commonwealth shall be preserved." Thus did the great heart of the Reformer yearn over England as well as Scotland. The noble men of England esteemed him very highly in love for his work's sake. Bishop Ridley, writing a few days before his martyrdom, while exclaiming:—"Alas! that dear Brother Knox could not bear with our Book of Common Prayer," goes on to say:—"Surely Brother Knox is, to my mind, a man of much good learning and of earnest zeal. The Lord grant him to use them only for His glory." John Milton, the Bard of Paradise and Private Secretary of Cromwell, when quoting from Knox's writings, calls him a "most famous divine, and the Reformer of Scotland." We have been anxious to dwell on this side of his character, because it has been too much lost sight of, and Knox has been grievously misrepresented in consequence. Leaving Dieppe we find Knox for six months ministering to an English congregation at Frankfort, and then for six months more to the English refugees at Geneva. On the banks of the beautiful Lake Lemane John Knox had many a walk with another John—the marvellous Frenchman who at the age of 22 was deemed the most learned man of his day, and of whose works a thousand editions were published during his life. What a privilege to have overheard the high communings of Calvin and Knox!

VISIT TO SCOTLAND—BRIEF LULL.

A lull occurring in Scotland, a bright Indian summer time, he repairs thither in the latter part of 1555 or early in 1556. It was the first visit within seven years. He had happy intercourse with Archibald, Lord Lorne, afterwards Earl of Argyle—a grand historic name, linked now so happily with the throne in the person of one who, we doubt not, will bear himself worthy of such proud lineage and ancestral honours; John, Lord Erskine, the noble Baron of Dun, and though last, not least, Lord James Stewart, natural son of James V., afterwards Earl of Murray—the "Good Regent," whose beneficent rule bade so fair for his country's weal, and whose sad demise covered it with a funeral pall. In Calder House, the seat of Knox's early and fast friend—Sir James Sandilands—with whom I have the honour of claiming kindred and connexion—Sir James Sandilands called in history "that ancient and honourable father," Knox used often in years gone by to meet the future Regent, then a young man of 25, of splendid physique, and the noblest qualities of heart and mind. With these and such like Knox confers. When the enemy was coming in like a flood, these hands are soon to join in a holy covenant, after the old Highland fashion of fording rivers, where a chain of men could stem what would bear away each singly and separately. Knox preaches in Edinburgh to great audiences. But the sky again begins to lower. His presence and labours excite suspicion. He feels that the infant cause will be subserved better by his absence. After six or eight months sojourn in Scotland, he bids adieu to his dear native land again, and takes shelter in Geneva.

KNOX AT GENEVA.

Here he tarries in exile three years, till the time to favour his country, yea the set time came.

It is during this period of his exile, and in the year 1557, that sickened and saddened with the results of female rule under Mary in England, and the poor

prospect of good from the other Mary in Scotland, he comes out with one of his strangest productions entitled, "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." It evinces a wonderful knowledge of Scripture and command of patristic learning in its advocacy of the old Salique law which forbade female rule. Still it turns out a blunder and works harm. It cools the English heart towards him, and when on the 17th November 1558 Elizabeth succeeds Mary, he finds that he has incurred her bitter, and as it turns out, life-long antipathy, by this bold questioning of her right to rule. "My first blast," he says, "has blown all my friends in England from me." We venture to assert that had he lived now, or our much loved Sovereign been on the throne instead of the bloody Mary, the blast would never have been given. No throne stands firmer to-day than that on which a woman sits—a woman whose personal and domestic virtues lend a dignity and grace to her beneficent administration. And we venture the assertion that if John Knox were, even with all our full sense of inestimable obligation to him, to rise again, and to utter a blast against her, it would blow away, or at least cool, some of his Scottish friends as well. To no section of her subjects is she dearer; no voices send up to Heaven with more thorough heartiness the familiar anthem "God save the Queen." Amid shivered sceptres and tottering dynasties, we rejoice in the existence of a throne established in righteousness, and buttressed by the benedictions of a loyal and loving people. When other nations have passed through experiences so different, we have an honest pride in our grand old empire and firmly anchored Island home.

"When nations felt the throes of change
The earthquake and the flood.
And the earth spoke in voices strange.
And the land gaped for blood—
And tarnished fragments marked alone
The site of many an earthly throne.
A Diadem yet stood "

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

KNOX CALLED HOME AGAIN.

