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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

NOVEMBER, 1868.



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PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA :

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE COLONIAL STANDARD.

Terms—62½ cents payable in advance. No subscriptions received for a less term than six months.

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Sept 1867.

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THE

MONTHLY RECORD

—OF THE—

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

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

THE OFFICE OF THE "COLONIAL STANDARD,"

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

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

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

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

NO. 11.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget its cunning."—Psalm 57., v 13.

Sermon

BY THE REV. FREDERICK Wm. ROBERTSON,

LATE INCUMBENT OF

Trinity Chapel, Brighton.

The Restoration of the Erring.

"Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Gal. vi. 1, 2.

It would be a blessed thing for our Christian society if we could contemplate sin from the same point of view from which Christ and His Apostles saw it. But in this matter society is ever oscillating between two extremes, undue laxity and undue severity.

In one age of the Church, the days of Donatism for instance, men refuse the grace of repentance to those who have erred: holding that baptismal privileges once forfeited cannot be got back: that for a single distinct lapse there is no restoration.

In another age, the Church, having found out its error, and discovered the danger of setting up an impassible standard, begins to confer periodical absolutions and penary indulgences, until sin, easily forgiven, is as easily committed.

And so too with societies and legislatures. In one period puritanism is dominant and morals severe. There are no small faults. The statute-book is defiled with the red mark of blood set opposit. innumerable mis-

demeanours. In an age still earlier, the destruction of wild animals is punished like the murder of a man. Then in another period we have such a medley of sentiments and sickliness that we have lost all our bearings, and cannot tell what is vice and what is goodness. Charity and toleration degenerate into that feeble dreaminess which refuses to be roused by stern views of life.

This contrast too, may exist in the same age, nay, in the same individual. One man gifted with talent, or privileged by rank, outrages all decency: the world smiles, calls it eccentricity, forgives, and is very merciful and tolerant. Then some one unshielded by these advantages, endorsed neither by wealth nor birth, sins—not to one-tenth, nor one ten-thousandth part of the same extent; society is seized with a virtuous indignation—rises up in wrath—asks what is to become of the morals of the community if these things are committed; and protects its proprieties by a rigorous exclusion of the offender, cutting off the bridge behind him against his return for ever.

Now the Divine Character of the New Testament is shown in nothing more signally than in the stable ground from which it views this matter, in comparison with the shifting and uncertain standing-point from whence the world sees it. It says, never retracting nor bating, "The wages of sin is death." It speaks sternly with no weak sentiment, "Go, sin no more, lest a worse thing happen thee." But then it accepts every excuse, admits every palliation: looks upon this world of temptation and these frail human hearts of ours, not from the cell of a

monk or the study of a recluse, but in a large, real way; accepts the existence of sin as a fact, without affecting to be shocked or startled: assumes that it must needs be that offences come, and deals with them in a large noble way, as the results of a disease which must be met,—which should be, and which can be, cured.

I. The Christian view of other men's sin.

II. The Christian power of restoration.

1. The first thing noticeable in the Apostle's view of sin is, that he looks upon it as if it might be sometimes the result of a surprise. "If a man be overtaken in a fault." In the original, it is anticipated, taken suddenly in front. As if circumstances had been beforehand with the man: as if sin, supposed to be left far behind, had on a sudden got in front, tripped him up, or led him into ambush.

All sins are not of this character. There are some which are in accordance with the general bent of our disposition: and the opportunity of committing them was only the first occasion for manifesting what was in the heart: so that if they had not been committed then, they probably would or must have been at some other time, and looking back to them we have no right to lay the blame on circumstances—we are to accept the penalty as a severe warning meant to show what was in our hearts.

There are other sins of a different character. It seems as if it were not in us to commit them. They were so to speak unnatural to us: you were going quietly on your way, thinking no evil, suddenly temptation, for which you were not prepared, presented itself, and before you knew where you were, you were in the dust, fallen.

As for instance, when a question is suddenly put to a man which never ought to be put, touching a secret of his own or another's. Had he the presence of mind or adroitness, he might turn it aside, or refuse to reply. But being unprepared and at costed suddenly, he says hastily that which is irreconcilable with strict truth: then to substantiate and make it look probable, misrepresents or invents something else: and so he has woven round himself a mesh which will entangle his conscience through many a weary day and many a sleepless night.

It is shocking, doubtless, to allow ourselves even to admit that this is possible: yet no one knowing human nature from men and not from books, will deny that this might befall even a brave and true man. St. Peter was both: yet this was his history. In a crowd, suddenly, the question was put directly, "This man also was with Jesus of Nazareth." Then came a prevarication—a lie: and yet another. This was a sin of surprise. He was overtaken in a fault.

Every one of us admits the truth of this in his own case. Looking back to past life, he feels that the errors which have most terribly determined his destiny were the result

of mistake. Inexperience, a hasty promise, excess of trust, incaution, nay, even a generous devotion, have been fearfully, and as it seems to us, inadequately chastised. There may be some undue tenderness to ourselves when we thus palliate the past: still a great part of such extenuation is only justice.

Now the Bible simply requires that we should judge others by the same rule by which we judge ourselves. The law of Christ demands that what we plead in our own case, we should admit in the case of others. Believe that in this or that case which you judge so harshly, the heart in its deeps did not consent to sin, nor by preference love what is hateful: simply admit that such an one may have been overtaken in a fault. This is the large law of Charity.

1. Again, the apostle considers a fault as that which has left a burden on the erring spirit. "Bear ye one another's burden." For we cannot say to the laws of God I was overtaken. We live under stern and unrelenting laws, which permit no excuse and never heard of a surprise. They never send a man who has failed once, back to try a second chance. There is no room for a mistake; you play against them for your life: and they exact the penalty inexorably, "Every man must bear his own burden." Every law has its own appropriate penalty: and the wonder of it is that often the severest penalty seems set against the smallest transgression: we suffer more for our vices than our crimes: we pay dearer for our imprudences than even for our deliberate wickedness.

Let us examine this a little more closely. One burden laid on fault, is that a chain of entanglement which seems to drag down to fresh sins. One step necessitates many others. One fault leads to another, and crime to crime. The soul gravitates downward beneath its burden. It was profound knowledge indeed which prophetically refused to limit Peter's sin to once. "Verily I say unto thee . . . thou shalt deny Me thrice."

We will try to describe that sense of burden. A fault has the power sometimes of distorting life till all seems hideous and unnatural. A man who has left his proper nature, and seems compelled to say and do things unnatural and in false show, who has thus become untrue to himself,—to his life and the whole universe becomes untrue. He can grasp nothing—he does not stand on fact—he is living as in a dream—himself a dream. All is ghastly, unreal, spectral. A burden is on him as of a nightmare. He moves about in nothingness, and shadows, as if he were not. His own existence swiftly passing, might seem a phantom life were it not for the corroding pang of anguish in his soul, for this at least is real!

2. Add to this, the burden of the heart weighing on itself.

It has been truly said that the human heart is like the millstone, which, if there be wheat beneath it, will grind to purposes of health; if not, will grind still, at the will of the wild wind, but on itself. So does the heart wear out itself, against its own thought. One fixed idea—one remembrance, and no other—one stationary, wearing anguish. This is remorse, passing into despair; itself the goad to fresh and wilder crimes.

The worst of such a burden is that it keeps down the soul from good. Many an ethereal spirit, which might have climbed the heights of holiness, and breathed the rare and difficult air of the mountain top, where the heavenliest spirituality alone can live, is weighed down by such an one, mark his history—without restoration, his career is done. That soul will not grow henceforth.

3. The burden of a secret.

Some here know the weight of an uncommunicated sin. They know how it lies like ice upon the heart. They know how dreadful a thing the sense of hypocrisy is; the knowledge of inward depravity, while all without looks pure as snow to men.

How heavy this weight may be, we gather from these indications. First, from this strange, psychological fact. A man with a guilty secret will tell out the tale of his crimes as under the personality of another: a mysterious necessity seems to force him to utterance. As in the old fable of him who breathed out his weighty secret to the reeds: a remarkable instance of this is afforded in the case of that murderer, who, from the richness of his gifts and the enormity of his crime, is almost an historical personage, who having become a teacher of youth, was in the habit of narrating to his pupils the anecdote of his crime, with all the circumstantial particularity of fact; but all the while under the guise of a pretended dream. Such men tread for ever on the verge of a confession: they seem to take a fearful pleasure in talking of their guilt, as if the heart could not bear its own burden, but must give it *outness*.

Again, it is evidenced by the attempt to get relief in profuse and general acknowledgments of guilt. They adopt the language of religion: they call themselves "vile dust and miserable sinners." The world takes generally what they mean particularly. But they get no relief, they only deceive themselves; for they have turned the truth itself into a falsehood, using true words which they know convey a false impression, and getting praise for humility instead of punishment for guilt. They have used all the effort and suffered all the pang, which it would have cost them to get real relief; and they have not got it: and the burden unacknowledged remains a burden still.

The third indication we have of the heaviness of this burden is the commonness of the longing for confession. None but a minister of the gospel can estimate this: he

only, who looking round his congregation, can point to person after person whose wild tale of guilt or sorrow he is cognizant of; who can remember how often similar griefs were trembling upon lips which did not unburden themselves: whose heart being the receptacle of the anguish of many, can judge what is in human hearts; he alone can estimate how much there is of sin and crime lying with the weight and agony of concealment on the spirits of our brethren.

The fourth burden is an intuitive consciousness of the hidden sin of other hearts.

To two states of soul it is given to detect the presence of evil; states the opposite of each other—innocence and guilt.

It was predicted of the Saviour while yet a child, that by Him the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed: the fulfilment of this was the history of His Life. He went through the world, by His innate purity detecting the presence of evil, as He detected the touch of her who touched His garment in the crowd.

Men, supposed spotless before, fell down before Him crying, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" This in a lower degree is true of all innocence: you would think that one who can deeply read the human heart and track its windings must be deeply experienced in evil. But it is not so,—at least not always. Purity can detect the presence of the evil which it does not understand: just as the dove which has never seen a hawk, trembles at its presence: and just as a horse rears uneasily when the wild beast unknown and new to it is near, so innocence understands, yet understands not the meaning of the unholy look, the guilty tone, the sinful manner. It shudders and shrinks from it by a power given to it, like that which God has conferred on the unreasoning mimosa. Sin gives the same power, but differently. Innocence apprehends the approach of evil, by the instinctive tact of contrast. Guilt by the instinctive consciousness of similarity. It is the profound truth contained in the history of the Fall. The eyes are opened: the knowledge of good and evil has come. The soul knows its own nakedness: but it knows also the nakedness of all other souls which have sinned after the similitude of its own sin.

