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THE

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces.

MAY, 1860.

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We would once more request that all matter intended for insertion in the *Record*, may be forwarded so as to be in the hands of the editor on or before the 15th current. Many articles of interest and importance have frequently had to be delayed in consequence of neglect of this arrangement. Some complaints have been made that it is too early, but as we are obliged to go to press, early in the month, in order to be out in time, it cannot at present be avoided. We would not feel obliged, if such clergymen belonging to our Synod or that of New Brunswick as have not yet supplied us with a sermon, for publication in the *Record*, would do so at their earliest convenience, as our stock has now been exhausted. We would also very thankfully receive any amount of information, from any quarter which may be deemed useful or interesting, connected in any way with our Church. We cannot make information, and we would earnestly appeal to our numerous friends to assist us in this particular.

ED. MONTHLY RECORD.

Cash 5s. per Rev. Mr. Christie, on account of Wm. McNab, Esq., Wallace.

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Letter from T. A. Gibson, Esq., Montreal, and cash 15s. and list of subscribers.

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Cash 20s., from the Rev. Mr. Tailach, Pugwash. Should have been noticed last month.

Letter from W. McLean, Esq., St. Andrews, and cash 25s. Will attend to instructions.

Letter and corrected list from the Rev. Mr. McLaren, P. E. I.

Corrected list from Mill Brook.

Letter and cash, £5 from the Rev. Mr. Mcobbie, Tabusintac.

We regret exceedingly the insertion of the notice relating to Tabusintac, in the cover of our March number. It was inserted in consequence of misinformation having been conveyed to the Secretary, that Mr. McRobie who has kindred as our agent, had removed from Tabusintac. We would be very sorry should any misunderstanding arise from it, and trust that this ample explanation will be satisfactory to all parties.

Single Subscribers forwarding their subscriptions will please prepay the postage.

WM. JACK, *Sec. and Treas.*

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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

MAY, 1860.

"I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—Ps. 137, v.

Sermon,

By the Rev. James C. Herdman, A. M. Senior Chaplain, St. Andrew's Church, Calcutta.

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

Notwithstanding the Lord's wonderful interpositions for Israel, from the time of Abraham onwards, they were constantly provoking Him—by profligacy or, by idolatry. In particular, the sons of Eli had led them into grossest sins, on account of which they were left to be punished by the Philistines—30,000 being slaughtered when the ark of God was taken. For attempting to retain that sacred symbol, the heathen were visited with plagues, till they were compelled to send it back. Meanwhile 20 years elapsed—long years of humiliation and extremity to the nation. But the son of Hannah was not idle; and his unwearied labours to instruct and to reform, combined with the public judgments, were blessed by God to a signal general awakening—so that we read at the 4th verse of this chapter "The children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only." The prophet now summoned all the tribes of Mizpeh, to avow their allegiance to the Most High, and to pour out their hearts before Him. The Philistines seized on this opportunity to invade the land; but, at the earnest cry of His chosen, the Hearer of prayer thundered out of Heaven, and discomfited the enemy, who were pursued by the men of Israel and smitten—as far as to Bethcar. "Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it 'Ebenezer,' saying 'Hitherto

hath the Lord helped us.'" So that, obviously, it was his design to express the gratitude which God's goodness to him and his countrymen had excited in their hearts; to perpetuate the memory of His mercies, as an encouragement to future generations to serve Him; to raise a monument, not of Israel's triumph, but of the Lord's kindness to them—His manifold loving-kindness throughout their history, but eminently in their recent experience, when in danger of extermination, and human help evidently ineffectual, a miraculous interference had saved them from destruction and humbled their oppressors in the dust. The glory, then, is ascribed to the King of kings, and nothing is attributed to the creature: secondary causes are mentioned as subservient to the great deliverance, but the Lord of hosts alone is acknowledged—He alone is exalted—as the Shepherd and Saviour of His flock.

Now, Brethren, were I, on any ordinary occasion, to attempt an application to our own case of the words 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us,' I should deem it proper—*First*, to invite all to a review of their temporal mercies—from the beginning of their existence down to the present hour. And, since these are more in number than the grains of sand on the seashore, I would recommend their consideration in distinct classes or clusters. Thus—at *different periods*. In creation, what a place was assigned you! what powers were conferred! how many inlets of enjoyment! In infancy, what provision of love gently met, yea prevented, your wants! In childhood and youth, what care over your steps! what training and education! In riper years. Your senses and faculties have been all preserved. And has

not God fed you as regularly, and as agreeably, as if day by day He had sent you manna from the clouds and water out of the rock? Thus—weigh God's *distinguishing* mercies. How has it fared with others? Have we escaped many of the diseases, and the disasters, by which the lives of multitudes have been embittered? Why this exemption? Thus—look back on mercies *personal*, as health and happiness; or sickness and strokes of Providence: and on mercies *relative*, as friends spared, or their last hours soothed; family-honor, neighborly kindness, and mutual charities. Thus—think of *continued* mercies, the unailing supply of food, shelter, raiment; the integrity of limbs and intellect: and *restored* mercies, in recovery from illness, reunion with sundered dear ones, renewal of confidence and the like—the blessings, too, often coming to you so sweetly and so seasonably! Thus—fix the mind on *particular instances* of the Divine help. Recall that one trial, so much dreaded, which never arrived; or which was so tempered in its course; or which you received such unexpected strength to meet. And, if you have enjoyed a cheerful contented disposition which doubles your store, whatsoever it be, and which is ever on the alert to appreciate those thousand nameless conveniences and gratifications that go so far to make life pleasant—remember, *that was your Father's gift!*

And, *further* Believers should be called on to give especial thanks for their spiritual mercies. Thus—what tongue can sufficiently praise God for the eternal covenant of grace, and for the gift of his own Son as our Redeemer, and of His Holy Spirit as our Sanctifier and Comforter? Thus—how long the Book of Life has been in your hands, and with what advantages have you been favored for searching its riches, and for displaying its effects! Thus—ever-memorable are the means whereby your eyes were first opened, and your souls bowed to the glorious Gospel. Thus—admirable is the way along which you have been led, in which you have been upheld, while many who started in the race with as fair a promise have stumbled or gone back. Thus—wonderfully were you raised again, when your feet were almost gone. How is it that you have not made utter shipwreck of faith? Thus—how unfathomable the wisdom and the grace in making *all* things work together for your good! so that bereavements, and partings, and disappointments, and opposition, and distress, instead of hindering have helped your salvation! In short, viewing the weakness, deceitfulness, and proneness to evil of your own hearts; and the abounding offences in the world around; and the unceasing efforts of the spirits of darkness to compass your ruin; and your snares on every side, and in all employments—why, “who maketh you to differ?” WHO hath taught your hands to war? Though every one else be silent, *you at least must sing:—*

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” “Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day.”

But, my hearers, this is no ordinary occasion. The “Day of Public Thanksgiving for the restoration of Peace to India” has as eloquence all its own to stir us up to celebrate the help of Almighty God. For it brings vividly to mind the appalling perils, and the unutterable atrocities, of the first year of the rebellion—the hurricane of diabolic fury which then swept over the land, overwhelming so many of our brave and tender and good and gentle, and threatening the extinction from this continent of the British race and the Christian name. Was the tempest stayed? Was that grand attempt of Satan and his votaries baffled? If Oude was for a season lost to us, was the Punjab safe—ay, a source of strength? Were Bombay, Madras, Scinde, preserved tranquil? Was it possible, with impunity, almost to denude Burmah of a European garrison? Were these Lower Provinces, for the most part, unpolluted either by pillage or carnage? Even in the Northwest, were some of the chief stations, beyond expectation, held? Were potentates like Scindia, Holkar, the Raja of Puttiala, on our side? Amid heart-rending scenes of vilest treachery and butchery, were there not wanting instances of rare fidelity and marvellous deliverance? as in the escapes from Delhi, from Gwalior, from Bareilly, even from Futtehpore, even from Futtehgurh? Before the rains were over, was the tide turned? Had Allahabad been secured? Was the Fort of Agra unassailed? Was Cawnpore retaken? Was Delhi entered, and Lucknow relieved? Ah! who will not say, from the bottom of his heart, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake!” For this Day brings before us our own danger in Calcutta two years ago—on which it is needless to expatiate. But did all escape scathless? But, did we never miss one diet of worship? But, was there no riot in the city? Notwithstanding the temptations which the treasury, the mint, the banks, the mercantile stores presented to the crowds of bazar-ruffians, who had always arms available irrespective of neighbouring sepoy? But, was the 14th of June passed without a shot? and the centenary of Plassey? and the mohurrum of August? till our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the *Himalaya* and the *Shannon*? But, were all the plots against Fort William foiled? Surely, surely, loud is the call to us to say:—“Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.”

The Day brings to mind, also, all that protracted and sanguinary warfare, which (long after fears for our supremacy were past) of

necessity raged in Oude, and Rohilcund, and Behar, and Central India. Has that ceased? Is the effusion of blood stopped? Is the hunt after mutineers and murderers at an end? May our nobly-enduring countrymen rest awhile? Have the leaders of the rebellion, with few exceptions, been brought to justice? Have numbers of their miserable followers been granted life, and repentance, under the amnesty of our Beloved Queen? Has no wide-spread famine succeeded, to decimate the people? Have the pursuits of peaceful industry been every where resumed? Is Civil Government re-established on a firm basis? and can Missionary operations again have free, yea a more hopeful, course? Oh! let us acknowledge the greatness of these blessings, and ascribe glory to Him unto whose infinite and undeserved mercy they are due! "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. HE maketh wars to cease: He breaketh the bow, and smitteth the spear in sunder: He burneth the chariot in the fire."

For, to whom—to what—are such happy, and let me say surprising, results owing? How was the avalanche of '57 avoided by any? How was it broken, and prevented from burying the entire Christian population of the land—a handful as they were—in its descent? How did this metropolis escape? How has tranquility been restored through the length and breadth of the Empire? All honor to the *Instruments!* All honor to every man and woman who held not their lives dear—for their faith and their country! The unshrinking constancy, for instance, in Wheeler's entrenchment was probably never surpassed since time began. Alas! alas! for the fate of those dear brave spirits! yet is their example embalmed in every memory—indelible it is from the history of the world. The effect of such endurance dies not with the death of those by whom it is displayed. And no tongue can exaggerate in speaking of the exploits at Lucknow and Delhi; of the feats of the two illustrious Brothers, and of all who administered or fought under their inspiration; of Neill, and Nicholson, and Hodson; of Henry Havelock and his heroes. For our immediate protection, honor be to the generous citizens who volunteered to guard us, night after night, during the weeks of alarm! And all honor to our beloved seagirt Mother—who, with a torn heart but an unflinching arm, weeping bitter tears but rising manfully to the call of duty, sent forth her sons by myriads to avenge the Christian blood that had been so ruthlessly shed, and to save a Continent from relapsing into barbarism! Right well has that gallant army, in all departments, done its work. Skill, courage and patience—in General and in Private have everywhere triumphed; the last embers of revolt have been trodden out; and the teeming millions are freed from anarchy. Yes: let us gratefully remember all that has been

done for us by our fellows, in high rank and in low, in civil and in military capacities, often in most difficult positions—whereof frequently there was but scant appreciation! And, yet it is beyond controversy that "if it had been the Lord who was on our side, when the foe rose up against us; if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, then the proud waters had gone over our soul." None more ready, I am sure, than our principal defenders to give the praise to Jehovah! For (not to mention that "wisdom and might are His"—He bestowed, on our statesmen and on our soldiers, understanding and boldness and promptitude and union and self-control—while He turned the counsel of the enemy to foolishness, He took off their chariot-wheels that they drave heavily, they became as women, none of their men of might found their hands!) Just look at some tokens of the Divine interposition.