Meanwhile, in Scotland things look threatening to the Lords of the Congregation. Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, and her brothers, the notorious Lorraine Princes, are plotting, through French influence, to oust the good Queen Bess from the throne and put Mary in her room. Scotland is to be made the basis of operations. The peril is great. A voice is needed to stir the Scottish heart to its depths. It is the voice of the Geneva exile. He is sent for. It is a call as of the Macedonian Phantom at Paul's bed-foot at Troas, "Come over and help us." Knox is not disobedient to the heavenly vision and his country's call. He takes ship at Dieppe, and steps ashore at Leith in May, 1559. Ten long years have passed since he was taken prisoner at St. Andrew's and had to tug wearily at the galley oars; but though the least known they are far from having been least useful of his life. And now he has come back to Scotland never to leave it again till 12 years and 12 weeks after, he leaves his quaint old mansion in the Netherbow for the House not made

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with hands, eternal in the Heavens. Your time will not admit of our attempting to delineate the events of this, the most stirring era in his history. Nor, perhaps, would this be the most fitting occasion.

WHAT SCOTCHMEN OWE TO KNOX.

Thoughts crowd on us, and aspects of the subject present themselves, which our present position precludes our touching on. But it can give offence to no one to assert what admits not of contradiction, that to no single individual besides do Scotsmen owe it more than to John Knox that they can say of their country, "The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." He found it impoverished, but he lifted the poor out of the dust to set them among princes. He found her in thralldom, but gave her truest freedom. He found her in darkness, he left her in marvelous light. He found her "little among the thousands." To his invincible purpose and far-seeing plans with the accompanying blessing of God, is it to be ascribed that "the little one has become a thousand, the small one a strong nation."

KNOX'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

He dotted the land with churches and schools, and the church, and the school, beside it, have been Scotland's glory and her sure defence. The church, symbolizing religion, and the school, education, both linked in loving accord, have been the chariots of our country and the horsemen thereof. Next to the establishment of a pure gospel, Knox attached the highest value to a sound education based on its principles, and breathing its spirit. Hence in the wake of the church he made follow universities, academies and schools, and if public parsimony and private greed had not reduced the money allowances for such purposes much below what he designed and desired, Scotland would have witnessed the setting up on her soil of the grandest educational machinery in the world. With all the curtailments and abatements she has had not a little in this respect whereof to glory. In listening to the earnest pleadings of Knox for the leavening of the masses with knowledge, we seem to catch the utterances of our most advanced educationists. Our school commissioners who, let us hope, will not be fettered in their enlightened prospects, as Knox was, by that narrow economy which would start the question of the niggardly purse-bearer of old "To what purpose is this waste?" could find no better motto to set for a frontispiece to the fine buildings they are seeking to erect than a portion of the words addressed by Knox when submitting the details of his educational scheme to the Scottish Parliament, more than 300 years ago, "If God shall grant quietness, and give your Wisdoms' grace to set forward Education in the sort prescribed, ye shall leave wisdom and learning to your posterity—a treasure more to be esteemed than any earthly treasure ye are able to amass for them." *The education of the common people, a treasure more to be esteemed than earthly treasure!* "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children and their children another generation."

KNOX'S ELOQUENCE.

What a thrill ran through the heart of Scotland when on the momentous questions which pressed for settlement his commanding voice rang out its "no

uncertain sound." We wonder not at the stir in a certain council when one of the members ran in, in breathless haste, and cried out in broken words "John Knox, John Knox is come! he is come! he slept last night in Edinburgh." Never was there a speaker who brought himself more into direct personal contact with his hearers—between whom and them more quickly shot the electric currents. There was re-produced in him the Demosthenic power.

"Which wielded at will the fierce democracy
And fulmin'd over Greece"

"Knox's eloquence puts more life into me," writes the English Ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, "than would six hundred trumpets." Wherever he appears in the great contest he wages, his presence, like Roderick Dhu's, is the prelude of victory—"One blast upon his bugle horn was worth a thousand men."

KNOX'S HOUSE

On the north side of the High street adjoining the Netherbow, the uppermost of a nest of tall wooden-fronted houses having two fronts, meeting in a right angle is regarded as that which Knox occupied from 1561 with few interruptions, till his death in 1572. The legend over the windows and door in an unusually old kind of lettering, "Love God above all, and thy neighbour as thyself," reveals his spirit. The little chamber in the wall testifies to his devotional habits. The effigy of the reformer perched upon the corner above the door, growing as it were in relief out of the solid stone, symbolises how completely Knox is built into the strong edifice of his country's character and fame, so that you could not remove him without defacing if not destroying the building itself. In a truer and nobler sense than did Sir Christopher Wren might John Knox say to-day: "If you wish to see my monument, look around you."

