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VOLUME XXIV.

NUMBER V.

THE  
**MONTHLY RECORD,**

—OF THE—

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

—IN—

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK

—AND—

ADJOINING PROVINCES.

MAY,



1878.

PICTOU, N. S.:

PRINTED AT "THE COLONIAL STANDARD"

1878.

## ITALY.—BIBLE CARRIAGE WORK.

“I have been out for fifteen days, during which time I visited nine fairs or markets at Pavia, Voghera, Stradella, Piacenza, Parma, and Guastalla. Our colporteur was alone after that at Mentone, whence he was to go on to Verona and Venice. At Voghera and Stradella, following my usual plan, I went on selling from the carriage for about two hours, preaching to all who came; and then, leaving the carriage with Curti, I went from house to house, encountering the laugh of infidels and the fierce looks of bigots, but very successfully selling books to the value of 200 francs. All who buy know that it is the Word of God, that in reading it they will read the mind and heart of God, and that in His holy love for us He gave His son to die that we might be pardoned, sanctified, and guided in all things up to the moment when we shall be received, if believers, into our Father's house. I seek ever to keep close to the essential points of Christianity, without troubling to inform my hearers that I am Evangelical. If some one asks me about that, I reply that at the last day the Lord will not ask us if we are Protestants or Catholics, but if we have loved and accepted Him as our Saviour.

“At Stradella and at Parma I preached in the quarters of the respective local evangelists, of whom one was Free Church, the other Methodist; and at Voghera I was with the evangelist of Count Guicciardini, connected with the Brethren; and all recognised with joy that I was engaged in a work useful to them, as well as to all the other various bodies of Christians. Even a Roman Catholic priest encouraged me by buying some books and inviting others to buy, acknowledging that to seek a revival of religious feeling and to disseminate religious books was a holy work. Some unbelieving Liberals also confessed that it was a work useful to their country, because the Bible teaches us to love God and the king, and to be pious and liberal. One who had bought a Bible carried it off to the bishop to ask if he might freely read it; and he assured me, in the presence of many witnesses,

that the bishop replied thus: ‘Read, and not only read, but practise all that this Book commands.’ At Piacenza I sold and spoke in the market-place, by the light of the moon, to a crowd of promenaders.

“An agent of the police came to ask for my papers. I replied that I had them all right, but that they were not necessary, as by the law the sale of books and when he had seen them was satisfied; but I complained that he had interrupted me in my work, and he made excuses that he was afraid I should sell republican and socialistic books. Seeing some soldiers about to enter a disreputable house, I accosted them, and after a minute's conversation they bought some portions, and went quietly away reading them. At a village near Parma I had no more portions left, and felt discouraged, but the Lord so answered prayer that I sold twenty-two Testaments. A little sermon on the Piazza sold me five more directly, and the people were enchanted to be told that they might be good Christians, and yet ardently love liberty and the fatherland. At Parma, where they said I should do nothing, we sold six francs' worth in three hours, and in the evening had an excellent meeting in the Methodist Chapel, where they had special prayer for the carriage, and praised God for what it had already done. At Auastalla, having seen our dear Vaudois evangelist, M. Revel, he feared we should have no success, but we sold twelve francs' worth in the morning. However, in the middle of speaking to the people, I got a telegram saying I must preach at Milan on the next Lord's day, so I had to leave all to Curti; but M. Pons will, perhaps, be able to give some assistance at Venice for a little. If not, I shall return to it at once. Oh, how I love this Bible carriage work, which daily proves to me the tender, paternal care of my God, keeping me from all harm, inspiring me with the needful courage and wisdom how to sell His own Word among a people hitherto forbidden to read it in their own tongue! The large proportion of those to whom I speak in the marketplaces have never even seen such a thing as an Italian Bible.”

# THE MONTHLY RECORD,

OF THE

## Church of Scotland

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOLUME XXIV.

MAY, 1878.

NUMBER V.

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

### CHURCH MUSIC.

SERMON BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.,  
DELIVERED IN THE BROOKLYN TABER-  
NACLE.

"And they had two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." Nehemiah, vii. 67.

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women, then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon. Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means us to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles that produce 16,383 sounds, and thirty indirect muscles that produce 173,741,823 sounds, and the human voice can produce seventy-one trill-

ion, five hundred and ninety-two billion, one hundred and eighty-six millions, forty-four thousand, four hundred and fifteen different sounds. What does that mean? It means that you should sing! Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut. Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world, and should loek up the organ of Westminster Abbey, and the organ of Luzerne, and the organ of Haarlem, and the organ at Freeboor, and all the other great musical instruments of the world—you would call such a man as that a monster; and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaption than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

"Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
Should speak their joys abroad."