1. Had the conflagration been simultaneous, effectual resistance to it had been simply impossible. In four and twenty hours every European creature must have been in flames. Why was it irregular? Say—through bad management; say—imperfect combination. Or, say that the primary explosion was accelerated by the maddening sentence on the Meerut sowars. Give any explanation you choose—there stands out the fact, that God made the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He restrained. 2. Or, had the existing political relations of Britain been different; had she not been in alliance with France, and at peace with the world; could she have parted with the forces which she did—even for the safety of her most magnificent colony? Every thing favored—a perfect army, fresh from the Crimea, and ardent for service; not a breath of disturbance in Europe; our Persian armament ready to land again on these shores; and if against the far East we were indeed launching an expedition, thence came our earliest priceless reinforcements! In all this was there not an overruling Providence? 3. Or, had the disaffection embraced all races and creeds in the army, could we have maintained our stand? There can be little doubt that Delhi could not have been stormed as it was, save for the successive bodies of troops which John Lawrence and Robert Montgomery were able to hurl against it; and that the abandonment of the siege, or even a little more delay in the final assault, would have placed other Presidencies in jeopardy. But who had a right to calculate on the continued loyalty of the land which furnished those supplies? Thus wrote the Chief Commissioner on 21st October, 1857:—"When I look back on the events of the last four months, I am lost in astonishment that any of us are alive. Had the Sikhs joined against us, nothing

humanly speaking could have saved us. No man could have hoped, much less foreseen, that they would have withstood the temptation to avenge their loss of national independence." In what explanation shall we rest, brethren, but in this—that the Lord, who "performeth all His purpose," designed to "correct us in measure, and not to make a full end?" 4. Or, had attention been distracted by any border-people; had the attitude of Nepal been other than it was; had the lawless and hostile tribes on our extreme northern frontier risen—and you know such contingencies far from unlikely—how complicated, if not inextricable, should have been our entanglements! But the Lord reigneth, and He shewed us favor. Take a single fact—which has been thus related. "Beyond the Euzofzai hills, which border on the Peshawar valley, lies the Swat country, inhabited by a warlike and fanatic race of Mussulmans—ruled by a Moulvie of Moulvies, a Patriarch or Pope of the Mahomedans of this part of Asia, called the *Akhund* of Swat. The steady advance of the English northward had caused the Swatees to fear lest their own valley should in time fall to the apparently resistless conquerors. At the suggestion of the *Akhund*, they had elected a king or badshah, upon whom they conferred all civil and military authority, hoping the better to resist the expected aggression. These Swatees are our most formidable neighbors on the frontier, both in point of numbers, and in martial spirit, aided by the rankest fanaticism. Intrigues, it is now known, had long been carried on between them and our sepoy regiments in that neighborhood (especially with the 55th N. I.), and they were prepared to take advantage of the crisis which they knew to be impending: sounding the tocsin of war, they would have roused to arms all the neighboring Mahomedans, and poured down on Peshawar the moment troubles began from below." Now mark the hand of Him who has helped us! "On the 11th May, the very day of the Delhi massacre, this Badshah died! Strife at once sprung up, one party to place the son on the throne, the other to get rid of the office altogether. So that all the energy and fanaticism of the Swatees were suddenly absorbed in an internal feud. They found themselves too busy at home to join against the strangers then; and Peshawar was left in peace?" 5. Or,——But I forbear. The time would fail to tell. Of the Telegraph, which (flashing to remotest stations warning of the premature out-break) enabled the authorities, not too soon, to wrest important fortresses from their faithless guards: Of the propitious season—the hot weeks mild, the rivers late in rising, the rainy months so little sickly—the remarkable health vouchsafed to our forces, and their abundant supply of provisions, while through the most trying period of the year they menaced the first

focus and stronghold of revolt: Of the jealousies in the traitor camp: Of the absence among our hundred thousand enemies, of a single able leader—for Tantia Topce, who ever his powers of flight, came on the stage too late to do them any effectual service; and if the youthful Raneec of Jhansi shewed powers for evil they were speedily crushed: Of the mercy by which, amid severest exposures, invaluable lives like those of our Commander-in-Chief and Sir Hugh Rose were spared, and of the cordiality, discipline, and success with which Military operations were invariably conducted: Of the notable *timing* of many critical events—as when the Barrackpore conspiracies, while as yet we were unprepared, were frustrated—not once nor twice—and the opportune arrival of Havelock and Outram at the Bailey Guard prevented the desertion of its native force; and Sir Colin Campbell returned from the effectual relief of Lucknow just in time to save beleaguered Cawnpore, and to secure unmolested progress to his long and suffering train; and the Gwalior contingent mutinying in June, and always within a few days of Agra (which was ill-prepared against artillery), delayed to attack that place till the very morning, on 10th October, when Greathed's column was on the parade ground for its defence! Of the Grace bestowed on so many—men who had, some of them, endured more than Job; and delicate ladies, whose cup was bitterer than Rachel's—to stay themselves, throughout the fiery trial, on their God and Redeemer: Of the self-devotion also granted to several of the Native Christians, to witness a good confession; and of the steadfastness of their body generally. Verily, I have suggested enough to justify—to require—our appropriation of Samuel's language:—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

In conclusion, let us, therefore, give earnest heed to our personal spirituality, to live in close communion with Jesus—realizing His presence, feeling that the work is His, and leaning on Him for all supplies and all success! Withal, while we avoid romantic visions of fancy, likely to land us in dissatisfaction with dry daily detail—let us often refresh our spirits, sinking within us at the sight of adamant hardness, incredible prejudice, and abounding iniquity, by anticipating the complete fulfilment of the sure word of Prophecy, and dwelling with delight on the blissful period when this mighty kingdom—when all kingdoms—shall be the Lord's!

"One song employs all nations, and all cry,
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us;
The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
Shout to each other; and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round."

NOTES ON CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

(Concluded.)

Some years ago we heard that a rebellion had broken out in the south of China,—that the leader was a literary candidate who had been for some time under missionary instruction,—and that the objects of the outbreak were religious as well as political. News soon followed of the rapid successes of the rebels,—of their capture of Nankin and near approach to Peking; and about the same time we began to hear more of the mongrel and seemingly blasphemous compound of Christianity and Confucianism which they professed. Their leaders—in the pride of victory it was said—had assumed the names of the Trinity. China under them was the heaven of Scripture; while various old Jewish rites, such as that of animal sacrifices, were religiously performed. Then the tide seemed to turn against them; they were beaten back to the south, and now from official accounts, they are generally represented as merely organized bandits and murderers whom Europeans, instead of encouraging, should aid the authorities in suppressing.

Were this rebellion only an uprising of the old Chinese element against their Tartar invaders and rulers, it would deserve notice. But associated as it has been with the labors of missionaries and some of the truths of the Bible, the only wonder is, that we know so little and care so much less about it. As far as I have been able to gather the chief facts of the case from books and men who have spent some time in China, they are very wonderful. Tai-ping-wang, the leader of the movement, seems to be a man of deep feeling and with a strong actuating sense of religion. He had very little intercourse with Mr. Roberts, the missionary, to whom he was brought in the most accidental manner, by a friend, and from whom he received some tracts and a Bible. Sometime after falling sick, he had dreams and visions, but of this part of his life almost nothing is known. When he next appears, it is at the head of an army, chiefly composed of the members of secret societies which the Tartar government had never been able to put down in the provinces about Canton, and of turbulent bands from the mountainous districts. In his camp, the Sabbath was strictly observed; tracts and parts of the Scripture were printed and circulated in tens of thousands, and so zealous were many of his followers in this work, that they used to put copies in tiny vessels which they would float down the great river Kiang to their enemies the Imperialists. Tai-ping-wang himself has never been seen by Europeans since the rebellion broke out; and his death has been reported rather more than half a dozen times; but there is little doubt that he is still alive, though Chinese notions of etiquette render it impossible that so exalted a person should be seen by the crowd

or by strangers. We should not forget, too, when disparaging stories are told about the rebels, that we have been accustomed to derive most of our information about the rebels from the Imperialists, who have not the slightest scruple in telling facts backward in any way that suits their own purpose. It is much to be regretted that Lord Elgin, in his trip up the Kiang, acting evidently upon the statements of the interpreters of the Chinese government, did not seek any intercourse with them, but rather kept them off in the most hostile and insulting manner. It surely does not become the representatives of a Christian nation to act unfairly towards, and to look with prejudiced eyes upon men, many of whom seem to be struggling to the truth, merely to please that government which has never once kept faith with us. But if God wills it otherwise, our opposition will do little harm except to ourselves; for now that the Imperialists have again brought upon themselves the might of Britain and France, it is most probable that the days of the Mantchoo dynasty are numbered; for rent as the country has been for years by the most devastating civil war, it can scarcely hold together against the formidable attack preparing against it from without.

And thus a mighty drama is now being enacted in China, which affects the weal of three hundred and fifty millions of human beings, about as many as there are in all Europe and America, and yet the Christian churches do not seem to think that it much concerns them. The proportion of Protestant missionaries to the population is not so great, I think, as if all British America had one minister. No efforts have been made to enlighten the rebels, though the work seems half done to our hands. We have set them down as blasphemers, without considering that that may appear profanity to us which their modes of speech and thought render harmless to their understanding. I for one do not believe that all this wild fermenting of the Chinese mind is without a divine meaning. Chaos there may be yet, but surely the Spirit of God is brooding over the waters. Where a free Bible is, I have faith that the truth will rise above all confusions and errors, till at length it shine clear into the dimmest eye. And how much better these upheavals, and new thoughts, and leavening influences, and ebbings and flowings of success, than the former torpid and chilling state of the Chinese mind, when the whole face of the country spiritually was like a stagnant, unwholesome pool. "Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook it shines." Yes, there is a hope for China as for all lands, because the truth is powerful, because the Holy Spirit is divine, because Jesus Christ reigns.

FROM OUR SCOTCH CORRESPONDENT.

A great gloom settled over the Glasgow Divinity Hall two or three weeks ago, when news came that the Rev. James Stewart had been one of the passengers on board the ill-fated *Hungarian*. He was going out to Montreal, a missionary to his countrymen abroad; a man of true missionary spirit and of many excellent gifts. The Canadian Church has lost one who would have strengthened as well as adorned her; for he was no hireling, but a true man, ever fearless and self-sacrificing. The writer of this has lost one upon whom he expected to have leant as on a pillar. His brother students who best knew him admired him most. His professors looked to him as one who would do honor to them and much good to his fellows. He was no sentimentalist or dilletant, but a genuine Scot—quiet, seemingly imperturbable, but of the great Chalmers type; with heights and depths in him, with glowing fires that burned and impelled—rugged and massive—living his life intensely. In many of his classes he carried off high honors, not unfrequently the highest; and these college distinctions ensured him rapid professional advancement, had he remained in Scotland; but though ambitious, his ambition was chastened by Christian devotion; and so, throughout his whole college career, he ever set before his eyes the work of a Christian missionary as his sole aim—the most fitting walk and work on which to concentrate all energies, all talents and acquirements. Ah me! man proposes—God disposes. God has taken him to the Church in heaven, just as he had well put on his armor to battle for the Church on earth.

Do we ask why? Who shall unravel the tangled threads of a man's history,—of the deep designs of that Providence who "made and loveth all." Does his life seem to us as a pillar shattered just when raised to its place?—without meaning—abruptly broken off—singularly, unsatisfactorily? Not so, "He doeth all things well." Each is cared for as if no one else lived, yet are the sweet melodies of the universe never out of tune nor harsh. Time may not tell, but eternity will—the secrets of the eternal, and what wise ends were subserved by this—to us strange ordering. And yet we have glimpses. When I heard that the sea had given up his written words; that my old acquaintance, Mr. Clarke of Shelburne had preached them to souls for which the writer had never intended them, I could not help asking, Is this one of the wonders? has he then died as a Sampson—lost more in his death than by his life? Is there one who "being dead yet speaketh?" The dead are the dead which die in the Lord: henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them."

I have little inclination to give news this month, even though there were plenty on hand. I am very glad that "Good Words" has reached you, and has received the high approbation which it merits. The article on the Moon, part of which you quoted in your March number, is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Leech, Principal elect of Queen's College, Canada, who is writing a series of articles on astronomical topics, each of which as it appears is pronounced more able and interesting than the preceding. I commend especially to your notice, the one that is to appear in the April number. The amount of talent that Dr. McLeod has enlisted for this new periodical is indeed surprising; and I almost think that no other man in Christendom could have thus concentrated into one focus, the energies of the ablest representatives of the various British Churches. He has from the Church of England, such men as Canon Stowell, Llewellyn Davies, Miss Marsh; from the English Dissenters—Spurgeon, Stowell Brown; from Scotch United Presbyterians and Free Church—Dr. Eadie, Laflie, Keddie; from the Established Church—Caird, McDuff, Flint, his own brother, and a host of others from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany. In the May number, there is to be an article by himself, on the Highlanders of Nova Scotia, which every Pictonian should see. I hope that it will always command a large circulation in British America; for I have no hesitation in saying that it is the cheapest and best 6d. worth of literature published. You will have an idea of the enormous expense at which it is got up, when I state that it requires a circulation of 30,000 *merely to pay*. The engravings alone, which are by the foremost men of the Scotch Academy, cost £50 per number. Of course, the best plan to get it would be by some Halifax bookseller ordering a large number monthly per steamer, and then Mr. Bell of New Glasgow, and Mr. McPherson of Pictou could procure from him as many as would be needed.

You will be glad to learn that the Dundee Stipend case has been harmoniously settled and much to the advantage of the four or five ministers of the Church in Dundee. You are probably aware that the Presbytery of Dundee has for some years back insisted on their right to receive adequate stipends out of the fund called "The Hospital Fund," which had been left in trust to the Town Council for charitable and religious purposes. The Court of Session having decided in their favor, the Council has offered a compromise, which they undertake to pay all the expenses that have or may be incurred, and to continue the present stipends of the ministers at £200 per annum. The Presbytery has accepted the proposal which is a great blessing to them, not only in itself, but in terminating a wearisome litigation, and conducing to peace.

RISE OF GREAT CITIES—GLASGOW,

We know few things more interesting than to trace back the slow and gradual rise of some of the great cities of the old world. How full of incident! how affluent in variety! how rich in suggestion! It is not their present teeming population alone that interests us; it is rather the old substratum which lies buried beneath. What is there for example about Cincinnati, or St. Louis or Chicago, to claim the attention of any body for a moment, beyond their mountains of flour and miles of pork? There is little to charm the mind or gratify the imagination of the antiquary in either. There is a certain pride, perhaps, in the feeling that fifty years ago, or even less, the ground on which an opulent and populous city now stands, was a portion of the primeval forest, and the very spot now occupied by a fine lady's drawing room, may while that lady was teething, have afforded shelter to the grizzly bear. There is the interest of a single fact and of but one idea, the starting link and nothing more; we take it in, in a moment, turn away, nor care to give it another thought.

