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THE MONTHLY RECORD

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IN

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"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." — PSALM CXXXVII. 5.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, General Assembly Hall, 1887.

A FEW sentences, written "on the spot," and in reference to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, may not come amiss to the readers of the RECORD. Permit me, therefore, to give you a few of my impressions on the subject. To-day the Church of Scotland had her annual "outing;" and the people of Scotland, as enthusiastically as ever, turned out to see the grand sight. At Holyrood Palace the Lord High Commissioner, Lord Hopetown, held the customary levee. Judging from the enormous crowd of loyal men—of all ranks and conditions—who turned out to do honor to the Queen's Representative, and at the same time express goodwill toward the Church to which he is sent by the Queen, one would think that the days of Disestablishment have come to an end, and that the power of the Church's foes grows gradually and surely less and less. Church and State were there together. Churchmen and Dissenters, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Business and Professions, the Town and the Country, the Navy and the Army, unitedly enthusiastic, made the grey turrets and historic halls of "Ancient Holyrood" joyful and exceedingly gay. It being Jubilee year, the masses who thronged the line of the Procession from the Palace to St. Giles' Cathedral, where the Commissioner and his household attend divine service, surpassed anything ever seen in the long history of the Church of Scotland. Finally, under the thunder of a royal salute of twenty-

one guns, the Assembly Hall was reached and the business of the Assembly began.

Lord Hopetown, the Lord High Commissioner, is the young nobleman who has ever occupied the dignified position. He is only a little over twenty-three years of age. He went through the ordeal like a prince, and with an ease and grace rarely seen except in the case of men of long and tried experience. He tables his credentials like any ordinary member of Assembly; proceeds to discharge his official function in stereotyped words; then comes his own special part, where he speaks his own mind and gives forth his own individual utterances. He is a true Churchman, and there was a ring of confident hopefulness as to the Church's future which brought forth the enthusiastic applause of the listening Assembly. He is loyally devoted to the Church, and no proselytism will ever deflect him from her services and work. A Church RECORD is not the place to speak particularly of his young wife the Countess, yet so much you must permit me to say, that she captivates everyone who sees her.

Next the Moderator. Who does not know the Very Rev. Dr. Cunningham? He is now Principal Cunningham. He will pardon the writer if he is spoken of by his more familiar designation of Dr. Cunningham of Crieff. It is not enough to say that he is now Principal of one of the Scottish Universities; but it is sufficient to say that he is the well-known man who spent the long period of forty-two years the faithful minister of an attached people, and who, by the vigorous use of his brain and his pen, gave books and articles to thinking men to read and learn for so long a time. To be a

Principal is one thing, and may be evidence of a great mind and a useful life; but to think originally, to preach profitably, and to write vigorously for so long a time, can be no accident. Such was the retiring Moderator. The elected Moderator is also a man of ripe experience and no ordinary powers. But as Dr. Cunningham put off his armor, and Dr. Hutchison is only putting it on, we shall leave our remarks about the latter till next year.

In the Free Church General Assembly the Moderators are also men of mark. Dr. Somerville is a well-known man. He has been of late more abroad on evangelistic tours than at home in the work of the Church. He goes over the world on Revival expeditions, building on other men's foundations. He likes it better than the harder and more trying work of a Church and congregation. The Moderator whom they elected to succeed him is also a well-known man—would that I could say "well and favorably" known. He is the arch-enemy of the Church of Scotland. He is the head and front of the Free Church Disestablishment crusade. His power in the Free Church is enormous. He has been able to lead her General Assembly straight in the teeth of her "Protest and Claim of Rights." He has done so year after year by ever-increasing majorities. He has made Disestablishment the stalking-horse, and the Free Church has mounted and gone at full gallop, in obedience to his signal. He opened the Free Church Assembly by an elaborate address, in which there is virtually not a word about his pet theme. Whether he is keeping his bow unbent for the general discussion of the subject further on in the Assembly, it is impossible to say. His address was a curiosity in its way. He took up modern apostasy from the old orthodox faith, and almost apologized for those who do not believe in Church doctrines, Confessions of Faith, and such like. He drew a distinction between "what the Bible says" and "what the Bible and Church say together." He prefers the Church to sit in judgment on the Bible rather than that the Bible should be the judge of the Church. It is spiritual independence which so enraptures Dr. Rainy that he will not permit even the Bible to have too much to say when "what the Church says" is the matter under consideration.

We have mentioned several things in connection with the Church of Scotland and the other Churches. In the good "auld Kirk" everything flourishes. Our members are increasing steadily, our finances are satisfactory, and we have rest from war. Not so the state of things elsewhere. The Free Church prides

herself on her finances. More than once we have been brought into unfavorable contrast with her. She has been able to show very much higher figures in her contributions as per member than we show. And this fact has not unnaturally been used as an argument against the Church of Scotland and all State Churches whatsoever. It has been said that endowments are hostile to Christian liberality. If so, then State endowments are bad, and should be abolished. The facts of the case, however, are these:—Our people are as liberal and generous as those of dissenting Churches; but (as Norman McLeod once put it in my hearing) a man will swim further to save his life than were he only enjoying a holiday luxury. Dissenting Churches collect money like the former; we in the Church collect like the latter. It is plainly evident, however, to the careful observer, that where our organization is as complete as theirs, our results are as good: where their organization is defective as ours, their results are as low. It is a question of organization, and that only. Our organization will not compare in completeness with the F. C. Sustentation Fund, and our collections will not compare with theirs in that department. Were it absolutely necessary for the existence of the Church of Scotland that a certain sum of money should be raised, we could devise an organization as complete as theirs, and I have no doubt we would produce as satisfactory results. The danger with the Free Church, however, is this, that the strain has been too great. The originators of the Free Church and her great Scheme have died out. A new generation has grown up, animated by a less chivalric spirit, with the consequence that the Funds are shrinking whilst the members of the Church and the wealth of the country are both on the increase. For example, at the Free Church General Assembly of 1885, the total income from all sources reported was £26,028 4s. 11d., which itself was a decrease on the previous year. The next year, 1886, the revenue was £594,050 1s. 2½d.—also a decrease. This year 1887 the total revenue is £564,442 11s. 0½d., a decrease of £29,607 10s. 2d. If this state of things goes on for any length of time, the Free Church will have to give attention, not to the pulling down of the Church of Scotland, but to the preservation of her own existence. She has done good work. She has undoubtedly shown us what a Church can do. She has stimulated the Church of Scotland to greater and more sustained efforts both at home and abroad, and therefore the curtailment of her efforts would be a calamity that should not be contemplated but with alarm. She would have

done better had she not broken away at '43, but fought her battle in the Church. Now she has made a place and history for herself. "She has," as one of her orators put it not long ago, "established herself." She has made work and responsibility during these long years, and now her younger sons should not let the flag unfurled by their fathers be drawn down an inch from the masthead. The more all Churches wish well to each other the better for all. "In things essential, unity; in things non-essential, liberty; in all things, charity."

C.

[This letter is from a former Editor of our RECORD, as our skillful readers will see, and appreciate accordingly.]

APOSTOLIC STUDIES, ON THE PRIMITIVE OR INFANT CHURCH OF CHRIST.

9.) CHRISTIAN COURAGE : Acts 4 : 15-37.

AFTER the Council had conferred upon what course to take, they threatened Peter and John, commanding them not to speak to any man nor teach in the name of Jesus. In refusing to obey the priests, Peter and John evinced true Christian courage. Although they were Apostles filled with the Spirit, yet they were only men. They had sensibilities common to human nature; they did not love pain, imprisonment nor death; they preferred, no doubt, peace and safety. They knew that this very Council had been instrumental in causing Christ to be put to death, and might fatally persecute them. They, however, manfully stood by their principles, and told them that they must speak the things they had seen and heard.

For fear of the people the Council decided to let them go; as no charge was proved against them; and the Apostles' answer was such that even they must have admired it, for it was neither defiant nor bitter, nor complaining; neither was it timid nor equivocal. It was frank, fearless, manly, and they made no concealment of their purpose. Their very candor proved their safety. Their sense of right was their support. They felt, too, that they had human sympathy, for all men glorified God for that which was done.

