

*The Maitland Society*

**Maitland  
Centennial  
Celebration**

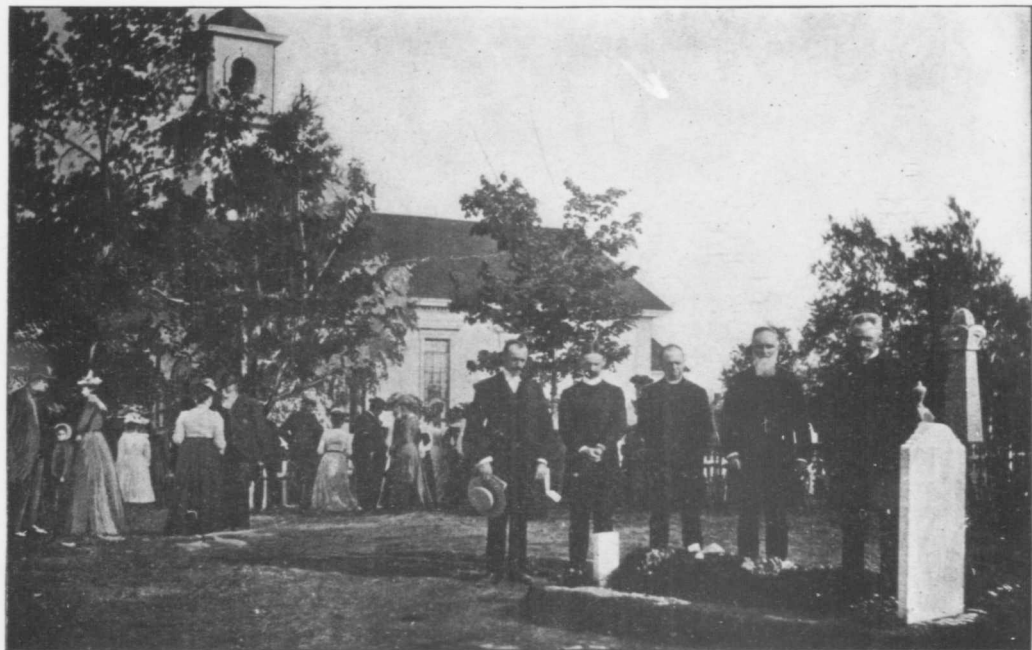
**1803--1903**

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Thos. G. Smith



**At the grave of Rev. Alex. Dick, St. David's Church, Maitland, Centennial Day, 1903.**

Rev. G. E. Ross, Rev. S. J. MacArthur, Rev. T. C. Jack, Rev. L. G. Macneill, Rev. Dr. Currie.

# Centennial Celebration

OF THE

Ordination and Induction

Of the Late

## Rev. Alexander Dick

Presbyterian Minister

Maitland, Hants County, Nova Scotia

June 21st and 23rd,

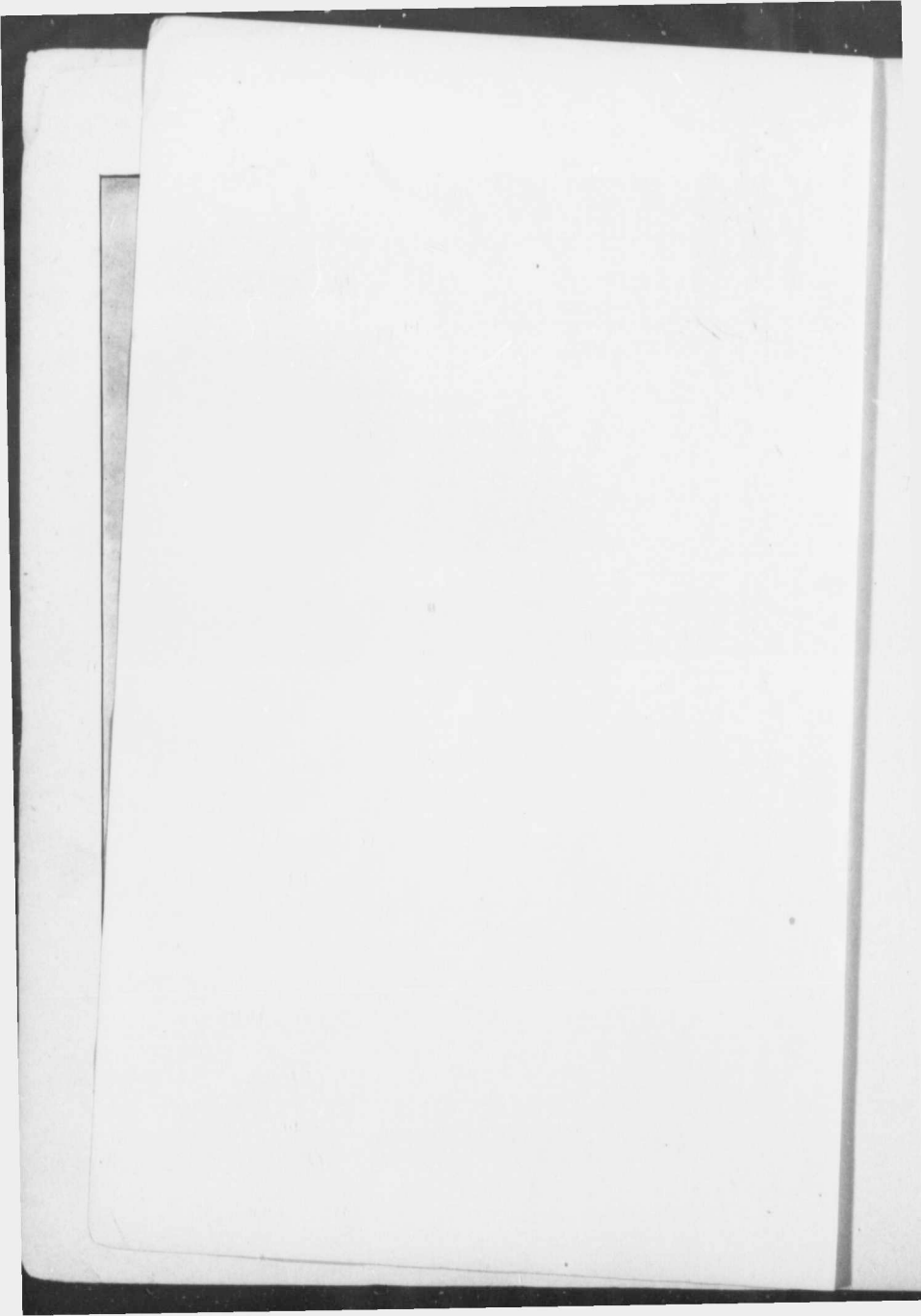
### 1903.

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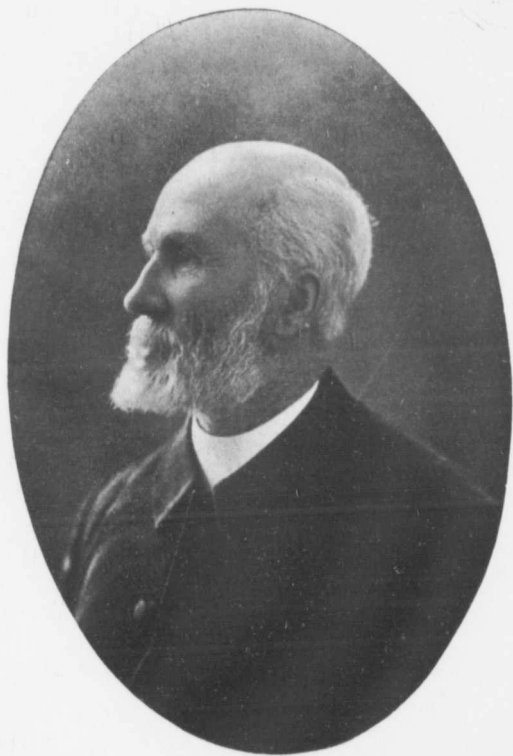
"The Righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

—Psalm 112:6.









**Rev. John McMillan, D. D.**

Chairman at Centennial Celebration.

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## Introduction.



THE Committee of Management of St. David's Church, Maitland, deemed the proceedings of the 21st and 23rd of June, in connection with the Centenary Celebration of the ordination and induction of the Rev. Alexander Dick, of sufficient importance, to warrant their publication in the form now issued, as they contain much historical information, the result of diligent research, that may and doubtless will prove of inestimable value to the future historian of our country and church. The Celebration was unique in its character, in that it commemorated the ordination of the first Presbyterian Minister by a regularly constituted court in the Dominion of Canada.

In the early part of the year, at a special meeting of the congregation called for the purpose a Committee of Management was appointed to make such arrangements as would insure the successful carrying out of the project, that was to prove of so much interest, not only to St. David's congregation but to the church at large. To the ladies was left the duty of entertaining the invited guests, which it is needless to say, was performed in a manner worthy of the reputation they have always borne for kindness and Christian hospitality. The following programme was drawn up and carried out in a way that left nothing to be desired :

### PROGRAMME.

#### SUNDAY.

- 10.30 a. m. Public Worship. St. David's Church, Maitland.  
Preacher, REV. PROFESSOR JOHN CURRIE, D. D.
- 11.30 a. m. Communion.
- 3.00 p. m. Public Worship, South Maitland.  
Preacher, - - - REV. T. C. JACK, B. A.
- 3.00 p. m. Public Worship, Selma.  
Preacher, - - - REV. S. J. MACARTHUR, B. D.
- 7.00 p. m. Public Worship, St. David's Church, Maitland.  
Preacher, - - - REV. L. G. MACNEILL, M. A.

## TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

2.00 p. m. ANTHEM—"Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates."  
*W. A. Ogden.*

THE CHOIR.

INVOCATION—The REV. PRINCIPAL POLLOK, D. D.,  
Chairman.

PRAISE—Psalm Selection 98.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

PRAYER.

ADDRESS, - - - THE CHAIRMAN.

Historical Sketch - - - REV. T. C. JACK, B. A.

ANTHEM—"There's a wideness in God's mercy."  
*C. D. Rose.*

THE CHOIR.

Greetings from the Presbytery of Pictou.

REV. J. SINCLAIR.

Greetings from the Presbytery of Truro.

REV. A. B. DICKIE.

ANTHEM—"I was glad." - - - *J. M. Dungan.*  
THE CHOIR.

Greetings from the Presbytery of Halifax.

REV. JOHN McMILLAN, D. D.

PRAISE—Doxology 610.

4.30—7.00.—TEA Served in Presbyterian Hall.

## TUESDAY EVENING.

7.00 p. m. ANTHEM—"Wake the Song of Jubilee."  
*E. O. Excell.*

THE CHOIR.

PRAYER.

PRAISE—Psalm Selection 72.

ADDRESS, - REV. PROFESSOR JOHN CURRIE, D. D.

SOLO—"I heard the Voice of Jesus say."

*F. S. Rathbun.*

MRS. CREELMAN.

ADDRESS, - - - REV. L. G. MACNEILL, M. A.

ANTHEM—"The Lord is my Light." - *G. F. Root.*  
THE CHOIR.

ADDRESS, - - - REV. T. C. JACK, B. A.

ADDRESS, - REV. S. J. MACARTHUR, B. D.

PRAISE—Hymn 90.

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Greetings by representatives of other Churches :

Congregationalist, - - REV. A. W. MAIN.

Methodist, - - REV. R. B. MACK.

Episcopalian, - REV. G. R. MARTELL.

PRAISE—Hymn 218.

ORATION, - BENJ. RUSSELL, Esq., D. C. L., M. P.

ANTHEM—"Rejoice, the Lord is King." - *Gabriel*.  
THE CHOIR.

ADDRESS, - THE REV. PRESIDENT FORREST, D. D.

PRAISE—Hymn 262.

CLOSING, - - - - THE CHAIRMAN.

PRAISE—Hymn 301.

BENEDICTION.

The Committee desires to tender its thanks to the former pastors of St. David's congregation, to the Rev. Dr. McMillan, who so ably presided in place of the Rev. Principal Pollok, D. D., whose unavoidable absence was deeply regretted, and to all others, who accepted invitations to take part in the proceedings, and who so cordially and heartily contributed to the success of the event.

Maitland, July 25, 1903.

F. S. CREELMAN, M. D., *Convener*,  
REV. GEO. E. ROSS, B. D.  
EGBERT ROY, *Secretary*,  
CAPT. THOS. ROY,  
CAPT. ROBERT F. DENSMORE,  
WALTER D. BOWERS,  
JOHN MCLEOD,  
GAVIN L. STAIRS,  
CLARENCE PUTNAM,  
MARTIN KEHOE,  
JOHN ANDERSON,  
GEO. C. ROSE,  
THOS. ROSE,

MRS. GAVIN L. STAIRS,  
MRS. F. S. CREELMAN,  
MRS. WM. LAWRENCE,  
MRS. HUGH MCCALLUM,  
MRS. EVERETT EATON,  
MRS. W. D. BOWERS,  
MISS AGNES M. PUTNAM,  
MRS. CLARENCE PUTNAM,  
MRS. JOHN ALLEN,  
MRS. JOHN ANDERSON,  
MRS. ANGUS ROSE,  
MRS. GEORGE C. ROSE.





**Rev. Allan Pollok, D. D., LL. D.**

Principal of Presbyterian College, Halifax, N. S.









**Rev. Professor John Currie, D. D.**


Pastor of Maitland Congregation, 1857-1871.



## *A Stone of Memorial.*

BY REV. PROF. JOHN CURRIE, D. D.

"Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—I Samuel 7, 12.

OD REMEMBERS the past and He would have us remember it too. In a retrospect the memory lives the old life over again with its ups and downs, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures. The morning of life may have been ushered in with the light of an unclouded sky, but the day may have closed with a thunderstorm. Or the reverse may have been the case: the morning may have been gloomy, while in the evening it may be light.

At any time a retrospect must be beneficial, but occasions arise which bring the past vividly before us and enforce lessons with a power peculiarly its own. The traveller in olden time when gaining some lofty summit would look back upon the part of the journey already accomplished, and from the experience of the past gain strength for the future. And if, in reviewing the past, he found that some wonderful deliverance had been vouchsafed, or some noted kindness received, he might from the stones lying around him erect a rough cairn that the questionings of future travellers might receive an answer, which would strengthen faith and enforce a lesson of gratitude.

Such conduct is in accord with a principle of our nature which recognizes obligation. We suspend upon our wall the portrait of some friend, who has been a friend indeed, and the sight not only recalls acts of disinterested kindness, but makes us eloquent as we narrate them to others.

Israel had almost incessantly been harassed by the Philistines during the Judges, and towards the close of that period in a great battle in Aphek, the uncircumcised were again triumphant. Israel fled before the Philistines, there was a great slaughter among the people, Eli's sons, Hophni and Phinehas, were dead, and worse than all the ark of God was taken. This was a dark day, certainly one of the very darkest, in Israel's history. And yet the people had themselves to blame, and they knew it. They had forsaken God, and God had forsaken them. In a sense the Israelites had become mere vassals to the Philistines. They had lost hope and courage. And no wonder, for sad as had been their reverses they continued in idolatry, although it is stated that all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord. The truth is that they feared Jehovah but served idols. And now Samuel comes to the front. He calls upon the people to repent, and assures them that if they abandoned the worship of Baalim and Ashtaroth and served the Lord only, deliverance would be given. That was a great day at Mizpeh when the people gathered together, drew water and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted, and said, we have sinned against the Lord. The Philistines, however, were on the alert. They had heard of this gathering. They must at once crush any attempt to throw off the yoke. They rush to arms, and fully assured of victory they come up against the Israelites even when solemnly covenanting with Jehovah. But providence is not always on the side of the strongest battalions. When the sword of the Lord and of Gideon has work to do, one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. "The Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before Israel. And the men of Mizpeh went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came to Beth-car. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Many an eloquent sermon must that stone have preached. As the years went by it would remind the way-faring man of God's goodness to the nation, and the true patriot on recounting the story to his children would press home the truth that the people is blessed whose God is the Lord.

Similar examples occur in the Bible. When Jacob fled from

the fury of his brother Esau, he lay down at night in a lonely place with nothing but the sky for a covering and a stone for a pillow. But he beheld a glorious vision and heard inspiring words. Profoundly impressed, he set up the stone for a memorial, anointed it, called it Bethel, and consecrated himself and his substance to the service of the Lord. How true it is that mere environment can neither create nor destroy true happiness. Weary and foot-sore as we toil along the journey of life, the very rocks may become none other than the house of God, and heaven and earth may stand with only a thin partition between.