Though it may seem an anachronism to put the words of the 19th century into the lips of the 16th yet, so fitting is the elegy of Tennyson over the tomb of Wellington that we can almost picture the genius of Scotland sitting tearfully at the grave which three centuries ago received the body of her noblest son, and thus pouring forth her song.

"Mourn for the man of long enduring blood,
Whole in himself—a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambition's crime—
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest always are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O, voice from which their omens all men drew,
O, iron nerve, to true occasion true,
O, fall'n at length that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew
Such was he whom we deplore:
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
His voice is silent in your Council Hall
For ever: and whatever tempests lower,
For ever silent—even if they broke
In thunder, silent. Yet, remember all

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He spoke among you, and the man who spoke,
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power,
 Who let the turbid streams of Rumour flow,
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low,
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life

* * * * *
 Such was he. His work is done
 But while the races of mankind endure
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land.
 Till in all lands, and thro' all human story,
 The path of duty be the way to glory,
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim
 With honour, honour, honour to him
 Eternal honour to his name.

HIS NAME ENDURING.

That name is, we trust, now safe in his country's keeping. When Ptolemy built Pharos, he would have his name upon it, but Sostratus, the architect, did not think that the King, who only paid the money, should have all the credit, while he, the builder and maker, had none. So he put the King's name on the front in plaster, but underneath, in the eternal granite, he cut, deeply enough, "Sostratus." The sea dashed against the plaster, and chipped it off bit by bit, till the name of the great man was revealed. And so from its temporary covering has come out the name of Knox, for ever written in the rock of his country. The waves of time have washed off the plaster, and with it the inferior names which got an evanescent celebrity. But in the eternal granite of the land of the mountain and the flood he has reared a monument more enduring than brass, on which the eyes of a grateful posterity will continue lovingly to decipher his honoured name. May the right hand forget its cunning, that would dare repeat the madness of the Commune to this grander than Vendome Column! "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." The character of Knox seems to us to resemble another monument, the Babylonian monarch's in having diverse elements in it. It had some "clay." It was not free from human infirmity, for "We have seen an end of all perfection." It had not a little "iron," for without that element strong in him he would not have been equal to the crisis of his Church and country. It had "brass" in it, for confidence, even to the measure of assurance; the times he lived in and the tactics he combated imperatively required it. But after all, the breast was of silver and the head of gold.

It is amazing the ignorance that even yet prevails amongst some regarding the real character of Knox. Thomas McCrie has done much to dispel the cloud of prejudice and calumny had raised—accomplishing for him what Thomas Carlyle did for Cromwell; and by the way, it is singular that the ter-centenary of the death of Knox, and the centenary of the birth of his biographer should fall

in the same month, and within a few days of each other. Nevertheless, there are not a few who will repeat the stale slander of Hume as to his "savage ferocity," and who can think of him only as the rough, rude man who ruthlessly destroyed fine buildings, and made a beautiful woman weep.

KNOX NO DESTROYER OF CHURCHES.

I consider it quite unnecessary before such an audience as this to say that John Knox was not responsible for the destruction of the cathedrals and other sacred buildings in Scotland? The stately monument that towers over the Glasgow Necropolis, and looks down on the time-honoured Cathedral near by, of itself refutes the charge. The saying about the "rooks" or "crows," and their "nests," is one which a man so well versed as Knox in the habits of these creatures was not likely to use. The reformer put himself to special pains to preserve these edifices. When he heard of the Abbey and Bishop's Palace at Seone falling victims to the popular fury, he felt so annoyed that we are informed "he could not speak patiently to any man of Perth or Dundee." Cecil the English Ambassador in Scotland, writes: "The Protestants be at Edinburgh. They offer no violence, but dissolve religious houses, directing the lands thereof to the Crown and to Ministry in the Church. In Parish Churches they deliver up altars and images." Another reliable authority writes: "I have not heard that in all our land above three or four churches were cast down." In regard to the few that were destroyed in spite of all Knox's efforts to save them, he puts the blame on the "rascal multitude," and tasks them severely for it. At several of the early General Assemblies we find prompt and decided action taken "for the preservation and upholding of Cathedral Kirks which are parish Kirks." In 1544, sixteen years before the Reformation, when Knox was tutoring the boys at Langniddy, some of the finest Abbeys were destroyed, such as those of Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Eccles, Haddington, Newbattle, Holyrood, and many a fine Church in the District of Merse, Teviotdale and Lothian, in connection with the ruinous raids from England which marked their rough style of woeing "our lass" for "their lad." Exposure and neglect with the corroding tooth of time can account for the decay of more. To these may be added Government greed and private cupidity and inexcusable carelessness. In 1568 the roof of the beautiful Cathedral of Elgin was stripped of its lead by order of the Privy Council. The lead was shipped to Holland and sold. The Aberdeen Cathedral was similarly stripped. Many of these noble old edifices too supplied ready hewn building material to many a country neighbourhood. A mansion house and gaol were built, and a mill repaired out of Melrose Abbey. The Abbey of Arbroath became a regular quarry. Villages have been built from such sources. The floors of many of the cottages of the Scottish peasantry have received from thence their pounded sandstone. Let not Knox then be branded as a ruffian iconoclast who headed maddened mobs, and hounded them on to the demolition of these gems of ecclesiastical architecture ringing out the shout, "Raze them—raze them even to the foundations thereof." That precisely opposite was the case ought to be more generally known. "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children,—and their children, another generation."