So that I am ready now to say what I said at one of your concerts—if a man can sing and will not sing, he deserves to be sent to Sing Sing! Music seems to have been born in the soul of the world. The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grain-field, in the swoop of the wind, amid the mountain fastnesses, in canary's warble and thunder shock, in brook's tinkle and ocean's pean. There are soft cadences, in nature, and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all, and others are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The animalcula have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air, and the wing of the fire-fly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody; and as to those utterances of nature which seem harsh and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra, and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music; but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible beings who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous. In the judgement day, that day of tumult and terror, there will be no dissonance to those who can appreciate the music. It will be as when sometimes a great organist, in executing some great piece, breaks down the instrument upon which he is playing the music. So, when the great march of the judgement day is played under the hand of earthquake and storm and conflagration, the world itself will break down with the music that is played on it. The fact is, we are all deaf, or we would understand that the whole universe is but one harmony—the stars of the night only the ivory keys of a great instrument on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. Music seems dependent on the law of acoustics and mathematics, and yet where these laws are not understood at all the art is practiced. There are to-day five hundred musical journals in China. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practiced this art. Pythagoras learned it. Lucus, of Hermonie, wrote essays on it. Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools; but I have not much interest in that. My chief interest is in the music of the Bible. The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find

the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine-press. The Hebrews understood how to make musical signs above the musical text. When the Jews came from their distant homes to the great festivals at Jerusalem they brought harp and timbrel and trumpet, and poured along the great Judean highway a river of harmony, until in and around the temple the wealth of a nation's song and gladness had accumulated. In our day we have a division of labor in music, and we have one man to make the hymn, another man to make the tune, another man to sing it. Not so in Bible times. Miriam, the sister of Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea composed a doxology, set it to music, clapped it on a cymbal, and then sang it. David the psalmist, was at the same time poet, musical composer, harpist, and singer, and the majority of his rhythm goes tingling through all the ages. There were in Bible time stringed instruments—a harp of three strings played by fret and bow; a harp of ten strings, responding only to the fingers of the performer. Then there was the crooked trumpet, fashioned out of the horn of the ox or tel ram. Then there were the sistrom and the cymbals, clapped in the dance or beaten in the march. There were four thousand Levites, the best men of the country, whose only business it was to look after the music of the temple. These four thousand Levites were divided into two classes, and officiated on the different days. Can you imagine the harmony when these white-robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence, and by the smoking altars, and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold, and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the one hundred and thirty-sixth psalm of David? You know how it was done. One part of that great choir stood up and chanted:—"Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response: "For His mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again, and say: "Unto Him who only doeth great wonders." The other

part of the choir would come in with overwhelming response; "For His mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every bosom heaving, one part of the great white-robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh! give thanks unto the God of Heaven," and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response; "For His mercy endureth for ever." But I am glad to know that all through the ages there has been great attention paid to sacred music. Ambrosius, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, gave it their mighty influence, and in our day the best musical genius is throwing itself on the altars of God. Handel, and Mozart, and Bach, and Durante, and Wolfe, and scores of other men and women have given the best part of their genius to church music. A truth in words is not half so mighty as a truth in song, Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but the "Judgment Hymn" he composed is resounding yet all through Christendom. I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art. The Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter Hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England, the conservatories of Music at Munich and Leipsic, the Handel and Hadyn, and Harmonic, and Mozart societies of the country, and academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, and every city which has any enterprise! Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness;

while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics; and I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness. Music that may be appropriate for a concert-hall, or the opera-house, or the drawing-room, may be shocking in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. There is no reason why music should always be religious music. So I am just as much in favor of concert-halls as I am of churches. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and which comes with the toss, the song, and the display of an opera-house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying: "Oh! how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn; I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour as when they were singing that last doxology." My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the clapped

meeting-house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmonds." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang "Sion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they had lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we shall see in a minute or two we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, I call on this whole audience to culture yourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of shameful neglect who let their sons and daughters come up knowing nothing about music. In some of the English cathedrals the choir assemble every morning and every afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half-hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawing and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During my recent absence I preached to an audience of two or three thousand people, and all the music they made together did not equal one

skylark. People do not sleep at a coronation. Do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning. In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save us age, or weakness, or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well, as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing. Do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be on C below when you ought to be on C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you. Still it is better to do as Paul says, and sing with the spirit, and the understanding also.

Again: I remark, church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshippers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of a church it must be where the minister does all the preaching, and the elders all the praying, and the choir all the singing. There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tip-toe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse, New York, in a Presbyterian church, there was a Squire Lawrence, and he came to me, the pastor of another church in that city, and told me his trouble—how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day, a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches. Although I have on other days said much on this subject, I will continue to speak of it until we rouse ourselves to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited.