The Passover was instituted to commemorate a great deliverance. "And it came to pass when the children said, what mean ye by this service, then their parents related to them how God had smitten the Egyptians and emancipated the people."

And so, too, when the Israelites crossed the Jordan they took twelve stones from the bed of the river, a stone for a tribe, and, forming a heap where the priests who bore the ark of the covenant had stood, they left on record for the instruction of their children how wonderfully God had opened up the way to the promised land.

Now these things were written for our learning. Whether as individuals, or families, or communities, or countries, we should be ready to recognize the fact that goodness and mercy like two bright angels have led us all our life long, and that in the journey many special occasions have been furnished for erecting memorial stones and inscribing upon them, Hitherto the Lord hath been our help.

Memorial stones men do indeed erect in the celebration of semi-jubilees and jubilees, and centennials, and in marking noted events in a country's history, but often is lacking the inscription, Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. Too prone are we to sacrifice to our own net and burn incense to our own drag, to say, "My own hand hath gotten me this;" "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" Animated thus, we stand rebuked by these Israelites. Unmindful as they often were of their obligations to Him who gave them their civil and religious privileges, at the call of their spiritual leaders they recognized the goodness of Jehovah and accorded Him the praise, and thankful for the past they gathered strength for the future. "The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He will bless us." Even in the celebration of congre-

gational anniversaries, or some marked epoch in our Church's history as a whole, it is just possible that the statistical exhibit may accentuate the instrumentality rather than the agent, and not give sufficient prominence to the truth that unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it. Memorial stones cannot be too imposing, if only they are suitably inscribed.

We have gathered this day to celebrate the centennial of the founding of a Presbyterian congregation in this part of the Province. We are erecting a memorial stone, and, chiselled across it in the largest characters, we would place the motto, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." So that when your children's children, indeed generations unborn, shall ask, "What mean ye by this stone?" they may have rehearsed to them the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works which He hath done, and may thus be induced to set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God but keep His commandments.

The stone between Mizpeh and Shen commemorated deliverance from enemies, but ours has nothing to do with the achievements of carnal weapons by which in the world's history many have fallen down slain. Just as little has it to do with denominational victories, for the grand truths of our common faith have received more prominence than mere non-essentials, and as a rule the various ecclesiastical bodies have lived together in harmony. Our stone would simply commemorate the goodness of God in caring for a few scattered sheep in the wilderness, in sending them pastors according to his own heart to feed them with knowledge and understanding, and in so dealing with them that the little one has become a thousand.

The original settlers in this part of the Province were mainly Loyalists from the United States and emigrants from Scotland and the North of Ireland. They were men of physical and intellectual sturdiness, men of force and power of endurance, above all they were men who could not sacrilegiously throw to the winds the religious traditions of their fathers. In the outset their privations must have been great. They had to hew for themselves farms out of the virgin forest, erect rude cabins, carry provisions upon their back from long distances, and construct roads. In course of time the more adventurous would build small craft, and in exchange

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for the produce of the quarry and the forest would get supplies from the United States. But increase in material comfort would not satisfy these settlers. They had no churches, and their Sabbath-schools were silent. In the homes of the more religious we fancy we hear sung with indescribable pathos the grand old Psalm:—

Lord, Thee my God, I'll early seek ;  
My soul doth thirst for Thee,  
My flesh longs in a dry parched land,  
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The occasional visit of a travelling clergyman would only intensify the desire for stated sanctuary service. Coming under Presbyterian supervision, we may believe that appeals were addressed to Scotland for a minister; but in these times father-land was so far off and the sacrifice of severance from home was so great that few could be induced to listen to the cry, "Come over and help us," no matter from what part of Nova Scotia the appeal came.

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I now quote from Dr Gregg's History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada:—"The Presbytery of Pictou, which was formed in 1795, received several additions to the number of its ministers before the organization of the Synod of Nova Scotia in 1817. The first of these was the Rev. Alexander Dick. In his earlier years Mr. Dick had followed the occupation of a carpenter, but in consequence of the earnest entreaties for help which came from Nova Scotia, he resolved to devote himself to study, with the intention of coming to labor as a missionary in this Province. He arrived in Nova Scotia in 1802 and received a call to the Congregation of Douglas which was scattered over a tract of country 60 miles in length. To this charge he was ordained on the 21st of June, 1803. This was the first ordination of a Presbyterian minister by a permanently constituted Presbytery in the Dominion of Canada. In his widely extended field Mr. Dick labored with great zeal and fidelity, but his ministry was only of short duration. He died in the winter of 1812, greatly lamented by his brethren in the ministry, and throughout the Church." Manuscript sermons, fully written out, show that Mr. Dick was for the times a preacher above the average. His style was terse, his illustrations were fresh and striking, and his appeals personal and pointed. According to the testimony of those who were old fifty years ago, he

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was laborious, self-denying and sympathetic, and consequently was greatly beloved. His remains were interred immediately in front of the pulpit of the church which was hardly completed when he died. "Though dead he yet speaketh."

For four years the congregation remained vacant, when, in 1816, the Rev. Thomas S. Crowe was settled over a part of the large field which had been occupied by Mr. Dick, while the Rev. Robert Blackwood, who had arrived from Scotland about the same time, was placed over Nine Mile River, Gay's River and Shubenacadie. Mr. Crowe died on the 11th of September, 1869, after half a century of hard work. On the occasion of his Jubilee in October 1865, he stated that he had baptized 2,280 persons, and admitted more than 500 into the communion of the Church. With more than average mental vigor, with decision of character and tenacity of purpose, had Mr. Crowe been placed in circumstances more favorable for intellectual pursuits he might have stood in the front ranks of any Presbyterian Church in any land. I cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that, during a fourteen years' residence here, my friendship with Mr. Crowe was deep and abiding. No father could have treated his son more kindly. Had I been his colleague and successor he could not have regarded me with greater consideration. Although my position was one which in some respects was delicate and might have induced strained relations, never for a moment did the slightest shadow project itself across our path. More than the third of a century has passed since his removal, yet memory readily recalls the thick-set figure, with snow white hair, clear complexion, kindly blue eye, and benignant smile.

These men have passed off the stage, and now sleep side by side in the cemetery hard by. But let it not be forgotten that Alexander Dick during the whole of his ministry, and Thomas S. Crowe during at least the first half of his pastorate, must have endured hardships of which we can have very imperfect conception. The people, though the personification of kindness, were unable to accord adequate support, houses were ill constructed especially for the rigors of winter, roads were bad, sometimes impassable, and many of the things which are now regarded as essential to comfort were then unknown. Apart from such drawbacks as un-

healthy climate and the lack of christian fellowship, our foreign missionaries now do not make so many sacrifices as did these early fathers of the church who sundering the ties of kindred and country went out hardly knowing whither they went. All honor to these men! They labored and we have entered into their labors. They sowed and we now gather in the harvest. And let it be remembered that the voice that cried in the wilderness gave no uncertain sound. On the one hand there was no toning down of unpalatable truths for popularity's sake, no attempt to dull the edge of the sword of the Spirit; and, on the other, without stint was ministered the consolatory message, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Under such teaching no wonder that along the shores and away back in the forest, christian homes were found where altar fires were kept burning, and sabbaths were sanctified, and out of Bible and Catechism the truth was taught to children's children.

In the year 1856, owing to circumstances which need not be detailed, the Presbytery formed a new congregation which was called the Second Presbyterian Congregation of Maitland and Noel. Like a mathematical line it had length but no breadth, extending from South Maitland to Tennycap, a distance of about twenty-five miles. During the summer of 1856 I supplied this new charge for six weeks, and in the following year, having accepted its call, I was ordained and inducted into the pastorate on the 12th of August. Maitland and Noel were central points, each of which had a church building, while South Maitland, Lower Selma and Tennycap were regarded as sections. Two-thirds of the time of ministerial service were given to Maitland and the adjoining sections, while Noel and Tennycap received the remaining third. Service was conducted in the morning in one of the churches, and in the afternoon in one of the sections in a school room, in a private house, or occasionally in a barn. In course of time the congregation erected new churches in Maitland and Lower Selma, and a commodious school room supplied accommodation for the Tennycap district. Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, and Juvenile Missionary Societies were maintained in nearly all parts of the congregation. At such gatherings the pastor had opportunity to instruct the young people of the congregation in Bible truth, and to direct attention to the claims of the

foreign mission field, which were then forcing themselves upon the consideration of the Church. From the very beginning of this congregation's history commendable interest was taken in the Church's mission work, an interest which has increased down to the present. At that time Maitland had not attained its financial strength, and perhaps the people then gave as liberally in proportion to their ability as at any time in their subsequent history. In its first annual statistical return the new congregation reported one hundred and ten families, four hundred and sixty adherents, one hundred and eight communicants, seventeen accessions to the membership, seventeen baptisms, and ten elders. The contributions for the four schemes of the Church were in round numbers \$172.00 for the Foreign Mission, \$30.00 for the Home Mission, \$40.00 for the College, and \$7.00 for the Synod Fund. During the fourteen years of my ministry, in point of numbers, there was no marked increase from year to year, and as regards liberality it was rather uniform than spasmodic. Those who formed the eldership were men noted for their wisdom and piety, and they enjoyed the full confidence of the people. These men have all passed away, and from their graves they say, Be ye followers of us even as we have been of Christ.

At this period in its history the congregation contained a large number of sea-faring men, on an average about sixty, from among whom every year some were removed by death. Shipwreck, disease, or some other fatality sent many a sad telegram inscribed like the prophet's roll with lamentation, mourning and woe. Ah me! these were sad hours. The husband, the son, the brother, taken away as by a bolt from a clear sky. What a burden the pastor had to carry to happy homes, all unconscious of the evil tidings which were at the door. One word would be spoken, and then the light would go out leaving a darkness that might be felt. On how many in our church gatherings rested the badges of sorrow! And yet the cloud had a silver lining. The pastor learned to minister the consolations of religion and to realize their value more than ever, and as regards the people, when one member of the band suffered all the other members suffered with it.

I may be pardoned for thus briefly outlining the history of the congregation during my fourteen years' pastorate, as probably no

one living is so familiar with it as myself. But here I must stop, leaving to my successors the task of narrating the history down to the present.

On the 25th of July, 1871, I demitted my charge, and the congregation was declared vacant. The selection of men to fill the pastorate during the thirty-two years which have followed has been most judicious. Their success as church workers in other fields is the best testimonial that could be given to their efficiency. It will be for them to tell that soon after 1871 the congregation was separated from the Noel section, purchased a manse and built a Hall in Upper Selma; that Noel became a charge by itself, erected a church and manse, and in course of time became self-sustaining; that a high state of material prosperity was followed by a corresponding depression; that individuals and families left the community to better their circumstances elsewhere, but that notwithstanding many drawbacks a hopeful spirit now prevails and that commendable interest is taken in the spiritual welfare of the place. During this period one act of the congregation deserves special mention as illustrative of the liberality of the people. In 1876, when the Synod resolved to raise \$100,000 for the building and endowment fund of our College, this congregation subscribed and paid about \$5,000, and thus at once, taking into account the circumstances, placed itself among the highest in the list.

The last third of the century we are celebrating has brought many changes. It may be said that one generation has passed away and another has taken its place. Most of the faces before me to-day are strange. "Our fathers, where are they?" They are gone, but their children and their children's children are here. Let those who now form this congregation suffer the words of exhortation. An important trust has been committed to your care. Be faithful to that trust. Your ancestors were godly, self-denying men. Be like them. While not uncharitable to other denominations but giving due prominence to the grand gospel truths held in common, value what is distinctive in your ecclesiastical doctrines and polity; for although the Presbyterian Church has not yet attained unto perfection, as a vital force it has already accomplished much and is destined to accomplish more in spreading at home and abroad the glad tidings of salvation. You are

working not for the present merely but for the future. You are now affected by the men who in these districts have lived in the past century, and you will affect those who succeed you. What the character of the new century of Presbyterian history in these communities shall be depends in a large measure upon yourselves. This may appear an exaggerated statement, but it is true. We imperceptibly mould the lives of others for good or evil, and they in their turn affect others, for no man liveth unto himself.

In reviewing the first century of Presbyterian history in this place, we may widen the horizon somewhat and recall the remarkable progress our Church as a whole has made in numerical and financial strength, and, let us hope, in spiritual power. The first Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, which was formed of two bodies in 1817, was not as large as some of our present Presbyteries. But as the years passed union followed union, till now the Presbyterians from Newfoundland to British Columbia form one body, with its hundreds upon hundreds of congregations, its energetic home missions, and its noble foreign missions found in almost all parts of the globe. What hath God wrought! Surely looking at the present state of the Church at large we should set up a memorial stone and inscribe upon it, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

While then we labor for the future welfare of the narrower field, let us not forget the claims of the broader. God has given us a great country, stretching from ocean to ocean, with resources all but inexhaustible. With wheat fields sufficient to supply the markets of Europe, with mines and forests only beginning to yield their treasures, the eyes of the world are upon it, and thousands of emigrants are flocking to its shores. Like a young giant awaking in his strength, what is the future to be? Who can predict the state of the country in population and material wealth at the end of the century? A question still more important is, What shall be our showing from the moral and religious standpoint? Already there are indications of elements at work which threaten to sap the strength of our national life. Are we not in too great a hurry to become rich? Are not the means we employ often unrighteous? How many of our speculations, our combines, our deals, our bogus companies, can stand the test of God's word?

Then, our politics need purification. The party cry, often raised for selfish purposes, too frequently silences the voice of conscience and the demands of that righteousness which alone exalts a nation. Then, luxuriant living and worldly pleasure, especially in our towns and cities, are finding their way even into the churches. As regards our drink bill we hang our heads with shame. And our Sabbath is fast becoming either a holiday or the seventh working day of the week. These things are for a lamentation. And yet I am no pessimist. I do not believe that at the end of the century these evils will have possession of the land, or even that the good will count a bare majority. But vigilance is necessary. Means must be employed for the arrestment of evil. The Churches must be active and aggressive. Our pulpits must give no uncertain sound. The rank and file of our church membership must live clean lives and thus be living epistles read and known of all men. Here is a great work for the Churches. The country is now in a plastic state. It is the formative period of its history. And the Church which is now most active in repressing the evil and promoting the good is the Church which when God writes up the people will hold the most honored name in having shaped the destiny of the land.

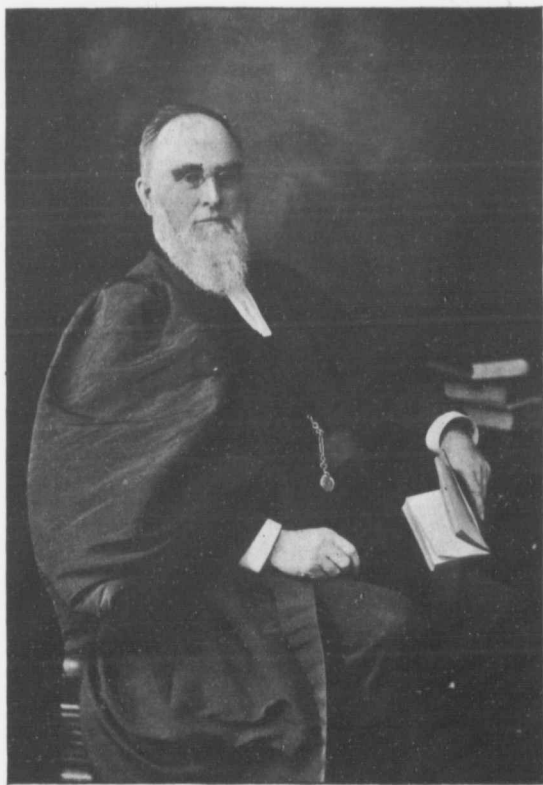
A review of this first century of congregational life reminds us of the great progress made in the world's history during this period. Discoveries in science, inventions in art, facilities for travel both by land and by sea, increase of geographical knowledge, widely extended commercial relations among the nations, mark the century as perhaps the most important the world has ever seen. To the christian comes the encouraging thought that Christ is not only Head of the Church, but Head over all things to the Church and that this element of progress is made subservient to his cause. A loud call comes to the Church for increased effort. The sound of a going on the top of the mulberry trees summons to battle. Across the path of the Church now, as well as across the path of Queen Esther in times of old, is laid the responsibility of opportunity, the grand stimulus to action, "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise from another place; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" The gospel is finding its way into China, India, Africa, Corea,

Formosa, and the isles of the sea. The mountain tops are all aglow with the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and soon the valleys will be flooded with light. The ear of faith can hear the rumbling of the chariot wheels of him who is coming and whose right it is to reign. Even so come quickly, Lord Jesus, that this sin cursed earth, emptied of sin and sorrow, may again take its place among the bright brotherhood of worlds from which it has strayed, and that at last the Church, the Bride, the Lamb's wife, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing shall be presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.