Very marvellous is that that power of guilt: it is vain to think of eluding its fine capacity of penetration. Intimations of evil are perceived and noted, when to other eyes all seem pure. The drooping of an eye—the shunning of a subject—the tremulousness of a tone—the peculiarity of a subterfuge, will tell the tale. "These are tendencies like mine, and here is a spirit conscious as my own is conscious."

This dreadful burden the Scriptures call the knowledge of good and evil: can we not all remember the salient sense of happiness, which we had when all was innocent? when

crime was the tale of some far distant hemisphere, and the guilt we heard of was not suspected in the hearts of the beings around us: and can we recollect too, how by our own sin, or the cognisance of other's sin, there came a something which hung the heavens with shame and guilt, and all around seemed laden with evil? This is the worst burden that comes from transgression: loss of faith in human goodness: the being sentenced to go through life haunted with a presence from which we cannot escape: the presence of Evil in the hearts of all that we approach.

II. The Christian power of restoration: "Ye which are spiritual, restore such an one."

First then, restoration is possible. That is a Christian fact. Moralists have taught us what sin is: they have explained how it twines itself into habit: they have shown us its ineffaceable character. It was reserved for Christianity to speak of restoration. Christ, and Christ only, has revealed that he who has erred may be restored, and made pure and clean and whole again.

Next however, observe that this restoration is accomplished by men. Causatively, of course, and immediately, restoration is the Work of Christ and of God the Spirit. Mediatly and instrumentally, it is the work of men. "Brethren . . . restore such an one." God has given to man the power of elevating his brother man. He has conferred on His Church the power of the keys to bind and loose, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." It is therefore in the power of man, by his conduct, to restore, his brother, or to hinder his restoration. He may loose him from his sins, or retain their power upon his soul.

Now the words of the text confine us to two modes in which this is done: by sympathy and by forgiveness. "Bear ye one another's burdens."

By sympathy: We Protestants have one unvarying sneer ready for the system of the Romish confessional. They confess we say, for the sake of absolution, that absolved they may sin again. A shallow, superficial sneer, as all sneers are. In that craving of the heart which gives the system of the Confession its dangerous power, there is something far more profound than any sneer can fathom. It is not the desire to sin again that makes men long to unburden their consciences; but it is the yearning to be true, which lies at the bottom, even of the most depraved hearts, to appear what they are and to lead a false life no longer: and besides this, it is the desire of sympathy. For this comes out of that dreadful sense of loneliness which is the result of sinning;—the heart severed from God, feels severed from all other hearts; goes alone as if it had neither part nor lot with other men; itself a shadow among shadows. And its craving is for sympathy: it wants

some human heart to know what it feels. Thousands upon thousands of laden hearts around us are crying, Come and bear my burden with me: and observe here, the apostle says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Nor let the priest bear the burden of all: that were most unjust. Why should the priest's heart be the common receptacle of all the crimes and wickedness of a congregation? "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Again, by forgiveness. There is a truth in the doctrine of absolution. God has given to man the power to absolve his brother, and so restore him to himself. The forgiveness of man is an echo and an earnest of God's forgiveness. He whom society has restored realizes the possibility of restoration to God's favour. Even the mercifulness of one good man sounds like a voice of pardon from heaven: just as the power and the exclusion of men sound like a knell of hopelessness, and do actually bind the sin upon the soul. The man whom society will not forgive and restore is driven into recklessness. This is the true Christian doctrine of absolution, as expounded by the Apostle Paul, 2 Cor. ii 7-10. The degrading power of severity, the restoring power of pardon, vested in the Christian community, the voice of the minister being but their voice.

Now let us enquire into the Christianity of our society. Restoration is the essential work of Christianity. The Gospel is the declaration of God's sympathy and God's pardon. In these two particulars, then, what is our right to be called a Christian community?

Suppose that a man is overtaken in a fault. What does he or what shall he do? Shall he retain it unacknowledged, or go through life a false man? God forbid. Shall he then acknowledge it to his brethren, that they by sympathy and merciful caution may restore him? Well, but is it not certain that it is exactly from those to whom the name of "brethren" most peculiarly belongs that he will not receive assistance? Can a man in mental doubt go to the members of the same religious communion? Does he not know that they precisely are the ones who will frown upon his doubts, and proclaim his sins? Will a clergyman unburden his mind to his brethren in the ministry? Are they not in their official rigour the least capable of largely understanding him? If a woman be overtaken in a fault, will she tell it to her sister-woman? Or does she not feel instinctively, that her sister-woman is ever the most harsh, the most severe, and the most ferocious judge?

Well, you sneer at the confessional; you complain that mistaken ministers of the Church of England are restoring it amongst us. But who are they that are forcing on the confessional? who drive laden and broken hearts to pour out their long pent-up sorrows into any ear that will receive them? I say it

is we? we by our uncharitableness; we by our want of sympathy and unmerciful behaviour; we by the unchristian way in which we break down the bridge behind the penitent, and say, "On, on in sin—there is no retreating."

Finally, the apostle tells us the spirit in which this is to be done, and assigns a motive for the doing it. The mode is "in the spirit of meekness." For Satan cannot cast out Satan. Sin cannot drive out sin. For instance, my anger cannot drive out another man's covetousness; my petulance or anger cannot expel another's extravagance. The meekness of Christ alone has power. The charity which desires another's goodness above his well being; that alone succeeds in the work of restoration.

The motive is, "considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." For sin is the result of inclination or weakness, combined with opportunity. It is therefore in a degree the offspring of circumstances. Go to the hulks, the jail, the penitentiary, the penal colony, statistics will almost mark out for you beforehand the classes which have furnished the inmates, and the exact proportion of the delinquency of each class. You will not find the wealthy there, nor the noble—nor those guided by the fences of social life; but the poor, and the uneducated, and the frail, and the defenceless. Can you gravely surmise that this regular tabulation depends upon the superior virtue of one class compared with others? Or must you admit that the majority of those who have not fallen are safe because they are not tempted? Well, then, St. Paul says "considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted," it is as if he had written—Proud Pharisee of a man, complacent in thine integrity, who thankest God that thou art "not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, or as this Publican," hast thou gone through the terrible ordeal and came off with unscathed virtue? Or art thou in all these points simply untried? Proud Pharisee of a woman, who passest by an erring sister with an haughty look of conscious superiority, dost thou know what temptation is, with strong feeling and mastering opportunity? Shall the rich cut crystal which stands on the table of the wealthy man, protected from dust and injury, boast that it has escaped the flaws, and the cracks, and the fractures which the earthen jar has sustained, exposed and subjected to rough and general uses? O man or woman! thou who wouldst be a Pharisee, consider, thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

—O—

(From the *North British Daily Mail*.)
"DINNER DAY."

SIR,—Passing along East George Street the other day, I found myself suddenly in the

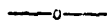
midst of a crowd of little folks. "What is going on here," I asked of a little ragged bare-headed girl, who was energetically pushing her way forward. "Please, 'tis the dinner-day," was the reply, and in further explanation a ticket, partially wrapped in newspaper, was held aloft for a moment. It was holiday time, and I thought I could not do better than pay a visit to "The Destitute Children's Dinner Table," which was open to the public. I knew it was close upon the hour, and the ticket-holders began to pour in thick and fast. Some were mere infants, none were above ten years old I should say, without a solitary exception each was a sad specimen of grim poverty. Such a gathering of tattered demials! Every face, however, is clean, and here and there a smooth head pops up amongst the 'tousie' assemblage. The hour strikes and the excitement of the ticket-holders increases, family groups are broken up, and junior members are left to shift for themselves in the general scramble at the door. "Come on, Johnny." "Gang forward, Marv Ann." "Mind the waen's head there, Sarah." "Oh! keep aff my tea." "Here's wee blind Nelly, let her in first." Above the tumult the voice of Mr. Chase rose distinct and clear—"Now then, children, one at a time, and no pushing, there is room for all." And straightway the fluttering rags calm down, and composure is restored amongst the guests. The present 'dining room' is 280 East George Street, and is rather small to show the company to advantage. Two hundred children, however, are accommodated with close packing. As the brilliant summer sunshine streams through the open windows the spectacle is one of strange and moving interest—two hundred little creatures representing childhood in every stage; but not childhood as you meet it on the sunny side of life, my friend—a plump little image of well-cared for humanity, all dimpling smiles and rippling sunshine, and blooming graceful beauty. Those pale pinched little faces look old in life's bitter experience, and the burden of three-score years seem to weigh down the drooping forms that belong to them. But all is ready and grace is going to be said. At a sign from the founder of the feast, the hungry eyes are closed, and the guests fold their hands to repeat the short prayer that precedes dinner. Then a momentary pause, in which all the ills of life are forgotten, and a gleam of sunshine flashes out upon every face. "Dinner is coming," the roast has arrived, and the assistants are busy filling the plates. One is dealing out the roast mutton, which has been previously cut up. Another supplies the potatoes, a third hands the bread round—a good thick slice to each child. All is done quietly and in a business like manner under the surveillance of Mr. Chase. "Will we get our fill?" nervously asked a thin, wasted, hungry-looking little creature, who is a stranger evidently. "Ay, as much as you can eat," answers a