Come, now! Clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseilles Hymn" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, O! how the Frenchmen shouted. Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band "play "God Save the Queen?" If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long-metre doxology to the tune of "Old Hundred," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion, joined in the doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessing flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O! men and women of Jesus Christ let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back as we often do from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory, "Gloria in Excelsis" written over this organ, written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God, and the mercy of Christ, and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

## EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.

The following is a mere summary of a sermon upon the inexpediency of discussing in public the subject of Eternal Punishment, preached by the Rev. Gavin Lang at yesterday's morning service. The text was taken from Daniel 12-13. "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." This verse is, to me, peculiarly suggestive of suitable thoughts on a subject which has been recently attracting more than usual attention. I allude to what is known as the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. As we are all aware, a controversy has been, of late years, going on among different schools of Theologians, and other thoughtful people, as to whether the fate of the impenitent is, or is not, "finally and irreversibly and necessarily sealed at death." It is difficult to determine on which side the war of opinion has been waged with the greatest keenness. My reference, however, to that controversy is not with any idea of discussing the, in itself, momentous question involved. On the contrary, while willing to frankly state my views upon it to any earnest inquirer in private, I have all along strongly deprecated its discussion in public. My object, this morning, is to attempt to show that all such discussion is very unwise and inexpedient. And, if anything more than another establishes the soundness of this position, it is to be found in the fact, conceded by the most candid of the disputants themselves, that into the consideration of this question there must, and does, chiefly enter mere speculation and conjecture. It is not a pitched battle between believer and unbeliever—far from that, is it not the case that large numbers of those who deny or doubt, equally with those who admit and insist upon, the punishment of the wicked being everlasting, "profess and call themselves Christians?" It is, after all, a simple wrangle between Bible students, with little probability of one being convinced by the other, as to the precise force and significance of certain Scripture expressions—a confusion of tongues, to which there is no human or earthly prospect of a satisfactory termination. What real good, therefore, is to be accomplish-



ed by making mixed and promiscuous companies of listeners, or readers witnesses of a conflict so unlikely of authoritative settlement? Time is too short to permit of turning aside from vital points and issues, affecting the life that now is, to theorize and dogmatize about possibilities connected with that which is to come. We learn as much from the utterance contained in the text. In it there is conveyed a caution against expending precious energy and opportunities upon futile efforts to unravel mysteries evidently beyond finite understanding. There is no benefit, to ourselves or to others, in debating, as so many do with unaccountable warmth, upon topics concerning which God has not given a full revelation. Future punishment is one of these. We cannot speak or feel confidently about either its form or duration. What does it all amount to, when done, that one set of verbal critics, in the exposition of those passages which bear upon it, should contradict another set; both, for the most part, resting their separate assertions upon little or nothing more than the construction and meaning of isolated terms, phrases and sentences? How much better, and a much more excellent way, for each of us to take home, and act upon, the heavenly admonition addressed to the Prophet, "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days!" Why should we not go on our way, instead of going out of our way to, on the one hand, hug views touching the punishment of the unrepentant, which, if realized, must make that state one of endless misery and torment, or, on the other hand, weave conceptions which, if not realized, must add the smart of cruel delusion and disappointment to the curse and blank of utter hopelessness and despair? There is nothing clearer than that man cannot dispel the mists which gather around this solemn question—it is not pretorided by even the most gifted and erudite that he can, and the confession of one and all is that it is so hedged in as to render all dealing with it purely a matter of supposition or sentiment. It is sufficient for us to believe in the existence and mission of a hell, as set forth in the word of God, and assented to by almost universal Christendom. As Canon Farrar puts it

in his now work on "Eternal Hope," "That there is a terrible retribution upon impenitent sin both here and hereafter; that without holiness no man can ever see the Lord, that sin cannot be forgiven till it is forsaken and repented of, that the doom which falls on sin is both merciful and just, we are all agreed. Surely in this comprehensive article of faith there are enough "terrors of the Lord" to persuade every soul to "flee from the wrath to come." We do not need either to go the further length, or to reject the conclusions, of the eloquent divine whom I have just quoted, in accepting that article of faith and governing ourselves accordingly. Is not the course, so indicated, one dictated alike by prudence, wisdom and the highest self-interest? It commends itself to both conscience and reason. We had among us, the other day, one who, without altogether discarding the hope of restitution being extended to the partakers of future punishment, argues against all or any relying upon an only problematic deliverance. Jos. Cook of Boston, in a recent address in that city, expressed himself in language which so strikes upon the ear as to at once point out our most fitting attitude towards the eternal world, "For one," he declares, "I have made up my mind not to go out of this life trusting my chances of eternal peace to the opportunity of repentance after death. We profess to revere the scientific method. Let me try here a serious experiment. Nothing tests a doctrine like acting it out. How many are there that are willing to trust their chances of eternal peace to the possibility of repentance after death? Am I willing to advise any friend to trust his chance of eternal peace to an opportunity of repentance after death? Not I. But as much as any man or woman is dear to me by so much should I advise them to be shy of going hence, trusting their eternal future and its peace to an opportunity of repentance beyond the grave. If I cannot advise them to trust to repentance after death, I have no right to advise the ages to do so. As a practical matter, the question for me is settled by a simple appeal to individual seriousness. You are not willing, I am not willing, to take the leap into the Unseen, depending on the

