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"IF I FORGOT TEBER, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS GUNNING."—Ps. 137, a. 6.

SERMON,

By Daniel Moore. M. A.

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgement to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time. when I have a convenient season, I will send for thee."—Acts xxiv. 25.

THE Jews at Thessalonica spoke with much more truth than they were aware of, when, in describing the first introduction of Christianity into Europe, they exclaimed, "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." Christianity *did* turn the world upside down; and that not before it needed turning. Everywhere around were seen the tokens of spiritual disorder: men were judged of by false standards, actions were weighed in deceitful balances, laws were framed on erroneous principles, and every thing denoted that the moral world had flown from off its centre, or, under the action of some strange disturbances, had travelled far out of its appointed orbit. The time was come; therefore, when it was needful that a change should pass over the spirits of men; that there should be, not a revolution of thought alone, but a recasting of language. Moral qualities were losing all their distinctness, by being called out of their proper names; men delighted "to call evil good, and to call good evil; to put darkness for light, and light for darkness; to put bitter for sweet, and to put sweet for bitter."

But Christianity gave mankind a new vocabulary, taught them the right use of language, and made words to become (what they could scarcely have said to have been before) the true representatives of thoughts

and things. No purpose, either in politics or morals, seems to be answered by such conventions, as that a great general should ordinarily mean a great curse; that the most terrific scourge which can afflict humanity should be described as the glory of a nation's arms; that we should call a man high spirited, when we mean to say he is resentful; or proclaim him destitute of spirit, because he aims to resemble the meek and lowly Jesus. Deceptions like these, however, never want either for advocates among teachers, or partisans among the taught. In every age there are to be found those who would "say to the seers, see not, and to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits;" and, on the other hand, there have rarely been wanting prophets, who, in compliance with such infatuated request, have been willing to prophesy their people into smooth destruction, and have been careful only that they should die an easy death.

Not so, however, the great apostle of the Gentiles; he would be a prophet in chains, and, before those "in high places," was bold to denounce "spiritual wickedness." He would neither prophesy deceits to obtain his own deliverance, nor smooth things to conciliate his judge. He was one of those who was to "turn the world upside down," and, therefore, was only pursuing his vocation when he turned a judgment-hall into a sanctuary, and made a pulpit of the prisoner's bar; showing how the accused might arraign his judge, and the judge be made so to tremble on his own tribunal, that he was glad to wave the man of chains away saying, "Go thy way

for this time; when I have a convenient season I will send for thee."

The text presents to us two points for consideration: first, the topics of discourse selected by the apostle; and, then, the PRACTICAL EFFECT of the discourse on the mind of his principal hearer.

I. In considering the TOPICS OF DISCOURSE selected by the apostle, you will bear in mind the peculiar circumstances of his two principal hearers, Felix and Drusilla. The former as you remember, was originally a slave of the Emperor Nero; but, being raised to the dignity of procurator of Judæa, he exercised the imperial functions with such a mercenary soul, and by such open unfairness disgraced his judicial administration, that he compelled the Jews at last to petition for his removal. The other principal hearer, Drusilla, was the wife of an insignificant heathen king, who was then living, and who, after the most painful sacrifices to obtain her hand, found himself basely supplanted by his more powerful neighbor, the procurator of Judæa.* Such were the apostle's auditors: a ruler hated for his injustice, a woman enthroned in unblushing sin; and yet both evincing a strange and curious anxiety to hear this "ambassador in bonds" discourse "concerning the faith in Christ."

And now observe with what holy skill this "workman that needed not to be ashamed" proceeded to "divide the word of truth." The first thing that cannot fail to be observed is, that he does not direct his reproofs against what he knew to be the vices of his noble hearers, but that he is wholly taken up in ex-patiating on the blessedness of the contrary virtues. It was from no want of faithfulness to the terms of his high commission, "boldly to rebuke vice," that the apostle did not arouse the moral indignation of the assembled courtiers, by one of those graphic delineations of character which sometimes gave to his pictures the attributes and vividness of things of life. Easily could his vast mental resources have evoked a spectre of tyranny, of which the living counterpart sat before him,—of an oppressor, seated on a purchased throne, ruling with a rod of iron, and pampering his mean soul, from day to day with the wages of unrighteousness." We should then have seen the pale wrath gathering on the monster's brow, and revenge choking all his powers of utterance, as he sunk under the withering details of the hireling crying out for his defrauded wages, and the widow suing for her alienated portion, and the orphan, with no advocate but his miseries, and no weapon but his tears, pouring forth his disregarded suit to a Father that dwelt in heaven. But this holy preacher acted upon the spirit of his Master, and therefore resolved to prove that, though he hated the sin much, yet he loved the sinner more; that if, he kindled

coals of fire, it was not to consume, but to melt, to soften, to fuse into a mould of penitential humbleness the iron soul of the transgressor; and, for this end, he knew how worse than useless would be any irritating exhibitions of those judicial frauds, the cry of which had so long and so loudly entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath. He adopted, therefore, the wiser, and, as the event proved, the more effectual course of reasoning on topics, which, while they disarmed his hearers of all hostility against himself, would yet pierce, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, the guilty pair before whom he had been desired to preach.

Accordingly he opened his discourse by reasoning in favor of *righteousness*; taking that term first, perhaps, in its most comprehensive meaning, as denoting moral rectitude, or whatsoever is due either to God or man. All irreligion is essentially unjust, as withholding from God his rightful due in the affections of our hearts, and in the obedience of our lives. It involves, also a want of rectitude to our fellowmen, in the violation of the claims of justice and benevolence. But, more particularly, and pointedly, he would reason of righteousness in a public magistrate; of the benefits to a nation, of the acceptableness to God, of the calm satisfaction to a judge's own mind when, unawed by threats, and inaccessible to a bribe, he weighed all causes in an even balance, and ruled his people in the fear of God: and thus he would show this imperial favorite how he might have that which would be far more ornamental than his purple, and raise him much higher than his throne; that the noblest kingdom was the empire over the hearts of his subjects, and a people's love the brightest jewel in his crown!