companion, whose past experience constitutes him an authority. "Oh, me! You're no jok-in'!" "As sure's death." Nervous stranger—"Do you hear that, Aggy?" Aggy, a tiny woman of four winters, stares at her companion in mild bewilderment. It is a work of time to get through so large a company, but the business of serving proceeds methodically, and, in less time than one would think possible, the guests are all supplied, and the dinner begins with a zest which an alderman might envy. By general consent conversation ceases, and not a sound is heard save the clatter of a spoon as it digs into the dinner plate. In this manner the first course is got through to everybody's satisfaction. At this point the influence of a good dinner begins to tell upon the spirits, and exhilaration becomes contagious, and rises to boisterousness. Human nature is the same everywhere—in vulgar clay and partisan dust. The gnawing pain of hunger is out of the stomach, and all being comfortable in that region, the heart (that warm sympathiser with all the ministering organs of life) rises in buoyancy. Perhaps there is sorrow and suffering in the world they are going back to, but time enough to think of that after the pudding. Complete satisfaction is the feeling of the present moment. Alas, there are few such moments in life to the children of adversity. But it is marvellous how those rude untutored spirits have been trained in so short a period. A genial word from Mr. Chas restores order again, and the children seem to vie with one another in good behaviour. Indeed, had they been brought up at a boarding school they could hardly have conducted themselves with more propriety at the dinner table. A slight increase of hilarity proclaims the advent of the pudding, and a group near me threaten to break into hysterical mirth as the rich aroma of the 'dainty dish' rises deliciously on the air. It is served up hot, of course, and looks so tempting that I beg a tasting. Good enough for any table, I assure you. Near me is a family group—four fatherless children of tender years—very poor, but clean and decent, and well behaved. The thread-bare jacket is patched up carefully, and the old faded frocks are darned in all the thin places to make them hold together. The little faces are thin and hungry-looking, but as clean as soap and water can make them; and the curly black heads are smooth and tidy. The father committed suicide. He was a sober well doing man; he caught the fever, and when he was sent from the Infirmary he was too weak for hard work. He recovered, but work grew scarce, and nothing turned up for him. In the hard struggle with starvation the mother succumbed, and the fever struck her down in the midst of their troubles. She was taken to the Infirmary, and it was when she was away the poor man lost heart, and, unable to bear the sight of his hungry children, he drew a knife across his throat one day. He was

found dying by a neighbour who came to offer the loan of a shilling out of his own scanty wages. And who took charge of the poor children? Oh, the mother recovered; and when she can get work at the mill the children are not sent here, although they have tickets, that others more needful may get the benefit. There is a bundle of waifs, miserable little wretches with hardly a rag to cover their nakedness, unwashed (save for a few baptismal drops from the pump to insure entrance), rough, rude, tough, friendless and homeless—nobody's children. Number one, a lean, haggard, wretched object, can't say what his age may be—ten at a guess; doesn't know who his father is, never heard; has no mother, maybe dead; has no recollection of her; thinks he once had a little sister; doesn't know what has become of her; lives anywhere, self-supporting; is sometimes awful hungry; had the fever and was taken to the poorhouse hospital; sorry when he got well and had to leave; didn't know where he was to go to when he left 'the children's dinner table,' anywhere! it was all the same, had no home to go to. The last words in a husky tone, and a ragged sleeve was quickly drawn across the coal black eyes of waif number one. Number two has a similar history, and so on to number five, then a stop. Number five is a girl—a bad girl, who has to be sent away into a corner by herself. She is a dwarfish child of nine or ten, with rather a pleasing countenance, sharp bright eyes, well formed head, and clear cut features. A bold, audacious, impudent little hussy. 'Fie, fie, Nan, you are a sad character, if all be true that I am told. But poor little Nan had a bad example set her at home. The mother is a worthless woman—drinks, and steals, and fights, and leads a lawless life, and the child has been reared in an evil nursery. Perhaps had poor Nan been born in a Christian household, she would have had a fairer reputation. A dash of kindness lurks in the corners of those daring black eyes. Little Nan might be worth saving yet. Number seven is a mite, two feet high or so, sister to number six, motherless. It has a gaunt wolfish look, devours the food placed before it like a young cub. The naked limbs staring through the ragged frock remind you of a skeleton. The gleaming eyes, fierce with hunger, give the baby face a weird look, which forcibly reminds one of Dickens's picture of Want in the Christmas Carol, "yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish." Where graceful youth should have filled the features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. And that spectacle of misery is just a specimen of what nearly every one of the children before me was when the dinners were first commenced. A person who had visited the destitute children's dinner table regularly informs me there was not a perfectly healthy child in the com-

pany, and all were suffering more or less from the effects of neglect and starvation. It had struck me that plainer fare would have done as well to fill those hungry little stomachs with, but a glance at that ghastly little skeleton convinced me that only nourishment of a substantial kind would bring up that poor, weak, debilitated body. And then it must be borne in mind the children have only two good meals in the week. Five days out of the seven it is scanty faring, hardly as much as will keep in life in most cases. Clearly, then, if permanent good is to result from 'children's dinner tables,' the food supplied must be substantial and of the best quality. But we were discussing the pudding. What a plateful this small man at my side has got before him; but never fear he will find room for it all. Three years old and motherless, poor little fellow. "And who fetches him?" "His brother"—that boy standing beside him, David, is a brave little man. He has brought up little Jim from infancy, and quite taken his mother's place in the family since she died. Dinner is over, and I am passing out with the guests, but I must stop to have a talk with David. The modest little fellow blushes at a word of praise, and he does not seem to think he deserves commendation above his neighbours. Jim is a good wee chap, and so is Willie, who is at home badly. "But is it true, David, that you have all the cares of the household upon your head?" "There's nobody but me, you see, mum," answers David apologetically, casting his mild brown eyes on the floor. "You have been to school David?" "Oh yes, when mother was living. It was different with us then." A shade passed over the boy's face, and I noticed he took his little brother's hand caressingly in his, and turned away his head. "One question more, David, would you like to go to school again?" He brightened suddenly, and looked me full in the face with sparkling eyes. "Yes." But almost before the word was out of his mouth the joy light faded out of his eyes. "I can't be wanted at home," he said, suppressing a sigh. Poor David was the head of the house, and all the responsibility of family matters rested upon his young shoulders. He was just nine years old, but he stuck to his post like a man. "I promised to mother afore she died that I would take care of wee Jim and Willie." "But you have done your duty bravely, David; and if somebody were to think of you now, wouldn't you leave your little brothers?" The bright intelligent face clouded over a moment with grave thought, then the smile around the mouth grew hard. "I couldn't break my word with mother." My visit is ended, and a more interesting one I have never made in my life. Let me recommend all who have time at their disposal to look in once, at any rate, upon the destitute children's dinner table. As I am going out, a melancholy band of 'expectant' stop the way

Those are the hapless 'outsiders' who have no ticket of admission, and they are waiting, with trembling eagerness, to know if there be any fragments of the feast for them. Oh, those hungry, pleading, wistful eyes! They might draw out the tightest purse to enrich the funds that none may be sent empty away. I am, &c. S. M.



Lord Broughman's Favorite Hymn.

If his life was a battle as his countryman, John Knox, not unlike him in many things, always described his to be, how profoundly peaceful was his end! He simply lived life out. Death has been called the "brother" of sleep; in his case there was no distinction; he died in sleep, he slept in death. It was, literally, a death-sleep. Touching contrast to that sleepless, perturbed life! But before his death—for some years, as I understand—he had also enjoyed an inward peace, which I shall not disturb by attempting to define what it was; indeed, I do not know beyond the general statement; I do not seek to know. Suffice it to say that he had returned round (one of those beautiful cycles we sometimes see in a long life!) to the simple faith and feelings of his childhood. One of the narrators of the circumstances of his death, writing from Cannes, relates, with apparent knowledge, that he had long derived peculiar pleasure in listening to the hymns sung in the English church at Cannes and that he asked the clergyman to add one, a favorite of his own, to the number. It was the hymn sung at the funeral. The words are given, and the singing of it, it is said, always produced in him visible emotion. And what, do our English readers think, was this hymn? No other than a Scottish paraphrase with which Henry Broughman had been familiar in his childhood. These Paraphrases were collected by the Church of Scotland just about the time he was born, in St. Andrew's square, Edinburgh, and were read and admired in all families conjoined in the schools, and sung in the churches. Who can doubt that little Henry had often repeated this same paraphrase on Sundays at his mother's knee, an excellent and admirable woman, the niece of Principal Robertson, the historian?—that he had often heard it resounding through the arches of St. Andrew's church, to the grand ancient tunes, St. Paul's, or Montrose, or the Martyrs? Long, long years rolled between, years of proud science, of vaulting ambition—of debates like Thunderstorms, of passions like those of the tiger, of worldly intrigue, worldly vice perhaps, perhaps also reasons of incredulity, of indifference to the spiritual instincts in man. Then behold the snow of augh ninety winters lightly sprinkled over that still firm, massive head; look into those

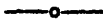
eyes, still meteoric with something of their former wild fire, yet softening now, and brooding as the great era of mortal change approaches. See the terrible orator, at whose voice senates have trembled, sitting quiet and benign in the little chapel at Cannes. Hear the choir uplift their voices, strengthened by the devotion-breathing-organ. Lo, the great old lord at Cannes becomes again the child of St. Andrew's square; the angels of his youth are whispering in his aged ear:

Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismayed;
But trust in Providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid.

I to my father's house return;
There numerous mansions stand;
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land,

I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare:
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your Friend, am there.

Thence shall I come, when ages close,
To take you home with me;
There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.



[From the Montreal Herald]

OPENING OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH MONTREAL.

St. Paul's Church, was dedicated for Divine worship on the last Sabbath of Sept., special services being held on the occasion. It is in the style known as decorated Gothic, modernised to meet the requirements of the Presbyterian form of worship, and its general appearance is such as to do credit to the City, and to entitle it to rank with the finest church edifices of which Montreal can now boast so many. The ground has been levelled and surrounded with a neat railing, and it is intended that ornamental shrubbery shall be planted on each side of the Church, the front being left clear. Inside, the arrangements have been made with great good taste, and without the slightest attempt at foppery. There are no galleries, the walls being thus left unbroken. They are 24 feet 3 in. in height from the floor to the apex of roof being 58 feet. In the transept it is intended to place two handsome stained glass windows, which are not yet completed, but which will give an admirable finish to the whole. The windows on the sides are coloured lightly, slightly subduing the light. The organ loft behind the pulpit is neat and unpretentious, and in common with the rest of the church, is not loaded with ornament. The organ we have already fully described. The tablets to the memory of former pastors of the Congregation, Rev. Dr. Black and Rev. Dr. McGill, have been removed from the old build-

ing in St. Helen street, and are placed one on each side of the pulpit.