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THE REFORMERS NOT ILLITERATE.

Here let us enter a protest against those who loosely talk of the Scottish Reformers as a set of illiterate fanatics, or rough, ill-mannered bigots. Hamilton and Wishart had mingled in the most polished society, and were, in manner and spirit, perfect gentlemen. John Willock, who was so closely associated with Knox, had been domestic chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, and probably one of the instructors of that accomplished lady herself. He had been the close associate of the leading scholars and divines in Edward's reign,—“That notable man, John Willock,” as Knox admiringly styles him. Knox himself was a man of scholarly attainments and wonderful knowledge of men and things. He was related by marriage to the best of the land, kept company with the leading aristocracy, had resided at the court of England, knew all knightly accomplishments. John Row, another of Knox's associates, had a most exact knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and Italian. “Perhaps some of our literati” (says McCrie) “who entertain such a diminutive idea of the taste and learning of those times, might have been taken by surprise had they been set down at the table of one of our Scottish Reformers, surrounded with a circle of his children and pupils, where the conversation was all carried on in French, and the chapter of the Bible, at family worship, was read by the boys in French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Perhaps they might have blushed if the Book had been put into their hands, and had they been required to perform a part of the exercises. Such, however, was the common practice in the house of John Row.” We know what a prodigy of learning was George Buchanan, Knox's fellow-student at college. Sir David Lindsay, too, was a man of fine talents and taste—poet and satirist of the Reforming era—well-thumbed editions of whose works used to be in the “boll” of almost every Scottish peasant's cottage, to whom Sir Walter Scott makes such complimentary allusion in some of his prose writings, and of whom, in *Marmion*, he has drawn the beautiful picture.—

“A man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave and sage,
As on King's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen and sly
Expression found its home.
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the Keys of Rome.
Still is thy name in high account
And still thy verse has charms.
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King at Arms.”

KNOX NO CYNIC.

It is true, Knox made Mary weep, but he had no pleasure in her tears. She sobbed passionately. He quietly waited till the flood had spent itself, and then calmly and kindly said, “that he never took delight in the distress of any creature, that it was with great difficulty he could see his own boys weep when

he corrected them, and far less could he rejoice in Her Majesty's tears, but seeing he had given her no just cause of offence, and had only discharged his duty, he was constrained, though unwillingly, to sustain her tears rather than hurt his conscience and betray the Commonwealth by his silence." Does that sound like ferocity, nay, rather is it not truest politeness linked with a fortitude that reaches the sublime. He was not a sour cynic—a churlish Nabal. He was the reverse of morose and misanthropic. In the bosom of the domestic circle, that face which, when occasion demanded, wore the frown of anger and the flush of honest indignation, could wreath itself in smiles. His characteristic humour would crop out even at serious times.

There was nothing narrow about him. In the best sense he was exceeding broad—broad in his sentiments, broad in his sympathies,—not broad in the modern latitudinarian sense of the term, yet broad as the love of God and narrow as his law. His letters from England and about it, show how free he was from offensive clannishness.

LESSONS FOR US.

An example thus to us as members of a national society to guard against one abuse to which such institutions may be exposed. While loving our dear native land, as he did—strongly, sincerely—all the more when absent from it, let us cherish an intelligent interest in others too, cultivating the charity which

"Glow with social tenderness,
And feels for all mankind."

The Scotchman, from mingling with all nations, should be exceedingly cosmopolitan in his character, and rise superior to all narrow bigotry and sectional prejudices. Our adopted country in its composite elements is a beautiful mosaic. Let us work into it all the good qualities of the nations that compose it. Nor let us forget how that in the admirable parochial economy which originated in Knox, the poor were specially cared for. To-day with the holy Apostles, he being dead yet speaketh—"Only we would that ye remember the poor." "The same also which we have been careful to do" in effect, and with good reason, say our charitable committee, as their excellent report shows. Let it be so with their successors—and for this end, let increasing means be placed at their disposal. Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes, became poor, and who hath said, "The poor ye have always with you." We have the sacrifices to make like our fathers. For the blood-bought heritage they have handed down to us, let us make this small return.