By the same spirit was the apostle influenced in the selection of his second topic of discourse. He reasoned of *temperance*; of the habit of self-control, of the blessedness of keeping all our appetites under a holy and self-denying restraint, and of the moral benefits to a nation, when those who sat in high places threw a fresh lustre over their dignities by their unblemished purity of life. The occasion had not been unfit for the preacher to have discoursed of the griefs of an injured husband, basely supplanted in his affections, his house left unto him desolate, and his wife polluting God's holy altar, that she might bind round her dishonored brow the diadem of borrowed loyalty. But the apostle knew, that, though this might be the best way to arouse the passions, it was the worst way to win the heart. He chose, therefore, to enlarge on that wise and beautiful subordination of the natural affections, described in Scripture as temperance, which makes up the spiritual harmony of the soul, which is the essence of all gospel liberty, which lays the foundation for a holy life, and thus educates the soul for a future companionship with God. "Lord, who is he that shall ascend unto thy

* Josephus, lib. xx. c. 1.

holy hill? even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart, and that hath not lift up his eyes unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbor." Without holiness, therefore, no man, either here or hereafter, shall see the Lord. Not here; for it is not more true that God is of too pure eyes to look upon iniquity than that iniquity is of too weak eyes to look upon God. "I heard thy voice in the garden," said Adam, "and I hid myself for I was afraid:" the wicked cannot hide their sins amidst the trees of the garden, but they will try to hide themselves. Not hereafter; for, to be able to see God, to pierce through the dim opaque of nature and of sense, to penetrate, with eagle vision, the regions of life unapproachable, is a privilege which God hath reserved exclusively for those who are "washed from their filthiness." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

But the apostle proceeds to a third topic, the consideration of the time when our observance or neglect of these duties of righteousness and temperance should be brought under the immediate cognizance of heaven; when Felix shall be as Paul, and the judge shall stand by his prisoner, and both must put in their pleas in answer to what the God of heaven shall lay to their charge. He reasoned of "*judgment to come.*" Here was a new theme to Felix: of some judgments he knew enough, and of the practice of some judges too; how bribes might buy them, and artifice deceive them, and a cunning rhetoric blind them, and the fear of man turn them aside. But this was a judgment where each man would be his own accuser; where advocates would be placed on their own trial; where all bribes will have been left on this side of the grave, and where all subterfuges will be unmasked before the full light of heaven.

In some respects, this would be a new theme to Drusilla also: she was a Jewess, and was curious to hear what the apostle would say about Christ; and, in substance, the apostle's answer to her would be, "He whom your nation have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain, is now exalted at the right hand of power, wielding over the spirits of men the sceptre of universal empire, putting forth the energies of his deity to save contrite and believing souls, but whetting his two-edged sword for the destruction of the impenitent and the sinner. Judge not by what your eyes have seen or your ears have heard; he who departed in weakness shall return in power; he who died in dishonor shall appear in glory; he who was led as a lamb to the slaughter shall return like a lion for the slaughter. He came the first time to seek and to save; he will come the second time to find and to destroy. Once, it was enough that he should be seen by the traveller who rested at the inn, or by the wise men who came from far with gifts; but then he shall be seen by 'every eye,' by men from

their emptied graves, and by angels from their forsaken thrones. Then shall all kindreds wail, as they witness the commencing pomp of judgment; as the trumpet's shrill blast announces the sealed up book of time; as, above the world's ashes, there rises a great white throne, and as before it are arrayed, in ranks small and great, the throngs of congregated dead. And then the angels, those ministers that do the judge's pleasure shall bring forth the books of heaven. First, they shall unloose the volume of the Book of Life, unloose all its seven seals, and read out aloud the names of the redeemed of God. And then another book shall be opened; the Book of the Divine Remembrance, the diary of conscience while it was allowed to speak, but kept up by angels when its sacred tongue could speak no more. Strange, passing strange, will be the soul's meeting with its old associates; sins, of which there may remain no more trace within us than of a footprint washed by the returning tide, will rise up before us in overwhelming and terrific aggregate: our own tongue must confess them, our own hands must subscribe the registry; thus setting the seal to the unerring faithfulness of those things which were written in the books."

Brethren, how little do we realise this thought of the future judgment as perpetuating, in all their breath and vividness, the characters of once-committed sin. Offences which we write on sand are transcribed by angels on to a table of everlasting marble; tyrants may write in faint characters their morning wrongs, and leave them to be washed away by the dark tide of their evening guilt; but there are no such obliterating tides in heaven; all that we think, say, intend, or do, is there "graven with an iron pen, and with lead in the rock forever." In God's book not only are "all our members written," but the sins of those members too: the eye in its wantonness, the tongue in its deceit, the hand with its bribes, the heart with its impure and unholy thoughts, the ear turning deaf to the poor man's call, and the feet in their swiftness to shed innocent blood. Yea, even the blank leaves in this book shall contribute to our everlasting undoing: duties not done, warnings not regarded, opportunities not cultivated, and holy convictions not followed up, and improved, and deepened, will appear as witnesses against us, and supply lashes for that final scourge which shall drive the impenitent soul from the everlasting presence of God.

II. But we must proceed to the other division of our subject, *The PRACTICAL EFFECT of the discourse on the mind of its principal hearer; and the important lessons to be gathered from the conduct and language of Felix.* At the end of the discourse, Felix trembled, and answered, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Felix trembled! What

a striking testimony have we here to the power of conscience; to the yet undethroned authority of heaven's viceroy in the human soul; to the difficulty of effacing the characters of that inward decalogue, in whose broken tables nature still reads her law, and the heathen finds himself "without excuse;" and, until it is scathed over by the hot iron of hardening and unrepented sin, or until its fine edge is blunted by a course of oft-resisted and despised convictions, will conscience continue to prosper in that whereunto God hath sent it. In the soul's deep solitude it will hold its court: itself the giver of the law; itself the witness to its transgression; itself the judge to sentence; itself the executioner to avenge; all as if in mute rehearsal of that deeper tragedy, where, on the high platform of heaven's judicature, both quick and dead must stand.

Thus was it in the bosom of Felix. Torpid and trance-like had Heaven's messenger been lying in the lap of sin; but, at the sound of Paul's voice, she proved she was not dead, but sleeping; or telling him, in her stifled utterances, to hear the anticipative verdict of a judgment yet to come; and, instantly the governor forgot his dignity as much as the prisoner forgot his chains. The two parties appeared, for the moment, to have changed places; conscience having made a coward of the judge, and truth having invested the captive with more majesty than the purple. And why, we may ask, did not the genuine conversion of the governor ensue upon this? The reasoning of the apostle had convinced his understanding, and had both awakened and alarmed his conscience; wherefore did it not penetrate further, into the inner chamber of the heart? Without controversy, this is the natural tendency of deep spiritual convictions; left to itself, truth would as assuredly issue in the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, as water, unobstructed, would run down the mountain's side. But we may oppose a force to this spiritual gravitation; the Spirit of God will work powerfully *with* us, but it will not always work irresistibly *against* us; and, therefore, if, after a man has had the eyes of his understanding opened, and the powers of his moral sense awakened, he should still resolve, like Felix, to say to every message addressed to his soul, "Go thy way for this time," with sorrowful steps and slow will the insulted Spirit retire from his heart, leaving conscience to return to its stupor, and the understanding to close its eyes again.