Having obtained their liberty, they joined their own company and made their report; then, lifting up their voice in prayer, the place was shaken as with an earthquake, shewing that God was present; and they were all filled

with the Holy Spirit, and spake the Word of God with boldness. To be filled with the Spirit gives the Christian true courage.

Here we have a picture of the blessed state of the Infant Church; all being of one heart and one soul, they held all things in common. Those who had lands or houses sold them, and put the prices realized into a common fund; and thus distribution was made unto all who were in need. These sacrifices for the common good were voluntary acts, and not compulsory obligations.

Thus did also Joses, surnamed Barnabas, who was afterwards a chosen companion of St. Paul, until they separated on account of John Mark, as recorded in Acts 15 : 36-39; by means of which the blessings of salvation were, in the good Providence of God, more widely diffused.

10.) ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA : Acts 5 : 1-11.

A dark shadow was to fall on the Infant Church, not from without, but from backsliders within the pale. The sins of Ananias and Sapphira were a sad instance of evil in the human heart. This man and this woman having become members of the Church in Jerusalem, sold a possession, showing outwardly a willingness to make a sacrifice for the present necessity of the poorer disciples. In place, however, of giving the whole price, they kept back a part of it, and only brought the balance to the Apostles; apparently not willing to trust entirely to the bounty of Divine Providence, as the others had done. It does not appear clear from the context that Ananias told a lie, but he acted a lie, not merely to men, but to God; and the one is as bad as the other in God's sight. This was an attempt to give a false impression of piety and zeal; being really an act of hypocrisy; a semblance of faith and love and self-sacrifice that did not exist in the heart. It was deliberate and preconcerted between the man and his wife; a culmination of false pretences, shamming, and deceit.

Their motives might have been, 1st, vanity, to get the praise of men; 2d, love of money, or covetousness, to keep back a part of the price; 3d, want of faith, or unbelief, dreading lest the common fund might fail them at last; and 4th, the suggestion of Satan.

Peter must have received the power to make the discovery of Ananias's sin, otherwise he could not have charged him with lying to the Holy Spirit. Hearing this; and being self-convicted and self-condemned, the unfortunate man fell down, died, and was buried.

About three hours afterwards, Sapphira, all unconscious of what had happened to her hus-

band, came in, and, in answer to Peter's question, confirmed the lie they had agreed to tell; and on hearing of her husband's death and burial, she fell down straightway, yielding up her spirit, and was buried by her husband.

The punishment was speedy and terrible, filling all the members of the Infant Church that heard these things with great fear and solemn awe.

This judgment therefore answered the end for which it was inflicted.

As the word "Church" is used in the 11th verse, we have here inaugurated a specimen of the New Testament Church, in the following particulars :--

1. Called by the Gospel of Jesus ;
2. Grafted into Christ by baptism ;
3. Animated by faith, love and new obedience ; and
4. Disciplined by the exemplary punishment of hypocrites.

No doubt Peter was thankful that he himself had time to repent of his denial of Christ, and to experience his restoration to God's favor. Let all liars in the Church and in the world beware !

C. Y.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES :

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- E, Heman's son, on instruments did prophecy and sing ;
 F Hoped for bribes, but trembled at the law of heaven's King.
 G was a border country wide, where Christ did often dwell ;
 H was an Agagite whose fate was dire, but earned well.
 I was a glorious name foretold, prophetic of our Lord ;
 J was the City of the King, from whence went forth the Word. C. Y.

GO ON, DO YOUR BEST, AND YOU WILL WIN.

ANSWERS FOR MAY. — S, Sapphira ; T, Thomas ; U, Uzzah ; V, Vashti ; W, Water ; X, 'Xactly so.

HONESTY.—The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy, is not in reality an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor designs to stoop to aught that is mean, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)

EDWARD MORTIMER was unquestionably a man of talent and energy. His influence at home and abroad was such that during his life he wielded the destinies of the County of Pictou at his will. If I remember right, Mr Mortimer was elected in 1806 to represent the County of Halifax in Parliament ; (there was no County of Pictou then). It was the first contested election I ever saw. The hustings were erected on "Squire McKay's Intervale." In the House he always opposed "the Halifax Party," and had a good deal of influence. Mr. Mortimer was, I think, a native of Bamff, Scotland. He was a proud man, but I believe a good and honest man. He left no child, and died insolvent.

The East River at this time was certainly wild enough. The site of New Glasgow, with exception of a small log shantie at the bank of the river, was then a perfect wilderness, inhabited by bears, foxes and rabbits. There were no highways, no bridges, no communication between place and place, except by paths through the woods, marked by blazes on the trees. The intercourse between the people was principally by canoes and boats in summer, and by the ice in winter. There were but few horses, no wheeled carriage of any sort, and only *one* saddle in the whole settlement. The late Donald McLennan was its happy owner ; and he could scarcely call it his own, for at every marriage Donald McLennan's saddle was sure to be in requisition. All works generally done by horses and carts were then performed by oxen and sleds. People were undoubtedly more sociable sixty years ago than now. During the long winter nights the young people would often meet in some neighbor's house for some hours,—perhaps till nine o'clock,—singing songs, telling stories, dancing, or playing some harmless game. Next night they would meet in some other neighbor's house, and thus a spirit of kindness and good-will was cherished. A good deal of farmers' work was carried on by what was termed "Frolicks ;" that is, a number of neighbors turned out to do a day's work for another neighbor. This was not a bad way, for the work then to be performed by the farmer was much heavier than his work now, and could not be done by weak hands ; such as rolling, burning, and clearing the lands. The greatest evil connected with Frolicks was

the large quantity of intoxicating liquors drank at them; as also at weddings: some five, six, seven or eight gallons at each wedding! Nevertheless there were not (in proportion to the population) nearly as many drunken persons then as now. Then, every person took his glass, from the minister downwards; yet I am sure I was twenty years of age before I saw any man really drunk. It was fashionable to have liquor in every house, and to drink it at all times; but it was not fashionable to be drunk. That was deemed disgraceful. There were more *Clannishness* and *Rivalries* among the people then than now. The men of the East River felt themselves bound to maintain the glory of the East River against all the neighbors and the rest of the world. So did the people of Merigomish, Little Harbor, Fisher's Grant, Pictou, West and Middle Rivers, feel bound to uphold the honor of their respective *countries* against all gainsayers. This sort of *clannishness* and separatism was the fruitful source of much fighting and bullying. Each Clan or Section had its Bullies and its Courts and Militia Musters. These would have their fights. These sectional distinctions were maintained to a ridiculous and mischievous extent, but they have all died out long ago.

The last sixty years have realized a great change in the weather. Formerly we would have great falls of snow, and steady frost during the winter months. The snow commonly began in November, and there would be snow-falls every now and then during winter. In the Spring the snow would be from three to four feet deep. Thaws were rare. The snow lay on the ground till some time in May; but the heat of the sun was so great, and so little frost in the ground, that vegetation was astonishingly rapid. The Spring heat would often be such that no work could be done in the middle of the day with oxen. Thunder-clouds with rain were more frequent in summer than now. The weather in summer and winter was less changeable. There was no weevil destroying the wheat in those days; but mildew and smut were common. Wheat and potatoes were the principal crops. Wheat produced great returns, and potatoes would grow and prosper wherever there was sufficient soil to cover the seeds. From 800 to 1000 bushels was a common crop of potatoes, but very little oats or barley was cultivated.

The mode of living was then very different from what it is now. Potatoes were then the "staff of life," and they were used at meals three times a day. "Potatoes and pork" were the principal food. Fish were also plentiful and cheap, and were much used. A barrel of

the largest and fattest mackerel could be had for twenty shillings. Tea was very little used; its price then was about twelve shillings by the pound. It came down to seven shillings and sixpence, at which price it remained until the monopoly of the tea trade was taken from the "East India Company." The late James Carmichael, Esquire, was the first merchant settled at New Glasgow, and the only one that sold groceries on the south and east side of Pictou harbor; yet he was doing business for years at New Glasgow before he could retail *one* chest of tea in twelve months. Living was comparatively cheap, both as regards food and clothing; the latter consisting chiefly of homespuns for men's and women's dresses.