How different with great historical cities? But we must not take up too much space in barren reflection. We intend in the present brief article to tell our readers a few things about a great city of which they have all heard, the commercial Capital of Scotland. We scarcely require to tell them that at the present day, it has reached very respectable dimensions, though without giving any signs that it has arrived at any thing like its full growth. Some four hundred thousand human beings live and move and work in a great variety of ways within its limits. They spin, they weave, they forge—they build, for no inconsiderable portion of their fellow-creatures. At this moment, one company has 15,000 tons of steam shipping building on the banks of its river, which almost within the memory of living men, a child could wade across. Not far from that very ford (which is) is rising in stately proportions a huge steam battery for the Queen of England 3000 tons burden, and to draw when launched 24 feet of water. It is not however of the present, but of the past, that we intend to speak in the present paper. We have no satisfactory account as to the time when Glasgow was first conquered from the forest, but history tells us that in 1350, or 150 years before Columbus discovered America, the good bishop Ræ built a stone bridge across the Clyde at his own expense, for the benefit of the 1500 inhabitants which at that time composed the city. This bridge did duty till the year 1850, when though still firm and staunch, it gave way to a more convenient and imposing structure. The formation of the See of Glasgow gave it importance at an early period, and drew around it the early Churchmen of piety, learning and wealth—who built their castles

and mansions in what is now the oldest but the poorest portion of the city.—The noble cathedral—a fine specimen of the architecture of the times, after a service of at least 500 years, is as august and grand as ever—the most imposing parish church in broad Scotland. These rude old Scots, after all, knew how to build fully as well as their posterity. There is a dignity in mere antiquity; and the most thoughtless as he enters this august pile,—views its vast and solid proportions—and thinks upon its age and its history, could not shake off even if he would, that earnest feeling of interest which is akin to reverence and devotion. This building has witnessed many changes. Till 1560, it rejoiced in the gorgeous ceremonies and idle superstitions of the Romish Church, but was fortunate enough to escape the general destruction which overtook the other ecclesiastical edifices in the kingdom at the Reformation. This piece of good fortune she owes to the spirit and patriotism of the citizens of Glasgow, who had sense enough to understand that they might dispense with the mummeries of a false religion, and yet retain the pride and ornament of their city. It is curious to note the slow growth of this and kindred cities. In the time of Mary, the population did not exceed 5000. In 1593, a large portion of the present college buildings was erected, though the College itself was founded in 1450. Its black and venerable walls still stand in what is now almost the dirtiest part of the city, but in those early days, was the most aristocratic. Within these 400 years, not a few of earth's greatest men have come out from its gates. It is perhaps noteworthy, that about 20 years ago, this venerable seat of learning very narrowly escaped destruction, by a very vulgar and mammon-like process. A great railway company wished the site for a railway station, and offered so extravagant a sum, that the Gothic bargain was actually struck, and arrangements were made for erecting a new and more showy structure in the new town. Fortunately, evil days came upon this great company, and they could not fulfil their agreement, so that the youthful student may yet walk in the same quadrangle where walked old Zachary Boyd—that stoutest of old Churchmen, and Adam Smith and Simpson, and Wodrow, and Burke, and James Watt and hundreds of others, whose memories are in themselves a sacred inspiration.

In 1600 the population was 7000. In 1678 a contract was made to run a stage coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, to leave on Monday morning and return on Saturday night, D. V. Nowadays the same journey can be performed in 3 hours. In 1681, Donald Cargill, the minister of the Church, now so worthily presided over by the Rev. Norman McLeod, was executed at Edinburgh for having resisted Episcopacy. These were rude days, but they were the nurses of Scotland's present greatness. It was then no uncommon thing

for ministers to mount the pulpit armed with daggers and pistols.

In 1700 the population was about 14,000. Shortly after this Glasgow began to show signs of becoming a commercial city. The union with England opened up great advantages, more especially in the trade with America, which even then was considerable, and exceedingly profitable. It was at that time, what were commonly called the Tobacco Lords, arose in Glasgow, who made immense fortunes in the tobacco trade with Virginia. The American Revolution came, and Glasgow thought she was ruined for ever by the destruction of her darling tobacco trade. She was mistaken, however; her prosperity experienced no material check, and she now advances at a much more rapid rate than before. Glasgow reaped the full advantage of the genius of her great citizen Watt.

The channel of her shallow and crooked river was widened and deepened, and obliged to run in a somewhat straighter course. The first steamer that ever broke the waters of a British river was launched on the Clyde. As the steam engine began to be introduced, huge brick buildings rapidly rose up, spinning and weaving cloth of almost every texture—adding immensely to the wealth of the city, but not much to its adornment. From this time forward, its progress has resembled that of a modern American town more nearly than a staid and respectable European city of undoubted pedigree. The Clyde, though not 100 miles in length, is now one of the great commercial rivers of the world. On its banks are built the mightiest and swiftest steamers that plough the ocean. The Trustees of that river have besides their available funds borrowed £800,000 to deepen its channel, while it yields an annual revenue of more than £80,000. One hundred years ago, it was navigable only for fishing shallops—now it can float a steamer with all her armament of 4000 tons. There are people living whose fathers remember when the population was barely 14,000, now it is nearly 400,000.

Nor has Glasgow ever disgraced the motto on her coat of arms "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." In the midst of much outlying wickedness she has ever been a determined upholder of our Presbyterian faith, and has held out a warm and open hand to the support of the Gospel. There are in the city, 55 churches in connection with the Established Church, and 48 with the Free Church, besides the other Presbyterian Dissenters, as well as the very numerous other sects. At the Secession in 1843, it was thought by many, and we fear hoped by not a few, that our Church in Glasgow would scarcely recover from the blow; but the truth is, never since she was a Church, was she so powerful for good, as she is at this moment in Glasgow. In 1843, many excellent and able men left her; Dr. Brown, the worthy successor of Chalmers, taking

with him almost to a man, a congregation whose average attendance on the Sabbath day was upwards of 1600. To-day that church is quite as crowded with devoted adherents to the Church of Scotland. The same might be said of almost all the other churches. Indeed, we believe that without almost one exception, the churches are far better filled than they were previous to 1843. Much of this no doubt due to the care with which able ministers were sought to fill these important charges, and the ability and devotion with which these excellent men have performed their duty. Glasgow has seldom been without some great leading divine: during the last generation, Chalmers was not only a pride, but the light and ornament of Christendom. During the present generation she possesses not one star, but almost a galaxy. Caird the earnest, the eloquent, the classical; the McLeods, father and son; J. R. McBurn, Gillan, Robertson, and Runciman—all able and popular men, any one of whom would be an ornament and a distinction to any Church. In such a city as Glasgow, a minister, to be successful, must, in addition to other gifts, possess, above all, that of popular eloquence. Though of itself, that never will, never has kept a Church in a really sound and flourishing state. There is a good deal of truth in the saying of good old John Wesley, that "no amount of eloquence in the pulpit will keep your church full unless you visit constantly from house to house." This is, perhaps, true to a greater extent of the country than of a large city; but there can be no doubt that it applies largely to both. We have some notable instances of the different degrees of success of different ministers in this same city of Glasgow. The Church of St. Andrew's, a noble structure, had for many a long year been so deserted, that all hope of its ever being again filled had almost disappeared. Dr. Patterson, its incumbent, was an able and amiable man; he left it in 1844 as everybody thought, to the moles and the bats; but Dr. Runciman had not been in it many months before not sitting but almost standing room was wanting. King's Church was so far reduced, that the congregation was to be counted by the dozen, not by the hundred. Yet Mr. Gibson, its occupant, was an able man, though a bitter controversialist. He too left it, as he fondly hoped, an undisturbed refuge to the spiders, and her brood, but Mr. Pollok, who succeeded, in a short time filled it to the door.

Such are a few unconnected jottings of the fine old city, abode of many a warm and generous heart, great in performance, greater still in promise. How often has the stranger blessed thee for thy unbounded hospitality. Thou hast done much, thou hast much to do, and much ability has been granted you to do it. May the blazon of thy shield shine forth in letters of gold. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," and may thy

Men ever be proud to fight for and under so
serious a device!

For the "Monthly Record."

THE WARNING.

Midnight was round this world of ours,
Darkly its shadow swept,
And sleep, death's rosy mimic, close
Its watch and warder kept,
Save where within a curtained room
The lamp burned faint and low,
And weeping watchers vigil held
To meet a coming foe.

Low on unquiet bed of pain
A strong young form was laid;
But helpless now beneath the strife
That mortal combat made.
Fresh from youth's glad luxurious day,
Life's tinsel dreams untried,
The idol of a mother's heart,
A father's hope and pride.

The only son—home's earliest light—
The goal of all its trust,
There helpless lay before the touch
That mingles dust with dust.
Strong human aid, and watchful skill,
There met with potent spell,
And *love* the mightiest of them all,
Watched o'er the sufferer weil.

Yet, all in vain—the hour had come,
To quench life's flickering spark,
The windows of the spirit with
Mortality were dark,
And fainter came each quivering breath,
Forth from the failing heart,
While pallid watchers weeping stood,
To see the soul depart.

Then o'er the threshold came a step,
Unseen, but felt by all,
And in the midnight hush of earth
They heard the summons fall.
That dread mysterious warning rung,
Upon the awe struck ear,
And then the rush of spirit wings,
Spoke the destroyer near.

Within that still and darkened room,
A viewless presence trod,
And through the silence of the night,
A soul went up to God.
Forth from this world of sin and pain,
Of suffering and of death,
So gently that we knew not when,
Went out the parting breath.

And there he lay, a moveless form,
Pallid and cold and still,
Where erst the life had been so warm,
So strong the fiery will,
Like seaweed drifted on the shore,
Amid the tempest's spray,
So broken, and so desolate,
In death's cold grasp he lay.

Then what availed the burning tears,
The quenchless lava tide,
That fell from breaking parent hearts,
That dead young form beside,
The clasping of those poor pale hands,
The burning kisses pressed,
Upon the brow when death had come,
With icy lips to rest?

Oh weak and frail humanity,
Bow down in dust thy pride,
When called by scenes, like this with death
Thy treasures to divide.
Thou canst not hold one link thine own,
In human life's frail chain,
Thy love and life alike go down,
To dust return again.

Halifax,

M. J. K.

PATTERSON'S LIFE OF THE REV. DR. MAC-
GREGOR.

There is no description of writing more interesting and instructive than biography. It opens up the inner life of the great, lets in the light upon their thoughts, and occasionally exhibits to the world the working of that intellectual machinery which elevated them to their dizzy height, and made them the wonder and admiration of mankind. Yet, even with the most ample materials, to write a good biography must be no easy task, for even now, amidst thousands submitted to the judgment of the world, we could almost count upon our fingers the number really successful. Some great writer has said that were all the profane books in the world to be burned up, and one alone spared, he would wish that one to be Plutarch's Lives. This is certainly one of the few great successes by an ancient author; and when we add Tacitus' Life of Agricola, we nearly complete the list. What penetration and grasp of intellect are in this work! What purity and strength of diction! What epigrammatic sententiousness of expression! The few words which he puts in the mouth of Galgacus before the battle of Mons Grampius would almost of themselves have secured immortality for the work. Referring to the Roman invaders, he makes this patriotic chief say—" *Auferre, trucidare, rapere falsis nominibus, imperium; atque, ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem adpellant.*" "They make a solitude and call it peace." What a striking picture of the real character of military conquest! In more modern times Johnson has been fortunate in Boswell, Nelson in Southey; but how many of our greatest and grandest men have missed the securing of a good biographer! We look in vain for one for Shakspeare or Milton, for Chatham or Burke, for Wellington or Peel. These great men must rest content to let their works speak for them, for they have yet found no one who has come up worthily to the task. If then, it is difficult to write a life which has become a landmark to the world, fertile in

incident and warm with genius,—how much more difficult must it be, to surround with a living and permanent interest, the ordinary routine of a good man's earthly course, which has been marked by little beyond an earnest devotion to an appointed duty,—high and holy in the sight of God, but distinguished by nothing beyond a barren monotony in the opinion of man? Yet, have there been exceptions,—when a ray of genius brightened the daily toil, and burst forth above the dead level of the every day occupations of the world.—Such, for example, is the life of Oberlin, or in a more subdued, chastened but not less interesting phase, the memoirs of that excellent young man, McCheyne, by the Rev. A. Bonar. Here, there is the story of a good man's life told in a spirit so true and loving—in a style so chaste and simple that we give our love, without stint or measure, both to the living and to the dead—to the biographer, as well as his departed friend.

The book now before us is called the Life of the Rev. Dr. McGregor, written by a grandson. An estimate of the literary merit of this work has been given in a former number. In the present, we have only room for a few running comments upon facts bearing upon the character of the Church of Scotland, and the spirit in which these have here been given to the world. Although, before we have finished, we may be compelled to speak with Christian severity of the author of this work, let not our readers for a moment suppose that we underrate the value of the labors of the venerable Minister of Christ, whose biography he writes, or that we can mention his name without a feeling of reverence. Dr. McGregor was in almost every respect, the pattern of a perfect missionary. In manners, simple and unassuming as a child, with a faith as undoubting as it was intelligent. With a sense of duty which few difficulties and no temptations could turn aside;—an enthusiastic love and devotion to that duty under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty. Add to all, a judgment so clear that it seldom betrayed him,—with a faith and firmness sufficiently strong to sustain him amidst privations, trials and labors, without which the strongest must have yielded and abandoned the field. Besides all this, Dr. McGregor was no mere sanguine enthusiast, but a man of considerable knowledge, and of clear and comprehensive intellect, with that power, so nearly allied to genius, of winning mens' hearts; they know not how—and moulding them, so that they drink in his words and treasure his precepts as hidden treasure. He wrote with the force and clearness of a mind naturally highly gifted, and when he is allowed to tell his own story in the book, his words, so naturally and fitly ordered, look like a bed of flowers in a sluggard's garden.

¶ We have not much space for quotation, but the subjoined description of our country scen-

ery—thrown off with a natural ease, but graphic force, would do honor to any writer. "Many varieties," says MacGregor, "the pine, intermingled with birch, maple, beech, oak, and numerous other tribes, branch luxuriantly over the banks of lakes and rivers extend in stately grandeur along the plain and stretch proudly up to the very summit of the mountain. It is impossible to exaggerate the autumnal beauty of these forests nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur. Two or three frosty nights in the decline of autumn, transform the boundless verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of brilliant scarlet, rich violet every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson and glittering yellow. The stern, inexorable fir tribes alone maintain their eternal somber green. All others in mountains or in valleys burst into the most glorious vegetable beauty, and exhibit the most splendid and most enchanting panorama on earth."