And, here, let us not lose ourselves in any metaphysical subtleties, as to where the constraining energy of the Spirit terminates, and the permitted exercise of the human will begins. Philosophy cannot tell us any thing more than our consciousness; and, if it could tell us any thing contrary to it, we should pause before we received it: and this consciousness tells us, that we have it in our power almost at any time to dismiss an unwel-

come subject from our thoughts. "The most obvious of the powers which the mind possesses over the train of its thoughts," says an eminent authority, "is its power of singling out any one of them at pleasure; of detaining it; of making it a particular object of attention;"* and, for the calling into exercise of this power, there is no readier or more effective way than that resorted to by the guilty Felix: namely, by the forced dismissal of every external association, by which the succession of disagreeable thoughts could be kept up; or by surrounding ourselves with other outward objects, which should divert these thoughts into a different channel. The conduct of Felix, therefore, is intelligible enough with the sermon in his ears, and with the preacher before his eyes, and having seated at his side the shameless partner of his crimes, he could think of nothing but "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Conscience seemed to owe all its power to the presence of the apostle; and, so long as Paul was allowed to lash him with "whips," would conscience have the power to scourge his soul with scorpions.† To break the chain, therefore, to stop the succession of painful thoughts, he resolves on an immediate dismissal of the preacher, saying, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

But the most important of the practical lessons to be gathered from this history remains to be considered: namely, the strange infatuation of unconverted men, in supposing that, though they trifle with conviction for the present, a time will yet come, when they shall be better prepared to yield to them. "When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." The great fallacy of life seems to be a persuasion, that, having for a given part of our days run in the way of the ungodly, we shall afterwards be able to retrace our steps, and, with the speed of thought, find ourselves in the ways of God. All considerations of time, habit, diminished strength, and contracted insensibility to religious impressions, are overlooked; whilst the soul yields itself to the fascinations of delay, pledges the future to noble and high resolves, and sees facilities for duty in some distant morrow, which it thinks are wholly wanting while it is called to-day." In vain does reason urge, that, if we find it hard to put out the first spark of sin, we shall find it harder still to extinguish the raging flame; that, if we cannot pluck up sin when it is a green twig, it will be in vain to try when custom has given it the strength of a sturdy tree: spell-bound and reason-proof, we resolve that it is better to "contend with horses," than let "the footmen" weary us; and that, though, at this time, we faint in the

* Stewart's Philosophy of the Mind, p. 298.

† "My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale."

land of peace, yet, only give us a convenient season, and we will breast even "the swellings of Jordan."

In our remaining remarks, therefore, we would be considered as endeavoring to prove the utter improbability, both from the constitution of the human mind, and from the lessons of human experience, that to any person postponing the work of repentance to a more convenient season, such season should ever come. We are not about to dig for such an one an early grave, nor to introduce the contingency, that, suddenly and unlooked for, may the last foeman come. But, on the contrary, even supposing him to have a special indemnity against both these evils: that in his right hand, were a charter, securing to him length of days, and, in his left, a promise that he should die as gradually and as slowly as the sun when sinking into his "golden rest;" we still affirm that there is the highest human probability that he never will repent, if he systematically despise warnings and convictions now. We all know that there are certain things which are inseparable from a state of reconciliation and acceptance with the Almighty God; that there are truths to be learned, enmities to be rooted up, habits to be formed, dispositions to be cherished, and that, till all this be done, we can neither die happily, nor rise unblameably.

Not, however, to amplify too largely on the parts of the saintly life, let us confine our reasonings to two obvious requisites: the ILLUMINATION of the mind, and the SANCTIFICATION of the heart; the way of holiness understood, and the habit of holiness formed; the light which shows heaven to us, and the grace which prepares us for heaven. Now, first, what is the hope, that in old age, (the convenient season for all procrastinators,) our power of apprehending spiritual truth will be as keen and vigorous as we should find it now? That we do not select old age as the time for learning the rudiments of a language, nor employ its impaired faculties in acquiring new principles of science, arises from the consciousness that our powers of intelligence become weakened as the frame with which it is united becomes enfeebled or decayed. We have reason to believe that the brain is the material medium through which the mind acts: that is, that certain altered states of the material substance are connected with certain altered states of the sentient mind; and this appears to be an ultimate fact of our nature, which, from the want of homogeneousness in the substances affected, we consider to be incapable of further analysis. Unexplained itself, however, this mystery may, perhaps, explain other mysteries; it may explain wherefore aged persons have such difficulty in receiving new impressions, especially when, in order to their reception, they must displace others, which they had admitted and cherished long before: for it is at least possible, that the substance, with which the thinking mind is

united, obeying the law of other substances in the human system, may acquire, by long growth and use, a settled habit or form, which the impaired energy of old age renders it not easy to disturb. Hence, perhaps, in part, that practical difficulty which ministers of the gospel so constantly meet with, when called to converse with an aged man, for the first time, on the things which belong unto his peace. They find that opinions, which have been the growth, perhaps, of an ordinary life, have entirely possessed themselves of his mind; alike indisposing him either for unlearning what is false, or for acquiring a knowledge of that which is true: so that, in however many lights they may place the gospel-way of salvation, his mind does not readily embrace it, because already pre-engaged with some other way. The doctrine of a sinner's acceptance through faith in the blood of Christ, is like a new language to him; his understanding appreciates not the necessity of such a doctrine; and, when taken in connection with that changed state of his moral affections required by the gospel, his heart is unwilling to submit to it: so that, at every pause in our exhortation to him to stay his soul on the Savior's righteousness, some expression falls from his lips evincing a continued dependence on his own.

But, brethren, if it be a hard thing merely to instruct the hoary head in the way of righteousness; if every year of delayed conversion lessens our capacity even to comprehend God's method of pardoning and restoring sinners; how immeasurably more difficult shall we find it to fulfil that other requirement of heaven, the SANCTIFICATION of the heart! to plant, in this overrun and howling waste, the seeds of that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord! For in order to this, we have not only to expel the love of the world, to break the associated chain of past enjoyments, to undo all, as all had never been; but we have to form a new habit in the soul, to make everything yield to the power of a new affection, and to bind every disobedient and traitorous thought in sweet captivity to the will of God. But would either reason or experience teach us that this can be an easy task? Do we not all know the moral force of habit? that mysterious suggestive faculty, whereby our actions, whether good or evil, reproduce and perpetuate themselves; till, at last, they become as integral portions of our moral being, and lord it over our souls with the tyranny of a second nature. Indeed, to estimate, in some degree, the difficulty of effecting a revolution such as that supposed by gospel-sanctification, it is only needful to single out any one from the prevalent habits and dispositions of life, and to count the time and cost of changing it for another, which should be opposite. Let the clenched hand of parsimony learn to practise a liberal and enlarged munificence; let the boaster of high degree

turn a contemptuous eye on all the relics of ancestral pride; and we may then imagine how hard it is for those habit-dyed Ethiopians to change their skins, or these sin-marked Leopards to efface their spots!