The leading men on the East River were Rev. James McGregor (Minister); Thos. Fraser (Elder), grandfather to the present Frasers on the west of the river, opposite New Glasgow; Squire McKay, Donald McKay (Elder), Colin McKay; Donald Fraser (Elder), Fish Pools; John Fraser, Esq., McLennan's Brook; Donald Fraser, miller; Alex. Grant, Grant's Lake, East Branch, and some others of less note; all good and pious men, I believe. There were then only three clergymen in the County of Pictou: Rev. Mr. McGregor, Rev. Mr. Ross, and Rev. Mr. McCulloch—hard working, earnest and steady men. The County of Pictou, as well as Nova Scotia at large, owes much to the unremitting labors of these three clergymen. I was intimate with the late Rev. Dr. McGregor, and a man of kindlier feeling, and more desirous to do good, was rare to meet with anywhere. I owe him much for good counsel and kindness.

All the Churches then in the County of Pictou were: one log building on the west side East River, on the ground called "The Meeting-house Lot," where the Old Burying Ground now is; a similar log house near Grant's Mills, East Branch; a house of the same description at Middle River; one at West River; none at Pictou, for Mr McCulloch was preaching in a barn.

Sixty years ago there was no Bible Society, no Missionary Society, no Tract Society, no Temperance Society, no Sabbath Schools, no religious society of any kind. Nevertheless I believe there was a great deal of personal piety. There was certainly a great deal of *head-knowledge*, and too much of polemics. To maintain extreme views on certain Theological points was held to be essential to salvation; and hence a great deal of uncharitableness obtained towards all who differed. Sectarianism ran high and bitter in those days.

Rev. Messrs. McGregor, Ross and McCulloch

were of the "Anti-Burghers"; Rev. Messrs. Waddell, Graham, and Crow of Colchester, were of the "Burgher" Association. There was hot war between these until a Union was effected some years later. After they were united they formed themselves into a Synod. The first Synod met at Pictou. The name and novelty of the thing brought many from all quarters to attend it. I was there among the rest, and, although a thoughtless boy, I was greatly struck with all I saw.

My ideal of a Minister of the Gospel at that time was, that he must be truly a man of God, having all the bad passions of our nature completely subdued and wholly under control. With this ideal in my head, you may judge of my astonishment at seeing the ebullition of passion indulged in by some members of Synod, especially by Clericals. There was the late Rev. Mr. Waddell of Truro—a corpulent, pompous, and extremely important gentleman; and there was the Rev. Mr. Crow of Londonderry—a thin, lean, sharp-nosed person, and as snappish as a mink. These two had a regular field-day of it. During one of their encounters, Mr. Crow took up a pocket Bible that lay on the table and threw it with might and will in Mr. Waddell's face. The quarrel was about some Presbyterian Appeal which was brought up to the Synod by either of the combatants. The Rev. Mr. McGregor and Mr. Ross were usually the peacemakers. Mr. McCulloch was cold, stiff, and sarcastic, and seemed to enjoy the scene. There was a great deal of bad blood shown on all sides; and at this distant period, having since been present at, and taken part in, meetings of various descriptions, Civil, Political, and Ecclesiastical, I am free to say—and I say it without the least prejudice—that that Synod of which I speak was the most unruly and undignified meeting that I ever saw.

(To be continued.)

UNSELFISH LOVE, THE CHARM OF LIFE.

LOOKING down from a window of the "Pension Mayer," I realize that the rain can fall in Venice and the clouds hang as heavy over marble palaces as they hang too often around our Highland hills. My husband is walking impatiently about the room. He is an artist, and has come to Venice to work, which seems a hopeless prospect at present. We are roused by the dinner-bell, and on going down we find most of the company already in their places,

the buxom landlady, who at first sight has attracted us, seated at the head of one of the three long tables, an anxious look on her face. To keep a good table and comfortable rooms for travellers at eight francs a day is no very easy task, but Franlein Mayer would almost rather be out of pocket at the end of the year than that her dinners and suppers should not be well cooked and plentiful. She is a south German, with a big, warm heart, but used to disappointment and the incivility of the thoughtless every day of her life.

The company is such as may very generally be found at a second-class hotel abroad; mostly Germans, with a sprinkling of Americans and English. The landlady's eyes follow the dishes as they go round, and she looks to the faces anxiously to see that every one is satisfied; every now and then her eyes wander back to a vacant chair beside her, and she gives a rapid glance towards the door. At last it opens, and her face brightens; her colour deepens a little, as a tall, gray-headed man of about fifty or upwards takes the chair beside her. He is unmistakably an Englishman,—one who has lived long abroad, however; for he seems quite at home, well acquainted with the troubles or interests of all his neighbors, for each of whom he has a kind word; and he does not forget to compliment the landlady on her dishes. At last, when the meal is over, she says to him, "Do you know, Mr. Smith, a countryman of yours arrived here last night? an artist too?" "Indeed!" says he, "I wonder if I know him; where is he sitting?" "At the end of the third table," the landlady tells him; "he is a tall man with red hair; his wife is with him."

Smith rises, and gives a rapid glance in our direction. "Ogilvie!" he exclaims, "it's years since I saw him, but I should have known him anywhere. Well, this is a pleasant surprise!" He rises quickly and finds his way over to us. My husband does not at once recognize his old friend, but when the question is asked: "Have you quite forgotten Arthur Smith of Fitzroy Square?" he rises quickly and grasps the hand held out to him, with energy and genuine warmth. Then I am introduced, and Mr. Smith asks us to come up to his rooms and have coffee.

"You will have a long climb," he says to me, "for I live with the pigeons on the top of the house, but I can promise you a good cup of coffee when you get to the top." Then he goes to make his preparations, and I am eager to know who he is.

"I remember him first about twenty years ago," says my husband, "when he was successful and had just made a 'hit' at the Royal

Academy. After that I used to look for his name in the Academy catalogue, but it seemed gradually to disappear, and when I came to London, seven years later, I only saw him once. Then fortune seemed to have left him, and soon after that I heard he had gone abroad. What he has been doing since then I cannot tell; he looks much older, and very delicate."

We found our way up to Mr. Smith's lodging, where we were warmly welcomed. His large, low-roofed studio had a square balcony built on to the leads of the house, from where, on a clear day, one could have a glorious view across the lagoon to the outlying islands. There was no view this day, however, but a good fire was burning in the stove, and we sat down beside it to our coffee, and the two artists to their cigars.

"Now tell me about the folks at home," said Smith—"the artists, I mean. It is ten years since I was last in London—a flying visit; and since then I've had little news of what was going on in the Art world, except from an occasional newspaper, or meeting an old friend as now. I was half broken-hearted with disappointment when I came to settle here, for my picture had been rejected three consecutive years from the Academy, but Venice, with her quiet and her departed glory, is a very tender nurse to a disappointed man." He said this without any bitterness, and when, soon after, Ogilvie began to tell him about the London artists, and who were the rising men, and who were at the top of the tree, his face lit up with delight whenever he heard of the success of an old friend. So they sat talking, until Ogilvie suddenly asked Smith what he was working at. He rose quietly and brought forward a portfolio of water-color drawings, and looking over it we saw sketches of Venice—one of the fishermen's shrine near the railway station, another of the island of St. Elena, painted from a gondola, the sun setting behind it—and others—all delicate and full of feeling, but wanting entirely in that "something" which attracts the public. Ogilvie stood before them not knowing what to say, but quickly recovering himself spoke some words of praise and made a few suggestions. He then asked if any of these drawings were to be exhibited. "No," said Smith, "these drawings are part of a commission I received lately. It came most unexpectedly, and I was desperately in need of it. For two years I had sold nothing, and was quite at the end of my small savings. I had been in the habit of going to the pension, where we met for dinner every day; but when my funds ran so low, had been obliged to give it up. One day I had a letter from Fraulein

Mayer, to say that a friend of hers in Germany wanted some water-color drawings of Venetian subjects—would I undertake the commission? I was thankful to do so, and since then the payment has always been coming in, in instalments. The drawings are not completed yet."