The Church is seated for a thousand people, but on Sunday afternoon, the number present was very largely in excess of this. The aisles were crowded, seats being brought in to meet the emergency, numbers were standing, and crowds were obliged to go away, being unable to obtain admission. The Rev. Dr. Jenkins, who conducted the service in the forenoon, offered up a dedicatory prayer, presenting the building to God, fervently thanking Him for having brought the work to so happy a conclusion, and praying for guidance, protection and blessing to the worshippers who should assemble within these walls. The 100th Psalm was then sung to the old and time honoured tune Old C, the whole congregation joining, the pealing organ adding to the solemnity of the "grave sweet melody." The dedication of the Temple of Solomon, as given in the vi chapter of 2nd Chronicles, was read, a penitential prayer following, containing confession of sins, supplication for forgiveness and for sanctification, petitions for blessings on the Church of Scotland, its members and office-bearers, on the whole Catholic Church, especially for all Christian Churches in this country, and for Ministers of the Gospel; a special supplication being made for the unity of Christendom. This was followed by singing the last stanza of the 24th Psalm, 'Ye gates lift up your heads,' &c., the Lord's Prayer being said before

THE SERMON.

The Rev. Dr. JENKINS took for his text Isaiah LXVI., 1, 2. "Thus saith the LORD, the Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all those things hath mine hand made, but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

Here was a message directly from heaven. He who spoke was God, not the prophet who was but the messenger and ambassador of the Great King. The Jewish people were proud of their selection by God as the depositaries of His true worship, and they glored in their temple, in the richness of its decoration and in the splendour of its ritual. When this splendour was considered, and the fact that this temple was the place above all others in which the worship of the Lord was kept up, we need not wonder that the people were proud of the eminence which they had gained or that they attached importance to the forms of service which had been instituted by Divine appointment. A tendency to highly sensuous worship will beget ritualism. Ritualism is not the indulgence of a lavish ceremonial merely; it is dependence upon ceremonies as the essence of true worship, upon the externalism of sacramental ministrations rather than upon the spirit of sacramental

reception. How strongly the prophets denounced this error, and how completely they set at naught even the ritual which God had prescribed the moment it was set up as a substitute for the essence the sentiment of the truly devotional spirit, is known to every reader and student of the Old Testament Prophecies. It came to this at last, that the Holy One rejected the forms which He himself had appointed to be observed, commanding His servants to declare His hatred and His weariness of all who substituted them for true worship. The preacher referred at some length to the service in the Temple, and to the pride and contracted spirit of the Jews in believing that God withheld the privilege of approaching Him from all other nations, notwithstanding the declaration of Solomon in dedicating the Temple. He referred to the Church in St. Helen street, erected 34 years before by the venerable father and founder of St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Dr. Black. How faithfully and zealously he laboured for the completion of the work which he felt it his duty to begin; and how at length, after hard toil and much opposition, he had succeeded, some who still remained amongst the congregation could testify. He lived to preside over this Church for ten years, and to his energy and self-denial, under God, were largely owing the results which they recognized this day. Another name connected with St. Paul's Church was that of the Rev. Dr. McGill, the successor of the founder. Piety, simplicity, pastoral faithfulness, unselfish generosity and catholicity, were manifested during his ten years incumbency. The memory of their faith and works lives in the hearts of the members of St. Paul's. He who succeeded these venerated men, and worthily prosecuted the work they had commenced, was now sharing with them the joy of this happy occasion; and to him, no doubt, it was a gratification to behold this noble Kirk, which, by the liberality of his former flock, had been erected, and was now set apart for the service and worship of God. Taking up the subject of the Church of Scotland, the preacher sketched briefly her martyr history, and trials, gave a luminous exposition of her polity, and showed the catholicity of her creed. Many of the doctrines in the Nicene creed had been transferred to the Westminster confession of Faith, the very terms in which they had been expressed being retained, and what is known as the apostles' creed, is appended to the Shorter Catechism, being held by the Church of Scotland in common with other Reformed Churches. In considering the question of the relative advantages of extemporaneous and liturgical prayer, he showed the superiority of the former in many respects, as for instance in special providences, sickness, death, unlooked for trials, unexpected blessings, sudden bereavements, and various events of life. But as affording room for reflection, he

suggested whether it would not be well to consider if the two could not be combined in such a way as to enable ministers to avoid on the one hand the slovenliness which they were apt to fall into by extemporaneous prayer, and in the other the formalism which the long continued use of a liturgy almost of a necessity created and fostered. With humbleness and teachableness of heart, with true and sincere worship should all approach God, for "Thus saith LORD, the heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool. Where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the LORD; but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembleth at my word." After the sermon the concluding prayer was offered up, for the Queen and the Royal Family, for the Governor General, for all rulers and magistrates, for all ranks and conditions of men, the 2nd Paraphrase being then sung.

Oh! 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.

A collection having been taken up, the Doxology was sung

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore
Be glory as it was and is
And shall be evermore.

In the afternoon the Reverend Dr. Mathieson, after the usual introductory services, took for his text the words from Psalms CXXII. 1. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." The venerable preacher delivered a most eloquent discourse with his usual earnestness and ability. There was again a very large audience who listened with deep and sustained attention. In the course of the prayers the Rev. Dr. Mathieson offered up special applications for God's blessing on the Church the Minister and people, that they might be instruments in His hand for the advancement of His glory.

The Very Rev. Dr. SNODGRASS preached in the evening, the Church being again crowded to excess. Dr. Snodgrass chose for his text Psalm CXXVII. 1. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." The discourse was most appropriate to the occasion, and was marked at times by a high strain of eloquence. His old Congregation appeared delighted again to hear their former pastor.

A large and effective choir led the service of praise, the organ being played by S. McKay with great taste, assisting, not overpowering, the voices.

St. Paul's Church, now replaced by hand-

some stores, built by Mr. James Johnston, and from which the congregation removed in January, 1867, was open for worship 24th August, 1834. It was built entirely through the energy and perseverance of Rev. Dr. Black, the first pastor, the money for the purpose being chiefly advanced by himself. He officiated until his death in 1854, when he was succeeded by Rev. Dr. McGill, formerly of Niagara, who died in February, 1856, Dr. Snodgrass of Charlottetown, P. E. I., succeeded him in November, 1856, and remained until October, 1864, at which time he entered upon his duties as Principal of Queen's University, Kingston. The present pastor, the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, was inducted to the charge in June, 1865. The present Church when completed, will cost about \$80,000. The spire has not yet been built, but there is no doubt from the zeal and energy of the congregation that this will soon be added so as to carry out the original design, and show according to the poet's fancy, another finger pointing up to Heaven.

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Dr. Duff on the Singing of Hymns.

The following letter addressed to Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., by the Rev. Dr. Duff, whose name is famous in connection with Scottish Missions in India, sets forth clearly the case of *Psalms versus Hymns* :—

11 BLENHEIM TERRACE, }
SCARBOROUGH, July 29th, 1868. }

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND.—My having been on the Continent for three months, and the heavy pressure of urgent matters demanding immediate attention on my return, will account for my long silence.

But I can keep silence no longer. Several American papers have reached me, conveying the most astounding intelligence—intelligence which filled me with surprise and dumb amazement.

What! my revered and honored friend * * * actually suspended from Church ordinances and Church fellowship! The first announcement of this intelligence seemed really to cut my breath. Why, I would as soon expect to find it recorded in history, that George Washington, the Father of his Country, had been suspended from his Presidential functions by the Congress and Senate of the United States, or to open my eyes to-morrow and find it declared in the public journals that, to-day, our own beloved Queen Victoria, had been suspended from her Royal functions by the Lords and Commons of Great Britain.

What, thought I, could be the cause of such an unexpected event? What awful catastrophe can have befallen my friend? Had he been suddenly overtaken by some grievous fault? Had he been caught and overmastered by some resistless temptation? No! No! It could not be. Such a character as his * *

* * would not, in the nature of things, be thus suddenly shattered! What, then, could have been the provocative cause of such a humiliating measure, as that of suspension from Church ordinances, and that, too, by the highest ecclesiastical authority of the body of which he has so long been among the leading and foremost lay members?

Judge, then, of my fresh surprise, but un-speakable relief, when I found that the criminal offence—the ecclesiastical or spiritual scandal on account of which my beloved friend was thus ignominiously suspended—was none other than—than the *singing of sacred hymns!*

Really, had I not seen this announcement in more than one journal, and seen it repeated, too, I would have supposed that it was the invention of some malignant enemy of God's truth—or a piece of good-humored irony, after the fashion of *Charivari* or *Punch!* But the internal evidence was too strong to enable me to believe that it could be either. Oh, no; it seemed to be a grave, veritable fact.

Ah, well, thought I to myself, what next. Whatever may have been the motive, object, or end of the Ecclesiastical Censors, I can see what may probably turn out, under the overruling Providence of God, to be the *final cause* or *ultimate end* of this ecclesiastical sentence of condemnation. One of the greatest foes of "pure religion and undefiled"—of brotherly kindness and charity—of the Unity of the Church Catholic and Communion of Saints—is *bigotry*—narrow-brained, narrow-hearted bigotry. Well, in its blind infatuation, it has been permitted to launch its thunder bolt * * * on purpose to raise such a storm of indignation as will tear it to shivers, and cause it to be buried amid "the wreck of things that were."

Such, in my humble judgment, will be found sooner or later, to be the *final cause* or *ultimate end*, as overruled by Providence, of this most unique and all but unparalleled case of ecclesiastical suspension!

On the vexed question of Psalm-singing versus Hymn-singing, I have neither time nor heart to enter at any length; nor, had I the time and heart for it, is there any occasion for my doing so. There are two extremes on the subjects, both of which, I think, and always have thought, ought to be avoided.

Individuals, congregations and Churches there are, that will sing nothing but *Psalms*—meaning by *Psalms*, the collection in the Old Testament, ordinarily known as "the *Psalms of David*," because David was the principal composer of them.

There are, on the other hand, individuals, congregations and churches, in this country (England) that seem to sing nothing but *Hymns*—meaning by hymns, sacred odes or songs, composed by men imbued by the Spirit of God, such as the Wesleys, Cowpers, &c.

Now, in my humble, but clear and honest judgment, both of these parties rob them-

selves of an inestimable privilege—the one by never singing Psalms, the other, by never singing Hymns. I would myself, be always ready to sing either the one or the other, according to time, place, and circumstances—suitableness to the frame of mind, or adaptedness to the special occasion. But, while claiming this liberty and privilege for myself, I would cheerfully concede the same liberty and privilege to these extremists. The case is one pre-eminently demanding a practical application of the memorable Apostolic exhortation, “Let every one be persuaded in his own mind”—and be fully allowed to act accordingly.