The life of a good man ought to be made to live again in his biography—and the spirit which animated him while on earth, chastened and purified, it may be, by the hand of perfection, to shine out from every page which illustrates his history. It is one redeeming trait in our depraved nature, to look kindly and reverently on the ashes of the dead, and to scan with but the slightest glance, those human failings which may have marred his mental or moral comeliness in the days of his earthly sojourn. *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis* is a fine old precept which the world of humanity will never forget—it appeals so eloquently to our better nature. "While living," says a great writer "we are apt to judge a man by his worst actions, after death by his best." Never were truer words written. Passion and resentment seldom outlive the grave. There, the battle of life has closed forever and the heats and jealousies and prejudicial incident to human infirmities die out for want of nourishment. Yet they live sometimes, even when the world withholds its sympathy, and turns away coldly and sternly from the intruder upon the peace and sacredness of the last resting place. **THEY LIVE IN THIS BOOK** These sad words we write with feelings of the deepest pain; but truth and a sense of duty, alike constrain us to record the fact and to vindicate the honor and the innocence of departed friends.

In all this, be it remembered, we cast no aspersion by the remotest implication, upon the venerable subject of the Memoir. No, we are well assured this good and holy man had nothing whatever in common with the spirit which animates one chapter of this book and if saints in heaven are permitted to be cognisant of what takes place on earth, and to retain the feelings which governed them during their earthly pilgrimage—the venerable departed must look down upon this work with something akin to grief, as something which his memory did not require, and which which

ing he would have been the first to rebuke. It was scarcely to be expected that the Church of Scotland should find much favor in the eyes of our author; and had he condemned himself to a general condemnation, had he used common fairness or even ordinary propriety,—had he arrayed against it all the arguments he could collect; had he been satisfied to show how much had been done by Dr. McGregor and his brethren, and how little by us, we would have made no complaint. It is a good sign of a man to see him eager for the honor of his Church, anxious to raise her up and to hold her up,—to labor in her behalf, and to strengthen and extend the sphere of her operations. This is a kind of labor of which all of us do too little, and to which had our author confined himself, he would have received from our hands nothing except praise. What has he done? He is displeas'd with the action of certain individuals belonging to the Church of Scotland—who, without expressing or feeling any disrespect to Dr. McGregor, longed with an ardent and unbecoming desire to be restrained from ministerial services of pastors belonging to the Church to their fathers. For this proper and natural desire, but more especially on account of their exertions to realise it, they are assailed with offensive epithets which we will not here repeat;—bold and broad insinuations are directed against the character of the clergymen of that Church who ministered in the County of Pictou, as well as of more than one pious and earnest layman, all of whom for many a long year have been resting in quiet repose, beyond the reach of the tongue of slander, and the voice of calumny. In our very limited space we can do little more than touch the subject; but to those of our readers who may have seen or heard of the book, we may say, that among other things, the Rev. Mr. Patterson, charges our clergy generally, of this period, with but little attention to the duties of religion, and much attention to the wine of Bacchus—in other words as worthless debauchees. He singles out one particularly—the Rev. Donald A. Fraser, as having become among us “under a cloud,” as he says it, a vulgar, but rather expressive phrase. He assails the character of a man whom we have no one but himself ever thought to be blameable—Mr. John Holmes, the father of the present Hon. John Holmes. On each of these charges we will take the liberty of making a few remarks.

1st. The charges of immorality against our clergymen. It is difficult to meet Mr. Patterson properly on this subject. He merely makes his charge in a style and spirit at once flippant and insulting; takes the thing for granted, and reasons accordingly. No amount of proof does he adduce to make good his position. It is one of the veriest instances of what logicians call *petitio principii*, a begging of the question, which we have seen some time. There can be little doubt that

judged by the standard of to-day, there was not a little, in the drinking customs of both clergy and laity, which we would now condemn. But the custom was common to all. Temperance, much less tee-total societies, were altogether unknown in those days; but it ought not to have been forgotten that they were as unknown to the Antiburgher as to the Kirkman—to Dr. McGregor as to Mr. Fraser; nay, it is well known that the good doctor never went on a journey without a flask of rum in his pocket, and that almost invariably the first thing he offered a friendly visitor was a glass of the same cordial. Even Mr. Patterson himself tells us, that the doctor's father supplemented a scanty living by disposing of the produce of the still, and does not seem to be particularly horrified at the recital. The best answer, however, to the coarse and cruel accusation is the esteem and reverence in which the memory of these men is held by thousands throughout the different Kirk congregations in the county of Pictou, to this day. It is worse than idle to suppose that mere jovial good fellowship could ever have taken such a hold upon the hearts of Scottish Highlanders. No man, possessed of ordinary reflection or knowledge of the constitution of the Highland character, would suppose so for a moment. What is that character? Fidelity to the past, but above all, a simple and reverential veneration for the holy mysteries of our blessed faith. To say, therefore, that the mere bacchanal would ever have succeeded in gaining a permanent place in their affections is to maintain an absurdity. The real secret lay in a far different direction. Amidst a people poor and rude, but kind and honest, they were willing to cast their lot. With them they toiled and suffered, endured the privations of poverty, and separation from kindred and country, and endured them cheerfully; comforted, instructed, assisted with all their heart and might, their lowly and struggling flocks. For such things as these the past generation loved them, and taught their children to venerate their names and cling to their memory. Had Mr. Patterson asked the people, some of the old men and women of Pictou, or of the East, or West, or Middle Rivers, or Gairloch, or Roger's Hill, or several other districts, instead of consulting and indulging his own bitter feelings, he would have written a better and a truer book. He has not chosen to do so, but has laid unhallowed hands upon the memories of the dead; he has pained and irritated surviving friends, and has advanced neither the interest nor the value of his work. These men rest in peace, and the church they helped to nurse and foster still maintains its place, feebly, it may be, and behind its duty, but not more so than others around it.

Mr. Patterson, however, is not satisfied with a general condemnation; but particular names must be dragged in and dwelt upon in

such a way as to give pain to surviving friends and relatives. If it could be shown that this course was necessary for the vindication of his subject, or even that it could be pleaded that it gave life and interest to the narrative, we might grieve, but we would not complain. But no accusation was brought against Dr. McGregor; no attempt appears to have been made to undervalue his labors, or to deny his worth. At the very most, there may have been jealousies and prejudices, likely enough as strong and rancorous on the one side as on the other; but how weak, nay, how wicked, to draw forth from oblivion these idle contentions, and dim the lustre of a life which every good man must respect? We have always admired the just and noble feeling, which prompted the illustrious Talleyrand to leave an injunction in his will, to the effect that his memoirs should not be published until fifty years after his death, as there might be much in them calculated to pain those still acting their part amidst the busy hum of the world. Yet Talleyrand was not a minister of the Gospel, but a man of the world in the largest sense. Could Mr. Patterson have thought of this, surely he would never have singled out the Rev. Donald A. Fraser, of Newfoundland, and sought to soil his character, under the pressure of no necessity, and without a single fact in his possession to justify the mean insinuation with which he introduces his name. The widow of the late Mr. Fraser still lives, respectable, and universally respected. His children, at least several of them, occupy positions of influence and responsibility, some of them belonging to the Church of Scotland, some of them to the Free Church. The memory of that husband and that father is dear and fondly cherished; and till this book appeared, they lived, no doubt, under the conviction that that memory was as safe as it was sacred, fenced and guarded by the sanctity of the tomb. If any cloud ever hung over him, he has gone to a tribunal where he will be judged by a just, a merciful, and loving Father, who, in his Word, has expressed his abhorrence of the slanderer of the living, and will, we should think, look with a still sterner eye upon the slanderer of the dead. We are here performing a painful duty, but it is a duty, and we should despise ourselves, if for one moment we shrunk from it. We feel too deeply, to indulge in coarse epithets, or a spirit of recrimination. We stand upon higher ground; and shall rest satisfied to uphold the honor and the character of our Church, which this book so rudely assails, and to vindicate the worth of those whom we hoped had long been beyond the reach of detraction.

There is one individual, whom above all others, Mr. Patterson has selected for especial vituperation—Mr. John Holmes, of the East River. The unworthy spirit which animates the writer is shown in the manner in

which he invariably mentions his name. It is not John Holmes, or Mr. Holmes, but "Holmes;" and the accusations which Mr. Patterson brings against him are manifold. He tells us he was poor, and he seems to have peculiar satisfaction in dwelling on this point; that he was of humble rank, forgetful that the subject of his memoir was poorer far, and of a rank originally humbler; but he forgets still more, that neither is crime in the sight of God. No, nor in the eyes of man, unless it may be of the parvenu or the fool. In this case, the insult, we should say, is offered not only to the memory of Mr. Holmes, but to almost every family which has been long settled in the County of York. All, or almost all, owe their respectable position to their father's efforts and their own, and every man who has one atom of sense or honesty, will honor them the more from the very circumstance. Mr. Patterson more than insinuates that this man was a mere hypocrite, deceitful, vain, obstinate, and malicious; a vindictive persecutor of the Rev. Mr. McGregor, a sower of dissension, and besides all this, a very worthless and contemptible personage. Such is the character given by Mr. Patterson of a man who has been resting in his grave for the last thirty years. Let us examine a little into the facts, and we shall be happy to say, these facts are neither difficult of access nor of doubtful character. In the first place, Dr. McGregor himself has been heard repeatedly to say that *if there was a good, an earnest and pious man on earth, the man was John Holmes.*

This testimony which we give on the authority of one who knew the Doctor long and intimately, would of itself be sufficient to scatter to the winds the unseemly insinuation made against this excellent man's good name; but the life which he lived in the sight of God and man, is after all the best and most triumphant answer to Mr. Patterson's charge. Mr. Holmes seems to have been a pattern to one of these simple minded, earnest, prayerful men, we read of in times gone by. Let the worthy father of Doctor McGregor, as depicted by our author, religion formed part of his daily life. Like Isaac of old, he meditated in the fields;—he was eminently a man of prayer, not like the Pharisee, loud and self-righteous before men—but a quiet, humble, yet enthusiastic Christian, who gained influence and respect among his fellows by his unostentatious earnestness and constant life. That consistency he maintained to his last hour, nor could friend or foe point out one action out of harmony with his Christian profession. He died as he had lived, and the life we have been assured by many, was one long prayer—beautiful in its course, touchingly beautiful in its termination. To act a part for 60 long years, without stumbling, would be difficult; to act it without any earthly object, in the face of much temptation would be all but impossible. Yet if we

credit Mr. Patterson, this man did all this and more. He hazards the assertion, without a single fact to support it; but though he throws his poisoned shaft with a will into the grave of the departed, it has rebounded and hurt himself, for to confess the truth, and we have much satisfaction in making the statement, though we have conversed with many belonging to Mr. Patterson's own Church, we have not met one who defended, but not a few who condemned the unworthy spirit of his book. With the constancy and devotion characteristic of the Highland character, Mr. Holmes was warmly attached to the Church of his fathers, and longed to see it planted in his adopted country. Nothing could be more correct, than that he opposed Dr. McGregor for any personal reason;—he merely wished to secure for himself and those around him, the inestimable privilege, as he considered it, of enjoying the ministrations of a Pastor of his beloved Zion. Because he labored to realize these wishes—a base attempt is made in this book to blacken his character. The thing appears at the present day almost monstrous; for it must be remembered, that Mr. Holmes stood not alone in his efforts; there were several hundreds of families in the district quite as anxious as himself about this matter and willing to make almost any sacrifice to attain their object. In addition to this, Dr. McGregor was perfectly independent of these people. He was firmly established in the affections of a flock, or rather rocks—far too large and widely scattered to be properly overtaken by him. He had no reason to complain, though we believe he did complain. It was indeed natural that he should prefer to have all the people if possible under his own ecclesiastical roof tree,—not to murmur, because these people sought a minister of their own Church, was unreasonable indeed. Much, no doubt, was due to his piety, his services, his position; but to expect Highlanders to give up the Church of their homes and affections was to expect too much,—more almost than has been given to any man. How many are there of the Presbyterian Church in Pictou—even in Green Hill, who would forsake their Church, were there a Cumming, a Caird, or a McLeod to set down among them. We fear, very few—what should they not, we would neither consider them ignorant, nor prejudiced, nor hypocritical, nor profligate, on the contrary, we would respect the firmness and consistency of their principles—and perhaps Mr. Patterson under these circumstances would do the same. In reviewing this book, we have been obliged to use the language of severity. In an attack has been made not only upon our Church, but upon the personal character of individuals whose memory at the present day is revered by thousands. We wish from the bottom of our heart, we could have spoken otherwise—that we could have welcomed this book as a sound and solid addition to the

literature of the Province—as a worthy offering presented to the memory of a good man—to whom this County of Pictou is under no ordinary obligations. We have not been able, to do so; yet would we offer some measure of commendation. In the book, we have before us a proof of commendable industry—of devoted, almost idolatrous reverence for the memory of a distinguished relative—an anxious desire to do justice to his subject and an almost entire failure, by indulgence in a state of feeling as unfortunate as it is improper. Had Mr. Patterson only cultivated the *suaviter* with half the diligence that he has cultivated the *acriter in modo*, these remarks would never have been written, and we are much mistaken if he would not also have afforded more satisfaction to his friends—certainly far more credit and justice to himself.