chance of repentance after death: and if we are not willing to do that ourselves, God forbid we should teach others to do what we will not do!" Is there any of us who will refuse to say Amen to the words of this Christian philosopher? And yet, all this will not prevent many clinging to the hope of there being, for those who are so perverse and rebellious as to die in their sins, "sunrise beyond the gloom" of outer darkness. Every generation has had its advocates of this hope. It will be well for us not to build, but there will always be found those who will dwell, upon its fulfilment. Is such a pity-begotten thought to be only denounced? My amazement is that it is not the largest number who entertain and embrace it. The late Norman McLeod, who was one of those who could not endorse it, once said, "Who can with his human heart silence a timid voice which asks in whispers many questions suggestive of what would appear to be the brighter hope? Who can limit (in some such form might those questionings be put) the resources of God's infinite love and wisdom?" And Canon Farrar remarks, "it is really painful to think that, in this matter, the Roman Catholic Church, so rigidly tenacious of what she conceives to be purity of doctrine, so intensely opposed to anything remotely resembling the spirit of scepticism, so inflexibly resolute in opposition to heresies, so rich in her motherhood of saintly souls, has held a doctrine more merciful, less void of pity, than the current belief of modern Protestants." Who are right—whether they who cannot but believe, or they whose judgment forbids their believing, the possibility of the restoration of those whom we call the lost? Oh! how blessed that it belongs not to man, not even to the Churches, to decide this all-important question—that the salvation of poor man, either now or hereafter, is not left to the tender mercies of a majority or any of its own kind! I knew not how others have felt, but to me it has often been most excruciating to observe the manner in which some bodies of religious people have approached, and deliberated upon, the awful subject of the future punishment of the wicked. Who cannot recall the remembrance of bitter and repeated discussions in ecclesiastical assem-

blies which, for weeks continuously, fiercely surged around an expression, most unwise but without honest, of doubt as to the eternity of that punishment—discussions which were remarkable, not only for the glibness with which the most terrible truths were spoken of, but also for the strangely incongruous jocularities with which they were interlarded, and by which their tediousness was relieved? As little can we forget the spectacle of audiences of hundreds or thousands met to listen to uncompromising condemnation of all such doubt, and applauding to the echo opinions, the divine sanction and ratification of which, while they were conscientiously held by the speaker, must be, to a large proportion of his hearers, the most fatal of calamities. God be praised that He himself keeps the eternal issues in His own hand? We can afford to smile at the impotence of man to destroy, any more than to save, the impenitent—our weakness and inconsistencies do not interfere with the play and power of His grace. We are not told, in so many words, if there is, or is to be, a Gospel message proclaimed in the pit and prison-house of Satan. But we are confident that whatever the Heavenly Father ordains to be the sinner's final destiny will be the prompting alike of His justice and love. He will perfect that which concerns all His creatures in the time and way which to Him seem best. He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, and is not willing that any should perish. Each of us should say (in the language of one of the Psalms of David) "My expectation is from Him." The more perplexed any soul is, the more nearly should it go to Him.

"I falter where I firmly trod;  
And, falling with my weight of cares,  
Upon the great world's altar stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God,  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

If not from Him, I know not from whom there is any chance of that "larger hope" being realized. Catechisms, confessions of faith, standards generally, of churches and sects, and the strict interpretation of scripture have all pronounced against it. But, if He wills it, Who is "merciful

and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth," who will gainsay? His commandment and charity are exceeding broad; and bleeding humanity, lying, like Job, amid the ashes of its degradation, may appropriately take up the resolve, with which that patriarch flung away from the miserable comforters who lashed his soul with their cutting words, and cry out of the depths, "I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause." He has made our life-path plain before us. It is an angel from Heaven, inspired by Him, who says to each of us "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shall rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

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## The Monthly Record.

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MAY, 1878.

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### HOLIDAYS, HO!

St. John's congregation, St. Ellarion, and St. Philip's congregation, Westville, have this season taken the lead in setting a good example to other congregations. They have voted their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Dunn, six weeks' holidays. Nay more, notwithstanding the depression in trade, and the hard times generally, they have resolved to add fifty dollars to his stipend. We commend the considerateness and liberality of these congregations, and congratulate the worthy pastor, Mr. Dunn, on the well merited mark of his people's attachment to him, and their appreciation of his "abundant labors" among them. How many of our congregations are willing and prepared to follow the above good example?

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### HERE AND AWAY AGAIN.

The Rev. Mr. Hutcheson has been in our midst laboring for a short season, and has returned to the more extensive

fields of the Upper Provinces. His visit and labors here happened unfortunately during the "drizzly weather" in the latter part of March and first part of April, when the roads were barely passable, and consequently the attendance at church *thin*. To a stranger among strangers, the gloom overhead, the mire under foot, the frown of despondency on almost every face, the lack of enthusiasm in church matters, together with the absence of an expected call to the pastorate, were a severe ordeal indeed. We cannot blame him for longing to be away from a land on which the sun did not appear to him to shine, but we are sorry that he did not tarry a little longer, and the reappearing of sunshine, the sweet song of the warblers of spring, and the joy lit countenances of many friends would enable him to carry back with him more pleasing impressions of the garden of Nova Scotia!