As a treasury of praise and thanksgiving, and a record of infinitely varied religious experiences, nothing, nothing is comparable to the Psalms of David. Rather than forego the use of them, I would be prepared to submit to any sacrifice.

A bringing out more explicitly and more fully, in the light of the New Testament economy and of Evangelical experience, the grand fundamental truths connected with Redemption through the blood and righteousness of our adored Immanuel, and sanctification by the grace of the Holy Spirit, there are many Hymns that are altogether invaluable. Rather than forego the use of these, I would also be prepared to submit to almost any sacrifice.

My own impression has always been, that the right thing for all our Churches to do, would be this, viz: for each Church, out of the vast mass of existing hymns,—in Germany, amounting to literally tens of thousands,—to select a certain number—a few scores or a few hundreds, as the case might be—of such as it could set its imprimatur or seal upon, as being sound in doctrine and sentiment, according to its own views and interpretation of Holy Scripture. Then publish these in a volume along with the Psalms of David, which ought ever to be put in the forefront as “given by Inspiration of God”—saying in substance, “The Psalms of David need no authorization from us, in order to be sung by individuals or congregations; they have already the impress of God’s Holy Spirit. The Hymns, here selected, being composed by uninspired men, yet men, for the most part, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, we do not direct or order to be sung either by individuals or congregations; we only state that, having carefully examined them, we find them to be, in our judgment, scripturally sound in doctrine and sentiment, and such, therefore, as may be safely and profitably sung by individuals or congregations who may be inclined or disposed to do so.

What would be more reasonable, more equitable, more tolerant than a decision like this? It is, in point of fact, what the Church of Scotland did many years ago, when it appended Paraphrases, which are just Hymns, to the Psalms; and did not order, but simply authorized them to be sung by individuals or

congregations who choose to do so. This seems to me the right way of solving and settling the whole vexed question.

A Church or ecclesiastical body may prohibit hymns from being sung; but such prohibition is not wise. So long as men’s souls are spiritually languid, it does not signify much; they will not trouble themselves much about the singing of Psalms or Hymns, or singing anything at all. But let the fountain’s of the great deep of old Nature be broken up in men’s souls, as under the earthquake heavings of a mighty revival, and the spiritual instincts let loose and intensified, will find for themselves vent in sacred song; and cannot be restricted to Old Testament Psalms, however incalculably precious in their own place. Under the flow and current of spiritual energy, the prose of Scripture will often be used as a chant; prayer will often become a sort of chant; the glow and fervor of inward feeling diffusing a radiance over all surrounding objects, and the visible manifestations of grace in the awakened and converted—all, all will be turned into matter—often it may be extemporaneously—of sacred song. Under the stir and gush of spiritual movement and excitement, let a hymnist only strike up such a simple ode, with accompanying tunes, as that which begins with the familiar words, “Nearer my God to thee”—and I venture to say that the stiffest, the sternest, and the most exclusive Psalmist would, in spite of himself, his preferences and antecedent convictions, be carried along with the tide of “grave, sweet melody,”—and almost unconsciously, contribute his own quota to swell the stream.

Has not something of all this been actually experienced in most of your great American revivals? It was assuredly so in the time of the Reformation, which was the greatest revival of religion, not only in modern times, but since the day of the mighty Pentecostal effusion.

Luther began his amazing career by singing hymns as a boy; he also composed hymns of his own in riper years, which are still sung in the Protestant Churches of Germany; and of these hymns it has been asserted, as an historical fact, that they carried the precious truths of God’s inspired word to many hearts which would never have been reached by ponderous tomes of theology. But Luther was also a great singer of Psalms; and the 46th will ever be known as Luther’s favorite Psalm.

And we may rest assured, that, whether there be revivals or not amongst us, people will sing hymns of some kind, whether Churches grant them liberty to do so, or otherwise. And if they will not be wisely directed by ecclesiastical rulers to hymns that are spiritually sound in doctrine, as well as in the expression of evangelical feeling and experience, they will often, in their ignorance, carelessness or folly, choose hymns for themselves which may be very unsound in doctrine, as

well as in expression of religious experience; and the singing of which, therefore, may do no good, but much harm. Such are briefly my own views on the subject. And rather than abandon them, I would cheerfully stand by your side, and be rebuked by any or all of the ecclesiastical conclaves of Christendom. I remain, dearly beloved friend,

Yours very affectionately,
ALEXANDER DUFF.

—
New St. Stephen's Church, St. John, N. B.

This handsome Church was opened for public worship on Sunday, 13th September. The Dedicatory Service was conducted by Dr. Brooke, Moderator of the Synod of the Church of Scotland in the Maritime Provinces, and Rev. Geo. M. Grant, of St. Matthew's, Halifax, the hours of service being 11 a. m., 3 and 6 p. m. A liberal collection was made in aid of the funds of the Church at each diet.

The building is Old English Gothic in style. It is 90 feet long by 60 feet wide, with two side aisles and nave. There are no side galleries, but ample room is provided for the Organ and Choir in a gallery situated over the front entrance. The height of the Church from the floor to the top of the nave is about 50 feet. The roof is of white pine, each section being elaborately worked and stained and oiled. The seating of the Church is extremely neat and comfortable. The pews are circular, and radiate from the pulpit, so that the whole congregation face the speaker. The posts of the pews are of pitch pine, and are varnished so as to retain the beautiful grain of the wood. The caps of the pews, and also the rail along the tops, are of the best oak, and are also varnished. The backs of the seats are of white pine, tongued and grooved and stained to correspond with the roof. The numbers are silver plated, and placed on the top of the oak caps. They are arranged along the aisle like the numbers on the street houses, (odd numbers on one side, even on the other) and run from 1 to 144.

The pulpit is low, being only about 4½ feet from the floor. It is also of oak, and is richly carved, and the native color and grain preserved by several coats of varnish. Above the pulpit is a rich carving, which terminates in a massive and beautiful head piece. The nave of the building is supported by ten columns, five on each side, which are connected by gothic arches. In the clerestory there are 20 small windows, which throw light into the nave, and afford a most efficient means of ventilating the Church, as one of each pair is made to swing open by means of a chord. It is intended to have the entire church cushioned in the same style and color, so as to preserve the uniformity thus far so successfully carried out.

The lighting of the Church is something new in these Provinces. Two large reflectors, each containing about 50 small reflectors, are placed at the intersection of the main rafters, and throw down the light of 190 gas jets. The flame is communicated to the jets by means of a tube, which passes from the basement of the Church to the reflectors in the roof. The light will thus be reflected uniformly throughout the building, and reach the hearers in the most serviceable manner. The Church will be heated by means of furnaces placed in the basement and the heat communicated by radiators.

—
The Sick Child.

Little brothers are at play
In the meadow far away;
Merry voices I can hear
Sounding in the distance clear:
Mother to the farm has gone
I am left alone—alone—
Stretched upon my weary bed,
With a heavy, aching head.

Spring has come, so bright and green,
Blossoms on the thorn are seen;
Yesterday I heard the note
Warbled from the cuckoo's throat;
Birds are twittering in the eaves,
Sunshine glittering on the leaves;—
All are happy gay and free,—
None are lonesome, none but me!

Oh, that I again could rove
Through the meadow through the grove,
Bursting into merry song
As I lightly trip along!
How I long to tread the vale,
How I long to breathe the gale;
Oh, how weary have I grown,
Lying here alone—alone!

Hark! a little noise I heard,
Like the tapping of a bird.
There again—I hear it plain,
Tapping at the window-pane!
Ah, I see him! can it be,
Robin has come back to me!
Robin, whom with crumbs of bread
All the winter long I fed.

Pretty bird, he comes to cheer
His poor friend so lonely here;
Now he trills his merry lay,
And its music seems to say:—
"Trials will not always last;
Yours, like mine, will soon be past.
All the brighter summer glows
For the winter's frost and snows.

"In December I could sing,
Waiting, hoping for the Spring;
Through the snow-storm I would come
Glad and grateful for a crumb;—
Learn, poor child, to hope and bear;
'Trust a heavenly Father's care."
Oh, how sweet the robin's strain,
Warbling by the window-pane!

A. L. G. K.

The Monthly Record.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The British papers are filled with election news, much of which is amusing and none of which is so alarming as gloomy seers predicted. The working classes employ their newly acquired privileges with as much propriety as on former occasions but not with as much gratitude, if they oust Disraeli and install Gladstone, the Liberals calculating on a majority of thirty. But when were the multitude grateful? When did the Democratic monster cease to cry: Give Give, or say: It is enough? Politics have split the Church Union, a High Church society, Dr. Pusey having declared for Gladstone and announced his belief that establishments are doomed. Gladstone has always been extremely "High Church," as it is foolishly phrased. The true friends of the English Church hold that the honesty of the Romanists is as low as their assumptions are high. It is to be remembered that the same party have a hankering for "spiritual independence." They exalt the idea of "the church." The civil law also hampers their movements. Their zeal is great and the dearer these principles are to them, the more willing are they to gnaw at the crusts of voluntarism instead of large state loaves and fat fishes, in the hope of becoming fatter in the end. We cannot, however, defend the Irish Church, the revenues of which are about £630,000, and the number of adherents the same—that is, they receive from the state a pound apiece for being Protestants and trying without success to convert R. Catholics. Dr. Killen, an able Irish Presbyterian divine, the author of some scholarly and edifying books, writes a pamphlet to show, that Presbyterians who support the views of the Westminster divines against popery and prelacy cannot maintain the cause of Episcopacy in Ireland. Upon the whole, we are glad that our General Assembly, in terms of Mr. Cumming's motion, simply petitioned against the disestablishment of the Irish Church, without assigning reasons, as Mr. Campbell's, Swinton's and Principal Tulloch's motions would have had them do. It is said that Gladstone has not a very good chance of carrying South Lancashire.