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COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

BY A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

We purpose in the present paper to invite the attention of our young readers to a few facts about their native land—the beautiful little peninsula of Nova Scotia. Every young person ought to know, and be able to communicate a respectable amount of information of the country in which he was born and where he means to spend his days. We fear there are a good many who could not tell us much to the purpose. Of course, we cannot say a great deal on the subject in two or three columns of this little periodical, but we will do what we can.

In the first place, this province small as it is, is occupied by a very considerable variety of what we may call nationalities. We scarcely know any place where so many languages are spoken within so comparatively small an extent. First, we have the original owners and occupiers of the soil, the Mic-Mac Indians, talking to each other in their soft, sweet, and die-away language. If any of our readers have listened attentively to a couple of squaws engaged in conversation, they would suppose that it was a tongue only fitted for an easy, indolent, effeminate people. To be sure, these poor people are weak, and few enough now, but in their palmy days, they were wild and cruel savages.—How came they, we wonder, in possession of a language soft and musical as Italian poetry? But wild and cruel as they may have been, they were the rightful lords of the forest, and there is something very sad in the thought, that in a generation or two, the Indian and his language will have disappeared. I said, that for so small a place, we speak in a good many tongues. Let me see. First, we have English, with its many dialects or rather alterations and corruptions. We have correct English, such as we generally hear from the pulpit, or from people who are well educated.

ed and move in polished society; then we have Scotch English, which except the accent, is generally very fair English, and Irish English which is by no means so good; and Nova Scotia English, which would be excellent, were it only free from a few faults, such as using *them* for these; and the Yankee English which is altogether abominable. If our young friends do not wish to be considered very vulgar, and ill-bred, let them carefully avoid the slang expressions they hear so often on the streets, such as "doing it slick," "right away," "putting it through," "I guess so," and many others. The habitual use of such terms not only lowers us in the estimation of others, but blunts and degrades the mind, makes us vulgar in feeling as well as in expression. Besides English in all its branches, we have French lingering among us here and there among a simple, cheerful, but not very improving people. This fact advances us a step farther. The French dispossessed the Indians and took the country to themselves, and the English in their turn, took it from the French, and have managed to keep it. Still these English, or more properly British, though a sturdy and grasping race, have a strong feeling of fair play, and accordingly our few French fellow-subjects have, very properly, all the privileges we have ourselves:—but like the Indians, they are falling rather behind. They are all devoted Catholics, and that you know, is not a religion which gives great encouragement to an intelligent or independent spirit of energy. These French are poor farmers, poor fishermen, poor mechanics, but an amiable, kind and inoffensive people. In one County again, we have a great number of Dutch, and a very thrifty, industrious, tidy people these Dutch are. They are perfect patterns of cleanliness. Go into their houses and you will find not only the walls but the floor painted, and so clean that you might almost take your dinner off it. You could not help liking these good people, were you to try, though they have, what we consider, a few faults, notwithstanding. They love to do as their fathers did,—they prefer the ox to the horse, and the old-fashioned plough;—but then they have also good old-fashioned virtues—honesty and independence. They are great sticklers for old customs, and not likely soon to abandon their native tongue. As we said they are a thrifty and a thriving people, staunch Protestant Lutherans, and we do not think there is in any Church, a more excellent man or exemplary Christian, than the Rev. Mr. Kosman, the Lutheran minister of Lunenburg. If we come a little nearer home, we will find another language entirely different from any we have mentioned, the Gaelic. The Highlander of Nova Scotia, is a type by himself, and occupies no inconsiderable portion of the Province—almost the whole of the County of Pictou, of Sydney, and of the Island of Cape Breton. We fear this language is not hold-

ing its own in this Colony. The old settling to it as a treasure above all price, and it is very touching, and most interesting to witness the eagerness with which they drink in the tidings of salvation preached in the beloved tongue of their native land. A considerable proportion of the Highlanders in Sydney and some of those in Cape Breton are bigoted Catholics, and though they have made some progress in worldly prosperity have made very little indeed in general intelligence. The great bulk of the Gaelic speaking part of the population, however, are Presbyterians, either of the Established or Free Church of Scotland. They are a warm hearted, highminded, and generally religious people, and not much inclined to new fangled notions. For many a long year, they had to contend with privations of the severest kind, but now, they are for the most part comfortable and, every year, are advancing in prosperity and intelligence. We believe that in one or two parts of the Province, Irish is spoken which is not to be wondered at, seeing we have more than 40,000 people belonging originally to Ireland. Beside the different races mentioned, we have a small colony of Negroes in the vicinity of Halifax, who speak a sort of guttural English, of a very peculiar kind. These negroes are a strange people, thoughtless, happy and improvident. During summer, they are fat and sleek as a well-kept horse, and they live as if summer were to last always. When winter comes, they are poor, ragged, half-starved, shivering, woe-begone specimens of humanity. Like the grasshopper in the fable, they have been singing all summer, and in the winter they come to the ant to buy a little corn to keep them alive. In regard to these Negroes, however, we are not without blame. There is in this and the neighboring Colonies far too much of the Yankee prejudice against color, and we question very much, if even a sable Newton were to arise among them, our fine people would admit him to their drawing rooms. This is very wrong, and very unchristian; no such feeling exists in Great Britain or on the continent of Europe. A Negro student in a British University would be treated with as much respect as any body else, and if he were a distinguished student—would be noticed and befriended by the very highest. Surely the English custom in this respect is far more manly, more Christian, than that of America.

You will see that in this little Colony, there are at least six different languages spoken, differing entirely from each—and representing three of the great races of the Human Family; but we have to thank God that His holy Book is to be found in all these tongues, and that the "glad tidings" are proclaimed to all alike.

So much for the people we live among. I am afraid I have left myself little space to speak of the country itself or its natural pro-

actions. Every young Nova Scotian should be proud of the beauty of his native land. What grandeur is there in the varied scenery of its autumnal landscape! Its gently undulating surface of hill and dale; its numerous and beautiful lakes, nestled in the forest, and dotted with romantic islets, often clothed with wood. Its many rivers, bounded by a wide and rich expanse of fertile intervals, and often swarming with the finny tribe. Do our young readers know that Nova Scotia can boast of a lake thirty miles long, and with the exception of the mountain scenery, as lovely as the far famed Loch Lomond itself, in bonny Scotland? Yet such is Lake Ronignol. We need not blush to lead our youthful prince through some of the scenery of old Acadia—new Scotland. Let us only be careful to be an honor to our adopted land, for it is the people that give character to a country.

I will conclude this desultory letter with a word or two about the native animals of Nova Scotia. I dare say you think you could soon mention them all, but you are quite mistaken, for the three columns to which I am restricted, would not contain the list even of their names. It is rather singular, that this great continent of America, should at the period of its discovery, have contained none of the four footed animals which we deem so useful—the horse, the ass, the ox, the sheep, the goat, though all of them now abound in every part of it. Nova Scotia contains no animal which man has subdued to his use or pleasure. It once contained the mighty elk, and the industrious beaver, but does so no longer. It still contains the hugely antlered moose, whose venison is tender and delicate. The graceful corriboo, but which we fear will soon be extinct: this pretty animal seems to be the same as the Reindeer of Lapland which gives food and clothing to and labors for the Laplander, and we often wonder that no effort has been made to domesticate this timid and graceful denizen of the woods. The bear still prowls about and steals a sheep now and then, but every year is finding his quarters more dangerous and uncomfortable. Poor bruin! his coat, thick and shaggy, covers our sleighs. What will we do fifty years hence when we may read in the newspapers of the capture of the last bear? Then we have the fox, black, red, and grey, but the poor black Reynard is unfortunate in his color, for his skin will bring from £10 to £20. Have any of our young readers ever seen the otter? They may be seen, but not often, about our rivers, swimming as easily under as on the water—they are sad pests, and very destructive to that lordly fish, the salmon, with which our coasts and rivers used to swarm, but which alas, are rapidly disappearing in consequence of the improper practices of idle and thoughtless people. We have still many fur-covered animals, but these must inevitably disappear with the cultiva-

tion of the country, so that it is very doubtful if a hundred years hence, we will have a moose, or bear, or wolf, or cariboo, or lynx, or wild-cat, or racoon, or porcupine; but then we, or rather our posterity will have something better. Instead of the growl of the bear or the howl of the wolf, they will hear the lowing of oxen, the neighing of horses or the bleating of sheep in the fertile meadows or well stocked farm-yards. God is bountiful to all. To the untutored Indian, he gave the wild beast of the forest, and the teeming population of the lakes and rivers; and when that forest has yielded to the plough, a rich harvest rises to reward our industry.

THE NECESSITY OF CO-OPERATION IN SUPPORT OF THE SCHEMES.

In last number of the *Record*, a few remarks appeared, defending the character of our people against the charge of illiberality. This was done by a comparison of our contributions with those of other Presbyterian bodies in this Province. Supposing his calculations to be correct, it can scarcely be denied, that the writer of that article establishes his position. The results indicated were of a most remarkable and, to us, unexpected nature. Their effect upon the mind is just such as might be expected to follow the removal of a load of infamy. Such a feeling may be pardoned by even the most fastidious, when it is recollected that nothing can be more injurious to morality, nothing more subversive of honor, nothing more baneful to real happiness, than the consciousness, haunting a man, wherever he moves, and obtruding itself upon him more especially in the company of other religionists, that a deserved stigma sticks to his Church. If he is an honest man, who has upright intentions of doing his duty during his transient abode in this world, and leaving a good example and an honest name to his children, he carries in his bosom a lurking dissatisfaction, which, without any external interference, may impel him to sever a connection impairing the consolations of his religion. [A Church often loses its best members in this way.] If he can make but scanty claims to such a character, the humiliating conviction referred to, offers a weak point to the assaults of designing proselytisers. Amendment and the circulation of the *Record* are the best cures of the evil.

Our statistical tables show, however, that while a considerable number of our people must be making very laudable exertions in support of the gospel, by far the larger number are making no efforts whatever of this nature. The whole sum raised for the schemes in answer to the call of the Synod, is, exclusive of the Lay Association—and Halifax Home Mission funds, £158. Of the collections appointed for last year, about 48 have been made and 58 have been wholly neglect-

ed. [The Widower's Fund is excluded from this estimate.] An aspect of affairs is thus displayed, which calls for immediate attention. It is easy to see, that, if this partiality of revenue, this injustice done by the many to the few, this unproductiveness of the majority, this inequality of support continues much longer, murmurs, discontent, dissension and perhaps serious disorganization will be the consequences falling upon the Church.

The longer we have an existence as a Church of Christ, the more clearly shall it make itself known to us, that *all* such appointed collections should be made by *every* congregation in our connection. These collections for the schemes are of general obligation, and it is difficult to conceive of a case, wherein any congregation can justly claim exemption. If such collections amounted to a peremptory demand for so much money, they might in some cases be very objectionable; but the announcement and making of the collection are all that the Synod requires, and the effort is purely voluntary on the part of individuals. They may give or not as they please, and they may bestow what sum they like. This excellent mode of contribution is binding upon congregations, but optional to individual members. Many are apt to think, and even to say it is hardly fair that members of Synod, ministers and elders representing non-paying and, as regards that revenue which sustains the Church in her corporate capacity and her missions as a power in the community, unproductive congregations, should sit in Synod and vote upon the appropriation of monies, in the collection of which they have taken no part. The same principles of natural justice apply to Church government as to state government. The members for a district not paying taxes would not be allowed to sit and vote under a constitution, which their constituents had violated. They and their rebellious friends would be very properly refused the privilege. Will not some little twinge of conscience occasionally visit ministers or elders in voting upon the appropriation of the Home Mission, or Synod, or India, or Jewish and Foreign Mission Funds, to which they have neither directly nor indirectly contributed, and which their neglect is doing much to destroy altogether?

Justice requires that one of the first duties of the Synod at its annual session is, to ascertain who have, and who have not paid to the schemes of the Church, and the reason of non-compliance. By this plan, two advantages may be gained. We may ascertain what congregations have not contributed their share or have not contributed at all to any of the schemes, and having instituted careful inquiry into the cause or causes which may have led to this result, to adopt such measures as shall seem best calculated to produce uniformity and regularity in the making of these collections. We think that the Synod for its own sake, but more especially for

the interests of the Church, of which it is the guardian—should exercise a vigilant surveillance of all its members. It is to it that the Church looks for the furtherance of its schemes. They have taken them under their charge, assumed the responsibility, and if any one among them, from what he perhaps may consider a sufficient reason lags behind, it behoves the Synod in its corporate capacity at once to look into the matter, in a spirit of love and firmness, and see that the defect is cured—for example, in such a case as this, as our statistical tables too plainly tell us, has a most pernicious influence, and spreads rapidly and with a most injurious effect to the Church. The Synod has much in its power, and it would be better for every body,—that we go as little as possible in the direction of Congregationalism, each minister, elder and church member doing that which is right in his own eyes. This is a course, in which the less we walk, the better for the interests of the Church and the cause of religion in these Provinces. It is scarcely necessary for us to state here, that in these remarks, we have no particular congregations or individuals in view. We speak in general terms in support of a principle which ought to be universal in its application,—and which we believe every member of our Church, whether clerical or lay, would rejoice to see in universal operation. But the evil is a reality,—an undeniable reality, and is eating into our resources, weakening our energies and destroying our discipline—hence the importance of immediate attention and the adoption of means, stringent if necessary, to secure both attention and obedience.

We are all engaged in a common undertaking. Members *generally* and ministers and elders *specially*, are bound together by certain spiritual ties, to co-operate in advancing our common Christianity; not by the Wesleyan organization, not by Baptist principles or conventions, not by Episcopalian institutions, but by the Bible as explained in the Confession of Faith, and the Presbyterian Church government and discipline, which have distinguished the Church of Scotland for 300 years. This constitutes our ecclesiastical machinery. But how can important objects be attained if one part of the machine will not work? It is unfair that one half do work of which all share the benefit and the glory. Injustice ought not to have its seat in the temple of God. Then let every Kirk session see that it takes a share in the support of every scheme, looks coldly upon none and bears a fair and equal share of a burden, that, in present circumstances, is quite heavy enough for all to bear. Let there be no omissions or neglects in the collections in aid of our schemes.