"Surely," I said to my husband as we walked home, "that is a most unusual kind of commission Mr. Smith has got—the payment made in such a liberal way, and coming through the landlady of an insignificant German pension!" "Yes," he answered, "very unusual," but he evidently thought no more about it. I had my thoughts, however, and day after day, as we sat opposite this gentle-hearted Englishman—for we had been moved to the same table—and as I watched his kind ways and thoughtful consideration for every one—as I saw how the landlady looked for his coming—how her colour rose, and the light of her eyes deepened as he sat down beside her—these thoughts took shape. His health was very frail, though—there seemed to be an almost daily decrease of vigor, and he told us himself that he did not expect to see another spring.

Our time of willing exile, however, was soon at an end, and it was with sad hearts that we bade farewell to Venice. The sun was shining bright, and the ducal palace glittering with all its gems lit up, as we left, and Venice was the Venice of our dreams!

Mr. Smith came to the station to see us off and seemed sorry to part with us, for we had been much together. He was looking very white and delicate, and the tears came to my eyes as we bade him "good-bye," for his goodness had touched my heart, and I knew that we should meet no more.

It was about six months later, that in opening the newspaper one morning my eyes fell by chance on the announcement, "Died at Venice, on the 20th ult., Arthur Smith, artist."

All that day, and for many days after, my thoughts were back in Venice, living over again our happy days there with the gentle Englishman and the German landlady. How would she take his death? I wondered; and where were the pictures her friend had commissioned?

It was not until some years later that we visited Venice again—this time in winter, and we lived at the Hotel Bauer on the Grand Canal. One afternoon I took a stroll along the Riva Schiavoni, and in passing the "Pension Mayer" saw the landlady, who was just parting from some guests at the door. Turning from her friends she saw me, for I was waiting and watching for her. She recognized me immediately. "You were a friend of Mr. Smith," she said; "will you come up stairs?"

She led me up to a very snug little room at the top of the house, prettily furnished, and the walls were hung with water-color drawings which I recognized at first sight. Here was the island of St. Elena, the sun setting behind it, the same as we had seen in Mr. Smith's studio nearly three years before. I turned to Fraulein Mayer and said, "You are discovered—I know now who the friend is that bought Mr. Smith's drawings, and paid him so well."

"Ach," she said, blushing, "you knew that; I did not know he had told you."

"Yes, we knew it," I said, "and we knew also that before he got that commission he was destitute and hopeless—O dear heart!" I sobbed, breaking down, "what is it you have done? When in his home in England all had forgotten him, you supported and comforted him in his last days. Tell me—did he know it at the end?"

"No, dear lady," she said; "why should he have known it? He knew that his pictures were greatly prized by the friend who had got them—what need for him to know more? You think the benefit was all on his side, but it was not so. To see him come in day after day—to have him sitting beside me—to hear him speaking so gently to all around—to feel that he knew I was lonely and troubled, and sympathized with me—that all was something I shall never have again in this world; but the memory of these days will live in my heart always."

"His end was peaceful—he had the faith of a child in the blessed CHRIST; and as for me," (looking fondly round her walls), "I have his paintings; and they are my dearest possessions in this world!" Mrs. K. MACWHIRTER.

DEATH closes all trials of the believer; but until death he is to have his armor on. There may be some reality of true Christian patience, and yet it may be very weak. We must learn to bear up bravely, and with the putting forth of a complete manful energy. Small encounters are useful in the raw recruit; they exercise him in the virtues which in process of time make him a soldier. He that bearded the lion and bear afterwards accepted the challenge of Goliath, though still a ruddy youth. Could we look on daily troubles as exercises set us by the Master, to fit us for the higher efforts of patience, we should be saved much repining and many groans. The great duty is always the duty of the day, of the hour, of this moment. If our equanimity is destroyed by the trifles of a life generally prosperous, what may we expect of ourselves in the water-floods of tribulation

which may yet roll in? Let us learn to bear with a hard hand on the helm, before the tempest arises.—Alexander.

The Monthly Record.

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY, 1887.

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OUR OWN CHURCH AND COUNTRY.

NOVA SCOTIA.

MEETING OF SYNOD.—The Synod of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland was held in St. Andrew's Church, New Glasgow, on Tuesday evening, 28th ult. All the Ministers and most of the Representative Elders were present: as also Rev. J. Goodwill and Rev. J. Hutchison from P. E. Island. The sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Melville was one of his happiest efforts, for which he received the warmest thanks of the Synod. The new Moderator is Rev. James Fitzpatrick, B.A., of Saltsprings. The principal matters dealt with were the MONTHLY RECORD, Home Missions and Foreign Missions. The "RECORD" is in a flourishing condition, to which it has been brought by the devoted talents and skill of its present Editor, Mr. Melville, who, though strongly pressed to continue, feels obliged, by the pressure of other duties, to resign the editorial management; and accordingly, after the 1st January next, Rev. Mr. McMillan will be Editor. The circulation is considerably over 2000 copies monthly. Rev. J. W. Fraser entered on his duties as Convener of the Home Mission Board, as successor to Rev. Geo. Murray. A new departure is taken in Foreign Mission work. The committee is enjoined to

secure a Missionary as soon as possible for work among the Indians of the North-West. The Synod will thus have a Missionary of its own in connection with the Kirk Synod in Canada. The members of Synod were very hospitably entertained by the good people of St. Andrew's Church, and altogether the meeting was a most happy, harmonious and successful one. The Synod meets next year in St. Philip's Church, Westville. We hope to give the Minutes of Synod next month. The following are the newly-appointed Committees:—

SYNODICAL COMMITTEES, 1887-8.

1. *Home Mission Board*:—Rev. Messrs. Fraser (Convener), McCunn, McKichan, McMillan, Stewart; and Representative Elders of Pictou and New Glasgow.

2. *Foreign Mission Board*:—Rev. Messrs. Stewart and Fraser (Joint Conveners), Melville, McMillan, Dunn, Fitzpatrick, Goodwill; and Representative Elders of E. B. E. River, Pictou and River John.

3. *Synod Fund*:—Rev. Messrs. Dunn (Convener), Fraser and MacKichan.

4. *Monthly Record*:—Rev. Messrs. Melville (Convener), McMillan and Fraser.

5. *Temperance*:—Rev. Messrs. McCunn (Convener), Melville, Goodwill; and Representative Elder of Westville.

6. *Statistics*:—Rev. Messrs. Fitzpatrick (Convener), MacKichan; and Representative Elders of Saltsprings and River John.

ROB. MCCUNN, *Synod Clerk*.

NEW GLASGOW: PRESENTATION, ETC.—St. Andrew's congregation entertained its beloved Pastor, the Rev. George Murray, A. M., at a delightful Sociable in Mechanics' Hall, on the eve of his departure for his new charge in British Columbia, and presented him with a cheque for \$350, with the following Address, read by Mr. McGregor:—

TO THE REV. GEO. MURRAY, M. A.:

Rev. and Dear Sir,—It was with feelings of deep and sincere regret that we heard a few weeks ago of your intention to resign your pastorate of Saint Andrew's congregation, and that the Presbytery since has accepted your resignation; so that the pastoral tie so happily formed nearly eight years ago is this day to be dissolved. The relations between us as pastor and people have been of the most harmonious and agreeable character. We have enjoyed, and we trust profited by your pulpit ministrations from Sabbath to Sabbath, while your tender sympathy with the sick and afflicted, and your ever acceptable services in the house of mourning, have greatly endeared you to the members of your flock. Nor would we omit to mention the deep interest you have always manifested in the spiritual welfare of the youth, as evinced in your frequent visits to the Sabbath-School, and in

your general attention to the young people of the congregation.