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**Rev. L. G. Macneill, M. A.**

Pastor of Maitland Congregation, 1872-1878.

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## ***Centennial Suggestions from the Burning Bush.***

BY REV. L. G. MACNEILL, M. A.

"When Moses saw it he wondered at the sight; and as he drew near to behold it, the voice of the Lord came unto him, saying, I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."—Acts 7 : 31,32.

**T**HERE are suggestions both in what Moses saw and in what he heard on this occasion. *What he saw*, the sight he wondered at and drew near to behold, was a burning bush, a bush burning, yet not consumed. "I will turn aside", said he, "and see this great sight." Why *great*? In itself but a small acacia shrub, a thing exceedingly small, and yet chosen as the residence of the living Lord; for small as the bush was, God appeared to be speaking out of it, God had chosen to enshrine Himself in so insignificant an object as an obscure shrub. There was probable reference to the people whom God was about to visit. Israel was but a little one among the nations of the world, and yet, small as it was, God graciously elected Israel. Long centuries later a similar wonder occurred in the fact that the Almighty appeared in a form almost as poor and insignificant as a desert shrub. Isaiah's prediction was fully borne out in the estimation of those who saw the human Jesus; for He was indeed "a root out of a dry ground without form or comeliness." Many an artist has tried to paint the human form of Jesus. Though wholly imaginary almost all these pictures give Him a frail and slender frame. The power He had was not that of sinew, or muscle, or physical fibre. The body in which God chose to manifest Himself was often weak and weary, hungry and thirsty, subject to pain, to agony, to death. Said they who measure greatness by appearances, It is impossible that God is here, impossi-

ble that The Maker of Heaven and earth should speak from so frail a creature. Nay, surely this is not God, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" They could not see, as they might have seen, that it has ever been the glory of God to make the ordinary extraordinary, the commonplace wonderful, the mean acacia the temple whence man shall be addressed, the common clay of humanity, the body prepared to enshrine Christ, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The thinking reader of history cannot but have noticed this *poverty of agency* by which great results have been brought about. God used ignorant and unlearned apostles to revolutionize human thought and life in one age. He chose in another age an obscure German monk as the agency to lead a Reformed church out of the superstitions of medievalism. God's way has ever been not to take the lofty cedar or the mighty oak, but the little bush, the small weak shrub of the desert, from which to manifest His power and glory. Heaven's policy has been to choose "foolish things of the world to confound the wise," "weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," "base things and things that are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are."

Let us take the hint and open our eyes as we go about this world, searching for God in things we are prone to pass by as unworthy of attention. A few years ago when in Scotland I was privileged to walk one day along the "banks and braes of bonny Doon," and I thought of him who walked there over a century ago, and of the spirit that still seems to linger about the charming spot, the spirit that hears voices of God in the humblest bush, and from the feeblest life that creeps beneath the hedgerow. And I said, 'Let me not walk with head too high to see the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," the gowans that today, as of old, fleck that Scottish meadow with loveliness. Let me walk through the yellow broom and the flowering gorse with ear attuned to hear the voice that speaks still, as it spoke to Moses in Horeb and to Burns in Ayr. If I cannot see God's glory in the little shrubs, the humble flowers, the modest grasses beneath my feet; if I cannot hear my Creator's voice in the trill of music that comes from the bonny brier bush, I cannot, do not deserve to, hear the music of

angels. Let me always find time, with Moses to turn aside even to see what is in a little insignificant shrub.

But Moses saw more than a bush. In the midst of the bush was a "*flame of fire*". There was energy there not proper to the bush itself. Whence it came, or how it operated, Moses knew not. It was a power from the unseen world, manifesting itself in unmistakable manner. Possibly it may have seemed to the mind of the Hebrew that God had ceased to be an active force. Hundreds of years had passed since the solemn covenants had been struck with the patriarchs. Their descendants had groaned for centuries under the tyranny of Egyptian task-masters. There seemed to be no God in the world. Likely most people, Moses among the number, had become careless and indifferent, hopeless of relief. But lo, in yonder fire, with its red light streaming on the eye in living power, and with ceaseless omnipotent energy, God lives and works. There is the refuge and strength of Israel. God is not dead, nor asleep, nor inactive. He is the living, unfailing source of His people's strength and hope. For that fire is the energy of a Person, not the mere energy of material force. The Angel of Jehovah appears in the fire, and gives assurance to the church of the continuous energy of His life and love. Lo, God is in His church.

Does not this fact explain why we are in this building to-day and not strolling in the summer fields as many are? We call this place the church, the kirk, the KURIOU OIKOS, the Lord's house. Its attraction is not the preacher, or the music, or the decorations, but the Proprietor. The palace of Windsor, without the presence of King Edward, would be robbed of its strongest magnet. And we turn aside to see this old church, because we know that the King is here. "The very stones" of the building to us "are dear." And we are glad when they say to us, let us go into the house of God. True, God's house is bigger than the kirk. He has other ministers to preach His truth than those "ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." He has other choirs to sing His praises besides the church choir; and they are singing in these summer days with wondrous sweetness. A sacred concert is being rendered around us compared with which our anthems are of small attractive force. That is all true; and yet there is here

what is not elsewhere in God's larger house. Here is the special presence of the Divine Spirit.

In some of your houses there is one room with a history. The pictures on the walls look down upon you as if they had something to say about the past. The ornaments, the furniture, the outlook are all associated with a person no longer there. As you look around the familiar room faces of long ago come up before you. You open the door softly and look in. There is, perhaps an empty rocking chair in which a bowed and bent form once sat ; you see again the dear old face with gentle eyes, the grey hair, the loving look you knew so well ; you hear again the sweet voice that taught you to say your first prayer. A thousand precious memories come trooping up, memories that you have nowhere else. Is it not the spirit of your sainted mother who is there? And do not the associations of the room help you to realize her presence?

And is it not so in this house of God? Though but a little church on the hill, think what has happened here. Our thoughts are linked with this building. Some of us were baptized here. From earliest childhood some of us have linked the thought of God to this church, or some other church equally sacred. As we sat this morning around the table of the Lord, we thought of days long past when, in similar exercise, God here spoke unto our fathers by the prophets, and we mentally resolved often to turn aside and see this place of God, this abode of the living Christ. The fire still blazes in this sacred bush. Lo, God is present!

My friends, it is in this fire, and in this Presence, that we find our inspiration, our mission, and our commission. The church would be nothing with her Sabbaths, and her sanctuaries, her articles of faith and her hours of worship. Like the bush she would be nothing, if it were not that we could say "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be greatly moved."

Why should she be greatly moved? Is not the fire still in the midst of the bush? Is it not still burning yet is the bush unconsumed? That was what Moses saw in Horeb. And have we not had the same vision? We cannot read the history of our own branch of the church of Christ, we cannot trace the course of the many controversies that have at times raged within her walls,

without feeling that the burning bush unconsumed was the most fitting emblem she could have chosen. We cannot trace the checkered history of this single congregation during the hundred years of its existence without feeling how very appropriate this same ancient symbol which you had stamped on your card of invitation. There has been fire again and again in our Presbyterian bush ; but it was the fire that Moses saw, the fire of the Almighty's presence, a fire that burned only to devour the untrue, the narrow, the unlovely, and make the bush appear more pure and beautiful than ever. The church of Christ is indestructible, and to be united with the church is to be in union with that which fire cannot harm.

Faint hearts sometimes grow afraid when they see the fire kindled in the bush, and they cry, "Alas, the church will soon be in ashes." Nay, the fire is but the divine energy consuming not the strong fibre of the trunk or branches, but only the leaves, only the evanescent foliage that must go sooner or later at any rate. God is only "removing the things that are shaken, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain." The divine fire is manifested in the bush from time to time to try the worker's faith, that, as Peter expresses it, "the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

2. Turn we, secondly, to *what Moses heard* on this occasion. He heard great assurances that helped him much, and that should help us also. First, he heard *the name* of that mysterious Presence that dwells in the bush. "The voice of the Lord came unto him saying, '*I am.*'" And when afterwards Moses desired more definite assurance, and asked the speaker's name, there came the sublime reply, "I am that I am ; thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel, 'I am' hath sent me unto you. This is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations." It is difficult for us to form a conception of the Deity. But here we are bidden remember His self-existence. "I am that I am." All other beings exist only as God gives them life, and keeps them living. He alone lives independently. His being is also eternal. "I am" is in the present tense, but it is such a present as includes all the

past and all the future. It is He that was, and is, and is to come. Immutability is also implied. "I am that I am," just the same as always. There is nothing novel in God. Guizot has said "The God of the Bible has no biography, neither has He any personal adventures." Never can He be greater or less than He is. Never has there been a moment in all the eternal ages when He did not sum up all the attributes of perfection.

Here is a great fact fitted to steady our faith and establish our conduct. We are in presence of, and under the government of, a personal, living, acting President who directs the destinies of the world. Our eyes turn not to a number of conflicting deities, but to one Almighty Sovereign, the same in all respects from the day referred to by the writer of the first verse of Genesis, to the day when the writer of the last verse of Revelation implored His coming, the same ages before the morning stars sang together, and to be the same ages after the Angel of the Apocalypse has declared that time shall be no longer. "I am" has a hand that never grows weary, a heart that never faints. He is the unfailing storehouse of love, pardon, strength, comfort, joy, and hope, ever accessible to His children.

Moses heard moreover the great truth that *God is the bond of history*. "I am the God of thy fathers." Superficial readers are apt to imagine that history is very fragmentary, a thing of shreds and patches. Even the history of Bible nations does not appear to them as a continuous story, but as a road with many turnings and many inexplicable windings. "I am the God of your fathers," said the voice from the burning bush. It is as if He bade Moses turn his eye backward over the history of the people of His choice. Look at what I have effected among these people during the past five hundred years. It was I who came to your father Abraham in the land of the Chaldees; I that promised him and his seed a land called Canaan; I that gave him vision upon vision, covenant upon covenant, promise upon promise. I was with him as he led the migration from Haran, crossed the Euphrates, and pitched his tent at Sichem. I was there as he knelt at the altar in Bethel, as he stood silent before Pharoah, prayed for Ishmael, and waited on his three mysterious guests under the oak of Mamre. I was present as he bent with knife in hand over Isaac.

I was with him all through his eventful life, until at last he was gathered to his fathers. It was I who shaped and directed all Abraham's career.

So also am I the God of his son and successor Isaac, and his grandson Jacob. I had a plan for these men and their descendants, and I have been carrying it out. It was my purpose to develop a distinct and peculiar nation; and it has been my work through these centuries to train, educate, discipline, and prepare a people for a land I purpose they shall conquer and occupy. These efforts of your fathers are not to be thought of as isolated, separate, disconnected struggles. They were shaped by my wise national policy. Even when my hand seemed absent, it was not absent. Even when the foes of my people seemed to get the victory, they were really doing the best thing to carry out my purpose. "I am the God of thy fathers" in such a sense that my Providential Government is like a golden thread running down through the ages, securing continuity in the history of my people. The chief element of instability in human governments is the absence often of some great principle or policy strong enough to unify and mold all their minor acts. They are liable to reverse their own legislation from year to year. Party government adds to political unrest. In sublime contrast to this is the government of Jehovah. In heaven are no opposing parties. God's government never passes to other hands. It is never to be feared that the present leader will be succeeded by one who will inaugurate a new policy. He who gave directions to Moses, as to the course to be followed and the laws to be enacted, was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The covenant he had made with the fathers, was still the government's unchanging policy, and upon the principles laid down in preceding ages, Moses was directed to build the solid pyramid of national growth and prosperity. And it must have been a great source of strength for him to be made sure of this fact that he was the servant of no fickle sovereign, but one expected to carry out the plan of the ages and to serve the God of his fathers.

And what strengthened Moses is fitted to inspire us with courage and confidence. Is it not worth remembering that if we are on the side of God, trying to do His work and advance His cause, we are serving the same old government that has been in



power for ages, a government never to be defeated or overthrown, whose policy, inaugurated in a past eternity, is still in process of evolution, and destined to be carried on to fulness and perfection? A bond, firm as adamant binds the acts of God's workers in all ages, into one consecutive history, and that bond is the name of Jehovah given to his ancient servant "I am the God of your fathers."

The fact just referred to is the key to our Christian optimism. It enables us to look back over the centuries and trace a beneficent progress in human affairs. Things are improving. "Say not thou what is the cause that the former things were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." The former things were not better than the present. To-day we are invited to glance back over a hundred years and it is encouraging to be able to believe in the betterment of things.

The historian of this centennial occasion will tell us that a hundred years ago it was the day of small things in Maitland Presbyterianism. The fertilizing stream that has during all these years blessed your fathers and yourselves was then but a little rivulet bubbling from a newly opened spring. Even in Canada at large our faith had as yet made but a few beginnings. Just a few scattered points here and there on our eastern shores were occupied by a handful of Scotch pioneers. There was as yet no compact organization, but merely a few isolated lights shining in a dark place. That the God of our fathers has been the God of their succeeding race, is clear from the state of our beloved church to-day. Extending from Newfoundland to the Yukon we number 220,000 communicants, assembling in 3,000 churches, and raising more than two and a half millions per annum for the Lord's work. Truly the God of our fathers has been with their children. And were I speaking for other churches, I should have a like tale to tell of growth, progress, expansion, of power a thousand fold enhanced.

In those hundred years has not our fathers' God directed our *national* growth? In the beginning of the 19th century our fathers were just laying the foundations of the nation. Here and there, scattered builders were at work. By Atlantic wave on the Gulf Shore, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, along accessible waterways, province by province was building itself out of the

raw materials at its hand. There were no railways, no canals, no telegraph, almost no roads better than blazed tracks through the forests or the simple trail of the Indian. But today, how different! 6,000,000 sturdy people are proud of their nativity or adoption in the land of the maple. Many thousands from other lands are flocking to her shores, eager to do homage to this proud young Queen of the North, this stately "Lady of the Snows."

In those hundred years the God of our fathers has greatly blessed *our Empire*. When foundations were being laid here Britain had just lost half a continent, and was really struggling for existence against the power of France. But what have we to-day? An Empire that covers a fourth of the globe, and embraces almost a fourth of the world's inhabitants. "How marvellous," said Lord Rosebury "built not by saints or angels, but by the work of men's hands, cemented with honest men's blood and with a world of tears; welded by the best brains of centuries past; not without the taint and imperfection incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose; human, yet not wholly human, for the most cynical and heedless must see the finger of God. Growing as trees grow whilst others slept, fed by the faults of others, as well as by the character of our fathers; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until little Britain woke up to find herself the foster mother of nations, and the source of united empires. "The God of our fathers" has been the children's God, or we could not point to such a record of development.

During the hundred years we celebrate what factors have science and religion been in making of earth an improved human abode! The first settlers of Maitland footed it through the forest—we almost came here in palace car. They paddled their canoes on the Shubenacadie, or rowed their boats around the shores; we take passage to Europe in a sumptuously fitted steamer. They lived an isolated existence; we have hourly messages from all parts of the world. The steam engine, the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, and countless appliances of electric and other forces, are the creation of the past century. The slightest consideration of the contrast in business appliances, in the comforts and luxuries of every day life, shows the progress achieved.

The same is true as regards the moral and religious state of the people. I have a distinct impression that this old world has reached a higher tide mark during the past hundred years. Prophets of a desponding cast point to what they are pleased to call signs of religious declension, but they are less willing to exhibit signs of religious advancement. Tears are shed over the downfall of old institutions, whose venerable antiquity, it was thought, ought to have exempted them from the sledge hammer of the iconoclast. Doctrines and practices once in vogue have passed. Old things have, it is true, had a great shaking in recent years, and there is much to be deplored. But surely there is more to encourage. Surely there is more reverence today than ever there was for the truly noble and the truly unselfish. Righteousness, truth and purity, though far from being universal, are more prevalent. The name, the life, of Christ, His church and her work, fill the public mind as never before. The Christian press is a vast improvement, and has enormously greater power than it had a century ago. There may have been times when a small minority rose to a higher standard of religious zeal and fervor; but I doubt if the mass of the people were ever on so high a religious or moral level as they are today. Never was Christ's church so large, or so desirous for the world's conversion as now. The longer I live, and the more I learn of the state of the world, the more confident I am that the world is growing better. I cannot but adopt the optimism of Browning which sings that:—

"God's in his heaven,  
All's right with the world."