It is the grand peculiarity of a Presbyterian Church that, when properly worked, it moves in a mass. It is opposed to the dismemberment of the Church of Christ by the innumerable fragments of congregationalism on its one hand: it is equally opposed to the

responsibility of Episcopalianism on the other. It holds a middle place between these two extremes. It occupies the same position towards these in Church-government that a constitutional power does in civil government—the extremes of autocracy and democracy. It takes means through representation in sessions, presbyteries and synods to ascertain the sentiments of the people, and its authority in enforcing its measures is based upon this process conducted in accordance with the principles of the bible, as expounded in certain formularies. All who take part in the proceedings of a Presbyterian Church, are bound to carry out the decisions of its courts. Individual opinions must not interfere with the general action of the body. Ministers and elders vow and members promise to dispense with a small share of their personal independence for the accomplishment of high ends. There is no hardship in this sacrifice; for constitutional means are provided for hearing every complaint and discussing the soundness of every opinion. Thus a Presbyterian Church ought to move in a mass, because it takes every possible means for ascertaining the opinions of the mass before it moves at all. By first manifesting a due respect to the Christian liberties and general wisdom of all its members, it establishes the right of demanding a reciprocation of respect on their part to its decisions. What we say then is, that until any member of the Church or any section can have their opinions endorsed by the body they have no right in a Presbyterian Church to follow an *independent or congregational course*. In the matter of *collections*, a minister or missionary, if he will be true to his colors, can do nothing but make them when the day comes; and an individual presbytery that takes a course of its own in important measures, is doing more injury to Presbyterianism than the most eloquent and learned disquisitions in its defence could do good.

A case of some interest is now pending before the civil courts in Scotland. Macmillan has prosecuted the Free Church Assembly and craves damages for the injury done to him by that court, which he avers has violated its own constitution. The real question at issue is; how far Mr. Macmillan has by contract placed himself in the power of his ecclesiastical superiors. That he has sacrificed part of his personal independence, both parties are agreed; but Macmillan avers, that, in the exercise of an irresponsible power claimed by them, [and which said gentleman lauded vastly, when in this country, as also railed against the contrary with the greatest violence,] they have taken more liberties with his maintenance and good name than he engaged to submit to. The silly and dangerous position taken by the Free Church is, that they may exceed their engagement or not, as they please,—that they are the sole judges of the case in all its aspects, and that, because,

as they say, the civil courts have no business with the case at all, they will not produce the papers necessary to show, whether or not they have acted within their powers. All this discussion proceeds upon the supposition that a minister sacrifices part of his independent action, and for the glory of God and the good of men promises to be guided by others. In reward for this, he receives a certain respect, enjoys particular privileges of public and private instruction, and ordinary people, engrossed with the business of the world, expect him to keep them in mind of their spiritual duties and, among others, keep them up to the mark in liberality to the cause of the Redeemer. It is meant by this, to show that, in a Church of Christ, it is absolutely necessary that, whatever private opinions individuals may hold in general measures, constitutionally and deliberately agreed upon, all must go together, as in all other societies where common sense is not abjured for individual whims.

We are weak enough to be true and sincere believers in the scripturalness and expediency of Presbyterian Church Government. There is no more convincing evidence of its soundness than the general movement among Episcopalianists to obtain synodical action on the one hand, and the existence among Congregationalists of what they are pleased to call "Unions" on the other. The dwellers on the uncomfortable extremes of the despotism of one man and the despotism of the crowd feel the need of betaking themselves to the golden mean, the temperate zone of a constitutional system, that neither places the rights and interests of the people wholly in the hands of the clergy, nor subjects a class of men, who have sacrificed a considerable degree of personal liberty for the privilege of doing good, to the whims and sudden phrenzies of the fickle crowd. But pure and ravishing as our ideal of a Presbyterian Church is, the actual and present forms come far short of it, and we often ask ourselves: Shall we be privileged to see, before leaving this agitated world, a Presbyterian Church worked out according to its principles; transfusing into its members a spirit of enlightened Christianity; disseminating a religion worthy of its great founder; diffusing among the people a just veneration for antiquity, for the great movements of the 16th century, and for the various Protestant Churches rising out of them; and a disposition to keep pace with the times, in a temperate advance; inducing in the minds of the people a pride in, respect for, and enlightened obedience to, their Church Courts, and pre-eminently exhibiting a clergy, each man of whom feels bound to carry out in good faith the enterprises which the united and constitutional wisdom of the Church Courts have stamped with approbation? In this corrupt world we despair of beholding such a spectacle; but, small as we are, we have the best right to be such a

Church, for no Churches have approached the model so nearly as the Church of Scotland, and the Churches sprung from her, none of which have made any essential alterations upon her constitution. Such a Church, in its spiritual features, was the beautiful little band that "continued steadfast in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and prayers." If we combine with a scriptural model an unscriptural character, it is no fault of the Bible, or the Spirit of God, or of others, but a short-coming in which we ourselves shall alone be held responsible.

One important part of this oneness of aim is the support of our Church schemes by every congregation. Perhaps some congregations will allege that they are not able. Which congregations? It cannot be the vacant congregations, for in present circumstances ordinances do not cost most of them more than about sixpence for each individual belonging to them. It cannot be those congregations, part of whose stipends are paid by the Colonial Committee, for there is but little evidence that they pay more than others, and the Church lays them under a heavy obligation to support her schemes. The conduct of some congregations is far from creditable. The Church maintains ordinances among them, and they hardly look at her schemes. They, receive pounds, and in the height of their gratitude, will hardly bestow pence in return.

During last year 48 collections realized the trifling sum of £158. If the other 58 collections, which were omitted, had been made, the amount would have been £350. How much would such an effort contribute to the efficiency and stability of the Church! Again, we look at the table and find that those that make *all* the collections make the *best* collections. *Frequent* collections are then expedient. Poverty is not our obstacle, but want of will. A collection never is a hardship to any one; but, if it were, giving is purely voluntary. Under the system desiderated, the £350 would soon amount to £500. With this sum how much might be done for the spread of the Gospel, the organizing of missions to parts of this Province, and the sustentation of an ecclesiastical machinery! Another feature of some interest in these tables is, that congregations not collecting for the schemes pay best for the minister's stipend. One congregation (Georgetown), that seems to pay nothing to the schemes, with the exception of 6s. 3d. and 13s. 1d. last year, is said to raise £40 or £50 a year for stipend. While during three years they have received about £140 a year from the Church for the maintenance of Gospel ordinances, all that appears of their offerings to the Church of God amounts to 19s. 4d. Again; the congregations that pay to the schemes, seem to read and pay for the *Record* best.

Last year throughout the whole Presbytery

of P. E. Island, only 93 Records were taken but this year, we are glad to be able to announce that an increase of at least 100 per cent has taken place in that locality. We are confident that the congregations in this increase has taken place will both reap personal benefit and confer a benefit on the Church at large. They will be made, at least so far as we can, acquainted with present action and position of their Church its interests, its requirements, and how the requirements may be best fulfilled, with smallest amount of sacrifice to the individual members, and the greatest amount of benefit to the Church at large.

In Halifax Presbytery, the number taken last year was 83; this year it is under 100. The increase is very small. We would not be understood however, to say, that our metropolitan friends are to the same extent deficient in regard to their support of the various schemes,—such we believe is not the case but we must notwithstanding, express our regret that from whatever cause, the *Record* circulates less widely in Halifax than anywhere else, and we trust it may not be considered unreasonable presumption—in supposing that it would be better for them as well as for ourselves, that we were known to some extent in Musquodoboit, Truro, Sackville, Lawrencetown, Porter's Lake, Hall Settlement, Elmsdale, Lake Thomas, Little River, Meagher's Grant and Preston. In all these places we have adherents,—in some of them a very considerable number,—but to all of them not more than, we think, two *Records* go. Now if the *Record* is useful anywhere it is in unsettled congregations, and we are very much surprised that it has not found its way more extensively in these parts.

With this kind of co-operation and support of her schemes, the church cannot be expected to make very dazzling progress. Large congregations in Pictou also take very few. All these things show that defects in one part of our ecclesiastical machinery affect injuriously the whole. Does any congregation eschew our monthly organ, then is almost an inevitable consequence that it neither raises stipend nor collects for the schemes. Does a congregation collect with some liberality for the schemes, we should consider the stipend it promises to pay as sure as a Bank of England note. Does any congregation perform *none* of these things, then its extinction is an absolute certainty;—a consummation, also, which, however little we may desire, will take place without any very deep expression of regret.

Upon the whole, cheering as our statistics are in many respects, we trust that the table, which will make its appearance in 1860, will exhibit a vast improvement, and that measures will be taken by our supreme court for equalizing our burdens and obtaining the support of all congregations and stations to the schemes of the Church.

For the "Monthly Record."

(For the "Monthly Record.")

THE TEST.

DEAR SIR,—“A Glasgow Student” takes exception to a short letter of mine in your magazine, in which I stated my preference for Scotch Universities, as *our* schools of the prophets. I may mention that none of our “prophets” have come from Canada, while one or two of them, and very useful ones to the Canadian Church too, have gone from us to Canada. All our prophets have come from Scotland, “where a minister’s position is so much more dignified and independent.” My statement about the expense, was plain enough so far as it went, but for the benefit of our youth in the Lower Colonies, I shall make it plainer, and show that the expense of education at a Scottish University is not greater than at a college in Canada. The father of one of our students informs me that his son’s board and lodging costs 10s. per week; or £13 for six months; College fees and expenses £8 for the session. The session of six months thus involves an expense of £21. I very much doubt, that it is cheaper in Canada. “Glasgow Student” says, that it cost him *two* pounds more than this, not a very great excess, and which indeed proves beyond all reasonable doubt, the accuracy of our statement. As to the return of students from Scotland here, we have to state, that some have returned from Scotland, but none from Canada, except to behold the spiritual destitution of their native land, and leave us to meet it as we best could. One reason why students will come from Scotland to this country is that the attainment of the Scotch ministers “dignified and independent position,” which “Glasgow Student” thinks may present dangerous fascinations, is not so easy as admission into a humble sphere in the Colonies. As to bonds, I may inform your friend that no student has ever been sent by us to Canada without them. Most have gone on their own responsibility.

As to railing at Canada in the *Monthly Record*, have you been railing? Where?

The “impression” conveyed by my letter may be “*wrong*” but it is deepening in the Lower Colonies. It is that, while we have no abided control over young men, it is obligatory, economical and expedient for us to throw our influence in the scale in favor of education in Scotland. When a student from the Lower Colonies go to Kingston and get into pecuniary difficulties, [as many students do without any fault of theirs] there is a Canadian bursary ready for him, if he will remain in Canada after license; there is nothing for him if he returns to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. This amounts to a very strong influence against us.

Let us support the Young Men’s Scheme and offer 10 young men £20 apiece per annum to study in Glasgow for our Church. This is the disinterested advice of

ANOTHER GLASGOW STUDENT.

As one of your numerous readers, who derive pleasure and instruction from a careful perusal of your excellent monthly serial, I have read with deep interest in the March number of the *Monthly Record*, a description of the proceedings at the Congregational Soiree, of the Barony Church, Glasgow. Also an article from the new weekly magazine *Good Words*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod—a man whose fame is in all the Churches, who is living a life of active practical Christian effort, and by his example has wrought an untold amount of good among the working classes of that great city, which only those appreciate who have seen his earnest, unassuming labors among them, as I have on several occasions during the last sixteen years. His name is a tower of strength to the Church of Scotland, at home and abroad; but it is not my purpose to refer to his labors in Scotland, but to relate an incident of his visit to Nova Scotia, after the Disruption, when he, as a delegate to the North American Colonies, in company with the Revs. Dr. Fowler and McLeod, about ten years since visited us. On that occasion the noble, dignified and Christian tone of their discourses won every heart, and strengthened the fading ties that were yielding to the influence of the times. But the hearts of the majority beat in unison with that of the Rev. Norman McLeod; he was the magnet that attracted every one. New zeal was infused by his presence, and those who did not love and follow his advice, were awed to silence by the goodness of the man. Still, as in the days of our Saviour, there are to-day many, who, like Thomas, refuse to believe except they have actually seen and felt for themselves. Of this description was a gentleman of great intellectual ability and moral worth, but with a very slender regard for religion, who after hearing the Rev. Norman McLeod preach in St. Andrew’s Church, Halifax, declared, in the midst of a large company, that preaching was all very well, and so were great schemes of practical benevolence, when the ministers had not to pay for them, when a lady now residing in Edinburgh made the enquiry—Don’t you think Dr. McLeod would give as much as you would to any benevolent object? The reply was—I do not; when the same lady replied—We are collecting for one of the schemes recommended by the Dr. for Nova Scotia; will you give the same amount that he contributes? The answer was—He is too good a Christian to give you anything but prayers; but whatever he gives I will give also, and think something of his religion to boot. As the delegation here were to leave the next morning in the Cunard steamer for England, it was settled that I should accompany the lady on board steamer, introduce her to the Rev. Dr. in the presence of his colleagues, and in the

presence of the objector, allow her success to be the test of his Christianity. Next morning at ten o'clock precisely, the steamer arrived at the wharf. At eleven we went on board and found the Rev. Dr. McLeod on the upper deck in the midst of his friends. He approached; he shook hands with me; I introduced the lady, with the remark that she had some scheme to present for his approval, which, in a few words, was coupled with the request that he would give her something in support of the funds, when he at once put his hand in his pocket, drew out a half sovereign, with the apology that it was the last one—all his funds being below in his trunk. It was a curious scene—the busy crowd on the steamer's deck—the minister submitting to the infidel's test—the other clergymen, friends, looking on in wonder at the incident that had so unceremoniously interrupted their leave taking. Out rung the warning bell and away went the huge steamer with her precious freight, unconscious of the trial of their faith that had just taken place.