Please accept the accompanying cheque as a slight token of esteem.

Be assured that wherever your lot may be cast, yourself, your estimable lady and your little family will ever have our kindest sympathy and best wishes, and our prayer is that you and they may be long spared to carry on the Lord's work as earnestly and sincerely as you have done among us.

Signed:—ANGUS McQUEEN, A. M. FRASER, GEO. A. DOUGLAS, NORMAN MCKAY, JOHN A. GRANT, Trustees of St. Andrew's Congregation, New Glasgow, N. S. WM. FRASER, Secretary of St. Andrew's Congregation.

DONALD GRANT, DONALD ROSS, JOHN CAMERON, GEO. SUTHERLAND, A. M. MCGREGOR D. R. GRANT, HUGH C. MERON, and others, on behalf of St. Andrew's Congregation.
New Glasgow, N. S., 30th June, 1887.

Mr. Murray feelingly replied as follows:—

BELOVED FRIENDS:—Permit me to thank you for your kind and appreciative address and the accompanying large and generous gift of \$350.

Your regret at the separation now effected is deeply reciprocated. It was no light matter to decide to remove from so important a charge, and in which the relation between pastor and people has been so completely harmonious. During a pastorate of nearly eight years the utmost good will has prevailed between us. In that period the congregation has undergone a large change, through loss by death and removal to other parts. But although the change has been great, numerically you have held your own, which is a cause of much thankfulness. Your favorable opinion of my services as teacher and pastor is highly prized; and my earnest prayer is that our Heavenly Father will own and bless these to your eternal welfare.

I did not seek your approbation, but if it has come in the faithful discharge of duty, I am thankful for it.

It comforts and strengthens me to know that in the hours of sickness and seasons of sorrow you have found me sympathetic and helpful. But that was because I endeavoured to point you to the Lord Jesus of infinite sympathy and tenderest love.

I trust the spiritual welfare of the whole congregation, and especially of the youth, lay heavy upon my heart. The children of St. Andrew's congregation are dear to me. I shall cherish most tenderly my labors among and intercourse with them. My fervent supplication is that they may be children of the Great and Good Shepherd.

For your kind reference to Mrs. Murray and our little ones let me sincerely thank you. Wherever our lot may be cast we cannot but be deeply interested in the prosperity of St. Andrew's. Very cordially do I thank you for your excellent testimonial and munificent gift; and for the kindness that prompted this large farewell meeting.

May this congregation have that peace, felicity, and prosperity which the favor of God imparts. "And may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Mr. Donald Ross occupied the chair with his usual tact and ability. Eulogistic addresses

in honor of the Rev. Mr. Murray were made by the Rev. Messrs. McCunn, McCurdy, Patterson, etc. Among those who took part in the programme were: Miss McGregor, organist; Miss McQueen, Miss Holesworth, Miss McKenzie, W. Cameron, D. R. Grant, McDougald, Muir, Stewart, and A. C. Bell. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Grant, were enthusiastically applauded. At the piano Miss Campbell presided, with much acceptance. The Social was one of the best ever held in New Glasgow. Everyone enjoyed the gathering, but was sorry to part with a Pastor so beloved as Mr. Murray. He leaves at once for British Columbia, and carries the best wishes of all with him.

HONORED AGAIN.—We are glad to hear of the growing success of young Basil Hall Fraser, son of Dr. W. Fraser, Downie. Among the gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, he not only led the Class of his year, but was also first and foremost in four special branches of study. Let our young people push on in the way of duty with good courage, and they may be sure that diligence and good talents, well used, will come to the front in the long run.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—The Hon. Judge Young recently presented the Caledonian Club of this city with a handsome picture of "The Gathering of the Clans." The club has elected the Judge an honorary member and presented him with an address. The picture now adorns the Club's room, McEachern's building.

CANADA'S INDIAN AFFAIRS.

THE report of the Department of Indian Affairs draws attention to the fact that the trouble of 1885 in the North-West Territories has been succeeded by a season of tranquility and subordination on the part of the misled and deluded Indians of that section; and although, as might be expected, those who were active participants in the unhappy and ill-advised movement may not have entirely regained the ground lost in their progress toward becoming an industrial and eventually a self-sustaining community, yet the efforts of the department in the direction of restoring matters to their former condition, with the above much-to-be-desired end in view, have been attended with success in some measure commensurate with the energy employed. The policy adopted of withholding their annuities from them until all that they destroyed upon their reserves

shall have been replaced, has had the effect of showing them that not only are they losers in a pecuniary sense as a consequence of their lawless acts of the past, but that, should they repeat the same at any future time, it will be done at their own cost. The amount at the credit of the Indian Fund on the 30th of June, 1886, was \$3,281,149.81, capital and interest, being a decrease of \$21,034.29 as compared with the previous year. The expenditure from the same fund was \$17,107.08 less than 1884-85. The following statement shows the expenditure on account of the parliamentary appropriations during the same period: Manitoba and North-West, \$1,097,934.05; Nova Scotia, \$5,972.92; New Brunswick, \$5,882.29; Prince Edward Island, \$1,995.69; British Columbia \$48,383.69. Total, \$1,159,568.64. The land sold during the year amounted to 10,131.99 acres, and the sales to \$12,861.83. The quantity of land still in the hands of the department in round numbers is 470,334 acres. Total collections on account of old and new sales on timber and on rents amounted to \$78,178.39; amount of purchase money and interest thereon in arrear on land sales on the 30th June last, \$360,979.24. There are 5595 pupils in the Indian schools. The census returns of resident and nomadic Indians in the Dominion by provinces shows as follows:—In Ontario, 17,267; Quebec, 12,286; Nova Scotia, 2,138; New Brunswick, 1,576; Prince Edward Island, 323; Manitoba and the North-West territories, 30,578; British Columbia, 38,539; Peace River District, 2,038; Athabasca District, 8,000; Mackenzie District, 7,000; Eastern Rupert's Land, 4,016; Labrador, 1,000; Arctic Coast, 4,000. Grand total, 128,761.

THE FRENCH IN CANADA.

CANADA is called a British colony, and over all her provinces waves the British flag. But as soon as you approach her for the purpose of imperial federation, you will be reminded that a large part of her is French. Not only is it French, but it is becoming more French daily, and at the same time increasing in magnitude. The notion which seems to be prevalent here, that the French element is dying out, is the very reverse of the fact. The French are shouldering the British out of the city of Quebec, where not more than six thousand British inhabitants are now left, and out of the Eastern Townships, which have hitherto been a British district; they are encroaching

on the British Province of Ontario, as well as overflowing into the adjoining States of the Union. The population multiplies apace. There, as in Ireland, the Church encourages early marriage, and does not teach thrift; and were it not for the ready egress into the States, we might have Irish congestion and misery in French Canada. Had French Canada been annexed to the United States, it would no doubt have been absorbed and assimilated like other alien nationalities by that vast mass of English-speaking population. As it is, instead of being absorbed or assimilated, the French element rather absorbs and assimilates. Highland regiments disbanded in French Canada have become French. In time, apparently, there will hardly be anything British left in the Province of Quebec, except the commercial quarter of Montreal, where the more energetic and mercantile race holds its ground. Had the conqueror freely used his power at first when the French numbered only about 60,000, New France might have been made English, but its nationality has been fostered under the British flag, and in that respect the work of conquest has been undone. It is difficult, indeed, if Canada remains separate from the United States, to see what the limits of French extension will be. French Canada (now the Province of Quebec) is a curious remnant of the France before the Revolution. The peasantry retain with their *patois* the pre-revolutionary character, though, of the allegiance once shared between the King, the seigneur, and the priest, almost the whole is now paid to the priest. There were seigneuries with vexatious, feudal incidents; but these have been abolished, not by legislative robbery, in which the rude Canadian is inept, but by honest commutation. The people are a simple, kindly, and courteous race, happy on little, clad in homespun, illiterate, unprogressive, pious, priest-ridden, and, whether from fatalism or from superstition, averse to vaccination, whereby they brought upon themselves and their neighbors recently a fearful visitation of small-pox. They are all small, very small farmers; and, looking down from the Citadel of Quebec upon the narrow strips of land, with their river fronts on the St. Lawrence, you see that here, as in old France, subdivision has been carried to an extreme.—*Nineteenth Century*.