I cannot but offer Doddridge's prayer:—

"O God of Bethel by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race."

3. In the third place, Moses heard the great truth that *God recognizes different types of character in His church and provides for a succession of agents.* "I am the God of Abraham, and the

God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Other religions aim to produce a single type of character, and to extinguish all traces of individuality. But the religion of the Bible encourages the development of various types, whilst God is one, His agents are many and various. Here are three of His chosen leaders, each with a strongly marked character, lordly heroic *Abraham*, father of the faithful, a man of lofty principle, shrewd, knowing the world, looking after others' welfare, and ever ready to sacrifice his own; *Isaac*, the saintly recluse, quiet, retiring, living a long contemplative life, seldom exposing himself to public criticism or public notice at all; and *Jacob* the unheroic, the inconsistent, faulty, unworthy occupant of a high position, struggling upward, however, becoming better and better, developing into a noble old saint at last, affording in his checkered career an illustration of the trial and triumph of conscience. Now it seems to me that there is great strength in the assurance that God is not only the God of grand and faithful Abraham, but also the God of retiring and modest Isaac; and particularly encouraging is the thought that He is also the God of unworthy yet struggling Jacob. We learn that whether we belong to this type of character, or that, or the other, God is willing to recognize and use us, and so link together our services as to make of them one grand historic whole.

In the hundred years of history completed by this congregation there have been many workers. In the pulpit seven successive ministers of Christ, of varying gifts and graces have preached the Gospel as God gave them power. In the session many elders have sat and ruled and had oversight of this flock. In the pew many hundreds of communicants have in succession sat at the Lord's table, as we sat this morning commemorating the most pregnant event of history. In the Sunday School and other societies there has during the century been a royal succession of workers. And it is our joy and strength today, that whatever these many workers have been like, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob has been the God of them all, blessing their faithful labors, and crowning their work with great success.

It is God's way to employ a succession of agents—one soweth and another reapeth. Abraham lays the foundation, Isaac and Jacob and others build thereon. The first ministers and workers here did faithful service, and their successors profited thereby.

The race of Maitland Presbyterians is bound together by a moral tie; for just as one generation has sprung from the loins of another, so the moral character of the present has sprung from the moral character of the past. "That which hath been is now." We are reaping what previous workers have sown, and sowing what future generations will reap.

Today brings to me sad and tender memories of my own first pastorate that begun here nearly thirty-one years ago, *sad* because there are so very few of my old people that remain to this present. The majority of those who signed my call have fallen asleep. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." There were many noble men and women among them whose very names I cannot trust myself to mention. They loved me, and labored with me; and perhaps I am wrong to grieve, knowing as I do that they are now among the redeemed in heaven, and knowing also that we are hastening on to join them. It may be that some of us here have already set feet on the verge of that other world. In which case we should joy in the joy of our departed ones. We knew them in their labors, trials and successes.

"Memory with a backward tread  
Communes with them afar."

And hope anticipates a meeting time up there when the battle is over and our work done. Let us look back therefore rather with glad and thankful spirit to our six happy years of work. Six are few out of a hundred, but as I recall them they were six eventful and important years, well worthy our grateful acknowledgements to God today.

Let us, however remember not the six years, but the hundred years, the life of one of the oldest congregations of our church in this Dominion, and the history of the men who were pioneers, who at a cost of which we know little, and amid hardships to which we are total strangers, laid the foundations of the goodly structure we see before us. Those old ministers, Alexander Dick and Thomas Crowe, whose honored graves are near this church, and whose sainted spirits are now in glory, as also our venerable Dr. Currie, whose words sounded this morning almost as if they came from the upper and inner sanctuary, and the grand old elders and members made for Maitland and its church its imperishable name.

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They laid the foundations on which we builded. Let us raise to those men a monument more enduring than brass or marble, a memorial that shall be forgotten only when "death itself shall die."

In words spoken at his Jubilee, by the now sainted Dr. McCulloch, of Truro, well known by all the older brethren here : "See to it, then, that what is entrusted to you passes to your children untarnished. Honor the ransomed dead by standing by the faith, the order and discipline of God's house as they did. Stand by your grand old Bible and your honored church. Stand by your Master, and He will stand by you, and when your work is done you will join the ransomed ones who are now before the throne."





## *"An Hundred Years."*

BY REV. T. CHALMERS JACK, B. A.

"There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child shall die an hundred years old, and the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed."—Isaiah 65: 20."

**"AN** hundred years \* \* \* an hundred years," twice in one sentence: A completed century was most evidently on the mind of him who penned it.

This prophecy of the times when the child shall die an hundred years old, brings to mind the description of life as it has been given in Addison's translation of "The vision of Mirzah." It reads: "He (the genius) then lead me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes Eastward, said he, 'and tell me what thou seest!' 'I see' said I 'a huge Valley and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it.' 'The Valley thou seest' said he, is the 'Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. 'Examine now' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge' said I 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest' said he 'is human life, consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten arches, with several broken arches which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the



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**Rev. T. Chalmers Jack, B. A.**

Pastor of Maitland Congregation, 1879-1896.



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Arches, the genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further' said he 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the Bridge so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the Arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk."

Such a vision as that of the bridge in Addison's Vision of Mirzah, was that surely of the prophet as he penned this description of longevity "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child shall die an hundred years old, and the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed."

These words, though, indicate extensive repairs on the bridge. The Rachels weeping for their children and not to be comforted because their children are not, *are not* the great host they used to be. \* \* \* There have been large repairs on the bridge flooring of the end towards Mirzah's outlook.

Extensive repairs there have been on the flooring of the bridge from end to end. It is indeed prophesied as having been put into perfect repair. The thirty so badly damaged Arches are represented as having been put into good shape again, and the result is that every child is with good reason expected to travel the distance covered by the whole hundred Arches. There go not from the new Jerusalem into the unseen world any infants of

a few days, or weeks or months, and no one is supposed to pass from the way of time under one hundred years. \* \* \*

There has already been large progress towards the fulfilment of this prophecy.

Religion itself used to be such a perverted thing that it lengthened the death roll instead of helping to shorten it. Molech was in ancient times worshiped by giving children to the flames, and down to our own times, and by people under the same flag as we, the crocodiles of the Ganges were fed with their little ones, of our own Indo-European race.

And religion, false religion, not only thinned out the throngs of beginners on time's way, but by its inhuman, human sacrifices of sometimes hundreds and even thousands at a time—in holocausts, it levied its cruel dole from these of all ages. And what a fight missionaries and other agents of humanity have had to stay the burning of widows over the graves of their husbands, or burying them alive with their corpses even during the last half of the century we review today.

True religion on the contrary has always opposed such sacrifices and where its teachings have been properly heeded has always tended to lengthen human life.

So it was and continued to be under Judaism. And so it has been most notably under Christianity, and the more so as the years go by. There has been during the hundred years we look back over today a marked decrease in infant mortality and an increase in the average length of human life from whatever age the calculation may be made.

*A living of the teachings of our holy religion tends to increase the probabilities of inheriting the many years.*

Look over the questions asked by the life insurance agent, questions asked for no mere curiosity sake, but asked with a very practical end in view, and you have brought before you *with emphasis*, the fact that living the teachings of our holy faith is known by actualities and such to favor long life. Their cool business calculations and the prophecies and promises of these scriptures are in perfect accord. What a life-shortener, e.g., intem-

perance is, shortening not only the lives of its slaves, but by the failures in duty, the result of intoxication, the cause of accidents, disasters, and murders on sea and land, of which the shocking heart-rending accounts are all too common. And he knows little of life in the homes of our land who doesn't know the fell result of the intemperance of husbands and fathers and brothers, and sons, in them, whereby the lives of mothers and wives and children have not only been made sad, but also short. Many the uncompleted life because of intemperance—not only of the slaves of appetite, but of the innocent ones, in the homes of those whom rum has made worse—more heartless than beasts. Many they who would be alive today, who *are not*, because others were not to them, what they ought to have been.

*Again what hosts have been cut off and most of them in what we would consider life's forenoon by cruel war.*

But in proportion as the gospel attains that which it seeks, temperance takes the place of intemperance, peace reigns, and all that prompts harm to fellow men fails of a lodging place in the hearts of men.

There has been large progress towards that which the gospel aims to bring about. But large improvement upon the present is surely needed. A hundred years ago the Janus doors of the temple of war were wide open, and for long continued so. 1803 witnessed the first Irish insurrection in opposition to what was from its beginning two years before a most unpopular confederation to the great body of the Irish people. The talented but misguided Robert Emmet, its leader, was by it given to the gallows. There ought surely though to have been some better use for such a man.

A hundred years ago Napoleon Bonaparte was spreading terror over the earth. England's great Nelson was yet in charge of her wooden walls the one great hope of the nation in whose service on a day of victory—the great day off Cape Trafalgar, he dyed the deck of *The Victory* with his life's blood.

Then came Napoleon's crushing of Austria in the famous battle of Austerlitz and a year later the downfall of Prussia at Jena. Then followed the Peninsula war and the second war with the United States—continual war until the downfall of Napoleon

on the plains of Waterloo, Sunday, eighteenth of June, 1815, eighty-eight years ago last Thursday. Next came the Russian war with such battle days as the words Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman recall. Then the Indian Mutiny, the American Rebellion and the Franco-German war, not to speak of the more foreign and the less memorable wars sandwiched in, down to the unfortunate trouble in South Africa of which the clouds of cost and ill consequences are yet, and *yet to be*, suffered and discussed.

Evidently these one hundred years have not been part of the millenium. Yet after all even the war record evidences the fact that we are travelling towards it. Christianity never before made such advances on earth. Even God's foes have been made his footstool for its advancement, cruel war among the rest, and war itself is not so cruelly barbarous as it used to be.

A hundred years ago the countries of the world were largely shut against the Christian Missionary. The prayer of those who had at heart the interests of Messiah's Kingdom was that the doors of the nations might be opened for the entrance of the Gospel. Their prayers have been abundantly answered so that to-day there is hardly a spot on earth where the missionary may not freely proclaim the truths of Christianity. To-day the greatest need is for cash prayers — to send the ready to go to lands where they are being waited for.

The horrible slave trade a hundred years ago was still legal even under the British flag. To-day it would not be tolerated in any even nominally Christian land, while the slaver has been long since driven from the seas. Wilberforces and Lincolns have proclaimed liberty to the captives, and Howards have been opening the prisons to them that were bound. Never before in earth's history did God-like love have such possession of the hearts of men.

In every way the hundred years back over which we look have been marked by advancement.

A hundred years ago no steamship plowed the seas — the locomotive had not yet made its appearance, no city was yet lighted by gas, electricity at its own wild will a mystery to the educated and a terror to the superstitious had yet to be caught, managed and put to service.

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A hundred years ago machinery for lightening labor had hardly begun to be invented. In the mean time "Knowledge has (indeed) been increased," and "man hath sought out many inventions."

Should we not heartily thank God that we live in 1903, and not 1803. To Him belongs our thanks for to our holy religion we indirectly but really owe it all.

This advancement has all been made by Christian lands, and just in proportion as they have been Christian. National and world's exhibitions have resulted in which men meet to vie with each other in excellence in the arts of peace.

And the results of the civilization and science fostered by Christianity tend to largely increase the average length of human life, not only negatively by lessening the crimes against life, but positively, it has been like the good Samaritan going to the rescue of the weak ones who would otherwise have been death's prey by the way. And only where the influence of the Good Physician has been felt has the advance been made, in the science of health and healing which has already robbed so many diseases of their deathly power; and in the training of the surgeon's hand for the saving service. The Herods of contagion have no longer free course. Hospitals and Orphanages help on the saving work — not one of them though that doesn't owe its existence to the religion of Jesus.

"An hundred years old." But there are other ways of measuring the years than by earth's revolutions round the sun.

"We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths;  
In feelings not in figures on a dial;  
We should count time by heart-throbs;  
He most lives,  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

But living in deeds one in our age can live long in a few years. Never before could so much be done in the same time. Invention and science have made steam and electricity man's slaves for almost all manner of service. A school boy in our age may know more than an ancient time Methuselah ever heard. And he whose life is short as measured by years may get done more than an olden time Methuselah ever did.

Verily "the child shall die an hundred years old" having per-

formed while yet a child, more than a hundred years of life would enable one to perform in any century of the past.

The prophet however may have had in mind the fact that *true religion tends to preserve the child-heart in the aged.* There are some people *who never seem to get old.* But this is only naturally so, with those who have hopes that reach further than time. Such though we may each and all lay claim to. We are all children of a King and have but to take proper advantage of our heirship to make it impossible for time's passage to harm us, or for death to impoverish us. "Verily Godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

A hundred years ago to-day, the 21st of June, 1803, the congregation of these parts—the congregation of East Hants and more, assembled in a big shed in the middle of what is now Maitland Village to witness the Ordination and take part in the Induction of their first pastor. There wasn't a church building in East Hants, unless LeLoutre's Mission Chapel, less than a mile this side of Shubenacadie Village, was still standing—or the wreck of it. They got there, except the few who then lived near by, mostly by boats, some by walking the shore, some by woods paths, for there were then no public roads in these parts.

The three ministers who took part in the services of that day came together in a boat from the other side of the bay.

Our fathers where are they? (Zech. 1:5). The ordaining presbyters were Revs. James MacGregor, Duncan Ross and John Brown. Their deaths took place in 1830, 1835 and 1848 respectively. They all outlived the young man they ordained that day. Mr. Dick died on May 20th, 1812.

Tombstones in the various God's Acres record the dates of the sailings from the shores of time of many of the congregation of that day, a majority of them though, occupy nameless and in many cases unmarked graves. All of them sleep that sleep which only the trump of the archangel can disturb.

Our Fathers where are they? Not gone to nothingness in these graves, which never contained more than the ashes of the earthly tabernacles they once inhabited. They themselves still

live. Live where? Undoubtedly in the realms for which their lives prepared them. According as they profited by the means of grace in which they seemed to take interest that day it has doubtless resulted well with them or otherwise. God help us to properly use our Christian privileges and opportunities, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ that everyone may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. 5:10).

But the *sinner* too may share in all the advantages which are the result of holy religion, the many years of time included, but what then? Alas "The sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed." His very advantages shall have soured into disadvantages. His life lengthened out meant opportunity added to, to *hear* and *heed* such instructions and invitations as those of Isaiah's first pages, "Wash you make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow."

A recipient of blessings all along the way of the many years, but failing to fulfil the chief end of his creation, living the ungrateful life, living for self and sin, regret now possesses him, but too late to be anything but an aggravation.

"That man may last but never lives  
Who much receives, but never gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

God help us to live.





## ***The Priestly Function in Human Life.***

REV. S. J. MACARTHUR, M. A., B. D.

"For every high priest being taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins."—Hebrews 5:1.



THE EPISTLE to the Hebrews is the first and greatest apology for the gospel of Jesus. The writer of Hebrews undertakes to give a sufficient reason for the change from the point of view of Moses to that of Jesus. The religious conceptions of Jesus were beginning to supersede those of Judaism, and the change required justification. This the author of Hebrews undertakes to furnish, and we are arrested not only by the brilliant argumentation, but also by the rigorous logic of his method.

His method of procedure is to discover what is absolute and fundamental in life and religion; and in the most fearless manner this test is applied to the teachings and claims of Jesus. And he also asks if any other, whether man or angel, appears to such good advantage when tried by this same test. It was the faithful carrying out of this test which compelled the author of Hebrews to conclude, that the religion of Jesus is the final religion; and that Jesus himself has no competitor.

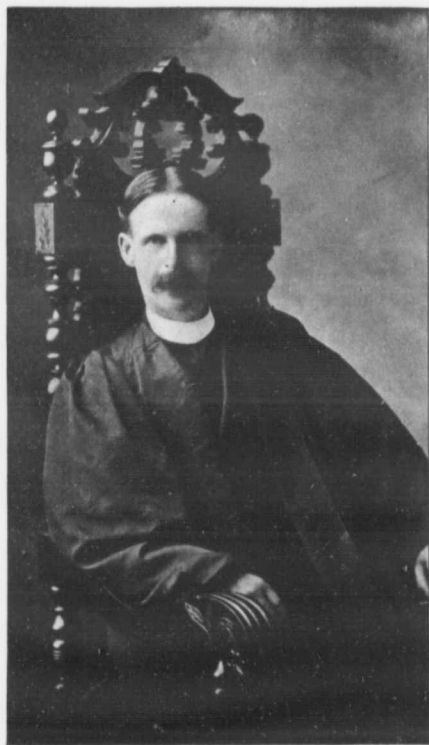
In following out this method, he casts aside everything accidental and temporary, and digs deep until he reaches a foundation as steadfast and eternal as God himself. It is while following this line of investigation that this great thinker discovers that man is greater in God's eyes than the angels (ch. 2), and therefrom draws the far-reaching conclusion that Jesus is not demeaned but exalted



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**Rev. S. J. MacArthur, M. A., B. D.**

Pastor of Maitland Congregation, 1897-1900.