The Pope has called a great Council at Rome in 1869, to which he has invited Protestants and the Bishops of the Eastern Church. It is not likely that the Eastern bishops, who, while holding a corrupt form of christianity, repudiate papal authority, will attend. The Eastern Church, with all its faults, is a noble protest against the assumption of the Pope to be universal bishop. The Protestants, who may attend, are expected to join the papal church, "out of which there is no salvation." The invitation is a curious

sign of the times. What if some of the n should attend! There is a certain class of Protestants who should have been in Rome long ago. They have the principles of Romanists without their honesty. The fact appears in these wonderful times, that for the first time in the history of the world, the Pope invites to a Council those whom he has ever denounced, whose principles he abhors, and whom he is bound to persecute and destroy, classing them with pagans, infidels, Jews and Turks. Is the infallible old man penitent for the past? Are his troubles in Mexico, Spain, Austria and Italy humbling the head that has never bowed or abated its claims? Let none of us so think. Popery changes her attitude but not her spirit. By reason of the dogma of infallibility, her corruptions may increase but not diminish. By the way the *Sicde* asserts that the Pope is a Free Mason, though he has denounced that, and all other secret societies.

The obituary of the past month announces the death of Dr. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury. Disraeli, a Jew by descent, will thus have the appointment of the highest bishop in the English Church. Whom will he appoint? Will the future Archbishop be high or low?—will be interesting questions for a few days. Dean Milman is also dead, at the age of 78—a most distinguished author and an ornament to the Church of England. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of him: "It would be difficult to mention among his survivors any man, who combines in anything like the same degree, learning, genius and piety." His works are poetical and historical. "The history of Latin Christianity is the most effective exposure to be found in modern literature of the superstitions which are again beginning to lift their heads so boldly among us. There was a charm in his society, which it is difficult to analyze or describe." On the other hand a High Church paper, the *Record*, whines over his fate and declares not obscurely that he is now paying up in another world for his opposition to high and dry Christianity in this! The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who was thought the Queen of English beauty in her day—a woman of magnificent appearance and address, of high talents and social influence, has gone the way of all the earth. Her three daughters were married to the Duke of Argyle, Lord Blantyre and the Duke of Leinster. Her son is the present Duke of Sutherland. Thus death spares neither beauty nor fashion, learning nor piety. Charchmen, noblemen, scholars and beauties must die. When the world agitates our minds, let us say with Job: "If I wait, the grave is mine house."

Mr. Disraeli has made two excellent appointments, Dr. Magee, an evangelical divine, to be bishop of Peterborough, and Dr. Mansell to be dean of St. Paul's.

Dr. Colenso is still bishop of Natal and Dr. Gray has returned to Capetown without a

successor to the arch-heretic. The Society for the Propagation of the gospel, the oldest missionary body in Britain, has at a stormy meeting voted £2,000 for the salary of a new and true bishop. Dr. McCosh has had a farewell banquet in Brechin, his native town, before departing for America to be installed as President of Princeton College—the highest seat of theological learning in America, and famous over the world. He is by this time entered on his duties. McCosh is an able divine—a man of much metaphysical acumen and calm logic. There is perhaps an absence of warmth and interest in his book on the “Divine Government.” A less able book with more warmth would be more eagerly read. In his new sphere may he do honor to his country and add to his past reputation! At the Brechin banquet, the Earl of Dalhousie and Dr. Guthrie alluded to his disappointment at home in not getting a place in some of our home universities having led to his acceptance of the present appointment. He was a candidate for the logic chair in Glasgow, when Professor Veitch obtained it. McCosh was superior to his successful rival in dialectic reputation and might have had the office, but the Free Church party made a party question of the matter and cannot therefore complain of defeat. Such should not, however, be party appointments and there is great need of university reform in this matter. Dr. Calderwood, the first U. P. minister who has ever obtained a chair in a Scottish university, has been appointed to the important chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh.

A revolution of a most sweeping character in Spain has driven out the Queen and placed a provisional Committee at the head of affairs. The revolutionary manifesto is a calm, dignified document. They are divided between a Republic and a Monarchy, Prim wishing the former and Serrano the latter. There is to be an appeal to the country. There has been very little bloodshed, and all parties seem to have been ashamed of the Government and the corruption and disgrace of the nation. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Applying this rule to Romanism it is the curse of mankind. Spain was the first Roman Catholic country in Europe. It has 200 convents and upwards of 30,000 priests. The people now want freedom, education and religious liberty. It is to be earnestly desired that the present moderation and unanimity may continue. But we have small hope of a country trained to superstition, from which the inevitable recoil is towards tumult and infidelity.

A social abuse has interested the British public much for some time. A Madame Rachel, a Jewess, has been prosecuted by one of her victims, Mrs. Borradaile, widow of an Indian officer for fraud, convicted upon a second trial, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, where she will have to pick cotton and may reflect upon her ways. It

seems she has been in Newgate before. Her place of business was a shop frequented by nobles and fashionables, where she sold compounds under such names as—Royal Arabian soap, Armenian liquid, Magnetic dew, water brought by swift dromedaries from the desert of Sahara. She professed to make faded beauties “beautiful for ever.” The Jordan water cost £21 a bottle, and the soap a guinea a cake. Without a particle of education—able neither to read nor write, this woman fleeced Mrs. Borradaile out of £5,000 and when the pigeon was plucked bare, threw her into jail. The worm trodden upon turned, prosecuted her persecutor, and we see the result. What an awful sermon this upon human vanity and corruption! How gullible are people in vice! What a cheat is the devil! Look at our quack advertisements and you will see that the world is filled with Borradailes and Rachels and that if they were to be all punished, a continent would be required for the accommodation of the penal colony.

There is much said of female suffrage, and aspiring ladies are claiming votes here and there—a vagary of John Stewart Mill, which, it is to be hoped, will be sent to the limbo of oblivion as soon as possible. In such matters the husband must represent the wife, as the author of marriage intended and has taught. As to single ladies of property and widows, they will best consult their respect and comfort by leaving such matters to those who can mix in the turbid pool of politics with less injury to themselves. Those who love and admire the female character most, will never wish to see them active politicians. Are they to mount the stump? Are they to be sheriffs and catch thieves? We all know they can speak, are they to be speakers of the House of Commons? Are husband and wife to be on opposite sides in politics? Will the divided house stand?

The Rev. Robert Thomson, a personage well known under various expressive titles to those who have in former days frequented the Universities of Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrew's, has offered for the representation of the Kilmarnock boroughs. He made his speech, promising, if not allowed to sit in the House, to stand—the audience appreciated the joke, and passed a resolution in his favor with much fun and acclamation. It may not be commonly known that a dissenting minister can sit in the British Parliament, but not a minister of the Established Churches.

In America there have been terrible earthquakes, attended with immense loss of life and property. Peru is the chief seat of these movements, which have extended as far north as California. Forty or fifty thousand people have lost their lives, and about 300,000 their homes. A complete eclipse of the sun has taken place in the east, of which the Times correspondent in India, gives a most graphic description. Thus we have had terrible

"signs in the heaven above and in the earth beneath." Bloody scenes have been enacted in the Southern States. The British people behave much better than the citizens of the "most free and enlightened nation on the face of the earth." The two elections are a perfect contrast. The corruption, roguery and bloodshed in the American contest are appalling.

The Rev. Mr. McColl, missionary in P. E. Island, has resigned his commission to the Col. Committee. The Rev. Francis Nicol, of London, is appointed by the Col. Committee, to the presbytery of Rustigouch and Miramichi. He comes down in December. The Kirk in Pictou is nearly finished. It will be the most elegant, comfortable and well-proportioned church in the Province, and is a credit to the public spirit of the people.

A. P.

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THE Rev. Messrs. Anderson and McGregor—the deputation from the Presbytery of Pictou appointed to visit our congregations in Cape Breton—returned from their labours in the early part of October, after spending three or four weeks in ministering, along with our missionaries, to the large congregations that assembled on occasion of the dispensation of the Lord's Supper.

Our newly arrived Missionaries, the Revs. Messrs. Campbell and McDonald, are fulfilling their appointments with much acceptance to the people of our vacant congregations in Pictou Presbytery. The Rev. Mr. Fogo is doing good work in supplying Truro and adjoining stations.

We learn that the congregation of Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B., have resolved to call the Rev. W. McMillan of Saltsprings, N. S. A unanimous call, coming from such a congregation, ministered to by the late Dr. Henderson for a quarter of a century, must be very gratifying to Mr. McMillan, shewing, as it does, an appreciation of his worth beyond the immediate sphere of his labours; and should he decline the invitation it must be at a sacrifice of personal considerations, the emoluments of the Newcastle charge being, we are given to understand, nearly double his present.

ONE or two other changes, either impending or already accomplished, are noticed else-

where in our columns. One of the most important of these is the resignation of the Rev. C. M. Grant, B. D., of St. Andrew's, Halifax, with the view of devoting himself to the noble work of a missionary in connection with the Church of Scotland's India Mission.

We have received from Edinburgh a copy of the Revised and enlarged speech on India Missions by the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod. We hope, in our next issue, to give some extracts from this stirring and eloquent and most instructive address.

Our readers will find, in the present No. some interesting matter in connection with our Foreign Mission.

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St. Andrew's Church, Halifax.

We understand that the Rev. Chas. M. Grant, B. D., intimated to his congregation of St. Andrew's, Halifax, on the 18th October, that he intended to resign his charge into the hands of the Presbytery, and offer himself to the Foreign Mission of the Church of Scotland in India. This will cripple us in the city of Halifax, and to the congregation of St. Andrew's it will at first be felt as a great discouragement. But still no Christian can hear the intelligence without rejoicing. What field so wide, and with such demands on the British Churches in India! And it is cheering to any one, having in him a spark of christian chivalry, to see, not only untried men, fresh from our Divinity Halls offering themselves for the work, but men also in good positions in the church already—men who are ready to cut asunder the ties that bind them to attached and growing congregations, because they hear Christ saying: "I would have thee fight on one of the high places of the field." Mr. Grant has done much during the two years he was minister of St. Andrew's. He took it when heavily in debt, (over £1100) with a balance against it in the Bank, with falling numbers and prestige. He leaves it entirely out of debt, (and so other Presbyterian Church in this city is so,) with a balance to its credit at the bank, with an increased eldership and communion roll, and every quarter some additions were being made to its adherents. Let not the congregation lose heart, nor give their Pastor to Christ's work grudgingly. They will then be blessed in giving him as he will be blessed in giving himself.

Halifax, October, 1858.

Letter from the Colonial Committee to the Home Mission Board.