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the success last. The unsatisfactory is generally soonest seen.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.



UESDAY, June 21st, 1887, was a most lovely day in the mighty Royal City of London. At five o'clock in the morning every point of vantage along the streets composing the royal procession route was secured. At nine o'clock the line of route was on each side a compact mass of people. Everybody, despite the discomfort of the crowding, manifested the utmost good humor. The scene at Westminster Abbey was most brilliant. Every seat was filled, and every person present was a distinguished person. Every man present entitled to wear a uniform or decoration, had both on, new or burnished up. The first of the royal procession was composed of the Indian Princes and a few minor German Princes. Punctually at 11.15 A.M. the Queen, in an open carriage, emerged from the palace gates. At the sight of her, thousands of voices were lifted up in cheers, the applause being accompanied by the music of the many military bands stationed in front of the palace. The Queen did not wear her state robes, but was dressed in black. Her carriage was drawn by eight ponies. Her sons, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, her sons-in-law the Crown Prince Imperial of Germany, the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and her grandsons, Prince Albert Victor and George of Wales, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, and Prince William of Prussia—all rode in full uniform beside the Queen's coach as a body-guard. When the people at the palace gates had shouted themselves hoarse cheering for the Queen, they continued to cry out, "Long life to the Prince and Princess of Wales." The Queen, as she left the palace, seemed to be in excellent spirits, and she smiled and bowed graciously to the people on every side. Her carriage was a large one of chocolate color, wheels red, and the royal arms in gold emblazoned upon the panels. Red Morocco harness was used for the ponies, which were otherwise decorated with royal blue ribbons. All the servants wore state liveries of scarlet and gold. The other carriages containing members of the royal family were of a gorgeous character, drawn by four bays each, and all open. The procession went at a smart walking pace into Constitution Hill, and then adopted a more deliberate gait. The enthusiasm along the line of march was intense. On the procession nearing the Abbey, the

troops saluted, guns were fired, the bells of the churches rang out merry peals, and flags were run up, the cheering being continued until the Queen had passed into the west door. After passing through the vestibule, her Majesty was conducted to the grand dais under the lantern tower. She was surrounded by three members of the royal family. The scene in the Abbey when the Queen entered was dazzling. Ten thousand people were seated. They all rose. The women discarded their wraps and revealed the full splendor of their beauty and attire. Three tiers of galleries had been built in the Abbey, with seats for 10,000. The peers and their wives were seated in the south transept; the ambassadors and diplomatic corps were seated right and left of the peers; members of the House of Commons were placed in the north transept. The seats for members of the reigning families of Europe were within the communion rails. All the great learned societies and corporations were represented, while the notables of the law, science, art and agriculture and workmen's representatives from all parts of the United Kingdom had seats duly allotted to them. The religious services in the Abbey were conducted according to the carefully prepared programme. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Westminster alone conducted them. Nearly every dignitary of the Established Church, however, was present, besides a great number of distinguished clergymen belonging to other denominations. The Queen's advent was arranged so that she entered the Abbey precisely at noon. Dr. Bridge, organist of the Abbey, who had for the occasion a specially trained choir of 250 voices selected from the great choirs of London, a number of eminent soloists, besides a large accompaniment of brass instruments and drums, gradually drew the immense congregation into silence and their respective places, to be prepared for the Queen's coming, by rendering a number of selections in a manner that made every person within hearing of the great organ eager to catch its softest note. At the close of the services, when the benediction had been said, the Queen's sons knelt before her and kissed her hand. They arose and Her Majesty kissed each upon his cheek. The Princesses next advanced to the Queen and kissed her hand, and she kissed them all, favoring some twice, making unusual demonstration over the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice. Other relatives of the Queen then saluted her, and she shook hands with some and kissed others, kissing the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany twice,

very heartily each time. At all this the congregation applauded warmly. All the Princesses upon the dais wore light dresses. After the royal salutations had all been made, the Queen descended the dais and moved out of the Abbey, preceded by the royal family, the congregation standing and cheering with fervor all the while. The enthusiasm along the return line of march was as great as before. The second part of the procession was composed of some fifteen carriages, the occupants being the King of Denmark, the King of Belgium, the King of Saxony, the King of the Hellenes, the Crown Prince of Austria, the Crown Prince of Portugal, the Queen of the Belgians, the Crown Prince of Greece, Prince George of Greece, the Crown Princess of Austria, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. This part was also well received by the people. These two processions helped keep the way to the Abbey open and exercised the pent-up enthusiasm of the vast multitude along the way awaiting impatiently to see and cheer the Queen. The Jubilee demonstration was a stupendous success. At least one million people were crowded along the route of the royal procession—about three miles in length—yet no accident occurred of any importance. Britain may well thank God and take fresh courage.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE has been a stupendous triumph, such as has never been seen before by any nation on this planet. It is amazing, too, amidst the myriads of London, that no serious accident occurred, such as occurs at almost every village picnic. The Jubilee has shown not only the deep loyalty, patriotism and enthusiasm of Britain and her Colonies, round and round the world, such as no other empire can, but also the profound admiration of foreign nations, whose envy melts into wonder and applause at such a time.

EUROPE applauds our Queen and our nation. Germany, Austria, Italy, and even Russia chime in. Even the French *Journal des Debats* says: "We cordially envy Englishmen, and would give a great deal could we ever be what they are to-day, a people mad with joy and happiness. This homage is paid not only to the Queen, but to the woman who has given an example of two great virtues of royalty—gravity and dignity. Her influence has been great and salutary, and her great merit is that

in using her prerogative for the public weal she has never been tempted to strain it."

ASIA, AFRICA AND AMERICA join in the great chorus of Jubilee. The shouts of India, Australia, and Canada, though peerless in loyalty, are scarcely more hearty than the shouts of Republican America. New England and New York join with the Great West and the Sunny South even down to Mexico, to honor QUEEN VICTORIA. From Washington the American President CLEVELAND sends her this message:—

"GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND,—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States I present their sincere felicitations on the arrival of the fiftieth anniversary of Your Majesty's accession to the crown of Great Britain. I but utter the general voice of my fellow countrymen in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign so marked with advance in popular well-being, physical, moral, and intellectual. It is justice and not adulation to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues for their important influence in producing and causing the prosperous and well ordered condition of affairs now generally prevailing throughout your dominions. May your life be prolonged, and peace, honor and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your empire under just and equal laws, and your government be strong in the affections of all who live under it. And I pray God to have Your Majesty in His holy keeping."

At the "Empire City" of New York the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee was an immense success from every point of view. The Metropolitan Opera House was packed with enthusiastic observers of the festival, including delegates from Philadelphia, Paterson, N. J., and Ansonia, Conn. Erastus Wiman presided, and after prayer made an address, indulging in the most loyal sentiments from a British point of view, and putting in a good word for his commercial union agitation. After a fine musical performance, by a choir of 300 voices, Hon. Seth Low, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, made an enthusiastic speech and pointed out the great regard felt for the Queen by the great mass of the American people. An address of congratulation to Her Majesty was moved by Mr. S. W. O. Edge, president of the St. George's Society, and seconded by Mr. Jas. R. Cuming, president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, who pronounced himself an Irishman and a strong home ruler, but nevertheless paid the highest compliments to Her Majesty and deemed it an honor to be present on an occasion so glorious in her career. Mayor Hewitt, of New York, also made a speech. The Jubilee ode by Robert C. Winthrop was then read by F. Hopkinson Smith, both author and reader

being direct descendants of signers of the Declaration of American Independence. The proceedings closed with Weber's splendid Jubilee overture, at the conclusion of which was sung "God Save the Queen," the whole audience rising *en masse* and joining in the singing. At the close three tremendous cheers were given for Her Majesty the Queen. It is estimated that at least 8000 people were present. In the afternoon a mammoth picnic with British and American sports and games, at Erastina, Staten Island, was attended by 18,000 people. The celebration concluded by one of the finest displays of fireworks ever seen in the vicinity.