EAST RIVER.—Last month we had the pleasure of being present at the annual meeting of St. Paul's congregation. This congregation deserve credit for diligence and liberality. The house they built for their minister is fit for an Archbishop. We hope the present incumbent may be spared to grow old amongst them, and for many years to come, to dispense his usual bountiful hospitality from its spacious halls.

The congregation propose to hold a tea-festival or Strawberry Carnival, to raise funds to pay off some debt still remaining. We recommend every young kirkman in the county to take a holiday that day, and give them his countenance as well as his pecuniary assistance.

F.

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The Rev. P. Galbraith has been off duty for the last few weeks, owing to illness.

☞ The Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, and late of Halifax, is winning golden opinions alike from Professors and students.

☞ By appointment of Presbytery the Rev. Wm. McMillan will preach (D. V.) at New Glasgow, on Sabbath 19th May at 11 a. m., and at Fisher's Grant at 3 p. m.

McLELLAN'S MOUNTAIN.—Our readers will see by the list of contributors to the Supplementing Fund published in this number of the RECORD, that McLellan's Mountain has done remarkably well.

☞ The Rev. Professor Allan Pollok, D. D., has left for Great Britain for a three months holiday. He will likely spend the balance of his summer vacation in Pict Co.

COMMENDABLE GENEROSITY.—NEW GLASGOW.—St. Andrew's congregation, New Glasgow, have resolved to pay Rev. Mr. Coull the balance of stipend, from the date of his resignation to the middle of December, being the end of the financial year of the congregation.

CATECHISTS.—We are glad to learn that Mr. McKenzie, student, has returned from college, and has entered on his labours as Catechist for the summer season.

Mr. McLeod has also arrived, and will in the meantime labour as a missionary.

ON Thursday evening, 2nd May, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith were waited upon at the Manse, by two daughters of Mr. Jas. McDonald, Auchinhard, and presented by them with a beautiful home-made Dining Room carpet. The wool was all collected by Miss Bella McDonald, from different families belonging to the congregation; and the carpet was woven by her aunt, Miss Mary McDonald.

This is only one of many acts of kindness which Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith have experienced at the hands of Mr. McDonald and his family since their coming to Hopewell.

The Rev. Mr. Coull, whose health during the greater part of the winter has been very indifferent, has tendered his resignation of the pastorate of St. Andrew's congregation New Glasgow, and intends to try what effect another climate may have upon his health.

The sermon in the present number is from the pen of the Rev. Gavin Lang, the talented pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal. In it he treats in a masterly, practical manner, a subject that is at present occupying the brain and pen of many prominent divines, and discussed variously by the wise and otherwise!

DR. LAMONT.—We are sorry to learn that the Rev. Dr. Lamont, who declined the call of the Salt Springs congregation last fall, has been recently visited by very severe affliction. His beloved partner, and his four children fell victims to diphtheria and he is now a *widower* and *childless*. We sincerely sympathize with him in his "night of sorrow."

## HOLIDAYS.

ST. PAUL'S, E. R.—At their annual meeting held on the 30th April, St Paul's congregation, East River, unanimously voted their pastor five weeks leave of absence, for recreation during the summer months. This is only one of many acts of this congregation's considerateness towards their pastor.

## COMMUNIONS.

With a view to help intending communicants we subjoin a few paragraphs from an excellent little work in the subject prepared and published by Rev Mr. Rankin.

Many who are in earnest with regard to the "things that accompany salvation" are through ignorance or wrong impressions kept back from mingling with the "children of the kingdom" in celebrating the death of the Saviour and deprive themselves of much comfort, and sweet fellowship with him who is the chief among ten thousand and altogether

lively." Hoping the following helps will shed some light on their pathway, and dispel the darkness that hitherto robbed them of spiritual nourishment and divine fellowship we give them a place in the RECORD.

AS TO FIRST COMMUNION.—The first communion is a date of singular importance in the religious life of every member of the Christian Church. It is the earliest public solemn profession of Christianity on personal responsibility. It goes back to the dedication and vows connected with Baptism—where the responsibility was on the part of the parents—and, as it were, adopts and renews these. Accordingly, the first communion ought not to be too long deferred: it may take place with all propriety between the ages of fifteen and twenty. It is a step eminently fitted by God's blessing to give steadiness and decision to character of youth, to be a safeguard against many temptations, and to bespeak the freshest and most vigorous efforts of mind and heart for the work of Christ on earth. According to the best expositors of Luke, ii. 41-52, Jesus Himself, at the age of twelve years, affords an example to young in joining the Church. At that age Jewish youth became "sons of law"—members of the sacred commonwealth of Israel.