The probability, therefore, that a postponed repentance will ever be an effectual or sincere repentance, may be put to an easy test. If, in a dying hour; if, in the day of the mind's feebleness, and decay, and waste; if, in a brief remnant, cut off from a life of worldliness, or sleep, or sin, the soul can evoke into existence a new order of affections, and, in the twinkling of an eye, put on its dress for heaven; we need moralise no longer on the perils of spiritual delay; we may let conscience sleep on in the lap of the great thief of time, saying, for this time, let us "eat and drink," and hereafter we can repent and die. But if, on the contrary, worldly habits strike root downwards, the more they bear fruit upwards; if sanctification demands that every ancient idol fall and be crushed before the ark of God; and if time, if labor, if holy and persevering effort, be needed to educate immortal spirits for the skies; then, was ever folly like his folly, who, with a conviction that his soul is at this moment lying under the wrath of God, would say to the messenger of heaven, whoever he may be, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee?"

Neither are the results of experience, as collected from those who are in the habit of attending the closing scenes of life, at all opposed to the conclusion of antecedent reasoning. Physicians concur with Divines in attesting, that men, for the most part, die as they live, and that the exhaustion of nature's strength alone frequently incapacitates them for any essential change in the state and affections of the mind. Thus, those who live the life of the unrighteous, die the death of the unrighteous also; the power of unbelief is as victorious in the dying hour, as in the hours of health; sin, the world, and the devil hold their victims in strong delusion to the last; and that Saviour, who, through life, had been regarded as "a root out of a dry ground," appears, even in death, to be destitute of all "form and comeliness."

Let us conclude with one or two practical reflections:—First, how great is the danger of resisting religious convictions! of turning a deaf ear to language, which, by its effects on our minds, is discerned to be the voice of God! It is not needful that we should have a Paul preaching before us, or a Drusilla seated beside us, in order that words uttered in the sanctuary should appear to have been so expressly written for us, to have come home to our consciences with so much of closeness and of power, that, although we could not send the preacher away, we were but too willing to be sent away by the preacher; hailing with gladness the breaking up of the solemn assembly, welcoming with eagerness

the in-rushing current of worldly thoughts, and giving a tacit promise to our consciences to call for those holy convictions at some more convenient season. But, how know we that these convictions will come when we call them? Where is our warrant for supposing that the Holy Spirit will bide our time; will tarry our convenience; will wait the day when we, having nothing else to occupy us, will permit him to rekindle his quenched flame, and to repeat the warnings which we neglected or despised before? Surely, all experience would look the other way; would teach, that convictions lose their power when they lose their freshness. Felix, we are told, heard Paul preach *many times* afterwards; but we do not find that he ever TREMBLED after *the first*.

Lastly, how great is the affront to God, of this intention to yield to religious convictions hereafter! To delay our preparation for heaven is not a foolish thing only, not a dangerous thing only; it is a profane, a wicked, a God-dishonoring thing. We cannot purpose to amend our lives to-morrow without also purposing to insult God to-day. To tell God that we mean to repent next year, is to tell him that we do not mean to repent before. We may keep our resolution, or we may not keep it; but the mere *forming* of it implies that, until the time specified arrives, we intend to go on sinning still, to make more work for his pardoning mercy in the interim; cutting out, as it were, a space from the term of our moral probation, and bargaining with high heaven for an indulgence for prospective sin.

Hear we, then, the conclusion of the whole matter, which we fairly sum up, in a single sentence, thus: that REPENTANCE DELAYED IS MERCY TRIPLED WITH, AND A HOLY LIFE INTENDED ONLY, IS LIFE ETERNAL LOST. To say to any religious conviction, "Go thy way for this time," is to degrade reason, to injure the soul, to disparage heaven, to dishonor God. It is as if we designed to give God the worst of our days, and speed on self and sin the best; to reserve a lamb of the first year for the world, and to bring to the Lord only the maimed and the blind: it is to offer at the shrine of the evil one our manhood, our vigor, our freshness, our strength; and to lay on the altar of the God of heaven an offering of disease, decay, old age, and mental feebleness. God grant that we may bring no more of the vain oblations; but now, in the accepted time, now, in our convenient season, may "offer an offering in righteousness, and call upon the name of the Lord!" Amen.

The Worse the Better.

THIS is a paradox, the universal truth of which I would, of course, by no means venture to affirm; but I think that, within rather

wide limits, it will be found correct. When we contemplate either the ills which we are compelled individually to endure, or those by which society at large is afflicted, we feel that we need all the encouragement and consolation that can be derived from any and from every source. And I think that the maxim, "the worse the better," is capable of affording us some relief under a variety of annoying, troublesome and painful circumstances.

Few of us, I suppose, are very partial to a severe winter. Such a season is, to multitudes, a source of great distress; thousands of working men are thrown out of employment; the price of coals rises; poor people are half-starved; the number of applicants for parochial relief is augmented; old persons are cut off; weakly and consumptive persons cannot stand before the cold; sheep are buried in the snow; the tires of railway carriage-wheels snap; and not a few bones are broken by falls upon the icy streets. It would be very easy to show that a good many evils attend a severe winter. But, on the other hand, an old proverb reminds us that "a green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard." This may not be quite correct; possibly a severe winter is more fatal than a mild one; still many of us do feel invigorated by a sharp, cold season; where there really is robust health, such a winter seems to be of great service. And, whatever be the effects of a severe winter upon the human constitution, it is generally believed that, unless it be very severe indeed, it has a good effect upon the land—

"If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year."

If, however, the physician can prove that a severe winter is detrimental to the public health, and the agriculturist can show that it is injurious to his operations, I will nevertheless draw this consolation from such a season, viz., that it makes the spring all the more welcome. It strikes me that the inhabitants of tropical countries have not much in their climate whereof to glory over us. If they know nothing of the severity of the winter, it is impossible for them to experience the exquisite enjoyment which thrills our hearts when we can say—"Lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." And so our paradox, "the worse the better," may help to cheer us in the cold wintry weather.

Sometimes this paradox is true of great public calamities. The fire of London, in the year 1666, burned down five-sixths of the city, covered with ruins a space more than a mile long and half a mile broad, and destroyed property worth from ten to twelve millions sterling. To many individuals that catastrophe was commercial destruction; but it is now tolerably clear that no piece of good-fortune that ever gladdened the hearts of the citizens was of so great and valuable service as

that furious fire. The city was soon rebuilt, not exactly in the best style possible, but in a style that was a great improvement upon the previous state of things; the streets were not made wide enough, but they were made wider than they had been before; and instead of the mean and wretched hovels of lath-and-plaster, which had been such ready fuel for the flames, substantial houses of brick were erected, which rendered the occurrence of anything like so great a calamity all but impossible. But this was not the only advantage; the city, as reconstructed, was much more healthy than it had ever been before. In the very year before the fire the Plague destroyed nearly one-third of the inhabitants; from that time until the present day the Plague has been all but unknown in London. Had no such conflagration occurred, it is difficult to imagine how a great and thorough improvement of the metropolis would ever have been effected; and had the fire been confined to a small area no large improvement could have resulted. The fact is, that the great fire of 1666, was just exactly what London wanted to save it from becoming the most inconvenient and most pestilential city in Europe, if not in the world.