But the QUEEN'S JUBILEE IN LONDON eclipses all others, and seems a true foretaste of the Divine Jubilee to come. The 25,000 poor children who shared it so joyously in Hyde Park, will never forget that day of their jovial feast and song, in pure air, clean and tidy and happy for once, when they were visited by their gracious Queen.

A touching tale of true loyalty is told of a distinguished Indian lacrosse player who was lately introduced to the Queen with the Montreal club, to whom she presented her royal carte. He was persuaded to address the people on the ground, and did so as follows:—
"Ladies and gen'l men, de poor Indian feel big man to-day. I saw de good Queen Victoria; she give picture. No money buy dat picture. I got no money; dat's de reason I poor man, but no money buy my picture Queen give me. When Montreal club say, I will see de Queen, I tink I going to see big lady, bigger dan Big John, wid gold and diamond crown on head and diamond all over de clothes. I tought I no look; just like de sun, I have to hide my face. But de Queen she come; no gold, no diamond, no crown; just little woman with kind face; I no 'fraid to look; she dressed no better dan some fine squaw; no diamond, no gold, but she Queen Victoria; and me all the same just here (striking his breast). When you die and you go to Heaven you see God; you feel bout big as dat (measuring half an inch on his little finger). I feel like dat when I see Queen; but bye and bye I look, tink she feel sorry for me, and I no 'fraid. God He first; Queen Victoria, she next! Dat's all I know."

LONDON, June 25.—The Home Secretary has received the following letter from the Queen:

"I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind—and more than kind—reception I met with going to and returning from Westminster Abbey with all my children and grandchildren. The enthusiastic reception

I met with then, as well as on all those eventful days in London, as well as at Windsor, on the occasion of the Jubilee, touched me most deeply. It has been shown that the labor and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which were spent in untroubled happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband, and while an equal number were full of sorrow and trials borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people. This feeling and a sense of duty towards my dear country and my subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life. The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behaviour of the enormous multitude assembled, merit my highest admiration. That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer."

FATHER MCGLYNN of New York shows the spirit of a hero and a martyr in his devotion to the cause of Henry George's "Anti-Poverty Crusade." Papal threats of excommunication fail to crush his patriotism; and myriads of Irish Catholics in New York stand faithfully by him. It is a hard case, if he must be crushed by the *ipse dixit* of the Pope. The *Standard* is a weekly paper published by Henry George, and shows very ably that his Anti-Poverty Crusade has many good ideas, to say the least. Many good men join him.

PROFESSOR EGBERT C. SMYTH of Andover College has been black-balled by two of its Visitors for his theory of Inspiration, Human Inability, and Future Probation (or Judgment to come.) His brother-Professors are let off, though they all agree with him, (1), that Revelation is Progressive, (Mark 10: 5; John 16: 12); (2), that Man cannot repent without Gospel light and grace, (Larger Catechism, Q. 60); and (3), that all spirits return to God who made them, to be judged in His light after death, (Eccl. 12: 7; Heb. 9: 27). One wonders why Calvinists object to these doctrines!

The case is still further complicated by the fact that twelve out of the thirteen Trustees of the Seminary declare that none of the Professors have been guilty of any offence against the statutes of the College. The power of appointing Professors is vested in these Trustees. They contend that the power of removal also lies in their hands, and that in declaring Dr. Smyth's chair vacant the Visitors have exceeded their authority. It is said that Dr. Smyth will appeal from the decision of the Visitors, and, until the judgment of the higher court is pronounced, he will keep his position in the College. It may be years before the case is settled by the courts of law, and no progress whatever has been made towards the settlement of the theological questions raised

by the Andover Professors. So the case stands pretty much as it did before the proceedings in the case began.

THE EPISCOPAL PROTESTANTS of New York are preparing to build a vast Cathedral there, like Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's of London. Bishop Potter is ex-officio president of the trustees and of all the committees. The board now includes among its prominent members Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Dr. William R. Huntington, Rev. E. W. Donald, Hamilton Fish, Stephen P. Nash, George MacCulloch Miller, Samuel D. Babcock, Wm. W. Astor, J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Richard Anchnuty—names which in themselves are a guarantee that a building done under their direction will be worthy of the city they represent. The plan is to erect the grandest church building in America, and one of the greatest cathedrals of the world. It is only settled that the cathedral of St. John the Divine—as the edifice is to be known—will be situated on Manhattan Island, and, if possible, on a lofty and conspicuous position, where its monumental character will dominate the entire island. For this purpose a plat at least four times the size of that on which St. Patrick's is built will be needed. Bishop Potter will issue a circular letter in a few days giving the plan his official sanction, and subscriptions will be called for to carry on the work. The proposed cathedral, it is estimated, will cost about \$6,000,000.

The *Scottish American Journal* shows, by the authentic accounts of each, that the American Republican Government costs *five times* as much as the British Monarchical Government costs!

THE *New York Independent* for June 30 has a strong article proposing to abolish the American Presidency, or to elect the President by the Legislature as in France, or by the Executive as in Switzerland!

THE DOMINION OF CANADA has attained its majority; July 1st inst. being its 21st birthday, on which it completed its 20th year since the Royal Proclamation of Confederation, July 1st, 1887.

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



GOD, our father's God and ours,
Before Thy throne we bow the knee;
Pour down Thy mercy's richest showers
Upon our Sovereign's Jubilee.

We bless Thee for her blessed past,
For holy thoughts of things that were;
For love that must forever last,
And all Thy love to us in her.

For years of sunshine, calm and bright,
And storm-clouds always rainbow-spann'd;
For her sweet home, which sheds its light
On every home within our land:

And with our praises one stroffig prayer,
From morn to night, from night to morn,
Breathes on the universal air,
And to the Throne of thrones is borne—

God save the Queen! save, bless, defend
The Mother-Queen of land and sea;
God save the Queen, world without end,
Till earth keep Heaven's great Jubilee.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(Adapted for the Year of Jubilee.)

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

Seed sown through fifty years,
Ripened through smiles and tears,
Grant her to reap:
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her people free from shame,
Guard thou and keep!

O'er land and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call:
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Still be the anthem sung:
God save us all!

OUR SONG OF JUBILEE:

Where shall the cannons thunder out
Their martial roundelay?
Where shall the sons of Britain shout
"God save the Queen" to day?
Where India's hills of orient light
Above the palm trees loom,
Or where, beneath the sultry night,
The groves of Cyprus bloom?
Where Ceylon's green and lovely isle
Is set with shining sands,
Where Canton's sweeping rivers smile,
And "sweet streams" Island* stands,
Where Saint Helena's scented trees
Above the old flag wave,
And rippling tides of shining seas,
The Gold Coast gently lave,
Where the broad Transvaal's valleys sweep
Adown the harvest lea,
And Gambia's golden waters leap
In gladness to the sea,
Where green Australia's cloud-capped hills,
Are rich with golden grains,
Or where the tender south-wind fills
Tasmania's sunny plains,
Where old Gibraltar's wave-worn rock

Looks up in rugged guise,
And the blue waves of Malta mock
Her deep cerulean skies.
Where the Bermudas laugh in light,
And soft Honduras sleeps;
While the glad ocean's crest of white
Round western India leaps—
Where lonely hills of snow look down;
On Greenland's valleys hoar,
And icebergs set with diamond crown
Float on to Labrador.
Where green Vancouver's gentle breeze
Sweeps round the pleasant strand,
And broad Ontario's maple trees
Crimson her forest land—
Where great Niagara thunders out
Its anthem to the sky,
And to Saint Lawrence joyous shout
Saskatchewan makes reply—
As England's dear old mother land
The swelling echo hears,
Her sons return from cliff and strand
The thunder of their cheers,
These sundered lands, where millions throng
Each fair and fertile scene,
All to Great Britain's realm belong;
All call Victoria Queen!
On southern slope and northern crest,
Old England's flags have met;
On golden east and crimson west,
Her sun has never set!
We see her in the distant light
Of girlhood's tender glow,
Standing upon the mountain height
Of fifty years ago,
A rosebud, fair with folded leaves,
Promise and fear in strife;
To-day she brings her golden sheaves,
The harvest of her life.
God's gracious hand adown the years
For peace and splendor led,
Love's tender eyes have watched her tears
Rain down upon her head,
Through all her glory, power and pride,
She stood so sweetly human,
By love and sorrow sanctified,
A true and noble woman!