Should this meet the Dr.'s eye, he may recollect the occurrence, although he never knew the cause. I never think of him without emotion, and only relate the above to show how careful Christian men ought to be, for none can tell in what way the worldling may be submitting their conduct to the test, and thereby secure a solace, and excuse to their own conscience by the contrast with the conduct of others. The benefits of the various delegations from the General Assembly have been always productive of great improvements, and I am certain that the members of the Church of Scotland in North America would willingly subscribe to a fund to defray the expenses of a delegation from Scotland to the Colonial Churches during the present summer. The change from the bustle and toil in Britain, and the voyage across the Atlantic, would be of service both to the ministers and the Church. I am aware that such delegations can only come with the sanction of the Colonial Ministry; but a little effort on the part of each congregation is needed to give a refreshing season to the Church.

Yours truly,
GLASGOW.

ADDRESS TO MR. W. C. MENZIES, BY SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS OF ST. ANDREW'S, HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, March 22nd, 1860.

W. C. Menzies, Esq., late Superintendent of St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School.

Respected and Dear Sir.—We the undersigned Teachers of St. Andrew's Church Sabbath school, having heard with deep regret of your intended removal from amongst us, cannot permit you to depart with expressing to you our high appreciation of your services as superintendent of our school, of your

untiring exertions for the religious education and improvement of the scholars, and the considerate and friendly feeling invariably shewn to ourselves during the short time we have enjoyed the benefit of your labors.

We feel that the present efficient and satisfactory state of the school is largely owing to your fostering care, your diligence and attention.

We now beg your acceptance of this Bible as a small token of the high esteem we entertain of your character, and also as a memorial to yourself of this sphere of your Christian labors.

Whilst we regret our own loss by your removal, we feel assured that in whatever part of the world it may please God to station you, you will there be found following the example of Jesus "going about continually doing good" and though we may not be warranted to expect that you and we shall so meet again on earth as to be associated together in Sabbath School exercises, let us cherish the hopes of the Gospel, that through the merits of our Redeemer we shall all meet in the temple above, to be united in the enjoyment of that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

Finally, we bid you farewell, trusting that the God whom you serve will guard you from the dangers incident to your journey, and conduct you in safety to your destination.

That God Almighty may bless and keep you, and when his purposes with you are served on earth, bring you to his everlasting kingdom, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friends:—Elizabeth Forrester, Mary Mitchell, Kate B. Thomson, Grace Thomson, M. S. Brander, Eliza A. McGill, Grace McCulloch, Caroline Lithgow, William Kunkick, James McDonald, Robert Urquhart, John McEachern, Wm. G. Pender, James Marshall.

To this Address Mr. Menzies made a feeling and most appropriate reply, for which we regret, on account of our very limited space, we cannot this month spare room.

The Address was read, and the Bible presented, by Mr. Kunkick, by appointment of, and in name of, the teachers, who, with the scholars, were present. The Bible is a handsome Polyglot (English version), with a suitable inscription on the clasp.

ECCLIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

OUR JEWISH MISSIONARY.

The subjoined letter from Mr. Morris of Montreal, speaks for itself, and requires but little advocacy on our part. We have entered, somewhat tardily, upon the missionary field. We have chosen our ground, sent forth our missionary, and taken upon ourselves the responsibility of supporting himself and his family, while engaged in his trying but noble labor. Let us look upon the matter, once for all as we ought—not as a duty which we must

somehow perform, but as a privilege kindly conferred upon us. Dr. Epstein, with our sanction and authority, has gone forth to reach the glad tidings of salvation to his unfortunate fellow-countrymen, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He has gone forth, willing to spend and to be spent in the cause of the Redeemer, and it becomes every friend of that sacred cause to lend his aid in sustaining him in his efforts. Many of our readers have already had an opportunity of hearing Dr. Epstein, and two or three of our churches we believe made collections for him during his visit; but they ought to recollect that the initiation of a new mission is attended with some preliminary expense in the form of outfit, passage money and other matters, independent of the yearly salary which ought to be provided for either by subscriptions or collections from each of our churches. If we might venture to express an opinion, we should think the former the preferable plan. A cause so high and holy requires no recommendation—it forms one of the most prominent and generously supported schemes in every section of the Christian Church. Let the Church of Scotland in these Lower Colonies be up and doing—and doing promptly—let not the hearts of good men be discouraged by our apathy. Let us consider the obligations we as Christians, are under to this very people and endeavor to repay some of the debt. They have been a stiff-necked and rebellious people—but they have also been God's chosen people. The field is before us, and every one can do a little—oh! let us not stop or faint by the way.

If any of our readers wish to contribute any sum large or small, to this noble undertaking, we will gladly take charge of it, acknowledge receipt of it in the pages of the *Record*, and transmit it at once to the Treasurer, Mr. Morris of Montreal; or if they prefer it, they may send it direct to Mr. M. who will receive it thankfully and apply it faithfully. We beg to direct attention to the following letter:—

THE JEWISH MISSION.

MONTREAL, April 6, 1860.

To the Editor of the "*Monthly Record*."

SIR,—As Treasurer of the Mission to the Jews, which has been undertaken by the branches of our Church in British North America, I feel some anxiety to hear that the Mission is likely to receive in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, a cordial and liberal support.

We have deliberately sent a missionary physician, with his family to preach "Christ and him crucified," to Jew and Greek, in that Thessalonica, where the great apostle of the Gentiles walked and preached. He has arrived at his destination, and amid a strange mingling of nationalities, and a Babel of tongues, is commencing the preparation for his work. The languages spoken in Salonica

are the Jewish, Spanish, Modern Greek, Turkish, French, Italian, and Bulgarian. There is a Jewish population of 35,000. Monaster, Berea, and Larissa, are in the same quarter of European Turkey. At the former there are 3000 Jews; at the latter, 2000. The missionary is meanwhile devoting himself to the acquisition of the languages, in order that he may enter upon his work.

As the financial year of the mission is closing, I trust that we may be encouraged in the work, by the receipt of liberal congregational collections from your Provinces. The financial position of the mission is such as to cause the Committee some anxiety, as after the defrayal of the expenses of the outfit and passage of the missionary, we are not in funds to pay the necessary salary for the year. May I solicit for this good work your countenance and recommendation, and while asking pecuniary contributions, let me ask also the prayers of your people for the mission, the missionary and his family. May the God of Jacob sustain and support him in his labors and trials, and may the word find its way, as of old, into the hearts of many faithful "Bereans."

I am your obedient servant.

ALEXANDER MORRIS.

Treasurer.

ANNUAL REPORT OF MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The first Annual Report of the Church of Scotland Missionary Association, in Nova Scotia for 1859, is now before us.

We are always glad to see such publications as the above. They afford a pleasing evidence that the members of the church are interested in its prosperity. It is very neatly got up, is well arranged, and contains a good deal of matter at once important and interesting, besides a satisfactory account of the operations of the Society.

The field of the "Missionary Society" has hitherto been confined to the bounds of the Presbytery of Halifax, and its principal object, a most laudable one, to maintain one or two missionaries, to supply the spiritual wants of our brethren in the scattered stations throughout that district. It may be said that it enjoys at present the services of two missionaries; for we believe that seldom or never does a Sabbath pass, on which that veteran soldier of the Cross, the Rev. Mr. Martin, does not minister in some of the preaching localities belonging to that Presbytery, with all his old vigor and earnestness. The members of our church in Halifax are naturally anxious to meet as far as they can the expenses incident to this mission, and in their appeal to the public, they publish some truths which it is well that our people should read and seriously ponder. We state the bare facts, as we have not space to enlarge.

In 1835, the Colonial Committee expended £674 within the bounds of the Presbytery of Nova Scotia. In 1856, £517. In 1857, the very large sum of £1525 was expended by the Colonial Committee in outfit and salaries for missionaries for Nova Scotia and P. E. Island. In 1858, £1250. In 1859, about the same amount, or in five years, the great sum of £5314. Surely it is high time that we were doing something to relieve our generous friends at home of this serious burden—for generous almost beyond measure it is, and we are ashamed that we ourselves have done so little. The Report calls attention to the fact that the Diocesan Society in this Province raises more than £1800 annually, and that unless we do something, and do it soon, and with some vigor, we must expect to be left to our own resources. We must give some evidence that we are progressing, or the parent church will cease, and very properly cease, to lend us its aid.

This Missionary Society combined with the Lay Association in connection with Pictou Presbytery, affords us some encouragement to hope that the dawn of a brighter day is breaking upon us, and that as a Church we will become every day more alive to our duties, and more conscious of, and confident in our inherent strength.

The published subscriptions of the society, for last year, amount to the very respectable sum of £136 11s. 10d. Many of the individual subscriptions are very handsome. One of £6, eight of £5 each; nine of £3 each; seven of £2 each, and twelve of £1.

We trust that our wealthy Halifax friends have only made a prosperous beginning, and that next year's Report may present the gratifying result of increased means, and increasing interest.

We shall embrace an early opportunity of laying before our readers some details of the Pictou Lay Association, and of directing the attention of our Church generally to the duty and necessity of increased effort in behalf of ourselves.

THIRTIETH REPORT OF THE ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (HALIFAX) FEMALE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

We have received a copy of the above Report and are glad to find that this old and excellent Society exhibits every appearance of vigor, without any indications whatever of the decrepitude incident to old age. As Macaulay said of the University of Glasgow, it feels nothing of age but its dignity. The amount of good effected by such philanthropic Societies as this, no one can tell. The sick, the aged, the infirm, the unfortunate, even the vicious experience their benefit, and relief is often supplied, of which no one in the world knows oftentimes, but the giver and the recipient. They are a blessing to

the Church, and a blessing to the community in which they exist, and ought to form an appendage to every congregation.

The amount received and expended by St. Andrew's Ladies' Society last year was £21 10s. 4d.

REPORT OF THE DEPUTATION APPOINTED AT LAST MEETING OF PICTOU PRESBYTERY TO VISIT CAPE BRETON.

Your deputation, consisting of the Messrs. Herdman of Pictou, J. Sinclair, and John McKay, Esq., proceeded on their journey on the 13th of March, and by the blessing of God, arrived in safety on the 16th, at Baddeck, their destination. Here we were waited upon by C. Campbell, Esq., who invited us to his house, and kindly entertained us during our stay there. Intimation having been previously made, the Rev. Mr. Herdman preached on Sunday twice, at Little and at Big Baddeck, and Mr. Sinclair twice at the latter place in both languages. The congregations at each diet averaged about one hundred persons, which considering all circumstances was highly gratifying. It may here be observed that your missionaries, before concluding each service, always explained the object of their mission, and intimated the various places at which they purposed to preach during the week.

On Tuesday we proceeded to St. Ann's, where we preached two sermons to about 50 persons. Here we were gratified by the spontaneous call of a deputation from among the people, assuring us of the attachment of a large number of the inhabitants of St. Ann's to the Church of their fathers, and that the absence of sufficient intimation alone accounted for the smallness of the congregation on that day.

On the day following, we proceeded to Boulardrie Island, where a few miles from the Ferry, we preached to about thirty hearers in the open air, who heard of our arrival only the previous evening. After services in both languages, we proceeded five miles further on, where we preached next day to about sixty hearers. Thereafter we proceeded five miles towards the ferry where we officiated next day and administered the ordinance of baptism to eleven children. In the course of the day, we returned to Baddeck, on our way to the Middle River, whither we arrived next day; and on Sabbath the 25th preached in the house of Alex. McLae, Esq., to about one hundred and fifty persons, as usual in both languages. Also an evening service was conducted for the benefit of those in the immediate neighborhood, who came forward of their own accord and desired it. On Tuesday, in the Upper Settlement, we preached to about one hundred and fifty persons, and on the evening of that day, conducted a baptismal service at the house of J. McLennan, Esq., in the presence of not a few hearers.

On Wednesday, we directed our course to Aycoomagh, a distance of twenty miles, where on Friday we held a meeting in the house of Mr. McDougall, preached and explained the object of our coming among them, which we understood was here particularly misinterpreted.

Lake Ainsly, owing to conflicting intimations and other causes, we were reluctantly compelled to abandon, and proceeded, instead of River Dennis, accompanied by Dr. Cameron, Esq., at whose house we staid. On Sabbath, we preached to about one hundred and fifty persons, in a private house, five miles farther down the river. On our return in the evening, another meeting was held and the ordinance of baptism administered.

On the Monday following, we preached to a goodly number in a somewhat remote settlement of this district. On Tuesday, we proceeded to Mr. Peter McIntyre's, distant about seven miles, where we preached to about thirty persons; the state of the roads that day preventing many attached friends from mustering. Here we were told of a handsome bequest by the late Mr. Intyre, of five hundred acres to the Church of Scotland. The inclemency of the weather detaining us here another day, which we passed in involuntary inaction.

On Thursday we rode over to River Inhabitants, where we intended preaching on Friday, but found it impracticable, no intimation having preceded us. Friday, therefore and Saturday we devoted to calling on the people. In this flourishing settlement, the church is still the property of the Church of Scotland, and the people rejoice in their attachment to the church of their fathers. We therefore on the Lord's day occupied the church and preached to a large and attentive congregation. Here also baptismal service was performed in a private house in the presence of a considerable number of persons.