And what the great fire did for London, cholera has done for many other towns. This frightful malady has been a very useful teacher. In many of the places that were almost decimated by it we have learned to adopt sanitary measures, and so have considerably raised the value of life, and prolonged its average duration. If the cholera had not been severe, and the deaths from it frightfully sudden, as well as very numerous, we should have gone on temporizing and dawdling, thinking about expenses, and no great reform would ever have been attempted; the streets would have remained imperfectly sewered, or not sewered at all; houses would still have been crowded with people from the cellar to the garret. Happily the cholera struck hard, and struck people of every class, and thus thoroughly frightened us, and compelled us to make our towns more cleanly. The work is not effectually done yet, and therefore it will not be a matter greatly to be deplored if cholera, or some other pestilence, should again give us the admonition that we need, and teach us once more that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

I do not know but that even to a railway accident we might apply this paradox, and say, "the worse it is the better." On the thousands of miles of railway in Great Britain, a fatal accident is unhappily a very common occurrence; and accidents on a small scale: though in the aggregate, fatal to large numbers, do not attract much attention. But if a severe collision or break-down took place involving the deaths of two or three hundred persons, then the public feeling would be so mightily aroused that inquiries would be stimulated to the most extraordinary exertions

to make railway travelling as safe as it is expedient. The more severely the necessity for increased security is felt, the more likely are those inventions which will produce it to be forthcoming.

Of many a political injustice and abuse, we may say, "the worse the better." Things must, generally, become very bad indeed before anything is likely to be done to cure them. It was the Old Sarums that stirred us up to Reform; and it is, to a great extent, the fact that there are no Old Sarums now, that renders it impossible, at all events difficult, to get up a Reform agitation at the present time. Small grievances people will endure, without much impatience, from one generation to another; but get a grievance that is a grievance indeed, and then see how things will go! Had the Stuarts been a little more moderate than they were, they might have retained the throne, and prolonged, for some time at least, much of their despotic power. Happily they had not good sense enough to temper their administration with mildness; happily James II. was a thorough-going tyrant, and to that prince's bad qualities, as much perhaps as to the virtues of the Prince of Orange, we owe the Revolution of 1688. Indeed, as confirmatory of the paradox which I am endeavoring to illustrate, history reveals cases of which it *must* be said—"the better the worse." "Evil for evil," says John Stuart Mill, in his *Considerations on Representative Government*,—"a good despotism in a country at all advanced in civilisation is more noxious than a bad one; for it is far more relaxing and enervating to the thoughts, feelings, and energies of the people. The despotism of Augustus prepared the Romans for the despotism of Tiberius. If the whole tone of their character had not been prostrated by nearly two generations of that mild slavery, they would probably have had spirit enough left to rebel against the more odious one."

Our paradox is illustrated by the Protestant Reformation. It seems far from improbable that if the Church of Rome had manifested common prudence, if it had checked the multiplication of superstitious rites, if it had not been quite so barefaced in the sale of indulgences, if its priests and monks had, as a rule, led chaste and sober lives, and if it had dealt mildly and reasonably with heretics, it might have retained its authority and influence longer than it did. Not for a small matter would whole nations have left its communion; not under a light and easy yoke would they have proved restive and unmanageable. But the Papacy was infatuated; it scouted the idea of moderation it set at defiance common sense by its superstitions, common decency by its licentiousness, common humanity by cruelties; and so the Reformers found a sympathizing audience, and the Reformation was achieved. Sometimes the last feather breaks the camel's back; but some-

times it causes the top-heavy load to tumble over, and so the camel is relieved.

I think that our motto is also applicable to infidelity. If we are to have infidelity at all, I give my vote for a through-going, out-and-out infidel, that halts not in its march until it reaches absolute scepticism; until it doubts everything, denies everything, and can go no further. As long as infidelity pays a dubious respect to Scripture, expresses its admiration of the character of Christ, exhorts men to follow his example, argues for the immortality of the soul, and maintains a theistic belief, so long it is a rather formidable foe to vital Christianity. Happily, however, it cannot, with any show of consistency, act in this moderate manner. The Scriptures demand that they be received as the Word of God, or repudiated as the fabrication of wilful impostors; the character of Christ can be respected only as long as he is recognised as the Son of God and the Saviour of men; his death cannot be resolved into a mere martyrdom, nor his life into a mere example; he is what he professes himself to be,—a Divine Redeemer of men, or he is a person convicted of dishonesty and most shameful untruthfulness. Infidelity, if true to itself, must give up every great principle of religion; it must lead us down from one depth of darkness to another, until it leaves us nothing to believe in. "The worse the better;" for from such a state of dark, cold, absolute negation, the human soul instinctively recoils with horror. Therefore, it seems to me that in what is called Secularism there is not much that should give uneasiness to the friends of Christian truth. Its bold avowal that we know nothing, and can know nothing, and need to know nothing of a future state, is very startling; but by all means let it make this avowal; let it tell men that death is the final extinction of conscious being, that there is nothing to fear, nothing to hope, that there is no God, no heaven, no hell; let the avowal be made—"the worse the better." Give this system rope enough, and it will hang itself; let no man stay it, let no man seek to moderate its tone; let it go on, denying every principle that we hold dear, denouncing every character that we admire, blaspheming every name that we consider sacred; be it so; so much the worse for itself, so much the better for us. The best, the most encouraging fact about Scepticism is this—that its logical terminus is Atheism.

Many persons will find, on reflection, that this paradox has been verified in their own experience. For example, if some one has unjustly assailed your character, and slandered you very shamefully, then "the worse the better." If, while you and your friends know that you are an upright, sober, generous man, your detractor has spoken of you as a rogue, a drunkard, or a miser, you need not be in the least annoyed. Had your enemy been moderate, had he censured you mildly, then you might find it necessary to adopt active

measures of self-defence; but as the case stands, you are saved the trouble of making any reply or taking any notice. The more unjustly you have been treated, the stronger is the reaction in your favor. Indeed, I think that if a cunning fellow wished to rise to popularity, his best plan would be to hire, not some flatterer who should try to write him up, but some detractor, who should do his best to write him down. Or he might do the thing himself; he might write severe, cutting, unfair criticisms upon his own sermons, speeches, and books; he might anonymously hold himself up to scorn and contempt; all the world would then feel interested to know something about him, and finding him undeserving of such treatment, they would deeply sympathize with him. But to speak seriously; in the great struggle of life our paradox is often exemplified. It is not always an advantage to begin the world with money in one's pocket, and friends at one's back, and a business ready-made at one's hand. Favourable as such circumstances may appear, and favorable as they prove to some, they have been the ruin of thousands. Whereas, on the other hand, many men have lived to rejoice in the fact, to thank Divine Providence for the fact, that they commenced their life-battle penniless and friendless. For when a young man is so circumstanced, if he has any pluck in him, the difficulties of his position will prove an invaluable stimulus, will call into exercise all his powers. Don't pity him; down to a very low degree in the scale of what are called advantages, we may safely say, for many men, "the worse the better."