John Knox has been dead for 300 years, and yet he lives. His body lies "mouldering in the grave," but "his soul is marching on." It is coursing the earth. It marches round the world. It is animating millions. Let us not content ourselves with "garnishing the sepulchre of the righteous"—while we allow his principles to lie entombed. And if any put this down to the partiality of a Scotchman and a Presbyterian—listen to the eminent Englishman whose winged words we have already quoted: "The time has come (says Jas. Anthony Froude) "When English history may do justice to one but for whom the Reformation would have been overthrown among ourselves; for the spirit

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which Knox created saved Scotland, and if Scotland had been Catholic again, neither the wisdom of Elizabeth's Ministers nor the teaching of her Bishops, nor her own chicaneries would have preserved England from revolution. His was the voice which taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a free man, the equal in the sight of God of the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers. He was the one antagonist whom Mary Stuart could not soften nor Maitland deceive; he it was that raised the poor commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical, but who nevertheless, were men whom neither king, noble, nor priest could force again to submit to tyranny." Truly then we have some reason for saying, "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation," and ground, too, for asking on your part the response, "We will not hide them from our children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and His strength and His wonderful works which He hath done, that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children."

ADDENDA.

The following items do not appear in the Treasurer's statement:

Mrs. McIndoe, for Tickets to Boston.....	\$20 00
Rev. Mr. Young, per Taylor.....	15 00
St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa, per Campbell.....	10 00
St. Paul's Church, per Hughson.....	15 00
A. N. Shewan, per Gardner.....	15 50
W. Angus, from Glasgow friend.....	5 00
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	\$80 50
Paid to Committee.....	\$80 50

A P P E N D I X .

THE LAND OF SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, BY A. MCKILLOP,
NOV. 30, 1872.

His purse was light, his eyes were bright,
His heart was brave and young,
When called to leave his native isle,
The lovely Land of Song.

When, tempest toss'd, the seas he cross'd,
His ardent hopes were strong,
Though tears bedimmed thy parting shades,
Thou peerless Land of Song.

The bravest here may shed a tear,
To weep it was not wrong,
When last he saw that star of earth,
The holy Land of Song.

And when he reached the sunny beach
Of China's famed Hong Kong,
Even there, he heaved a sigh for thee,
The flowery Land of Song.

And when on shore at Serampore,
He joined the conquering throng,
Beneath the palms they sang thy praise,
Thou cheerful Land of Song.

Though Delhi's powers and Lucknow's towers
Were fortified and strong,
They fell before thy gallant sons,
Thou mighty Land of Song.

And when with toil they gained the Nile,
Where Moses wept when young,
Among the Pyramids they claimed
The classic Land of Song.

No Pharaoh knave could there enslave
The tribes they moved among,
Nor could the Highlanders forget
The charming Land of Song.

In burning sands and distant lands,
 Privations great and long,
 The melodies sustain their hearts.
 Thou Land of sacred Song.

Amid the strife of savage life,
 In many a foreign tongue,
 My countrymen contend for Truth,
 As in the Land of Song.

And where that Name they do proclaim,
 With Right to conquer Wrong,
 The nations learn to imitate
 The peaceful Land of Song.

But when a Czar goes mad for war
 And beats his battle-gong,
 Thy heroes take his Malakoffs,
 Thou giant Land of Song.

And blissful days of peace and praise
 Like ours may God prolong,
 The British throne sustained by thee,
 Unconquered Land of Song.

Well may the Press allay their fears
 And find the kingdom strong,
 Our gracious Queen delights in thee,
 The faithful Land of Song.

At home, abroad, on land or flood,
 Where'er thy children throng,
 They celebrate thy worthy praise,
 Thou matchless Land of Song.

While history weaves the Maple leaves
 Around the Thistle prong,
 The Rose and Shamrock must confess
 A nobler Land of Song.

This country claims the greatest names
 That to our race belong,
 And we will make Young Canada
 A famous Land of Song.

While year by year assembled here
 We greet the old and young,
 As do our dearest friends at home
 In that sweet Land of Song.

Hark! hark! the strains o'er snowy plains,
 The pipers come along,
 Thy music thrills our very hearts
 Dear Scotia, Land of Song.