There is no hint in the New Testament of any separate rite intermediate between Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Confirmation, which the Roman Church calls a sacrament, and the English Church makes an Episcopal function or rite, has only an imaginary root in the following texts—Acts, viii. 14-17, xv. 32, 41, xix. 5, 6; Heb. vi. 2. It is exceedingly desirable that when young communicants are first received the occasion should be duly and solemnly marked more than any subsequent occasion for partaking. Up to that reasonable point some ceremony like confirmation is justifiable; but, as a special function only valid when done by a bishop, it has no Scripture authority, and in its very theory is derogatory to the ordinary Christian ministry and the Christian Sacrament. Why should the two Sacraments themselves be intrusted to a certain minister, and the

same person be deemed incompetent for that rite which is only a connecting-link between them?

NO EXCUSE VALID FOR NEGLECT.—There are various unreasonable hindrances with this most blessed ordinance. Young persons are often afraid of an ordeal of questions, the answers to which test the power of memory and self-possession unduly. Some who have reached middle life before becoming communicants are ashamed to come publicly so late. Others are rendered unhappy and restrained by their keen sense of shortcoming from what a Christian should be. Others are perplexed by the difficult process of self-examination, which is occasionally performed so as to make a man's own varying feelings the object of contemplation, rather than the character and death of Jesus Christ. Again, some who have come looking too much to the ordinance as a means of good to themselves instead of a solemn festival in honour of their Lord, have felt disappointed in the partial absence of what they more immediately expected. Looking at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in its simplest and practical light as a commemoration of our Saviour's death, it ought not too greatly to be connected in the minds of communicants with rigid systems of question and answer, with intricate speculations as to the deeper doctrines involved in theories of sacrifice, or with a morbid prosecution of self-serutiny. Do I feel myself a sinful man? Do I believe that Jesus of Nazareth came from heaven to die for our sins? Do I adore Him as "my Lord and my God"? Am I striving, and do I trust in Him to help by His Spirit to live a godly, righteous, and sober life? He may well be a communicant who can to these things heartily say, Amen. And he who, having come to reasonable years, still delays becoming communicant, should think very seriously.—Have I so little to do with Jesus Christ that I cannot be one of those who celebrate that simple feast which is the monument of His own appointment, to every succeeding age, of His death?

Is it unpreparedness? But he who is unprepared for this is unprepared for death—nay, for life itself properly con-

ducted. Is it unworthiness? But the feast is not for the self-satisfied and self-righteous, but for sinners. They partake most worthily who feel themselves least worthy. Is it because of past backsliding? But man's repentance and God's forgiveness will overcome these. If all backsliders stayed away, the Lord's Table would have no guests at all. Is it fear of fresh backsliding and falling away? "Satan hath asked to sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." God perfecteth His strength in man's weakness. Is it reluctance to make a Christian profession? But reluctance on this side is equivalent to readiness on the other side, to a profession of unbelief, disobedience, and worldiness. "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." Is it reluctance to abandon sinful practices dear to the heart or popular in the world? But he who is not willing to renounce the world, the devil, and the flesh, must part company with God and all saints, with peace here and glory hereafter. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

In fine, no objection can be truly reasonable, no difficulty really insuperable, so as to counterbalance in God's judgement the express command of His own Son—a command of exceeding solemnity for its date on the betrayed-night of the Saviour, and solemn further for its earnest personal appeal, "This do in remembrance of Me."

"Let no man, therefore, plead this or that in excuse for his not coming to the Lord's Table, but resolve hereafter carefully to perform so necessary a duty. Let the sinner quit his state of sin and death, and so come and eat of the bread of life. Let the ignorant come into the school of Christ, and proceed till they come to the highest form, to the upper room where this feast is celebrated. Let those who are at enmity with their neighbours also come; let them only first go and be reconciled to their brethren, and so let them offer their gift. Let those that have a multitude of worldly employments come; only let them leave

them as Abraham did his asses at the bottom of the mount, and so let them ascend to heaven in their thoughts, and converse with God. Let the weak come, that they may grow in strength; and let the strong come, that they may not grow weak. Let them who have tears come, that their hearts may be settled by the acts of a more lively faith; and let them come who have hopes, that they may rise to greater degrees of a humble confidence. Let those who have leisure accept of the invitation because they have no excuse; and let those who have but little leisure entertain it also, that they may the more sanctify their business and their employments. Let the sad and sorrowful approach, that their hearts may be filled with the joys of the Lord; and let those that rejoice in the Lord always approach, that their joy may be full."—BISHOP PATRICK.

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#### SELECTED.

The annual celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had been celebrated at a small kirk in the mountains of Perthshire, and as is usual in Scotland large crowds had assembled, but our story has chiefly to deal with four individuals: these were Angus McAlpin, his son Kenneth and their friends, Donald McAlpin and his wife: the former two had come from their home at Linnhead some miles distant, that morning while the latter lived five miles nearer Kirk. It being a cold February evening and their way being through Burnieside. Angus and his son entered the house of Donald McAlpin to rest, where they were kindly received and entertained. But after a little time they thought it was better to depart as night was now coming on. Donald accompanied them to the door and as there was every indication of an approaching storm, he urged them to remain till morning as part of their way was close by a precipice. But Angus reminded him of his loving wife and daughter at home who would be anxiously awaiting their arrival. So Donald yielded and they set off homewards. The storm was increasing but they heeded it not, for they thought only of home and the loving ones there awaiting them by its cheerful fireside. But they had now