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through becoming man. And in a similar manner he discovers that the priestly office is not an accident in man's career, but an essential and fundamental aspect of his existence as man.

The writer of Hebrews treats man as Jesus treated him, as being by nature a religious being. Religiousness is not a something superinduced in man, but a something born within him, a something without which he would not be man. The law did not create the priestly office for man, but the priestly function *in* man originated both the law and the priestly office. Such is the philosophy implied in the constant insistence upon the fact that the high priest is *of* men and *for* men. Therefore Jesus exercises his priestly office, not because the law has taken hold of him and made him a priest, but because of the priestly function which is his as man, and because he is pre-eminently *the* man. Such is the conclusion we are warranted in drawing from this Hebrew author's treatment of man's place in God's plan, the Melchisedec order of priests, and the secondary and provisional place assigned to the law and the Aaronic order of priests

And I would humbly submit that this is a complete refutation of the unbelieving critic's claim that religion, the church and the ministry are things foisted on an ignorant and foolish world by cunning men for their own personal gain. For the author of Hebrews has discovered to us an elemental fact of *nature*, when he reveals to us that it is *man's* nature to be religious; man's nature to play the priest. That religion is a fact of consciousness, which any adequate science of man *must* and *does* recognize.

In broad and general outlines we observe that the first step which the first human being took on the road leading to the goal of perfect manhood, was the recognition of himself. Man became man when self-consciousness dawned within him, and he knew himself apart from the rest of the world.

The second step was taken when man realized that certain actions were attended by painful consequences and other actions by pleasant results, and then reflecting on these things asked the reason why.

The third step was the identification of right and wrong with a living power or person outside himself, a power or person which

man thought of as being like unto, but infinitely greater than himself. Then man came to believe in God, and by how much of grace and strength and purity he put into his conception of God, by so much was his own character and conduct ennobled.

Now assuming, not only as we may do, but as I think our knowledge of human development compels us to do, that from the human standpoint, and under the guidance of God's good spirit, man took in the course of his development the pathway indicated; let us ask, would he or would he not have a religion? And of what elements was his religion likely to be composed. That man, coming to believe in his own personal existence, and of a personal existence infinitely greater than his to whom he was responsible, should fail to realize the importance of being on friendly terms with that superior being is impossible of belief. And to realize the desirability, and then the necessity of such friendly intercourse was to have a religion, and the terms of such religion would be the method of such intercourse.

Now the one condition of man's knowing what it is to do right is that he also know what it is to do wrong. Wherefore man did right and was happy; man also did wrong and was miserable. Therefore also man said I did right and God blessed me, and I did wrong and God afflicted me. And thereby the corresponding emotions of man's soul were evoked, and man sought to thank God for his favors, and appease God's displeasure with him on account of his sins. So man sought God's presence at one time bearing gifts and at another time bearing a sacrifice for his sins. For the priestly mission is to offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins. Thus human philosophy and scripture alike declare the priestly function is native to man. That it arises naturally in the order of man's development. That its existence in man is as reasonable as the existence of the reasoning or the imaginative faculty. Therefore it follows that to fail to give expression to the religious emotions is to neglect and thereby injure a portion of our manly powers, and to be a true man is to have a religion and practice it as best we can.

In this connection also it is of interest to observe the following facts. That the religious instincts of man's soul were in the beginning called into exercise by communion with God in nature,

the only Bible then in existence. That in time these same instincts were threatened with discredit at the hands of science, which also made appeal to man's first Bible. And lastly that science, in these last days, in the hands of a prince among men of science, as Lord Reay calls Lord Kelvin, arises not to condemn but justify these same religious instincts. Wherefore, we are encouraged to sing with Tennyson :

" Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That mind and soul according well  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

Seeing then that the priestly function is native to man, and that every normal man seeking the highest and fullest expression of his nature, will cultivate his religious powers along with such other powers God has given him, we now ask, How does it happen, if every man is by nature and habit a priest, we have an order of priests? The answer is simple and satisfactory. The answer is given in the 7th-10th chapters of Hebrews, and may be briefly stated as follows, " The priestly office is an expedient."

In the beginnings of society each man could be his own priest. But as mankind multiplied, and human conditions became more and more complex, and ever continued to approach a conscious unity of life and aim, it became increasingly desirable that some one be chosen to offer the common thanksgiving and the common sacrifice for sins.

Thus it came to pass man delegated the office of the priest but not the function. To delegate the priestly function was impossible. To attempt it was to be guilty of self-mutilation.

And here I would join issue with Prof. Denny, who in his book on " The Death of Christ," declares that the business of the priest is to do for man what man cannot do for himself. Believing that statement to be contrary to the meaning and spirit of Hebrews on which it is founded, a contention as amply borne out by Fairbairn's Typology as by Robertson Smith's Religion of the Semites.

For what meaning can we attach to the long list of priestly offices, except to regard them as expressive of the pouring out of

the soul of the worshipper before his God. For again the worshipper constitutes the priest and not the priest the worshipper.

Nor is there anything in the hesitancy of man to assume the office of the priesthood to discount the theory just advanced. Well might a man hesitate to take unto himself such an office, seeing how great demands were made upon his sympathy and love; how incumbent upon him it was to enter into the spirit and take up the intention of the true worshipper. Well might a man hesitate until he was sure of the call of the God-given capacity in him for such service on behalf of his fellows. And it is just because Jesus meets these demands completely, satisfying them as no one before him ever did, or after him can ever expect to do, that the author of Hebrews declares him to be the high priest par excellence of our confession.

Higher than the angels, greater than any man, nevertheless the most real of men, gifted with the power of an endless life, made perfect through suffering, touched with a feeling of our infirmities, yet without sin, we are asked to come with boldness unto the throne of grace, and of Jesus who is able to succour them that are tempted.

We are met this afternoon in a place consecrated for us by the memories and associations of a hundred years. But great and valuable in every respect as such memories and associations are, a greater, a far more fundamental reason, has brought us here. We are here in obedience to the call of, we are here for the sublime purpose of exercising and cultivating this God-given function of our being. And this function, this priestly, worshipful power of the soul is as truly a part of our being, and its cultivation is as necessary to our well being, as the cultivation of any other power we possess.

We are here in the name of Jesus, to whom we owe the restored consciousness, that this priestly function, this privilege of loving, worshipping, cherishing in heart and soul the noblest attainable conception of the true, the beautiful and the good—God's gracious character revealed in Jesus—is ours as men and not the proud, exclusive privilege of a caste. So that with the beloved disciple of old we sing, "Unto him that loved us and loosed us from our

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sins by his blood. And he made us kings and priests unto his God and Father; to him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever."

How then shall we worthily commemorate the beginnings of Presbyterianism in this community and congregation a century ago under the brilliant but all too short ministry of the sainted Alexander Dick? How shall we most effectively call to remembrance the noble character and worthy piety of the men and women who founded this congregation—a monument more enduring than brass?

How shall we worthily celebrate the Saviour's sacrifice of himself—a sacrifice which fired our father's zeal and kindled their devotion, as it should kindle ours?

How shall we bring to perfection the manifold of our powers and thereby enter manhood and womanhood's land of promise? How? How, but by calling this day, this very hour, upon our souls and all that is within us to bless and magnify the Lord.







### *Days of the Fathers in East Hants.*

REV. T. CHALMERS JACK, B. A.



HE Tuesday following the third Sabbath of June in the year 1803 was a great day at "The Mouth of the River." At "The Mouth of the River" for the locality now long known as Maitland Village had its name, like many another place in these more primitive times, in the description of its whereabouts. Names in other days told or were apt to tell something about their wearers. "The Mouth of the River" it was called, of *the* River, the wonderful Shubenacadie. The River it is, the greatest river of our Peninsula Province. So, too, it was with the name of this locality in what was the long ago, a hundred years ago to-day. Twitnoock (Due-weed-in-nook) i. e. the tide runs out fast. No place on earth could lay stronger claim to such a name as that the Mic-macs gave it. There is geology in names. The croppings of the various strata seem at first sight a companionship giving no indication of their belonging to different periods of the past. Here they were assembled the day we celebrate from Stewiacke, Shubenacadie, and Kennetcook, from Noel and from Nine Mile River, Five Mile River, Old Barns, etc., attending the ordination and induction services of what was known as the congregation of Douglas. The place names are Mic-mac, French and English. Descendants of these who first named our rivers and bays and hills are still with us. They still remain about the waters of the Saa-gaa-bun-akady.

The French name for Christmas still and probably always will designate the district which, vacated by the habitants, became the possession of the O'Briens and Densmores—people of the

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race and land, of sharing whose fate at the hands of the English, the first famous preacher of the Shubenacadie Country used to warn his people. Haunting thought concerning the English, Rev. pere Louis Joseph de la Loutre would have it be to his fellow country-men, that they desired "to reduce us to a condition similar to that of the Irish." Fruit trees were recently, if they are not yet to be seen here and there where the French planted them. The lines of their dykes are still to be seen, "Dykes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labors incessant" to "shut out the turbulent tides." Only a few years since in the marsh near by the late W. D. Lawrence used to show one of their sluice ways, the wood of the pine tree still solid some one hundred and thirty years after the race of these who felled and hauled and hewed it had been sent from the possession of the lands they so wisely selected and so diligently cultivated. "French field" a pretty nook is still called, not over a mile away, at the head of the Selma Marsh. The yet unfilled hollows that tell of the cellars once covered by their houses are still pointed out anywhere along the shores of the Shubenacadie and the waters of the Minas into which it flows.

Such works tell of the days of "J. L. LeLoutre, Missionary Priest," as he signed his name. LeLoutre was sent to Canada by the Society of Foreign Missions at Paris in the year 1737. He was acting as Missionary to the Mic-macs three years later, which would be nine years before the settlement of Halifax. His Mission centre was on the Hants side of the river, less than a mile this side of the Shubenacadie Railway Station. He himself refers to it as "Chigabenakady, the place of my Mission." Better located for his purposes it hardly could have been, situated as it was on what, in his times, was part of the great highway of communication between Quebec and the Atlantic. One tide would carry their canoes from the Bay of Fundy to Grand Lake and then there was but a short portage to the Atlantic waters. Some remains of his chapel could still be seen a hundred years ago. The outlines of the connected burial grounds can still be traced. As Vicar-General of Acadia he probably consecrated our Oak Island Cemetery, or at least part of it—the southern end, which was a French burial place. There too were laid the bodies of the early English settlers, among them the mother of the late David

Frieze, who, faithful son of his mother and his church, because of her dust being there mingled with its kindred earth, bought and presented the congregation with that ideal resting place for the bodies of them "which are fallen asleep."

LeLoutre's Mission was, however, no comfort to the English. It was a collecting place for some of their scalps—to the early dwellers at Halifax a dreaded, dreadful spot. His mission premises were for many years a grand rallying point for plotters and plottings against the British. For some fifteen years he appears to have spent a part of each year at his Shubenacadie head quarters. Says Parkman "Louis Joseph LeLoutre, vicar general of Acadia and missionary to the Mic-macs, was the most conspicuous person in the Province, and more than any other man was answerable for the miseries that overwhelmed it. The sheep of which he was the shepherd dwelt, at a day's journey from Halifax, by the River Shubenacadie, in small cabins of logs, mixed with wigwams of birch-bark. They were not a docile flock; and to manage them needed address, energy and money—with all of which the missionary was provided. He fed their traditional dislike of the English, and fanned their fanaticism, born of the villainous counterfeit of Christianity, which he and his predecessors had imposed on them. Thus he contrived to use them on the one hand to murder the English, and on the other hand to terrify the Acadians; yet not without cost to the French government; for they had learned the value of money and, except when their blood was up, were slow to take scalps without pay. Le Loutre was a man of boundless egotism, a violent spirit of domination, an intense hatred of the English, and a fanaticism that stopped at nothing. Toward the Acadians he was a despot; and this simple and superstitious people, extremely susceptible to the influence of their priests, trembled before him. He was scarcely less masterful in his dealings with the Acadian clergy; and aided by his quality of the bishop's vicar general, he dragooned even the unwilling into aiding his schemes." "Nobody," says a French Catholic contemporary, "was more fit than he to carry discord and desolation into a country." Cornwallis called him "a good-for-nothing scoundrel," and offered a hundred pounds for his head. Thus we have described the first clergyman on the Shubenacadie. Sad the results of his schemes and plottings to his own people.

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He seems to have been more than any other the one who irritated the English into ordering the expatriation of the French.

It was on Tuesday the second day of September, 1755, on the afternoon tide that three vessels were seen coming up the Bay. They passed up the other side from here, one at least anchoring in sight, right abreast of Masstown, then known as Cobequid Village. On the door of the Village church, a building one hundred feet by forty, that must have been clearly in sight from here, there was posted the notice signed by John Winslow, "To the inhabitants of the Village of Cobequid, and the surrounding shores, as well ancient as young men and lads" ordering them all to repair to the church next day, Wednesday, Sept. 3rd., at 3 p. m. to hear what he had to say to them. From this side the ringing of the large bell of Father Gerard's Church would be easily heard, and perhaps also the accompanying drum beating of the English Soldiery that day.

We need not attempt a depicting of what happened at that Wednesday evening's forcefully protracted meeting, or of the heartrending scenes of Thursday, Sept. 5th.

Before September's first Sunday, that sad year, desolation reigned in every French settlement, and home on these shores. Those of our immediate surroundings were put on ship-board at Selma, those of Noel from their own shores.

Some few of the Habitants escaped. It is stated that about 250 buildings were destroyed along the Shubenacadie River. Such figures though probably include the Bay shores on this side. The church which stood on what is still known as the Mass House farm at Shubenacadie was not destroyed. The Indians and French rallied to save it, successfully attacking the English and killing or wounding some thirty of them, drove the rest to their boats. The church bell, one which could be heard betimes, legend says the whole length of the river, was, a companion legend says put into the lake near by for safe keeping.

The first English grants to lands in the Shubenacadie country were dated 1763. These of Henry and Francis Ellis, of a family name ever since at home on the river, bore the date of 1765. The Grants of the Salters, Malachy and Montague, bore the date of

1766. A head belonging to one of them is a prominent feature of the shore two miles from here. I have seen it stated that it was the belonging of Malachy, that notable member of St. Matthew's church Halifax, a Gaius-like fellow-helper of all of our Ministers in Nova Scotia, Presbyterian and Congregational, when Halifax was young. Admiral Cochran in one of these years got possession of Fort Ellis and its surroundings, and soon afterwards the up-river country became the home-land of the Woodworths, the McHeffeyes, the Pollocks, the Moores, the Frames, the Darts, and Nelsons and many more, some from New England and Ireland by way of Horton and Windsor and some from Ireland direct, and the Parkers from England.

The midway country between Shubenacadie and Maitland Village was taken possession of by Scotchmen, Highlanders, and Lowlanders, some of the men veterans of the Army and Navy. Donald Rose, an Inverness-shire man was the first settler in Urbania, and his grand, great grand, and great great grand children still keep large possession of his name and inheritance.

George Main of the Army was a Scotch Lowlander with a Highland wife, she being a half-sister of Wm. McDonald of the Putnam place, whose barn was the usual summer-time church for the occasional services English and Gaelic held by Rev. Dr. McGregor, and afterwards of the services held by Rev. Mr. Dick, (William McDonald was great grandfather of Mrs. Lockhart Lawrence on her mother's side, great great grandfather of Maggie Lawrence in whose memory we have the beautiful baptismal font, of this church, its red granite pillars resting upon and supporting the marbles of Vermont and Italy). Mr. Main and wife lie for their long rest in the churchyard beside us. She, however, was not laid there until she travelled through one year more than a century.

The South Maitland church is on what was part of Mr. Main's farm, afterwards the Dow and Burgess property. The first of the McDougalls, a Scotch Roman Catholic, was also married to a McDonald.

The Camerons "Old Alex", and William always referred to as brother of "Old Alex" were later comers from Pictou County,

Alex marrying Mr. Main's daughter Jenny, William married Mary, daughter of Allan MacArthur, a British soldier, who fought at Bunker Hill.