In answer to a letter from the Colonial Committee explaining the appointment and the proposed action of the Home Mission Board, and asking whether all the correspondence was to be with the Secretary or with the Convener, the following has been received:—

G. A. COLONIAL MISSION,
22 QUEEN STREET EDINBURGH,
23rd Sept., 1868.

MR DEAR SIR:

The Committee were much gratified to learn that a Home Mission Committee had been appointed by the Synod of the Maritime Provinces, and they cordially approved of all your arrangements. The Committee will hereafter entertain no applications save those coming through your Committee. The official correspondence should be addressed to me. The Convener here, will exercise his own discretion hitherto as to replying; but in all cases the *business* part of the correspondence will be conducted by me. Every letter coming from you will be at once forwarded to the Convener for his perusal.

Our last act prior to our entering on these new arrangements, has been the appointment of the Rev. F. Nicol to the Presbytery of Miramichi.

Believe me, Very truly yours.

SIMON S. LAURIE.

REV. G. M. GRANT.

With reference to the last sentence in this letter, we are sure that all who knew Mr. Nicol when he was a missionary in the Presbytery of Halifax, many years ago, will be delighted to learn that he is again coming to the Maritime Provinces. He was too far from the the sea away up in Ontario.

It is cheering to think that during the last two months we have received an accession to our force in our United Synod of six missionaries; two Scotchmen from Scotland, Rev. Mr. Fogo, for Truro, and Folly Mountain and Mines, and Rev. John Robertson for Tabusintac: two Nova Scotians from Scotland, Revs. Finlay McDonald and Campbell for the Presbytery of Pictou; and two from Ontario, Rev. F. Nicol, and the Rev. John Thompson, (son of our excellent elder Isaac Thompson, Esq., St. Peters Road, P. E. L.) who having finished his studies at Kingston has come down to labour in the Master's cause in the Maritime Provinces. This is a noteworthy addition to our strength, and may perhaps suggest a lesson to some who grudged that we should devote our dear brother—John Goodwill—to the Lord's work—in the South Sea Islands. Let the Church generally as well as individuals learn the lesson, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth and yet it tendeth to poverty."

The Presbytery of P. E. Island.

The Presbytery of P. E. Island, met on the 20th of August and was constituted.

The different members of Presbytery, appointed to supply the pulpit of St. James' Church during the absence of the Rev. Thomas Duncan reported, that they had fulfilled their appointments.

Mr. Alexander Nicolson, B. A., of Queen's College, appeared and expressed his desire to receive a certificate from the Presbytery with the view of admission into the Theological Hall at Princetown. The Presbytery, with much pleasure, granted the request and ordered accordingly.

The Clerk of Synod laid on the table an extract from the minutes of Synod, which enjoins, that for the future, the Clerk of Session shall not be the moderator of that Court, and that the Session records be examined each year by the Presbytery, at its meeting immediately before Synod.

The Presbytery directed that intimation of this be made to the different Sessions, with the injunction to act in accordance therewith.

In reference to the Home Mission Board, the Presbytery considered it proper and necessary that every missionary within these bounds, and every Minister receiving aid, be enjoined to submit to this Court any application for supplement, intended for transmission to the Board, before forwarding the same and the Presbytery enjoin accordingly.

The Presbytery having taken into consideration the prospects of being able to form Lay Associations, in the congregations under their charge, and a letter from the Rev. G. M. Grant, M. A., of St. Matthew's, in reference to this matter having been read, it was resolved to use all possible diligence to establish such an Association, throughout the bounds of this Presbytery, and for this purpose, Presbyterial visitations were appointed in the different congregations. In reference to the above associations, it was resolved that the funds shall be entirely under the control and direction of the Presbytery, to be employed within the different stations as shall appear most necessary.

The meeting then adjourned to meet again at Ch^oTown on the first Thursday of November.

Closed with prayer.

A. MACLEAN, Pres. Clerk.

Dalhousie College Endowment Fund.

Fixis Coronat opus. The task is completed. The edifice is crowned. These are large words to use for so small an affair as raising the Endowment of a Professorship, but indeed I hardly know whether they are so or not, so thoroughly rejoiced am I that the work is done. A few days ago, the Treasur-

er.—Mr. Bromner told me, that of the \$670 required, only a little more than \$200 had been sent in, as not more than one-third of the congregations had made the collection enjoined. I felt disheartened at the thought of our church nibbling away, perhaps for two or three years to come, at such a trifle; but that same evening a letter reached me from a noble hearted christian in the Island, enclosing a draft for four hundred dollars as his contribution, and requesting that his name should not be published. I felt so thankful not only to him, but to God who had inspired him to do such an act, that I could not help thanking Him and acknowledging His hand, and taking courage for the future. Let us all be convinced that we should trust God and trust our people more. Let us not be afraid of embarking on difficult enterprises because there are lions in the path. The only policy that is ruinous to a congregation or a Church is a policy of selfishness, of stagnation, of sleep. Death is then not far off.

We should name the places that sent in collections. Here they are. The Presbytery of Miramichi gave nothing. In the Presbytery of St. John, Richmond, St. Andrew's, and St. John forwarded collections. In P. E. I., Georgetown, Charlottetown, and St. Peter's and Brackly Point roads gave, the largest amount coming from the youngest congregation. We expected a contribution from the field of Rev. James McCoil, knowing that his sympathies and those of his predecessor were enlisted in the cause, but as yet nothing has been received. In the Presbytery of Halifax, St. John's Newfoundland, and Halifax City gave. In Pictou Presbytery, New Glasgow, Salt Springs, Pugwash, and McLennan's Mountain sent in their collections.*

A word to those who have promised but have not paid yet. Although the work that we proposed is accomplished, yet if all would give, we would be able to pay our Professor a quarter in advance and thus put him in the same position as that in which all the others in the College are. One word more to all. The College—though the best equipped in the Maritime Provinces, and even in the Dominion—as far as the Faculty of Arts is concerned, needs a thousand things yet. We need more money for the library, for apparatus, for prizes, and for many other things. It is good to give when you are asked for such objects, but it is better far to send. Very thankful for what has been done, let the Church hope for greater things yet.

GEORGE M. GRANT.

* Some others have made, though they had not sent in, their collections.—Ed.

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Foreign Mission.

A meeting of the Committee for this Mission was held at Pictou on Thursday the 8th October.

The Convener read a letter from the Rev. Dr. Geldie, which was ordered to be published in the *Record*.—Also, enclosed in that letter, a minute passed at the annual meeting of the New Hebrides Mission, regarding a suggestion in a letter from this Committee to Dr. Geldie, by the direction of our Synod last year in reference to a Mr. Robertson, who accompanied the "Day Spring" to Aneiteum. The Synod being informed, that Mr. Robertson was desirous of devoting himself to the Mission work, and possessed qualifications, which fitted him for labour, with good prospects of usefulness, directed the committee to enquire, if the Mission, in New Hebrides, would consider it advisable to take him under Theological training, with the view of his being set apart for regular Mission work. The reply, enclosed from that Board, while showing, that, that suggestion could not be adopted, at the same time, strongly recommends to this Church, to secure for Mr. Robertson the training required, by aiding him on his return to his native land, which, on account of ill health he is about to visit. The Rev. Mr. Herdman read a letter from Mr. Robertson himself, intimating his intention to visit Nova Scotia and his earnest desire to return to the New Hebrides, either as a Lay Teacher at once or if the Church would advise it, to go through the training required to qualify him as an ordained missionary. It was felt, that this offer was one of great importance, and the Rev. Mr. Herdman was directed to instruct Mr. Robertson to place himself, immediately on his arrival, in communication with the committee.

A communication from F. M. Board of the Sister Church of the Lower Provinces, was read, expressing gratification, on the part of that Board, at the appointment of our Missionary and their willingness to co-operate with and assist this committee. The committee would record their deep sense of the truly christian and brotherly spirit, which dictated this expression of goodwill and sympathy in Missionary work, and directed that the same be suitably acknowledged.

With reference to the Rev. Mr. Goodwill's labours, in visiting the different congregations, previous to his departure, it was considered best, that in his return from Philadelphia, he should first visit the congregations in New Brunswick, according to whatever arrangements may be adopted by the members of Committee residing there, and that afterwards he shall visit the congregations in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, in the order, which circumstances may render most convenient.

The committee having learned from the Rev. Dr. Bayne, that articles of clothing &c. have generally served a good purpose, in dealing with the natives of the South Sea Islands, by the influence, therefrom, to re-

to judge and secure their confidence, and to direct the attention of the several congregations to this matter, and to ask for their liberality in providing a supply to be sent with the Missionary.

A. McLEAN, *Convener*.

Our Mission Prospects.

A communication has been received from M. H. Robertson now at Aneiteum, to the effect that he purposes returning to Nova Scotia to recruit his health, and to study with a view to be ordained as a missionary in connexion with our Church to the New Hebrides. We may explain that Mr. Robertson has been suffering under sun stroke, but is now recovering, and that he requires removal to his native air to complete his recovery; but that is not all—his cotton agency having ended, he is desirous, with the consent of the missionaries, of being equipped and authorized as a missionary by our Church. He writes—"the missionaries spoke to me at their meeting with a view to entering upon mission work in connexion with your Church, and Dr. Geddie read an extract from Mr. McLean's letter on the same subject, but as the missionaries have no training institution here for young men, I have decided in accordance with the opinion of most if not of all the missionaries to go home to Nova Scotia with a view to be ordained as a missionary, and then return to the New Hebrides to labour among the heathen. For several reasons, I was shut up to this course, and I may mention it was the most agreeable to my own mind. First, the position of a Teacher would not I think be a happy one either for me or the missionaries. Again the missionaries say they cannot take me in for a course of study with a view of ordaining me, as they have not the means of so doing, and lastly my weak state of health; but if the Church will give me encouragement, I intend going home to commence study at once." This is sufficiently explicit. Accordingly our Mission Board, which met last week, resolved gratefully to accept of Mr. Robertson's offer of service, and to enter into communication with him as soon as he arrive here, which may be expected (D. V.) not later than April or May. Of the reasons which led to the decision of the Board the following are the chief. (1.) Mr. Robertson's possessing the language of the natives. He has furnished proof of this in translating an address of one of the chiefs which appeared in our *Record* some time ago, and to his ability in this respect the accompanying documents of Dr. Geddie's bears witness. (2.) His conciliatory manners and frank intercourse with the natives,—and 3rd, his being under the power of Divine grace and love for mission work. As to this last, satisfactory evi-

dence could be afforded if required. Though a good living moral youth and even a communicant, Mr. Robertson was not when he left in the "Day Spring" a converted man; it was while on board the mission ship that he came under the power of serious convictions, which ended through God's grace in his joining himself with God's people, and even ultimately at the missionaries persuasion taking part in their prayer meeting. Since that he has grown rapidly in his desires for usefulness, and frequently lamented his want of sufficient education to qualify him as a missionary. So that in accepting of his offer, we do, we think, what any Church would be glad in our circumstances to do. As to the official capacity in which Mr. Robertson will serve us, we can say nothing at present. He himself adds, "If your Church will not advise me to go on with my studies but are agreed to send me as a lay agent, to be under your committee, I see nothing to prevent me returning as the agent of your Church." So that in either way we have received an acquisition.