come to the dangerous precipice overhanging the black lion and they threaded their way carefully, although the place was very familiar to them. Between the gusts they entertained each other by conversing about the services of the day, Kenneth saying to his father that he did not experimentally understand the Minister's subject, which was from 16th Psalm: the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble. His father making suitable comments, they trudged along till all at once Kenneth noticed that they had missed their path. At this they were greatly alarmed, and Kenneth was just saying, take care of yourself, I am trying to find--when the unfinished sentence told his father in the darkness that Kenneth was over the precipice. Imagine the grief of the poor father as he sought the path and made the best of his way home through the storm and darkness. How could he break the sad news to his loving Marion and his little daughter Lillia. At length he arrived and Lillia seeing him alone sprang to the door enquiring for her brother. But the poor father overcome with grief could only answer, "The Linn, the Linn, he's lost." The feelings of the once happy family can now be more easily imagined than described! How they spent the long dreary night watching for the dawn. As soon as the first rays of morning appeared, Angus set off to inform his neighbours of the melancholy event, and Kenneth being much beloved, a great number soon collected to try if possible to recover the body, for nothing more did they expect to find. Meanwhile the poor boy was in a condition very different from what they anticipated. Over the precipice he fell, doubtless, yet did not reach the bottom, for his fall was broken by some saplings that had taken root in the fissure of the crag. For some time he lay unconscious, stunned by the effects of his fall. Among the many thoughts that passed through his troubled mind was the text, which before he did not understand. He spent the night in prayer and in thinking over the many passages of Scripture with which his mind was stored. The person most noticed of the crowd assembled at the precipice was one Malcolm, a blacksmith who seems to have been very much attached to Ken-

neth, and who was foremost in peering over the brink to get a distinct view. The company were startled to hear him exclaim, "It is, it is!" but he suddenly stopped for fear of exciting hopes without foundation, till some others rushing forward and looking down could plainly observe a motion of the body, but could not be certain. but it might be caused by his weight or by the breeze swaying the branches.

Malcolm, not content with ordering some one to run for ropes, went away quickly to execute his own orders. The ropes soon came and were lowered, but poor Kenneth was so exhausted that he was not able to make use of them. They now began to fear that life was extinct. Just at this moment the Cameron minister of the parish, being on his way home from the aforementioned sacrament, came up riding his little Shetland pony. Surprised at seeing so many assembled there he inquired the cause, and it took but few words to explain. He quickly saw that some one must descend to Kenneth's aid. Malcolm readily volunteered to go. So the rope was findly tied round his waist, while the other end was fastened to a large oak tree growing near (this we might have mentioned was the tree by which Kenneth knew the preceding night that they had lost their path), and he being provided with a long stick to prevent his being swung against the rocks, Malcolm was ready to descend. He found poor Kenneth in such a weak state that he had to take his entire weight in his strong muscular arms, and then gave the signal to take up. This was accomplished with great difficulty.

The next task was to break the good news to the family at home. For this the Minister mounted his little poney and set off at a brisk rate, the rest slowly following bearing the still almost lifeless body of Kenneth. When he entered the cottage Marion rose to meet him, greeting him as one who had come to sympathize with them. Some of the neighbour women had come in that morning to console her during the absence of her husband and the rest, and so affected was the good minister by their tears and Marion's expression of grief, that it was some time before he could steady his voice to say to Marion, *the Lord's arm is*

not shortened that he cannot save and what is impossible with man is possible with God. Their expressions were now changed to those of surprise and joy. But the thoughtful minister soon quieted them by reminding them that much depended on their composure and attention to his personal comfort. He ordered them to prepare a warm bed on which Kenneth was soon laid with tender care. Notwithstanding the means used for his recovery, he soon sank into a fever which continued for some time, during which he seemed to live over again that terrible night on the precipice. But with careful nursing he was so far restored by the third Sabbath as to be able to go to Kirk with the help of his father and mother. The minister chose for his text that day the 1st verse of the 103rd Psalm, and it seems so appropriate to the occasion that many were deeply affected by his persuasions and exhortations, and the congregation united their thanksgiving for his being restored to his family, and prayed that he might be restored to health.

We may further add that Kenneth McAlpin lived to a good old age, and was for many years an eminent preacher of the gospel.

SUPPLEMENTING FUND.

COLLECTED AT MCLELLAN'S MOUNTAIN.