And so, my indulgent readers, unless I am very much deceived, there is, for many of us, some consolation under the troubles of life, in this paradoxical expression. There are limits beyond which it is not true, and there are cases, of a moral character, in which it is not true at all. Far be it from me to lend the shadow of an encouragement to the utterly vicious maxim—"Let us continue in sin that grace may abound," which is a perverted application of "the worse the better." No! let us have none of this vile doctrine. I speak not of evils which we bring upon ourselves, but of those which are inflicted upon us, and which are not under our control. Of these, at least of most of them, I am audacious enough to say, "the worse the better." I have often found the paradox true. I have often been greatly helped through difficulties by the paradox, and I believe that you, my readers, may also find in "the worse the better," a motto which will enable you to set some evils at defiance, and to endure in a patient and a hopeful spirit. Paul says something very like "the worse the better," when he says, "We glory in tribulations also;" and when he makes this assertion, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Depend upon

it, that great man had learned to say, in his own way, concerning many things, "THE WORSE THE BETTER!"

H. STOWELL BROWN.

Good Words.

—o—
For the Monthly Record.

The Wreaths on the Coffin.

The minute guns are silent,
Hushed their long echoing roll;
The muffled, mourning wailing
Of the bells has ceased to toll;
And St. George's stately chapel,
Where the banners tremble still,
Within death's awful shadow,
Lies desolate and chill.

Above—the silent choir,
All swathed in midnight gloom,
Around—the veiled escutcheons,
Below the quiet tomb;
Where the purple of the palace
Is dim with churchyard mould,
Where the crowned brow is pallid,
And the sceptered hand is cold.

Down to that vaulted chamber,
Beneath the muffled floor,
Where death keeps watch and warden,
For England evermore.
To-day, where kings and kindred
Sleep on in stony rest,
Victoria's noble husband
Is borne a silent guest.

For him the organ's anthem,
In bitter wail is heard,
For him the isles are mourning,
As by a tempest stirred.
A star swept from the heaven,
A chant stilled by a sigh,
In manhood's stateliest glory,
So did Prince Albert die.

So long the nation's safeguard,
So long our monarch's rest
Of royal race the noblest,
Of princely line the best.
That hour was one of anguish,
The seal of England's woe,
When they lowered the crimson coffin
Down to the vault below.

As its light flashed on the darkness,
So desolate and dim,
Tears, such as fall for peasants,
Fell bitterly for him.
Thus kingly state and honor
Faded at the Giver's will,
But Love, on earth the glorified,
Remains immortal still.

So when the rites were over,
And all was still beneath,
Life's sorrow with the living,
The dead alone with death,
Down to that lonely charnel,
Love's tenderness was borne,
In the dear old German symbols,
Of the resurrection morn.

In the distant Fatherland,
Where he passed his boyhood's hours,
All through the pleasant churchyards
They hang the graves with flowers.

And faithful to this memory,
So beautiful and blest,
Victoria and her children
Wreathed blossoms for his rest.

Wood moss and scented violets,
Simple and pure as he,
Whose life had been so stainless,
Amid earth's pageantry,
While a queenly white Camellia,
Widowed and lone like her,
Whose staff of life is broken,
Drooped on his sepulchre.

Things of the dust that perish,
Whose seed shall bloom again,
Thy se are our types and symbols,
Nor is their teaching vain—
Even in that silent chamber,
Their presence spoke to death,
O! woman's living sorrow,
And woman's living faith!

Oh, Love! the crowned and mighty,
Regal where'er thou art,
Up from this human sorrow,
Melt into God's own heart.
Bring them the double blessing,
Who now upon Him lean,
In succor to the fatherless,
In comfort to our Queen.

HALIFAX, 1862.

M. J. K.

Missionary Qualifications.

EVERY one even moderately acquainted with modern English literature will recollect the poet Cowper's description of a good preacher. He says speaking of such a one:

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine incorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste
And natural in gesture. Much impressed
himself
As conscious of his awful charge; and anxious
mainly
That the flock he feeds may feel it too,
Affectionate in look and tender in address,
As well becomes the messenger of grace
To guilty man."

As it would thus seem that learning and even piety are not the whole sum of the qualifications which a true minister of Christ ought to possess, we think, we may say with equal truth, that the qualifications of a successful missionary are even higher and more various. Piety and enthusiasm may do much, but the history of missions very certainly inform us that they are far from doing all. To draw the portrait of a true missionary might perhaps be more difficult than at first glance might be imagined, and as after all, it would probably be put down as a mere ideal picture, we are not sure that the attempt would serve any very important or useful purpose. We have read with interest

and instruction the accounts of the labors of devoted and distinguished missionaries in many parts of the world, and we think we have observed as a general rule, that while faith warmed by a holy fervor was of course the main ingredient, that humility, patience, hopefulness and natural simplicity of character went far—very far to contribute to success in the missionary cause. To confess the truth we have not read any thing any where, which gives at once a more cheerful picture or conveys to a greater extent the feeling of model missionary labor, than the letters and journals of the Rev. Mr. Geddie of the Island of Aniteum. This successful missionary and very excellent man is, as is generally known a native of the County of Pictou in Nova Scotia, though we never saw him and do not therefore write under the influence of any thing like private friendship. In reading the letters of Mr. Geddie, we are conscious at once, not only of earnestness in the work, but earnestness tempered by great tact and consummate judgement. We do not believe that Mr Geddie could do a foolish or extravagant thing were he to try to do so. His patience is as great as his industry, and both are unconquerable, while he walks amidst his work surrounded by an unfailling atmosphere of cheerfulness and hope. In the darkest hour his spirits are almost as buoyant as in the brightest; and while confessing to difficulties and even to dangers he does not dwell upon them, but getting away from so unpleasant a subject as speedily as he can, he contrives to draw a ray of light and hope out of Cimmerian darkness. Such a spirit is an indication at once of the highest courage and loftiest principle and cannot in the end miss its reward. And how thoroughly wise and practical are all his schemes. His is no mere abstract teaching—but the training and discipline fitted to raise gradually the poor savage to the enjoyment and understanding both of the arts of civilized life and the plain yet sublime truths of our holy religion. He clothes the naked barbarian and imparts to him first some ideas of virtue and decency. He shows him how to build houses and makes him acquainted with some of the simple implements of industry. He studies his language and reduces it to a written form, constructs an alphabet and introduces the mysteries of reading and writing. He builds

schools, he builds churches. His whole life is one of solid and systematic progress—of work done at the right time and in the right way. Many a man with far greater intellectual attainments and a far more impetuous enthusiasm would in his case have failed long ago and given up in despair.