And I cannot close without pointing to the ground of thankfulness afforded us in our mission prospects. We have one missionary known and approved of us all who at the call of duty resigns home, and two churches, to labor in one of the South Sea Islands. All honor to him the first the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia have sent to the heathen.

Then we have a lay Christian brother offering himself to be set apart to this work, to him no new work, oft already has he spoken to the natives in their own language of the story of love, and always has his conduct been fitting and right; now that he is about to be clothed with authority and separated for the work, should we not thank God and take courage?

The following document confirms the board in the step they have taken.

A. W. H.

ANEITEUM, May, 28, 1868.

Minute passed at the annual meeting of the New Hebrides Mission.

"The Rev. A. McLean, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland, Nova Scotia, has asked in a letter to Dr. Geddie, if it would be advisable for this mission to place Mr. Robertson under a course of study here, with a view to ordination. This mission does not see its way clear to pursue the course indicated; but considering Mr. Robertson's christian character, the aptitude which he has shown in acquiring the Aneiteum language, and his kind manner in dealing with the natives, would recommend to that Church, that he should be furnished with every facility for

pursuing his studies, and be ordained at home; and this mission will cordially welcome him as a fellow labourer in the cause of Christ in these Islands: and Dr. Geddie is appointed to transmit this minute, and communicate with Mr. McLean on this subject."

JOHN GEDDIE, Clerk.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Geddie.

Ancientum, May 18th, 1868.

REV. A. MACLEAN.

My Dear Sir,—I received your welcome letter. It gives me pleasure to hear of your continued interest in the missionary cause on these Islands. Oh! how would that interest increase if your Church had its own missionaries labouring for Christ in these dark regions. I trust that the time is not far distant when this will be the case.

I have not been able to do much for you since my return to these islands. This has arisen from various causes. In the first place there were several missionaries to be settled, and the "Day Spring" was fully occupied in attending to them. In the next place the unhappy "Curacao" affair has given a sad check to our work on these Islands, from which the mission will not entirely recover for years to come. And finally the wreck of the missionary bark "John Williams" has interrupted for a time, the intercourse between Western and Eastern Polynesia, from which latter place we receive our most efficient native teachers. The prospects are certainly less favourable on these islands than they were some years ago, but the clouds have begun to break once more, and we may confidently anticipate a bright and glorious future. Our disappointments should not discourage us, but rather lead us to more humble dependence on God, whose cause we labour to promote.

As regards native teachers, I sent two from this island to Fate or Efat last year. They have been studying the dialect of that island, and will probably be settled very soon on one of the small islands adjacent to it. Our mission has also made an application to the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, on Samoa and Rarotonga for native teachers, and we have a promise of four or five as soon as they can be sent to us. We are now pre-

paring to extend our mission beyond its present limits, and let us pray for God's blessing on all the efforts made for the furtherance of His own cause. The islands on which missionaries now labour, in this group, are Aneiteum, Futuna, Aniwa, Erromanga, and Fae; all the other islands are still in heathen darkness. The work of evangelization has only begun on this group of islands, and not less than 50 missionaries are required to occupy it. And I may add that a chain of islands extends onward from the New Hebrides to the Indian Ocean, comprising hundreds, if not thousands of islands, where the darkness of heathenism has never yet been penetrated by a single ray of gospel light.

I trust that God may soon raise up men among you, who will be willing to forsake the endearments of home, and come far hence to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. How it would gladden our hearts to welcome one or more missionaries from you. Do not delay until we can report favourable openings to you, for if the way is not clear for the settlement of missionaries when they arrive, they can help to open islands for themselves. It would be a positive advantage indeed to missionaries coming to these islands, to spend a year or more at one of the older stations. They would then enter on their own sphere of labour acclimated to some extent, and with much practical knowledge of the missionary work, which could not fail to be useful to them.

The mission families, so far as I know, are well, with the exception of Mr. Morrison. He has been obliged from failing health to visit Australia, and his medical advisers have forbidden his return at present. His withdrawal from the work has been a serious trial to our mission. May God in mercy restore his health, and grant him years of usefulness in these islands.

I hope this season to make a long voyage among the islands of this group. The "Day Spring" has hitherto done little beyond visiting the islands on which missionaries and teachers are settled. It is now time that we should begin to operate on the dark regions beyond. I may be able to give you further information about the islands in my next letter to you.

I beg to thank you for your kind letter and hope your correspondence will continue. I still cherish pleasing recollections of the Sabbath I spent in your congregation. Nothing impressed me more when I was home, than the simple, earnest, and fervent piety which it was my privilege to witness in some of the Highland congregations of your church and our own. It leads one's mind back to primitive times, and reminds me strongly of what I have seen among native converts on these islands. My sheet is full, and I must now conclude. Pray for us.

Ever yours &c.,

JOHN GEDDIE.

Obituaries.

It is with feelings of deep sorrow we chronicle the death of Alex. McKay, Esq., West Branch, River John. Mr. McKay was born in the parish of Lairg, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1840, where he resided until the end of his earthly career, which took place on the 30th July, aged 49 years. He left a widow and many friends to mourn their loss.

Mr. McKay was a man given to hospitality. In him the stranger has lost a kind friend; the needy a helper; the disconsolate a sympathizer. His was a house that was always open to the people of God, and, especially on sacramental occasions, his hospitality was largely shown. It gave him much happiness and comfort, at these seasons, to have his house filled with the most pious, devout, aged, and experienced in the word of God; and what speaks much for his liberal mindedness and benevolent heart, his house was thrown open, not only to members of the Church of Scotland to which he belonged and of which he was a great admirer as well as a liberal supporter, but also to those of the sister Churches at these communion seasons. He was a lover of peace, and we trust he has the blessing of such. He looked forward with great desire and hope for the union of all the Presbyterian family.—We affirm not too much when we say that in him the ministers of the Gospel have lost a good friend, who; with his amiable partner, spared no labour or trouble to make their guest comfortable. For these deeds of kindness we believe they shall have their reward. Mr. McKay was a man of slender frame and delicate constitution, and for some years past was subject to severe attacks of illness. He suffered much a few weeks before his death. His end was peace and a looking forward for a glorious resurrection and immortality with his Heavenly Master.—*Con. to Standard.*

We have to record the death of Mr. Donald McDonald, of Malagash, Wallace, at the advanced age of 82 years. Conscious for some time past, that the hand of death was upon him, he spent the greater part of his time in reading, meditation, and prayer. With a trust and hope gratifying to his friends, he waited to hear the voice of Jesus calling him to his rest and reward. Full of the peace and joy belonging to the believer, he departed this life on the morning of the 18th September, amidst the tears and embraces of his affectionate wife and children.

The deceased was a native of Rossshire, Scotland. His family emigrated in the year 1801, and settled in the County of Pictou; whence he removed to Malagash in 1840. Many will remember the hearty welcome and hospitality he extended to those who had occasion to visit that locality. His house and table were open to ministers of all denomina-

tions,—his heart was too generous for bigotry to find even a night's lodgement. There has gone from our midst, by the death of this worthy man, another of those true-hearted Scotchmen, whose delight it is to dwell upon their early reminiscences of Scotland's hills and dales, and Scotland's Kirk.

Wallace, Oct., 1868.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE FUND.

1868.

Sept 17, from McLn's Mt. congregation	\$14.66
" 23, " Georgetown, P. E. Island,	10.50
" 24, " Charlottetown "	14.25
" 10, " Greenock Church, St. Andrew's N. B.*	5.10
Oct. 6, " St. John, Nfld.	32.58
" 8, " Salt Spring's cong'tion.	\$16.00
Less discount on American silver.	50c14.50
" " " St. Andrew's Church, St John's N. B.	29.81
" " " Richmond, N. B.	3.08
" 9 " New Glasgow congregation,	22.00
" 13, " St. And's Church, B. Pt. Road P. E. Island,	£1 10s 0d.
St. Columba's do St. P's Road, 1 Ga. Od.	
Alex. Stewart, jr P. E. Island	£1 0s. 0d.
John Ferguson, sen "	10s. 0d.
Rev. Geo. W. Stewart, "	10s. 0d.
P. E. Island cy, £ s. ds.	6d -16.00
Oct. 13, A Friend in P. E. Island,	400.00
" 16, Pugwash congregation,	7.35
" 21, Albion Mines, do	9.80
" " Halifax this month,	62.50
	\$642.13

JAS. J. BREMNER,

Treasurer.

Halifax, N. S., 23rd Oct. 1868

* This was forwarded last month but too late.
J. J. B.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

1868

YOUNG MENS SCHEME.

Oct 1, From Jas. J. Bremner, Collection St Matthew's Church, Halifax,	£10 6s 3
Oct 1, " St. Andrew's "	" 2 12s 6
Oct 23, Revd Peter Keay, Collection Greenock Church, St Andrew's, New Brunswick,	2 0s 0

SYNOD FUND.

Oct 1, From Jas J Bremner, Collection, St Andrew's Church, Halifax,	£1 8s 11d
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1868

HOME MISSION.

Oct 1, From John McLean, Collection, Roger Hill Church,	£1 16s 10
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RODERICK MCKENZIE,

Treasurer.

Pictou, Oct 31st, 1868.

Received per Mr. William Mathieson from. Bariton congregation, for Missionary ser. oca.
\$3.00.

W. McMILLAN, P. C.

Oct 29th, 1868.