The first settler in the surroundings of Maitland Village after the going away of the French was John Ranes, a Cornhill, Massachusetts, man. R-a-n-e-s his name was spelled, as it is yet met with at Cape Cod and elsewhere. He was the ancestor of all who bear the name of Rhines, or who have had ancestors of that name, in East Hants. His first house stood on a knoll just this side of the Foundry site. It was built over an old French cellar. He later on built another house "about opposite the Spring."

The first Maitland grant, in the middle of which we are now gathered was that of the New Englanders, Wm Putnam and his step-father, Luke Upham. The Grant, dated 30th. Jan. 1771, included the land from the Pressley place to the Salter grant, and was divided between the Putnams, Caleb and William. William's first share came to the old Windsor road, which ran between this church lot and the adjoining church yard. His second share began at the middle of the Marsh. The two brothers had two shares each.

The Whiddens came from Truro in 1795 to engage in ship-building. William Freize of Providence, Rhode Island, was married to Abigail, Mr. David Whidden's daughter. James Douglas, the Brydens and others followed later on.

At Noel, after the going of the French, who gave it its name, the family of Timothy O'Brien was the first to take possession. They left the North of Ireland in 1769. They sojourned for a time however first at Windsor and then at Walton. Mr. O'Brien had just returned from Halifax in connection with the getting of his grant at Noel, and was on his way there when it would appear that fording the Tennycape Waters his horse mired and he was carried off by the tide. The horse was found on the Marsh. Mr. O'Brien's four sons Robert, Isaac, Andrew and Jacob divided the land between them and occupied it as their descendants do to this day.

About the same time came the Densmores—four brothers, James, Francis, Samuel and William, sons of James, also of the

North of Ireland. They were followed by the Faulkners and McLellans, North of Ireland people, and Andrew Main and family, he a Ship Hector Scotchman from Dunfermline.

Nine Mile River, Gore and Kennetcook were settled in 1784 and 1785, somewhat later than the river side and shore, by the disbanded soldiers of the second battalion of the 84th Regiment, known as the Royal Highland Emigrants, for whom 105,000 acres were set apart in these places. This battalion had been raised principally among emigrants from Scotland on their way to settle in the various American colonies. In some instances the vessels carrying them were boarded before reaching port, and all manner of efforts were made by threats, promises, pensions and otherwise to induce the able bodied men to enlist in the war which was expected to be of but short duration. They were offered, besides all the ordinary inducements, and in addition to full pay, 200 acres, of land for each head of a family, and fifty more for each child "as soon as the present unnatural, unprovoked and wanton rebellion is suppressed." The result was that most of the able bodied enlisted, father and son sometimes serving together. Their wives and children were brought to Halifax.

Col. John Small was in command of the battalion, of whom Stewart in his history of the Highland Clans and regiments is quoted as saying: "No chief of former days ever more firmly secured the attachment of his clans, and no chief certainly ever deserved it better. With an enthusiastic and almost romantic love of his country and his countrymen, it seemed as if the principal object of his life had been to serve them and promote their prosperity. Equally brave in leading them to the field, and kind and just and conciliating in quarters, they would have indeed been ungrateful if they had regarded him otherwise than they did. There was not an instance of desertion in the battalion."

Five Companies remained in Nova Scotia, stationed at Halifax, Windsor, and Cumberland, five followed General Clinton and Lord Cornwallis to the southward, but whether at home or abroad, they were equally distinguished by their good conduct, bravery and trustworthiness.

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as it was described in the agreements made with the men was not "suppressed," yet the promises of two hundred acres of land for each soldier and fifty for each of his family besides were carried out. A few received their grants in Pictou County, but the great majority obtained theirs at Nine Mile River, Gore and Kennetcook.

Capt. McLean lived for a number of years at McLean's Brook, the property lately owned by Miss McDougall. Lieut. Robert Robertson's house, named "Abbotford," was on the lands now occupied by the Anthonys. Officer Mungo Campbell had his at what is now known as Mungo's Brook.

Col. Small bought the property granted to Malachy Salter, just below Maitland, erecting his house on the side of what was then a forest-covered hill, overlooking the Bay, on a spot between those now occupied by the Methodist church and parsonage. Tradition says it was a very grand residence for those days of log houses, its fittings and furniture brought from England. He gave it the name of the celebrated home of Malcolm as described in Ossian's poems—"Selma Hall." Here the Colonel lived for six years. In 1790 he went to England leaving a tenant by the name of McCollom at Selma. But the Colonel never returned. Soon after his going to the Old land he was called to that "Country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Selma Hall became the prey of the flames and McCollom moved to Eastport.

We have thus given the story in part, of the beginnings, in the greater part of the huge parish that received its first regular minister a hundred years ago this month, not the whole of it, in that we have not gone down over the straight up and down Tennycaple hills, visited the Meadows of Elmsdale or crossed the Shubenacadie to see the down river Colchester parishoners.

The people of this big parish were largely Presbyterians, Irish and Scotch, and English Puritans.

Probably the first Presbyterian pastor to minister to them was Rev. James Murdoch, the first Presbyterian minister to settle permanently in the Province. During his some twenty years ministry at Horton and Windsor he did what he could for the scattered Scottish, Irish and New England settlers in Cornwallis, Parrsboro', Amherst, Noel, and the Shubenacadie country. During the last



years of his life Meagher's Grant became his centre, his ministry being devoted to the settlers on the Lower Musquodoboit, the Shubenacadie and Gay's and Stewiacke rivers.

Mr. Murdoch's manuscript diary is oftentimes exceedingly interesting; thus in December 1792 he tells of the coming of two men for him with whom he sets out travelling twelve miles through the woods to Gay's River; next day they cross the Shubenacadie, breaking the ice with a pole, walk ten or twelve miles and on the third day travelling a little further he fulfils his errand in performing a marriage service. On the fourth day he visits, on the fifth he is detained by a very severe snow storm at Fort Ellis, but nevertheless crosses the river, preaches to a full house on Sabbath and baptizes a child, and in the afternoon walks to another house and conducts a baptism service. All the next week he visits on both sides of the river, preaches on Sunday and on Monday sets out for home taking a different route, so as to call on some otherwise unreached settlers. Reaching home he spends the rest of the week in preparing two discourses for the next Sabbath. Such was the work of the ministry in these parts in the days of that faithful Donegal Irishman, Rev. James Murdoch, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and of the Divinity Hall of the General Associate Synod of Scotland. On the 21st day of November, 1799, he was drowned in the Shubenacadie River in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his ministry, all but one year of it in this province. He, by the way, had a leading part in the ordaining, at the first Presbyterian Ordination in Canada, that of Rev. B. R. Cumingoe, of Lunenburg, on July 3rd, 1770, in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, a service honored by the presence of the Governor of the Province and members of his Council.

Beamish Murdoch, the Nova Scotia historian was a grandson of the clergyman, Mr. Gavin L. Stairs, of this congregation, a descendant.

The fact that there were Gaelic people, a few along the Shubenacadie and a considerable many along the Kennetcook and at Nine Mile River would have been sufficient to bring thitherwards the Rev. Dr. James McGregor, of East River, Pictou. But to the credit of the Hants County Highlanders they were *after him first*.

From the beginning of his ministry in Pictou County they had some of them been finding their way to his summer time communion services. Four of the new communicants at East River in 1790 were from this side of the Shubenacadie. They now petition the East River Kirk Session to allow their minister to give a Sabbath each to Shubenacadie, Noel and Kennetcook. It is agreed to, and in 1793, Dr. McGregor filled his first appointment. From this on they received a yearly visit from Mr. McGregor, or one other of the Anti-burgher Brethren until they had a minister of their own. Dr. McGregor in 1796 gave them a double extra in the way of supply, which was greatly appreciated and never forgotten by the people. On his way to his marriage in Halifax he gave a Sunday's service at Fort Ellis and on his way back, preached at Baptismal Services held at Gay's River, and at least two other up river places on week days, and "on the Sabbath following he preached at the mouth of the Shubenacadie on the western side to a large congregation."

Rev. Dr. McGregor's report of his first visit to the Shubenacadie country had very directly to do with our celebration to-day. His report of that 1793 visit read in the Associate Synod of Scotland, reporting as it did the spiritual destitution of the land, and appealing for ministers had such an effect upon the Synod that it was ordered printed to be read in every pulpit. Thus, Alexander Dick, a young carpenter in the village of Pathstrine, Perthshire, heard it. It stirred his soul and awakened in him a desire to be a preacher of the word to such people as those described.

He immediately, under the direction of his minister, Rev. John McCara, began his studies with a view to the ministry. Of a family in better than comfortable circumstances, owners of the estate of "Aughtenny," and himself of more than ordinary mental ability, there was nothing to interfere with his going right along in his preparation for the ministry. In addition to the ordinary course of study he attended classes in medicine, thus obtaining knowledge that he certainly used to good account during his ministry here, but which also, very probably led to his early death. His studies were completed in the Divinity Hall of the General Associate Synod, then presided over by Prof. Bruce of Whithorn. His studies completed he was licensed by the Presbytery of Perth, on St. Patrick's day, 1802, and missioned to Nova Scotia.

In the meantime his marriage took place to Ann Eadie, one of a family somewhat destined to manse life. There were three brothers and three sisters. The three brothers became ministers, and the three sisters married ministers, two of them marrying Dicks, the one becoming the wife of our Rev. Alexander Dick, the other wife of Rev. Thomas Dick, LL. D., the philosopher. They sailed from Greenock on a June day of the year 1802.

In a letter describing his coming thitherwards he says, "I landed at Bay of Bulls, Newfoundland, after a passage of five weeks from Greenock, and was obliged to look out for another vessel as the one in which I had embarked was bound for Miramichi instead of Pictou. But as there is little communication between the Bay and Halifax, I was obliged to take a vessel for Sydney, C. B., and from there to Halifax. Monday morning about three o'clock we got underway and in six days arrived at Sydney. The town of Sydney stands about nine miles up the Eastern branch of the Bay of Sydney. There is a Church of England chapel and a curate. There is a considerable number of Baptists and other denominations in the place, but little appearance of true religion among any of them. On Wednesday I preached in the Western Arm of the Bay. The audience here was numerous, exceedingly attentive and many of them appeared to be a good deal affected. As the people in this part of the country are altogether destitute of public ordinances I was the more particular in making inquiries with respect to the religious exercises of their families. Some few of them I was happy to find kept up the worship of God in their houses and took particular pains in the instruction of their children. They were exceedingly desirous that I should have stayed among them. They have 500 acres of land allowed for a minister and are willing to do everything in their power to make his situation comfortable."

That was olden time Upper North Sydney. Mr. Dick's great great grandson in the ministry went down to test the comfortableness of the situation, but finds it no more comfortable than the country Mr. Dick helped to make what it became.

Mr. Dick reached Halifax in August and then without delay came to these parts, and at once commenced his preachings. He was at the Pictou Presbytery for the first time on the 20th of

September, at which meeting there was application for the moderating in of a call from the congregation of Douglas. At the next meeting held in Truro on the third of November, Rev. Duncan Ross reported that he had moderated in the Douglas call. It was laid before Presbytery by the commissioners of the congregation and being read and sustained and presented to him was accepted by Mr. Dick.

Mr. Dick's ordination trials were received in instalments at successive sessions of Presbytery—a lecture on Matt. 28 : 18-20, a sermon on Matthew 28 : 20 ; "An exercise and additions" on the text of Romans 1 : 16. He "read the first Psalm in Hebrew, a part of the Greek New Testament '*Ad aperturam libri*,' and gave an account of Church History from the birth of Christ to A.D. 50." All heard it on Nov. 3rd, 1802, "carried ; unanimously approve of Mr. Dick's trials *in cumulo*."

His ordination and induction were appointed for the 21st of June 1803, thus delayed it would appear in order to allow of a division of the congregation or a distribution of Mr. Dick's services as far as possible to the mind of all concerned. Two "*pro re nata*" meetings of Presbytery were in the meantime held for the discussion of these and kindred matters. The decision eventually arrived at was that Presbytery "appointed Mr. Dick to preach at Noel one-fourth, at the Mouth of the River one-third, and the rest of the days at Fort Ellis meeting house, and in case that the weather prevent Mr. Dick from fulfilling his appointments in winter at Noel and Fort Ellis, that the people at the Mouth of the River pay him for those days." To this decision the commissioners of the Douglas congregation unanimously agreed. The Presbytery also "confirmed the line of division between the upper and lower half of the congregation at Donald Rose's, so that he shall be included in the lower half." There was then no road between Noel and the Mouth of the River. When and where boats could not be used, the shore or paths through the forest were followed. In the meantime Mr. Dick supplied the congregation, except for a few weeks spent in P. E. I., and in supplying a Sunday or so here and there in Nova Scotia. His ministry really began here in August 1802.

At "Douglas, June 21st, 1803" the Presbytery met and "was

constituted," there being "present, Duncan Ross, John Brown and James McGregor, ministers, with Robert Marshall, ruling elder." They had all come together by boat from Londonderry landing at the wharf connected with the public house kept by Mr. Ellis, which stood on the tide shore of the tannery brook just in front of Capt. R. F. Densmore's residence. Their's was one of a fleet of boats in the brook that day. Mr. David Whidden was ordered by the Presbytery "to serve Mr. Dick's edict again by going to the place of public worship and calling out before the congregation thrice with a pause between each call, 'If any person have anything to object against the doctrine and conversation of Alexander Dick, preacher, why he may not be ordained to the office of the holy ministry let him now give the same to the Presbytery, or otherwise they shall proceed immediately to his ordination.'" Rev. Mr. Brown had served it as appointed "ten days before." Needless to say no objection was offered, and the ordination services were proceeded with.

The place of public worship was a shed used by Mr. David Whidden in connection with his ship-building. It stood on what is now the street, near the junction of the Shubenacadie and Kennetcook roads, in part on the grounds occupied by Old Temperance Hall, and the store of Mr. C. P. MacDougall, in the very centre of what is now the village of Maitland. In connection with the ordination and induction services, Dr. McGregor preached the sermon, his text being II Corinthians 4:1. "Seeing we have this ministry we faint not." After Mr. Dick had "with prayer" and "the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery" received ordination "to the office of the holy ministry," and induction into "the pastoral charge of the congregation of Douglas" by the moderator, Dr. McGregor delivered the Presbytery "charge to Mr. Dick and the congregation." It is on record that there was a first rate Presbytery dinner in the Ellis Hotel after the ordination, and in the afternoon another service in "the place of public worship" when Rev. Mr. Ross discoursed on the Great Commission, "Go ye" etc.

Mr. Dick's first sermon after his ordination was preached on the following Sunday, we presume, though it is dated on the notes which have come down to us "1803, Mouth of the River, June 27."

Perhaps he knew Sunday dates sometimes made papers illegal and acted accordingly. His text was Acts 10: 29. "I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me." The notes would indicate that they had an exceedingly, interesting, live, practical, enthusing and in every way profitable gospel sermon a hundred years ago at the Mouth of the River on the Sunday following the 21st of June.

Mr. Dick was indeed a popular preacher, popular as a preacher as well as personally.

Missioned to Halifax for a three Sundays in the year 1807, a Pictou County militiaman then on garrison duty there, has left us the story of the not very large audience at the first service being succeeded by the larger and larger, till on the last Sunday standing room was at a premium. He made special mention of the large number of officers present at one of the last day services and how his anti-burgher heart was made glad, by the preacher's apt reference to the war in which Britain was then engaged, and how in closing he claimed that "Britain would never be conquered except through the sins of her people. But, Oh, the sins of her Army and Navy," he cried, as he appealed to those before him who bore her arms to seek by righteousness to break off the sins that so weakened the nation's soldiery before the foe, and then how in fervent prayer for the welfare of the nation, her success in the war in which she was engaged, and her establishment in righteousness, he implored the help of God. His patriotic sentiments, his rousing appeals to the consciences of his hearers thrilled them. He could at once have been called to Halifax, but could not be made to consider a proposal which meant leaving the congregation here shepherdless.

An old Pictou Highlander, who had been brought up under the ministry of the able and eloquent Fraser of Kirkhill, was forever setting up his old minister as a model and could never hear of any person equalling him. But having heard Mr. Dick he came away so unusually quiet for him, that it attracted attention. Asked why so solemnly quiet the old man's reply was "I have heard Kirkhill to-day."

When the Presbytery was arranging the services in connection with the ordination of Rev. Peter Gordon, which was to take

place in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Charlottetown, a plea was made that every circumstance of the case demanded that the sermon should be by their best preacher, and it was Mr. Dick that was appointed.