In our opinion, then, few things are more important, or more likely to be conducive to missionary success, than for the intending missionary to devote his reading largely and thoughtfully to the accounts of missionary life and labor in all parts of the world and under all possible circumstances. He will here find not only food for reflection, but if he read aright a mine of experience and knowledge placed at his disposal from which he may derive incalculable advantage—at once warning him against many pitfalls, and pointing the surest and safest way to success in his glorious undertaking. The earth is still full of dark places and is dotted over very thickly with the abodes of horrid cruelty. To enumerate a tithe of them would far exceed the space at our disposal, but who can think without a feeling of horror of such places as the kingdom of Dahomey in Africa, whose benighted ruler considers it his duty periodically to sacrifice thousands of his fellow-creatures in cold blood, upon the altars of a cruel idolatry. When we think how large a portion of this beautiful world is in this sad condition, and how great, at the same time are the resources and the opportunities of those upon whom the dawn of Gospel light has arisen, we have much to humble us.

After 1862 years, Christianity is still in a small minority among the population of the world. Yet it virtually rules the world. All that is noble and exalted in intellect belongs to it. It wields power, it absorbs all knowledge. The wealth of the East and of the West lies at its feet. It has gathered in much, but alas! it has left out a large portion of the most important of all. It has subdued nations—but left the nations in all the blinded darkness of heathenism. The work of the missionary is like gathering a pebble here and there upon a shore whose extent is all but boundless. But this ought not to discourage, but to animate us. We trust that the hour is drawing nigh when this little corner of the Christian vineyard will send forth a missionary—wise and zealous—the van-

guard of more. The heart of our Church is set upon this duty, and she is anxious to begin what has been too long delayed. Oh! that this beginning may be a successful one—that being entered upon from the highest motives it may be blessed to us and a blessing to others—winning many souls out of the kingdom of darkness, and giving the best of all knowledge to some distant and dark corner of the earth.

Where shall it be? says one. Who shall it be? says another. We cannot tell—God in his gracious Providence will unfold these things in his own time and way. But whether it be to the heart of Africa or the Islands of the sea, to the mighty empire of China or the far distant Japan—to India or Ceylon—wherever it may be, we trust that being entered on, it will be sustained by the generous offerings and the faithful prayers of a people who have themselves been highly favored. Let us therefore pray earnestly that some one may be directed towards us armed with the panoply of faith, full of zeal, patient and humble as was his divine Master, earnest in his work, hopeful of the future, steadfast in principle, gentle in mind and heart, wise in counsel and upright in soul. These are indeed great qualifications—but they are qualifications worn by some of the meekest and least assuming of God's chosen ones. May such a one be given unto us, and may we cherish his mission as a high and gracious privilege bestowed upon us.

Since writing the preceding article, we have received the following excellent letter from "Donald," together with the enclosure of £. for the Foreign Mission. We have paid over the money to the Treasurer and we publish the letter with no ordinary feelings of pleasure.

We believe with the writer that there are not a few Donalds in our Church, but we feel assured also that there are not a few who in the hour of need will like himself be found true to so glorious and good a cause as that of gathering into the fold of Christ those in the dark places of the earth who have never been privileged to hear his name. We beg to thank our friend Donald for his communication; we are convinced that so good an example will not be without fruit.

For the Monthly Record.

THE RESPONSE OF DONALD TO THE ELDER'S APPEAL IN THE "RECORD"

FOR APRIL.

MR. EDITOR:—I must confess that the report of Dialogue between "Duncan, Donald, and the Elder in the *Record* for April is true to the letter. I left the Elder's house full of prejudice against him for plainness of speech. I attributed all his zeal in the cause of missions to his office as an Elder rather than his piety as a Christian. I considered him in league with our minister to extort money from poor, hard-working men, merely to gratify their own pride and vanity, and on my way home I expressed my opinion to my neighbour Duncan, on that subject, quite unreservedly: Duncan allowed me to exhaust my rancor without interruption. Then, in his own peculiarly calm manner he reviewed the whole of my argument, and piece by piece scattered it to the winds. He appealed, first of all to the claim that God had on a certain portion of my yearly income proving that in every age of the church, this claim was duly acknowledged and cheerfully rendered by all good men, from Abraham downwards.

Next, he reminded me that he and I commenced our career in life together, and precisely in the same circumstances, and then appealed to his success in his worldly engagements for the last few years. I did not fail to notice that worldly matters prospered with him much better than with myself, and could not account for the cause. He frankly told me that while he withheld the tithe properly due to the claims of religion his worldly circumstances continued in a languid state; but ever since he was, by Grace, convinced of the sinfulness of penuriousness in contributing towards the support of religious institutions, he responded to the call as God prospered him, and ever since temporal matters flourished with him.

Until then I never understood the force and application of the Apostolic declaration. "But godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come." Nor did I ever see it better illustrated than in the case of my good neighbour Duncan. I was aware that he was most liberal in his contributions to all the Schemes of the Church, and at the same time more successful in secular affairs than any of his neighbours.

I felt the power of his illustrations and calm reasoning, and parted from him in silence.

During the whole of that night, sleep forsok me, and in the morning I resolved in humble dependence upon Divine aid, that I would be more liberal in my support of religious institutions and would ever acknowledge the paramount claim of the Church during the remainder of my life, and in testi-

mony of my sincerity I enclose 20s in aid of the Foreign Mission of our Church which you will no doubt hand over to the Treasurer for that purpose.

I am sorry that I am not the only Donald claiming connection with our Church, and I shall ever regret how long I cherished a churchly disposition in reference to the Schemes of the Church.

I rejoice, now that our Synod is about to engage in an enterprise, peculiarly the duty of the Christian Church is responding to the call; "What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for."—*Song of Solomon, 8th chapter, 8th verse.* I am now thoroughly convinced that instead of the Foreign Mission being an intolerable burden to our "poor congregations" as I once thought they shall be a blessing.

DONALD.

 The Gold that Perisheth.