Next day, the 9th of April, we concluded our public labors by once more officiating within the church, and on Tuesday, we rode to the Strait of Canso, praying fervently that the seed sown during our brief sojourn, may yield abundant fruit many days hence.

On reflection, your deputation would observe that, considering the long neglect of the Church towards her expatriated children in this interesting island, it is astonishing that any should be found still adhering to her connection. It is true, that at three different periods since the disruption, there were visits made by ministers of our Church to that quarter, but these visits, from reasons, unaccountable to your deputation produced not the effect anticipated. Shall the laborers of the present mission be equally unsuccessful? This will very much depend upon the subsequent action of the Church, and whether the hopes now excited by your deputation be disappointed, or realized. It is but proper to add, that petitions are now being signed by

the people with a view to get missionaries to labor among them; and your deputation would now suggest that the Presbytery should forthwith support the prayer of the petitioners by application on their behalf to the first General Assembly.

Your deputation regret to call attention to the fact that with one exception, the churches and even the school houses were denied them, an intolerance however that resulted rather in the furtherance of the cause, the strengthening of the attachment of our adherents, and the shame of our adversaries.

In conclusion, we beg to acknowledge our obligations to those friends who facilitated our labors and showed us hospitality.

ANDREW W. HERDMAN,
JOHN SINCLAIR,
JOHN MCKAY.

PRESBYTERY NOTICE.

I would remind all Kirk Sessions that all Session Records will have to be produced at the first meeting of Presbytery, in order to be examined and attested before the approaching meeting of Synod.

JAS. CHRISTIE, *Pres. Clerk.*

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

In Great Britain, public interest has been almost exclusively engrossed by the Italian question, and the annexation of Savoy to the kingdom of France. Amidst the convulsions which have disturbed the southern portions of Europe, Sardinia has risen from a third to a second class power: from a little kingdom of four millions, to a state containing about three times that number. The most promising feature in the change is the introduction of the Constitutional element among the people of Italy; the granting of a large measure of civil liberty and self-government, as well as religious freedom, and as large a measure of toleration as could be well expected in a people professedly Catholic. Time alone can tell whether the Italian people are ready for the enjoyment of this enfranchisement, but we rejoice that the trial is to be made, and under so spirited and popular a prince as Victor Emanuel of Sardinia. In the meantime Pope Pius is in very great trouble, and is filling Europe with the sound of his lamentations. He has shown a violence and stubbornness with regard to the changes going on around him, which make the weakness of his character and his declining influence only the more apparent. He has gone the length of launching the thunders of the Vatican, in the form of excommunication, aimed chiefly at the King of Sardinia. This fulmination will probably fall harmless, and do good service to the cause of Protestantism, by showing the present impotence of this once terrible

power. Subscriptions are being raised all over the Catholic world for the Pope; but we must confess our surprise at their smallness, both in number and amount.

A more portentous cloud, however, than even that of Rome, hangs over the political atmosphere of Europe, and that is the annexation of Savoy to France by the Emperor Napoleon. It is impossible even to surmise what may be the result. Present appearances are dark and lowering. Austria has protested in the strongest manner; and almost all the other states of Europe have at least indirectly made known their disapprobation of the act. Britain has spoken out boldly and manfully; so much so, that the Anglo-French alliance may be almost looked upon as a thing of the past. But amidst the threatening aspect of affairs we still hope and pray for peace.

In the British Parliament, what was intended to be the great measure of the Session, is by almost every body looked upon with absolute indifference, and by not a few with distrust, we mean the New Reform Bill. Nobody, except perhaps Mr. Bright, seems to want it, but very many are anxious for a decent pretext to push it out of sight, so that it will probably be shelved.

France is already reaping immense benefit from the new free trade treaty, as evinced by a falling off in the English Customs of about £400,000 during the first quarter.

The new Secretary for India, Mr. Wilson, has introduced the principle of the income tax into that great empire, and recommended the almost total abandonment of a native army. Great hopes are already beginning to be entertained of the financial future of this country, which was considered well nigh desperate.

The Chinese expedition is now on its way to the Eastern waters, and we trust that a safe and honorable understanding will be arrived at without bloodshed.

We observe that Japanese Ambassadors with an imposing retinue, are on their way, and have probably now arrived at the capital of the United States. This we consider one of the greatest and most important steps towards civilisation ever taken by an Eastern country. May it be blessed in the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Great interest and great preparations are beginning to be made in our various Colonial Capitals for the reception of the heir to the throne. We argue much good from this judicious visit, both to the entertainers and the entertained.

We have this month to record the death of Colonel Mure of Caldwell, one of the most accomplished scholars of the day, who has left behind him one of the ablest works ever written on Greek history and literature. He was an Episcopalian, but a warm and beneficent friend to the Church of Scotland.

Great excitement has been produced throughout Great Britain, in consequence of the dis-

covery of the abominable cruelties in connection with the Coolie trade—being almost worse than the worst evils of the slave-trade.

Want of space compels us to omit several items this month which we had marked for comment.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We would respectfully, but urgently request both our Agents and Subscribers who have not yet paid in their subscriptions for the present year, to do so without delay. We would remind them that these subscriptions are at present the only source that the *Record* has to look to for subsistence. The expense is considerable, and has to be met monthly and when in addition to this, we state, that every subscription was paid, it would barely if at all, balance our expenditure. Surely it is enough to make any one pay up at once. We can assure our readers that the irregularity of receipts puts us to very serious inconvenience, and we appeal to them at once to relieve us from it. They read the cheaper periodical in British North America, in point of quantity. With regard to the quality, becomes not us to speak, but we can confidently say that we do our best to make our little periodical both interesting and profitable. We request, and we trust, we will not have to repeat the request, that every agent will at once, collect and forward subscriptions, and that every subscriber, without exception, who has not paid will at once forward his half dollar to his agent, or where that cannot be done, to our Secretary, Wm. Jack, Esq. Pictou. We trust that all agents will so far befriend us as to forward the subscriptions, or as much as they may be able to collect immediately. We are sorry to say these subscriptions are very far behind.

We find that many complaints are made of irregular or non-receipt of *Records*. We are most anxious to correct this annoying evil, and if our agents or any subscriber who is a sufferer by this, will write to, or make the matter known to the Secretary, it will be promptly inquired into. We fear some of our lists are not quite correct, and would esteem it a great favor if our agents would take the trouble of letting us have correct lists with the addresses carefully marked.

YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

Collection Earltown congregation,
per Rev. Mr. Sinclair, . . . £25 0
Pictou, April 24, 1860. W. GORDON.
Treasurer

Printed in Pictou by S. H. HOLMES, and published on the first Thursday of the month. Communications of a business nature to be addressed to Mr. WILLIAM JACK, Pictou, who will receive subscription lists and monies. Communications intended for publication to be addressed to JOHN COSTLEY, Pictou Academy.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Coughing Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

Disorders of the pulmonary organs are so prevalent and so fatal in our ever-changing climate, that a reliable remedy has been long and anxiously sought for by the whole community. The indispensable quality of such a remedy for popular use must be, certainly, of healthy operation, absence of danger from accidental over-doses, and adaptation to every patient of any age or either sex. These conditions have been secured in this preparation which, while it reaches the foundations of disease and acts with unflinching certainty, is still harmless to the most delicate and feeblest infant. A trial of many years has proved to the world that it is efficacious in curing pulmonary complaints, beyond any remedy hitherto known or mentioned. As time makes these facts wider and more known, this medicine has gradually become a necessity, from the log cabin of the American settler to the palaces of European Kings. Throughout the entire country, in every state, city, and almost every hamlet it contains, the *Cherry Pectoral* is known by its works. Each has living evidence of its unrivalled usefulness, in some recoveries, and in others, from the threatening symptoms of consumption. Although this is not true to so great an extent abroad, still the article is well understood in many foreign countries, to be the best medicine extant for distempers of the respiratory organs; and several of them it is extensively used by their intelligent physicians. In Great Britain, France, Germany, where the medical sciences have reached their highest perfection, *Cherry Pectoral* is introduced, and in constant use in the armies, hospitals, prisons, houses, public institutions, and in domestic practice as the surest remedy their attending physicians employ for the more dangerous affections of the chest. Thousands of cases of pulmonary disease, which had baffled every expedient of human skill, have been permanently cured by the *Cherry Pectoral*. These cures speak convincingly to all who know

cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as *Erythema* and *Skin Diseases*, *St. Anthony's Fire*, *Rose*, or *Erysipelas*, *Pimples*, *Pustules*, *Boils*, *Burns* and *Sores*, *Tumors*, *Tetter* and *Salt Rheum*, *Scald Head*, *Ringworm*, *Rheumatism*, *Syphilitic* and *Mercurial Diseases*, *Dropsy*, *Dyspepsia*, *Debility*, and, indeed, *all Complaints arising from Vitiated or Impure Blood*. The popular belief in "IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York city, writes: "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alternative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases* of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhœa by it, and some where the complaint was caused by ulceration of the uterus. The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for the female derangements."

Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Erysipelas Eruption* by it constantly.

SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor, in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No one is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it does not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously produced by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or filthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the exciting vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in constitution, descending "from parents to children to the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it is to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." It commences by deposition from the blood in the eruption or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions, &c. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous taints, but they have far less power to withstand attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not venereal in their nature, are still rendered fatal by the taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many other active diseases of the liver, kidney, brain, and indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

THE QUARTER OF ALL OUR PEOPLE are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant Medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many Complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach; such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout and other kindred Complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

These Pills have been prepared to supply a safer, and every way better purgative medicine than has hitherto been available to the American people. No cost or toil has been spared in bringing them to the state of perfection which now, after some years of patient, laborious investigation, is actually realized. Their every part and property has been carefully adjusted by experiment to produce the best effect which, in the present state of the medical sciences, it is possible to produce on the animal economy of man. To secure the utmost benefit, without the disadvantages which follow the use of common cathartics, the curative virtues alone of medicines are employed in their composition, and so combined as to insure their equal uniform action on every portion of the alimentary canal. Sold by Norton & Cogswell, Halifax; W. F. Watson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; E. P. Archbold, Sydney, C. B.; and at retail by druggists and merchants in every section of the country.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The same business will be carried on at Pictou by Mr. John Crerar, who will adjust all matters connected with the late firm of J. & P. Crerar.

JOHN CRERAR,
PETER CRERAR.

Pictou, 20th Jan'y 1860.

G. E. Morton & Co.

MORTON'S MEDICAL WAREHOUSE,
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

ESTABLISHED 1842. [RENOVATED 1854.]

Dealers in Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Periodicals, and Books.

Agents for "The Illustrated News of the World," and all the principal London Newspapers.

Proprietary Articles received and supplied on consignment, and Provincial Agencies Established for their Sale.

James Hislop,

Water Street, Pictou, N. S.,

Has a large and well-assorted stock of DRY GOODS. Ready-made CLOTHING, &c., always on hand, which are offered at low prices for ready payment. Also, Tea, Sugar, &c.

John R. Noonan,

SHIP BROKER AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE IN MESSRS. ARNISON & CO.'S BUILDING,
(Formerly Custom House.)

Water Street, Pictou, N. S.

The Albion Hotel.

THIS spacious and airy building is every way adapted for the accommodation of travellers. By his strict attention to the comforts of his visitors, and by supplying their wants, the subscriber trusts to merit the continued patronage of the public.

Pictou, January, 1859. JOHN MAXWELL.

John McCulloch,

WATCH MAKER,

36 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

FOR SALE,

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, &c.

Dry Goods, Groceries, etc.

THE subscriber keep on hand the usual assortment of DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, &c.
Pictou, Jan. 12, 1859. W. GORDON.

Ship Chandlery and Provision Store,

Royal Oak corner, Pictou, N. S.

SHIPS' ORDERS put up with promptitude and care. *Money Advanced*; Bills taken on the owners.
MALCOLM CAMPBELL.

Samuel Gray,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

Corner of Hollis and Sackville Streets,

OPPOSITE J. D. NASH'S VALUABLE STORE,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Rutherford Brothers,

ST. JOHN'S AND HARBOR GRACE
NEWFOUNDLAND.

REFERENCES.

Messrs. JOHN FESSON & Co., Merchants, Halifax, N. S.

Messrs. WM. TARBET & SONS, Merchants, Liverpool.

Messrs. HENRY BANNERMAN & SONS, Merchants, Manchester.

Messrs. WM. McLAREN, SONS & Co., Merchants, Glasgow.

William A. Hesson,

MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER

Orders from the country punctually attended. Clergymen's and Lawyer's Gowns made in the most modern style.

20 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

Alexr. Scott & Co.,

General Importers of and Dealers in

BRITISH AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS

49 George Street, Halifax, N. S.

Archibald Scott,

COMMISSION MERCHANT & INSURANCE AGENT, EXCHANGE AND STOCK BROKER,

No. 30 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.

AGENT FOR

Eagle Life Insurance Company of London,
Ætina Insurance Company, }
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., } Hartford
Phoenix Insurance Company, } Conn.
Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. Co., }
Home Insurance Company of New York.

Card.

DR. WM. E. COOKE has resumed the practice of his profession in the town of Pictou.

Residence at the house in George Street, recently occupied by the late Mrs. William Brown.
Pictou, January, 1859.

Doull & Miller,

Wholesale Importers and Dealers in
BRITISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN
GOODS, GERMAN CLOTHS AND
HOSIERY, SWISS WATCHES.

Halifax, N. S.

Duffus & Co.,

No. 3, Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.,

IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN
DRY GOODS.

JOHN DUFFUS. JAMES B. DUFFUS.
JOHN DUFFUS, JR.

A large and well-assorted stock of Dry Goods ready-made Clothing, etc., always on hand, which offered to wholesale dealers at low prices for cash approved credit.