William McPherson	\$2 00
William McDonald	2 00
Alex. McPherson	1 00
Alex. McKenzie	1 00
Donald McDonald	1 00
Finlay McDonald	2 00
Alex. McDonald	50
Alex. McDonald, Elder	1 00
Finlay McDonald	1 00
James Cameron	50
Evan McDonald	1 00
Ellen McDonald	25
James McDonald	30
John Fraser	1 00
Widow Cameron	50
Duncan McDonald	1 00
Finlay McDonald	1 00

Hugh Cameron, P. S.	1 00
Alex. Cameron, P. S.	1 00
Peter Cameron	50
Mrs. P. Cameron	25
Hannah Cameron	25
Widow D. McDonald	75
Mrs. Angus Cameron	50
Evan McDonald	1 00
Jas. Cameron, S. S.	1 00
John Cameron	1 00
Hugh Cameron, H. S.	40
Kenneth McLellan	25
Alex. Fraser	1 00
John Fraser	50
A Friend	50
Duncan Fraser	1 00
John Fraser (tailor)	50
Annie Fraser	25
Alex. Cameron	1 00
William Cameron	1 00
William McGillivray	1 00
Alex. Fraser, Ban	1 00
Kenneth McKenzie	1 50
Jas. Fraser, Ban	1 00
Jas. Fraser, W. S.	1 00
Widow William Fraser	55
Rev. W. Stewart	20 00
Donald McDonald, Elder	1 00
Dan. Cameron	1 00
John McPherson, R. S.	1 00
Alex. Ross	1 00
Donald McGregor	50
Mrs. A. Fraser	25
Alex. Cameron, R. S.	50
John Fraser, Elder	1 00
Dan. G. Fraser	1 00
John S. Fraser	1 00
John Naismith	1 00
Donald McPherson, miller	1 00
William McDonald	1 00
Alex. Cook	1 00
Dan. McGregor, U. Brook	4 00
Mrs. McGillivray	1 00
William Fraser, Esq	1 00
Dan. Fraser	1 00
Archibald Fraser	1 00
Thomas Fraser	1 00
Total	\$78 00

Collected by Misses Mary Gray and Christina McLean, for West Branch Manse debt \$19.60.



# List of Agents for the Record.

Rev. W. McMillan, Bridgeville.  
 Hugh McLean, West River Station.  
 Robert Maxwell, Lime Rock, West River.  
 Kenneth Sutherland, Watervale, West River.  
 James McLeod, Saltsprings.  
 George Sutherland, Six Mile Brook.  
 James Hislop, Pictou.  
 Postmaster, New Glasgow.  
 Postmaster, Stellarton.  
 Postmaster, Westville.  
 Rev. A. J. MacKichan, Barney's River.  
 George Gunn, Truro.  
 Rev. J. W. Fraser, Scotsburn.  
 John McKenzie, Scotsburn.  
 John McLean, Roger's Hill.  
 Alexander McDonald, (Bsmith,) Scotsburn.  
 John McKay, Elder, Millville.  
 Alexander McLellan, Millville.  
 Alexander McDonald, Elder, West River Station.  
 Daniel McKenzie, Gairloch.  
 John Sutherland, Mill Brook.  
 James McLeod, Glengary.  
 John K. McDonald, (Merchant) Pictou.  
 John Sutherland, Three Mile House.  
 John Grant, Irish Mountain.  
 Donald McDougald, Loch Side St. Peters, C. B.  
 William Grant, (Tanner) Springville.  
 A. McDonald, (Piper), Bridgeville.  
 Alexander McDonald, (Roy) Bridgeville.  
 Alexander McDonald, Sunny Brae.

Samuel Fraser, Bridgeville.  
 George McLeod, West River.  
 Alexander Sutherland, Scotch Hill.  
 Donald Fraser, Carriboo.  
 Murdoch McKenzie, Three Brooks, Carriboo.  
 John Fraser, Glengary.  
 John Ross, Scotch Hill.  
 Alexander McQuarrie, Hardwood Hill.  
 Wm. A. McDonald, Kempton, Colchester County.  
 Alexander McKenzie, Carriboo Island.  
 William McDonald, (Elder) Gairloch.  
 James McKay, Esq., Earltown.  
 Rev. P. Galbraith, Hopewell.  
 Donald Gray, Cape John.  
 Alexander Fraser, Toney River.  
 Rev. W. Stewart, McLennan's Brook.  
 Wm. M. McPherson, McPherson's Mills, S. R.  
 Kenneth J. McKenzie, West Branch, River John.  
 Robert Douglass, Logansville.  
 Wm. McLeod, Tatamagouche River, Colchester.  
 Murdoch McKenzie, Upper North River.  
 Capt. Angus Cameron, River Inhabitants, C. B.  
 Allan McQuarrie, Cape Mabou, Cape Breton.  
 George Baillie, Port Hastings, Cape Breton.  
 Joseph Hart, Esq., Baddeck, Cape Breton.  
 Angus McKay, Plainfield, Pictou County.  
 Rev. R. McCunn, River John.  
 W. G. Pender, Halifax.  
 Neil McDonald, Lake Ainslie.  
 Charles Fraser, St. Pauls, East River.

THE

## Monthly Record

FOR 1878.

—IT HAS BEEN ARRANGED THAT—

## THE MONTHLY RECORD,

OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and adjoining  
 Provinces, shall be continued as *last year*.

Ministers will be kind enough to see that arrangements are made in all our congregations to have a

subscriber in every family

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