And thus to-day the nations come,
On either side the sea,
To raise from altar, tower and home,
The shout of Jubilee.
She holds our hearts and love in rest—
On this Canadian land,
The little birds have built their nest
Within her royal hand,
Where, on her noble form and face,
The early sunbeams fall,
And crown her brow with queenly grace
On heights of Montreal.
Type of her own protecting care,
To all beneath her sway—
We lieges of a rûc so fair
In grateful love to-day
Would humbly ask the King of kings
Her guide and shield to be,
To fold His own protecting wings
Around her Jubilee;
His peace and blessings manifold,
On her for years 'o pour,
And when her tale of days is told
To crown her evermore.

Halifax, June 20th, 1857.

† Where the bronze statue of Her Majesty stands on the square at Montreal, a little bird last summer built its nest in the outstretched hand of the queen.

M. J. K. Lu

* Hong Kong.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

HOME MISSIONS, 1887.

ST. COLUMBA KIRK, W. B.

HOPEWELL.

Mrs. P. Melville, \$1; Miss Ann McLean, 50c; Allan Fraser, 25c; Mrs. Alex. Fraser, 25c; Janie Fraser, 10c; Maggie McArthur, 25c; Mrs. Dr. McDonald, 50c; J. W. McDonald, 25c; Miss McDonald, 10c; Alex. Fraser, 50c; Daniel Fraser, 50c; Hugh Fraser, 25c; A. W. McKay, 50c; Jas. L. Hattie, 50c; Mrs. James McDonald, 50c; D. W. Crockett, 25c; Chas. M. Crockett, 20c; J. F. McLean, 50c; Albert Hudson, 25c; R. C. Williams, 25c; V. Williams, 25c; John Fraser, 25c; F. K. Ormiston, 50c; H. D. McLeod, 50c; Robt. H. McDonald, 25c; Robt. McLeod, 50c; Alex. Grant, 50c; J. McDonald, 25c; Nellie Cameron, 10c; Willie G. Grant, 50c; Mrs. E. McDonald, 50c; Annie Gray, 25c; Finlay Gray, 50c; Mrs. D. Gray, 25c; Mrs. H. Gray, 50c; Mrs. A. McKenzie, 50c; John McArthur, 50c; Jas. McDonald, 25c; Mrs. J. McLean, 25c; Mrs. J. Urquhart, 25c; Mrs. Johnston, 25c; Alex. Robertson, 25c; Mrs. Neil Leslie, 25c; George Morris, 25c; Michael Ryan, 25c; Daniel Fraser, 25c; Miss Christina McBain, \$1. Total, \$17.25. Collected by Miss Wilena Leslie and Miss Ellen B. Fraser.

LORNE (Upper.)

Thomas McDonald, \$1; John Fraser, 50c; Hugh Fraser, 50c; Daniel Thompson, 25c; Alex. McDonald, 50c; Mrs. J. McDonald, 25c; Mrs. Alex. Fraser, 30c; John A. Fraser, 50c; Alexander McKay, \$1; Mrs. Gordon, 50c; Mrs. John Fraser, 50c; Duncan Robertson, 50c; Simon Fraser, 25c; Mrs. McGregor, 25c; Jas. McKay, \$1; Mrs. H. A. Fraser, 50c; Thos. Fraser, 50c; John McLean, B.S., 50c; Mrs. John Dunbar, 25c; Mrs. Archie Dunbar, 25c; Isabel Dunbar, 25c; Mrs. W. Gray, 50c; Mrs. D. Gray, 50c. Total, \$11.05. Collected by Miss Margaret A. McKay and Miss Ann McDonald.

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Donald Fraser, 50c; James Fraser, 50c; Hugh H. Fraser, 50c; Mrs. H. H. Fraser, 50c; Mrs. A. Cameron, 25c; Hugh Fraser, 25c; Daniel Fraser, 30c; Kenneth McKenzie, 25c; Dan. Fraser, 50c; William M. McLeod, 25c; Thos. Chambers, 30c; Charles McLean, 25c; Charles Fraser, 25c; Mrs. C. Fraser, 25c; Charles McQuarrie, 75c; Alex. M. McQuarrie, 25c. Total, \$5.85. Collected by Miss Sarah McQuarrie and Miss Maud Fraser.

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Alex. McRae, 50c; Mrs. W. Frame, 10c; Jessie R. Campbell, 5c; Mrs. Robt. Fraser, 25c; David Graham, 50c; Robert Sutherland, 50c; Marion McKay, 30c; Mrs. A. McArthur, 10c; Mrs. R. McArthur, 25c; Mrs. J. R. McQuarrie, 30c; Mrs. C. McQuarrie, 25c; Mrs. W. Grant, 10c; Catherine Matheson, 25c; Robert Gordon, 50c; Mrs. R. Gordon, 25c; Donald Gordon, 50c; Mrs. D. Douglas, 30c; Mrs. Allan McKenzie, 25c; John Cameron, 25c; Daniel Fraser, 30c; Alex. Nicholson, 20c; Thos. McKrae, 25c; Henry Robertson, 25c; Mrs. H. Robertson, 25c; Mrs. Rodk. Robertson, 12c. Total, \$3.87. Collected by Miss McKrae and Miss Robertson.

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Hugh Fraser, 25c; Mrs. H. Fraser, 25c; Roderick Fraser, 50c; John McDonald, 50c; Duncan Matheson, \$1; Mrs. W. Fraser, 25c; Alex. McLean, 25c; Rodk. McLean, 25c; Wm. McLean,

60c; William Fraser, Cnl., 50c. Total, \$4.60. Collected by Miss Jessie B. Fraser.

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Andrew Urquhart, 50c; Mrs. A. Urquhart, 25c; Mrs. Fraser, 10c; Mrs. T. Fraser, 25c; Thomas Urquhart, 20c; Mrs. A. Urquhart, 25c; Mrs. Delany, 25c; Mrs. Andrew McLean, 25c; John McLean, 50c; Hector Barkley, 25c; Daniel Fraser, \$1; Stanley Fraser, 50c; Mrs. McPherson, 50c; Charles Urquhart, 50c; Cassie A. Fraser, 25c; Mrs. John Gray, \$1; Roderick Fraser, 35c; Norman McLean, 25c; Hector McLean, 25c. Total, \$3. Collected by Miss McPherson and Miss Grant.

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HOME MISSIONS	\$62 72
FOREIGN MISSIONS	24 75
SUPPLEMENT FUND	15 00
SYNOD FUND	4 00
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SABBATH SCHOOLS	50 00
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By Dr. W. Fraser (Downie).....\$10 00

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W. Ross, Elder, \$1; John Beaton, 25c; D. W. Beaton, 25c; W. Beaton, 25c; D. McDonald, 25c; Alex. McLeod, 25c; Simon McLeod, 40c; John Ross, 25c. Total, \$2.90.

PAYMENTS FOR "RECORD."

W. Smart, Scotsburn, \$1.75; John Jenkins, Burnt Hill, P. E. I., \$1.25; Rev. J. Goodwill, 25c; Alex. McDonald, Stellarton, \$3; K. F. Cameron, Watervale, W. R., \$1; Rev. Mr. McKichan, Barney's River, \$8.50.