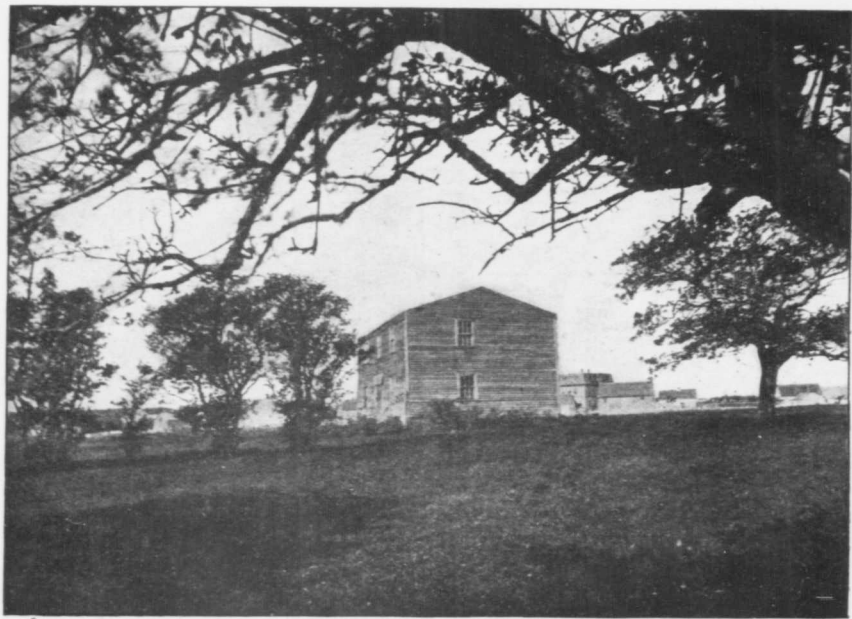
No wonder that the Smiths came to Selma, leaving Windsor and Newport as they did, in order to be near Mr. Dick. Col. Smith for such reason, according to his own statement, bought the property formerly belonging to Col. Small, and when his so much loved and admired preacher died the Colonel's words were "he was too good to live, and so the Lord took him away."

Writing of his parish under date 20th December, 1803, Mr. Dick says: "The district in which I am settled is very extensive. We call it a congregation, but it might with more propriety be called a shire. It is little short of sixty miles in length and the breadth is not yet ascertained."

When he began his ministry there was only one small church in his big parish, a rudely built log structure near Fort Ellis on the Colchester side of the Shubenacadie, something over half a mile above the mouth of the Stewiacke. Its attached burial ground has been considerably eaten into by the restless river.

For people who travelled when they could by boat, that building was well and centrally situated. Towards the close of his ministry, it gave place to a frame building, thirty-six feet square, half a mile further up river. His preaching places up river besides that church were Mr. Dickey's barn or house, according to the season of the year, at Lower Stewiacke, and Mr. Moor's brick tavern at Gay's River. The far up river people, not satisfied at first with the arrangements concerning Mr. Dick's services in terms of the call as they understood them, were afterwards so satisfied with his services as given, that they petitioned Presbytery to consider them as among those responsible for his support. He also preached at Nine Mile River and Five Mile River.

Before 1803 was gone the old brick-nogged two story manse stood where it continued to stand for ninety years, on the property now owned by Captain Rupert Cox, giving evidence to the last that it was built by a man who knew how to build. It was for the time a notably large and comfortable house. As the years went



**Brick-nogged Manse at "the Mouth of the River."**

Built by Rev. Alex. Dick, A. D. 1803.



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by its surroundings became more and more beautiful. Apple trees studded the field between the manse and the Shubenacadie shore. A beautiful thorn hedge surrounded his well cared for garden. His success in the cultivation of small fruits made him noted as a cultivator. He became a considerable land owner, and the Old-land farm owner's son became a pattern and example to his people in the cultivation of the broad acres. His farm lands included fields beyond the ship-yard of Mr. Joseph Monteith.

The picture that remains to us of his old manse surrounded by stray trees, remnants of his fine orchard, and with a garden boundary indicated by some of his hedge thorn bushes grown into small trees, belongs to only a short time before it ceased to be. In the picture the upper floor end window and front window nearest it looked out from his study, in which some of his book shelves remained till the last. Wednesday of each week was ordinarily consecrated to that room sacred to sermon preparation, study and prayer. His last text was Hebrews 6 : 1-3.

The results of Mr. Dick's ministry were most evident. His self-denying efforts were fruitful in results. Believers were quickened, vice was checked, many became earnest in attendance upon the means of grace, seeking the way of life, "and the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved." During his short ministry such a change passed over the community that it might be said the wilderness had become a fruitful field. The whole district received a religious impress which it has retained even to this day. According to the testimony of all his contemporaries, lay and clerical he was a burning and a shining light, and many for a season (alas too brief) were willing to rejoice in his light.

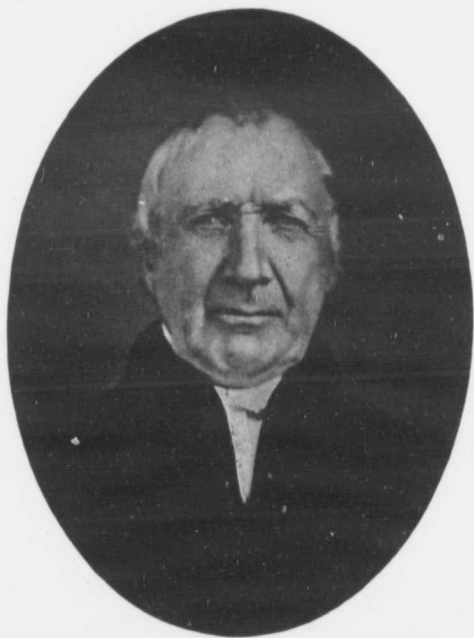
His death resulted from exposure on a medical outing in connection with the illness of a Mr. McDougall, of what is now known as South Maitland. He died of pleurisy on May 20th, 1812. At his own request he was buried on the spot beneath the yet unfinished church over which the pulpit was to be erected.

Mrs. Dick survived her husband some twenty years. She did weaving and kept a small grocery for years on the site of the present residence of Mr. William Cox. She died of cancer on the

twenty-ninth anniversary of her husband's ordination, seventy-one years ago. She left the residue of their property to the Synod. Mrs. Dick was usually a home keeper while Mr. Dick was off on boat or horse-back or on foot on parish duty, but the old folks used to say that when he went Noel-wards on horse-back the horse often carried two, Mrs. Dick sitting on a "pallankin" behind his reverence. Noel-wards she went to die, at the home of his faithful successor in the pastorate of the lower congregation, Rev. Thomas S. Crowe.

For three years and a half following Mr. Dick's death his huge congregation had only irregular supply. Rev. Hugh Graham of Stewiacke, Rev. John Brown, of Londonderry, and Rev. Dr. McGregor, of East River, Pictou, did what they could for the pastorless people. A ragged period this very largely was in more ways than one especially because of the war between Great Britain and the United States. In 1815 Rev. Thomas Stuart Crowe arrived, one of the results it would appear of the devoted life of his predecessor in the ministry here. In Mr. Crowe's early life his home congregation was that of Pathstrine, of which Mr. Dick had been a member, and whose people were because of Mr. Dick's letters especially interested in Nova Scotia missions. In God's providence he became Mr. Dick's successor in his pastorate, and married Mr. Dick's adopted daughter.

Mr. Crowe was born in the Parish of Dunning, Perthshire, in the year 1786. He began the study of theology in the year 1809, and in the year 1815 was licensed and missioned to Nova Scotia, arriving here "in potato-digging time in the year of the mice." On the 24th of September he was called to the pastorate of the congregation of Maitland and Noel, to which call he gave his formal acceptance before Presbytery on the 13th day of July, 1816, and was ordained and inducted on the 16th of October by the Presbytery of Pictou, Rev. Mr. Brown presiding. At his ordination members of the Burgher Presbytery of Truro, it is said, took part along with their Anti-burgher brethren of Pictou. There was no Burgher's oath to take in Nova Scotia, but they who had different opinions about the taking of it in the Old Land, were for some time kept apart here because of these different opinions. The same month the eloquent Rev. Robert Blackwood was ordained



**Rev. Thos. S. Crowe.**

Inducted Pastor of Maitland Congregation 1816; died 1869.

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and inducted into the pastorate of the upper congregation. The field upon which Mr. Crowe entered, though the smaller section of that occupied by Mr. Dick was large enough for any man. His preaching places were Old Barns, Maitland, South Maitland, Gore, Kennetcook, Lower Selma, Noel, Tennycape and Walton. He found three elders and a few over fifty communicants. A school teacher who arrived in Noel from over the Bay on Sabbath, July 25th, 1841, found everybody going to church, and "went with them to the house of God, with a multitude that kept holy day." The new comer found the people more interesting than the sermon. The announcements, however, successfully claimed his attention, especially the announcement statement "I will preach here again this day four weeks God willing." After service the new teacher took occasion to enquire of a member of the congregation why God was not willing that Mr. Crowe should preach in Noel more frequently. He was told in reply that the clergyman had four or five preaching stations within his big parish, which covered a space of about six hundred square miles. The teacher falling in with the preacher before the day was done, found him "a genuine gentleman," who enjoined on him to call in as he any time journeyed by the ministerial head-quarters, "more especially if on the road cold or weary or hungry to be sure and turn in for rest and refreshment. Revival almost immediately followed Mr. Crowe's coming. The number of names on the communicant roll had doubled within the first three years of his pastorate. Mr. Crowe was from first to last a laborer who needed not to be ashamed. Diligent, unsparing of himself, indefatigable, physically as well as mentally a strong man, earnest, practical, his labors were not in vain, and he lived to be able to take a long review of the work accomplished. He lived to attend the funeral of the last of these who had signed his call. In September, 1865, the Jubilee of his ministry here was celebrated. His look back over the past from his Jubilee day was one over some 2,240 and more baptismal dedications. How many marriages he had celebrated between that of Charles Moore and Jane Hays, who had waited for his ordination for some time, and that of T. B. O'Brien and Elizabeth McDougall Howe, we do not know. Five hundred were received into full communion privileges at the one hundred and sixty communions of the fifty years. Thirty-

four had been ordained to the Eldership. The Presbytery address to him on the Jubilee day referred to the pleasing results of his abundant labors. In his successful work he did his share in multiplying the self sustaining congregations of the Synod. No miserable selfishness or meanness could cause him to hold back from advocating the severance of parts of his own congregation to help form new congregations when he saw the probability in favor of better work being thus done. Thus he successfully worked for the formation of the congregation of which Rev. John Cameron became pastor in 1842. And two years later to help form the congregation of Clifton, he demitted the section of his congregation on the east side of the Shubenacadie. His own review of the past was sometimes pathetic, all through simply grand. "Forty-nine years ago I stood here a youth, and in my office a child, at the bottom of a list of holy and good men, most of them famous in their day. I obtained a place in their friendship. We lived and labored together for many years in peace. They are all gone. My fifty years of labor have passed as a dream, or as a watch of the night. But alas, it is no dream that I stand here to-day an old grey-headed man, the last of a family which I left behind me in my native land, the last of a list of ministers in concert with whom the prime of my life was spent, and now I find myself at the top of a list of fellow laborers about five times as long as the one at the bottom of which I stood forty-nine years ago."

In church building he did his part. He secured the title deeds of the site and finished the first church here, and lived to finish and dedicate another on the same site. He had to do with the erection of the first church building in Noel. The church in South Maitland was the result of his endeavor. In the interests of temperance he was a power. Under his ministry the traffic in intoxicants was practically driven out. At the time of his Jubilee there was, so far as known, not a single person engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks within the bounds of his congregation.

During his ministry the prayer meetings and the Sabbath Schools had their beginnings as features of church life. The first prayer meeting was held in the school house, now the Temperance Hall, Rev. Mr. Sprott leading the first service; Elders, Adam Roy, James Putnam, Adam Dickie and George O'Brien and

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Messrs. David Freize and David Lockart, a Methodist, taking part. The first Sabbath School had Mr. Adam Roy, sr., as its first and for a time only teacher. Mr. Douglas, father of the late Captains James and William, became one of his first helpers. He had another in Miss Eliza Freize, who in coming to his assistance became the first lady in East Hants to engage in Sunday School work. The late Rev. Dr. James Bayne, of Pictou, was while teaching here some sixty-two years ago, one of Mr. Roy's assistants.

True there were during the years covered by the ministry of Mr. Crowe, times when "for the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart." Even Paul and Peter and Barnabas did not always see eye to eye though who could doubt the genuineness of each and their mutual interest in all that belonged to the best welfare of the Master's Kingdom.

Concerning Mr. Crowe as a preacher, the late Rev. Dr. McCulloch's words were: "He preached a capital sermon. I could sit down and listen with pleasure to him for an hour." Concerning him as a man the late Rev. Ebenezer Ross worded the sentiments of all we have heard speak of him in saying, "Why he was just a grand old man."

Rev. Dr. Currie on whose head Mr. Crowe's hand was the first placed at his ordination, and who for a dozen years shared with Mr. Crowe the designation of minister of Maitland and Noel, has only had good to say of him as a man and as a minister.

Father Crowe was gathered to his fathers on the 11th day of September, 1869, in the eighty-third year of his age and the fifty-fifth of his ministry. On the stones that mark the resting places of the earthly tabernacles of the Rev. Alexander Dick, and of the Rev. Thomas Stuart Crowe, the words of holy writ are quoted the same on both "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

I only hope that we who to-day verify that promise concerning them, may each in some measure be found worthy in days yet to come of being remembered with them, as having done something to carry on the work they so well began.

The representatives of the years succeeding those covered by the pastorate of Rev. Thomas S. Crowe are here to-day.



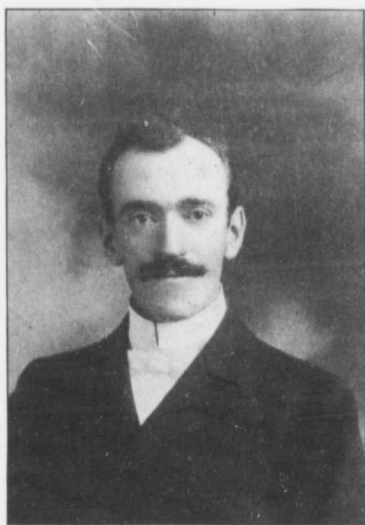
Rev. Mr. Crowe's son-in-law and assistant in the pastorate since 1859, Rev. Jacob McLellan, continued his ministrations as Presbyterian minister of Maitland and Noel until May 1871. But Mr. McLellan's period of service was more than covered by the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Currie, which began in 1857 and was continued until July 1871, when he was appointed to the Professorate which he still holds in the Halifax Presbyterian College.

As in the case of some rivers, the stream of this congregation's congregational history though always really one, for a time flowed as two streams—that is for a few months over the length of time the third Hebrew patriarch served for his two wives. Then on November 21st, 1871, Truro Presbytery declared them again one, to be immediately made what Rev. Mr. Crowe had considered them to be as far back at least as 1845, the two congregations of Maitland and Noel—not both bearing the same name but the one Maitland and the other Noel, and both congregations were transferred to the care of Halifax Presbytery.

Rev. L. G. Macneill, of P. E. I., was ordained and inducted into the pastorate of Maitland November 12th, 1872. A New Brunswick born minister\* succeeded him of P. E. I., ordained and inducted on Oct. 14th, 1879.

Rev. Samuel J. MacArthur was inducted on September 23rd, 1897. He was succeeded by Rev. George E. Ross, who was inducted on July 23rd, 1901. And may he long remain the last.

\* Rev. T. Chalmers Jack.



**Rev. Geo. E. Ross, B. D.**

Pastor of Maitland Congregation, 1901.

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### ***Patriotism.***

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BY BENJAMIN RUSSELL, ESQ., D. C. L., M. P.

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MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I thank the Committee of Management most cordially for the invitation to be present. It is a very great pleasure to me to be permitted to assist in so interesting and historic a celebration. But if it had not been a pleasure I should still have considered it a duty to be here. Called for the time being, whether for a longer or shorter period, to be the representative of the people in their central Parliament, I feel it to be my duty, as much as lies in my power, to identify myself with everything that interests the people of the County in their political, their commercial, their social relations, and above all in connection with those deep and abiding interests that concern the moral and spiritual welfare of the community. It is a profound saying, that no man liveth to himself. Whether we will it or no, we are born into a network of complex and highly articulated relationships. As members of families we are bound together by the mutual obligations of obedience and protection, and all the ties of parental and filial, of brotherly and sisterly affection. As villagers or townsmen or citizens, we owe a duty to the primary political community of which we form a part, a duty too often forgotten, too often neglected, and the neglect of which in the great cities of the continent, has led in many instances to the grossest scandals and abuses. It would be food enough for one discourse to dwell upon the theme opened up in this avenue of thought, but I wish at present to refer to a still wider political group than that of the civil and municipal organism.

I propose to speak for a moment on the larger subject of

patriotism, and I would proceed to define the different kinds of patriotism which it is essential to distinguish. There is first of all what might be called a provincial patriotism, having to do with the feelings and duties that spring from our position as fellow countrymen of the same province. There is then a wider circle opened up by the aggregation of Provinces into a great Dominion. Many of those present can recall with me the time when there was no such relationship, when there was no such conception in the mind of anybody as that of the Dominion of Canada. Some of those present are doubtless in the same position as myself, of not having in the first instance given a very cordial welcome to that conception. But I am enough of a Calvinist to realize that the establishment of the Dominion was among the things that were destined to take place, and that whatever differences of view may have existed at the inception of the Union, it is the present duty of every good Canadian, letting bygones be bygones, to unite for the best interests and highest welfare of the Dominion. But there is a yet wider circle that has to be considered. There is what Mr. Gladstone once very happily spoke of as an Imperial patriotism, a sense of our kinship with all the various peoples of every clime and of many races who dwell within the pax Britannica, and acknowledge the sovereignty of the King.

Our patriotism, then, is of three kinds, Provincial, Dominion, and Imperial, and no one is a true subject or a good citizen, who does not recognize and live up to the duties of these threefold relationships with which these conceptions are concerned.

What I wish to point out now is that each of these three virtues, or three distinct aspects of the virtue of patriotism, is haunted, if I may so speak, by the shadow of its besetting vice. The man who is a too ardent patriot in his provincial relationship, is in danger of yielding to the temptation of sectionalism. The Ontario man is greatly in danger of imagining that there is nothing really worthy of admiration outside of Ontario. The Nova Scotian or the New Brunswicker may very easily persuade himself that all the vast and complex commercial interests of the mighty and growing West should be made primarily to minister to the advancement of one or two Maritime ports, while the breezy and eloquent representative from the Western plains is almost certain

to fancy that all of Canada worth considering or planning for is west of Fort William. If, added to this danger of sectionalism, we have also to contend against the temptation to foment racial and religious antagonisms, it will be seen that there is plenty of room for the practice of the most vigilant and vigorous self discipline, in order to keep our patriotism pure and beneficent, to cultivate it as a sacred and cleansing flame that will burn out all the dross of meaner and less worthy emotions with which it may become associated.

So, as to our Dominion patriotism, it is well that we should nourish the feeling of pride and confidence in our own country ; but it is not necessary that in order to do so the more effectually, we shall cherish feelings of hatred or contempt for our neighbors. We may learn a lesson on this subject from the experience of Germany. Not many years ago the petty German States were without the consciousness of national unity, and largely without the ambition of national unity. Their Empire was born of the victory of Sadowa, and the results of the Franco-Prussian wars. When the milliards of the French indemnity came to be poured into the industrial enterprises of the German Empire, a new and unprecedented prosperity came upon the State, which many persons attributed wholly to the fiscal policy of Bismarck, which also had in all probability its own share of the result. Germany became a great manufacturing country, as well as an immense and masterful political and military power. It turned its eyes at once to find fields for expansion and colonization, and it awoke to the mighty and world-encompassing fact of the British Empire. It realized that in what direction soever it turned, there was the flag, and there the arts and arms, the commerce and the industry of England, and the German heart conceived the feeling of jealousy and bitterness, which is one of the most serious and important and menacing facts in the world's politics of the present day. We also have our experience of much the same kind. Were it not for our kinship with our British fellow subjects, and our partnership in all the glories of the history and traditions of the British Empire, we might well be tempted to feel towards the United States as the German people felt towards England. But we should only be equally unwise. It is not for us to cherish any such odious and debasing sentiments. Our neighbors do not cer-

tainly treat us with generosity ; not always indeed with even common justice. But what of that ? Let us not imitate the evil example of Germany ; let us simply pursue the even tenor of our way, minding our own business, guarding our own interests, performing our own national and international duties, doing justice and fearing no man.

Coming next to the consideration of our imperial patriotism, I ask what is the besetting sin that is in danger of overtaking us in this connection ? Let Rudyard Kipling, who has been in many respects, the greatest of all sinners in this kind, furnish the answer to the question. In our pride and arrogance, as the citizens and subjects of a great and dominating power, we are in danger of forgetting, and perhaps of trespassing upon the rights of other less favored and less powerful peoples. Not all the wars of England have been just or righteous wars. Taken as a whole, the history of England is the history of a righteous and beneficent power, and the British Empire may justly be called in the language of Lord Rosebery, the greatest secular agency for good that the world has ever seen. But there are blots on its record, and it is for us as patriots, to profit by past experience, to avoid the errors of the past and atone for its sins ; and as to the future to endeavor as a people and as a power to strive after those things only which are pure and lovely and of good report. We have been so continuously engaged throughout our national history in a persistent and strenuous and successful struggle for the maintenance of our rights against invasion or encroachment, that it has become a sort of second nature to us to think primarily, and perhaps too exclusively, of our rights. The time has come when we may safely think less about our rights and more about our duties. If we would all of us practice this lesson, the problems of our modern civilization would speedily find a happy solution. The struggle of capital and labor, the problem of poverty, the scourges of epidemic disease, and all the many evils that menace our civilization, would find their ready solvents and remedies in this manner of treatment, and the world would be a happier and better place to live in.

Nobody can participate in such a celebration as this centennial without his heart, in the stirring words of Wesley, being

"strangely warmed" by a fire which is not of its own kindling. I rejoice in all that has been done by the Presbyterian Church in the century that has passed, as one among the several branches of the Christian Church, whose work has gone to the uplifting and strengthening of the human spirit, and the purifying of our personal and national life. Wordsworth speaks somewhere of a youth over whom the Scottish Church had held the strong hand of her purity. What the Scottish Church has done for the Scotian, the Presbyterian Church has done for the large sections of this province in which it has been the predominating religious society.

It will be impossible for even the most superficial and frivolous to remain unmoved amid the associations of this day, and the memories that they awaken. The sweetly solemn and affecting scene at the graves of the departed, but not forgotten, worthies of a former day, recall to me the beautiful lines of Howe, in which he bids us "gather their ashes."

Room for the dead ! Your living hands may pile  
Treasures of art the stately tents within ;  
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,  
And Genius here spontaneous plaudits win.  
But yet amidst the tumult and the din  
Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave :  
Place claim I for the dead. 'Twere mortal sin,  
When banners o'er our country's treasures wave  
Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garnered in the grave.

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,  
The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,  
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine  
Mingle with flowers of every varied dye ;  
Swart artisans their rival skill may try,  
And while the rhetorician wins the ear,  
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye ;  
But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear  
For those, and for their works, who are not here.

Not here ? Oh ! yes, our hearts their presence feel,  
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells  
On memory's shore, harmonious echoes steal ;  
And names, which, in the days gone by, were spells,  
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells  
The spirit here our country's fame to spread,  
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,  
And earth reverbrates to our measured tread,  
Banner and wreath should own our reverence for the dead.



Look up, their walls enclose us : look around,  
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea ?  
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound  
Thro' forests dense, o'er mountain, moor and lea ?  
Who spanned the streams ? Tell me whose works they be,—  
The busy marts, where commerce ebbs and flows ?  
Who quelled the savage ? And who spared the tree  
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws ?  
Who made the land they loved to blossom like the rose ?

Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge defied,  
And trained the race that live upon the wave ?  
What shore so distant where they have not died ?  
In every sea they found a watery grave.  
Honor, forever, to the true and brave  
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,  
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave ;  
Long as the billows flout the arching sky  
They'll seaward bear it still—to venture, or to die.

The Roman gathered in a stately urn,  
The dust he honored—while the sacred fire,  
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn  
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,  
Honor the dead ; and let the sounding lyre  
Recount their virtues in your festal hours ;  
Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher  
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers ;  
And o'er the Old Men's graves, go strew your choicest flowers.



**F. S. Creelman, M. D.**

Convener of Centennial Committee.





## ***Old Douglas Congregation Session Records.***

### MINUTES OF THE CHURCH SESSION, DOUGLAS.

Revd. Alexr. Dick, *Moderator.*

Mr. James Johnson, Mr. Donald McKinsie, Mr. James Moor, Esq., Mr. Wm. Cook, Mr. John McGeorge, Mr. Wm. Dickey, Mr. George Main, Mr. Caleb Putnam, Mr. Francis Densmore, Mr. Andrew O'Brien,	}	<i>Ruling Elders.</i>
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MR. PUTNAM'S, JUNE 14th, 1804.

Which day and place the session met and being constituted with prayer by the Moderator,

1st. Proceeded to appoint J. Moor, Esq., and Andrew O'Brien, Session Clerks.

2nd. Wm. Clark and John McGeorge, Ruling Elders, to have the care of the upper district on the Shubenacadie River, from Daniel McHaffy's both sides of the River upward and on Gay's River.

James Moor, Esq., Ruling Elder, to the care of the middle quarter from Samuel Frame's, both sides of the River to Thos. Ellises.

Wm. Dickey to the care of the lower quarter from Stephen and Paul Woodworth's, up both sides of the River Sueiac.

George Main, from John Colter's, both sides of the River Sheb'y, as lowe down as Andrew McDonald's.

3rd. That all parents of children desiring their admission to the ordinance of Baptism shall bring attestations of their walk and conversation from the elders of their quarter to the minister, before they be admitted.

4th. That all complaints to the session shall be exhibited in writing as verbal reports cannot be attended to.

DOUGLAS, 20TH SEPTEMBER, 1817.

Which day and place the united session of the mouth of the River Shubenacadie, Noel, Kenticook, being met and constituted with prayer by the Rev. Thomas Stuart Crow. Caleb Putnam, Jos. Douglass, Jno. Graham, Francis Densmore, Thos. Faulkner George McLellan, Ruling Elders.

Agreed 1st. That Andrew O'Brien be continued clerk of the Noel District Session, Jno. McDonald of the Kenticook do., Jno. Graham of Shubenacadie.

2nd. That the sacrament be served on October the 5th.

3rd. James Douglass and Matthew Creelman do go for the elements.

4th. A general meeting of the congregation be called on Monday after the sacrament.

5th. That fast day be kept Saturday preceding the sacrament.

6th. That the general meeting of session this ensuing year to take place the first or second Saturday of March.

7th. The place appointed to meet in general session is Noel at the house of Francis Densmore.

8th. Matthew Creelman appointed Presbytery Elder this ensuing year.

9th. That a general collection do take place throughout the congregation the last of October in aid of the funds of the Associate Synod in Scotland.

10th. That the Rev. Mr. Crow, Andrew O'Brien, Jno. MacDonald and John Graham be appointed to appropriate the money to be collected under the ninth head.

11th. The weekly collection for the Bible Society be continued for the present year.

12th. That any member in future being absent must give a sufficient reason for so doing.

CCMMUNION ROLL FROM SATURDAY JULY 6TH, 1844, TO  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1847.

*July 6, 1844.*

List of persons in full communion in the Presbyterian Church,  
Maitland Village, Douglas.

Thos. S. Crow, *Minister.*

John Graham, Adam Roy, Adam Dickey, James Putnam,  
*Elders.*

Mrs. Martha Crow, Jane Faulkner, Jane McDougall, Jane  
Pollock, Martha Smith, David Smith, Mary Smith, Nancy Putnam,  
John Whidden, Mrs. Clukes, Mrs. Jane Freize, Elizabeth Freize,  
David Freize, Isaac Freize, Isaac Douglas, Elizabeth Dickie,  
Mrs. Abigail Whidden, James Douglas, Mary Douglas, Jr., Mrs.  
Mary Douglas, Sr., Sarah McArthur, William Douglas, Ann  
Douglas, Lucy McCollum, Alice Roy, Matilda Green, Rich'd  
Douglas, Mary Douglas, Jane Putnam, Thos. S. Smith, B—  
Corney, Esther Monteith, Susannah Douglas, Alexander Nelson,  
Lavinia Nelson, Catherine Putnam, Catherine McDougall, Sarah  
McDougall, Elizabeth McDougall, Mrs. Wm. G——, Nancy Rose.

*March, 1844,* James McArthur, Mrs. J. McArthur, (died  
June 23), Joseph Putnam; *May,* John Crow; *July,* Louisa Crow,  
Isaiah Smith, Hannah Douglas, Phebe Putnam, Mrs. Elias  
Nelson, Samuel Bradley, Mrs. G. Bradley, Mrs. Jno. Phillips,  
Mrs. Wm. Cameron, Charlotte Dow, Mary Atkins.

*1845, January 5th,* John Douglas, Elizabeth Douglas, James  
Crow, Mrs. Jos. McArthur, Mrs. Allen, Caleb Putnam, Matthew  
Gray, Mrs. Gray, Abigail White, William McDougall.

At a general meeting of Session on the 27th of May at Mr.  
Crow's house, it was agreed that the Sacrament of the Lord's  
Supper be held at Maitland on the 13th day of July, 1845. At a  
subsequent meeting it was agreed to have it on 27th July.

Mary Gove, Archibald Cox, Mary Cox, George Crow, Mrs.  
I. Douglas, (Sarah Ann), Mrs. David Crow (Isabella), John  
Archibald, Mrs. Susan Archibald, Mrs. S. Nelson (Catherine), Mrs.  
Jane Moore, E. Margaret Green, Caleb Jackson, Mrs. D. Dow,  
Mrs. Elizabeth Hays, Helen McDougall.

*1846, January 10th,* Mrs. Laurence, Mary Ann Nelson, Mary  
Laurence; *July 12th,* Mrs. Robert Smith, Mary Freize, Mrs. John  
Cameron, Mrs. Peter McArthur.

*1847, January,* Alexander McDougall, Ezrah McDougall,  
Jacob Freize, Mrs. Christina McDougall, Mrs. Sarah Freize, Mrs.  
Ruth McDougall, Mrs. John Graham.

## ***Deed of Site of First Church.***

JULY 5TH, 1819. CONVEYANCE CALEB PUTNAM TO DAVID  
WHIDDEN AND OTHERS, REGISTERED 9TH JULY, 1819,  
ON OATH OF JAMES DALRYMPLE.

For £7 10 0 to David Whidden, Duncan McDougall, John Main, James Rose, Andrew McDonald, James McAllam, Alexander Cameron, William O'Brien, Caleb Putnam, sr., John Lehy, Edward Smith, W. McDougall, Stephen Jackson, Patrick Hayes, Robert H. Smith, Caleb Putnam, jr., James Whidden, John Graham, Mrs. Ann Dick, Isaac Smith, Caleb Smith, William Putnam, Kenneth McKenzie, William Cameron, William Freize, Duncan McDonald, Charles Moore, the heirs of James Besley, James Douglas, Joseph Mosher, Donald McQuin, of the town of Douglas in the County of Hants, and Matthew Creelman, Samuel Creelman, William Phillips, and the heirs of Robt. Forbes. "Land lying on Main Road leading to Windsor, beginning at a beech stump on the top of the hill above where Isaac Smith now lives and running along said road s 38° west ten rods, thence north 52° west ten rods, thence north 38° east ten rods, thence s 52° east ten rods to the stump above mentioned, containing five-eighths of an acre more or less, for the purpose of building a Presbyterian Church and for a Burial Yard."

### **LIST OF MINISTERS OF MAITLAND CONGREGATION FROM 1803 TO 1903.**

Rev. Alexander Dick. Inducted June 21, 1803. Died May 20, 1812.  
Rev. Thomas S. Crowe. Inducted Oct. 16, 1816. Died Sept. 11, 1869.  
Rev. John Currie. Inducted Aug. 12, 1857. Resigned July 25, 1871.  
Rev. Leander G. Macneill. Inducted Nov. 12, 1872. Resigned Dec. 20, 1878.  
Rev. T. Chalmers Jack. Inducted Oct. 14, 1879. Resigned Aug. 15, 1896.  
Rev. Samuel J. MacArthur. Inducted September 23, 1897. Resigned  
December 31, 1900.  
Rev. George E. Ross. Inducted July 23, 1901.

### **MEMBERS OF THE SESSION, 1903.**

Rev. Geo. E. Ross, <i>Moderator.</i>	James McLearn,
John Putnam,	F. S. Creelman, M. D.,
Frederick Freize, <i>Clerk.</i>	Angus Rose.