WHAT can have become of all the gold that has been dug out of the bowels of the earth, is a question that is often asked by the curious. It is a valuable commodity, and very little of it is likely to be absolutely lost or thrown away. Within the last dozen years Australia has yielded probably a hundred millions of pounds sterling. California at least as much, and all the other parts of the globe, together perhaps as much more, £300,000,000 in twelve years, and yet the world at large is not sensibly very much richer, nor the precious metal cheaper or more abundant. And yet this is a very great sum indeed. It is twenty times as much as is ever kept in the Bank of England at any one time, and would be a sufficient load for six or seven thousand horses, or as much as 60,000 strong men could carry on their backs. All this has been dug with amazing labor and industry out of the bowels of the earth, and sent broadcast into the world. Where is it? It is a strange problem. Riches it is said take to themselves wings and flee away. The gold perisheth. It is not wealth; at best it is but the representative of wealth. It cannot multiply itself like flocks and herds, or yield corn like the brown earth. It is not a reality, but rather the image of the real, which we are so apt to fall down and worship. It is something which must necessarily be for ever outside of us—never a part of us, of us, like virtue, religion or philosophy. It is the gaudy dress we are covetous to wear, but must lay off for the last time some day or other, like an idle toy that has absorbed the best hours of our life, and given us nothing. What is a crown of gold to a crown of righteousness! Yet the foolish gape after the one and turn away coldly from the other. Yet the first is immortal and indestructible, we carry it to heaven with us and wear it for all

eternity. The latter is the possession of a day—we pass away and it is forever forgotten. What if all the gold that ever was dug out of the earth were gathered into one heap and placed at our exclusive disposal. What could we do with it? It could not give us long life nor health, nor happiness, nor true greatness. It could not even give us food, unless somebody would choose to exchange it for a part of the glittering heap. Unless it were so, we would be poorer than the pauper in the poor house. Each additional ton of gold would in such a case add nothing to our comfort or our wealth. So is it we suspect with the world at large. Gold is not wealth, though so many are ready to give up the reality for the shadow. How absurd it seems to give away a bag of fine wheat for a little bit of yellow metal, which can neither feed nor clothe us of itself, and which we could turn to no manner of use ourselves. Considered philosophically, it is a strange folly. If we were in a desert, who would give a bag of dates for a bag of sovereigns; but in a crowded city where is the madman who would part with a bag of sovereigns for a bag of dates, however fresh and juicy? Money indeed is something like some of the forms of fashionable religion. It clothes with a fair and beautiful outside—it is all-glorious without; it has all the surroundings of worldly beauty and splendor and perishability. It forms no part of the inward man; it cannot reach the soul. It drops off at the gate of the churchyard, and is picked up by some eager successor, to be parted with in turn. And thus it performs its poor rounds, ever increasing, and ever being run after by increasing crowds of worshippers, while the treasure which endureth forever is never thought of. How is this—we give sixpence to the church, and £5 for a dress, or £20 for a fashionable party. We worship in God's house two hours a week, and in the temple of Mammon ten hours a day, and call ourselves Christians. How we can have the face to do so or think so is passing strange. It is a chaos of contradiction, a soul destroying delusion. Oh for one breath of the pure air of Heaven, apart from all the impurities of this earth, then should we see and feel aright, and act like consistent and rational creatures. What becomes of gold? It goes we know not whither, but enjoys no rest. The whole world is in pursuit of it—often catching but always losing it again, to be again run after by a fresh crowd of pursuers. It is a melancholy business, and its folly too is generally acknowledged but only when we have been thoroughly disabled and unfitted for this strange work. No rank or profession is free from it. We have seen ministers running after it from parish to parish, trying to conceal themselves in a cloak of zeal for religion. We have seen age creeping after it on crutches and breaking down at the very portals of the grave. It is the madness of mankind, for which there

is but one cure—a change of heart, and an humble and sincere conviction that there is a God in Heaven who is wise and just, and an eternity of happiness which mere gold can never purchase.

—o—

Progress of Protestantism in France.

It has often been said that France is the least intolerant and the most enlightened of Catholic countries. We wish we could say it is the most religious. But the truth is, it is more infidel than Christian, and there is perhaps no Christian nation in Christendom in which Christianity exercises so modified an influence. It is used sometimes as a state gewgaw—often as a political cloak, but alas seldom to teach the ways of truth and holiness. The great mass of the people have thrown aside the superstitious ceremonies of the Romish Church, but we fear they have not put on a better garment. To be religious, is to be entirely out of the fashion, and that is what few Frenchmen or French women wish to be. On Sabbath the church is deserted for the theatre and the race course, and religion has long ceased to exercise much influence either upon public or private morals. Pleasure is the goddess most generally worshipped in the gay capital of France. This is a state of things however which cannot last. The rebound must take place sooner or later. Nay, it would already seem to be quietly working its way in a better direction. France has produced not a few earnest Protestants, and their number is assuredly increasing. They would seem to constitute nearly the only earnest and religious portion of the empire, and they are indeed very earnest.

Twenty-one new Protestant churches added in a year is an encouraging fact, and a harbinger of still better things to come. The subjoined extract taken from the *News of the Churches* requires no comment:—

Twenty-one Protestant places of worship were opened in France during 1861, which is an increase of eight on the two previous years, during each of which the number had been thirteen respectively. This year the town of Clermont has opened its newly-built chapel in the midst of an evangelized Romish population. In April next, Paris will (*D. V.*) see the inauguration of the beautiful new chapel of the Reformed Evangelical Church, in the Rue des Petits Hotels. It will seat 700. Its stone Bible over the entrance-arch, with the words, "Jesus Christ is the way, the truth, and the life," is already doing its work of evangelization, attracting the passer-by, and eliciting questions.

Last month the vigorously growing church of Fontainebleau witnessed the consecration of its first pastor, Racine Braud, a native of the town, and eldest son of the energetic layman, founder of the church, and editor of the *Revue*

of the French branch of the Evangelical Alliance. Pastors of various denominations, besides the seven pastors of the Reformed Church, legally appointed, joined in this interesting ordination. It was at Fontainebleau that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed. Previous to that fatal event, a Reformed Church existed on the outskirts of the forest at Bois-le-Roi.

In the Rationalist camp, some are courageously speaking clearly, as they think. Would that all were so bold! At Cette, the junior pastor took the opportunity given him by Christmas-day to state distinctly that, in his opinion, the Lord Jesus is not God. The majority of the hearers immediately left the sacred edifice. The Presbyterial Council desired him to resign, which he did, but afterwards withdrew his resignation, and ascended the pulpit one Sunday in the stead of the elder pastor, who, for the sake of peace, allowed it. Spontaneously, the whole congregation rose, and left the young man in the empty church.

The same party are trying to get the Rationalist Genevan edition (1835) of the Bible into the *Protestant Bible Society of Paris*; but this change is forbidden by the rules of the Society, which only admit versions in common use in the Church, and give no power of translation or revision to its members.

The Church Missionary Society had an interesting meeting last month at Bordeaux; the Rev. E. Forbes, from Paris, Rev. Hare and Pastor E. Frossard, Professor La Harpe, General Lawrence, and others, spoke. The amount subscribed was above 1900 francs.

Russia.

THE CHURCHES IN PETERSBURG.

A sketch of the ecclesiastical life here may best be commenced with a reference to the diversity of the forms of religious worship which subsist side by side in the city. To get a lively conception of these, it is only necessary to take a stroll through the principal street in St. Petersburg on a Sunday afternoon. It will perhaps interest you to share a spectacle of this kind with me. Nearest us lies the Armenian Church, which is hospitably furnished in the interior. You will there find about fifty persons assembled, chiefly men, the swarthy sons of the Caucasus, with expressive countenances, dressed partly in the national costume, and partly in the Russian imperial uniform. They are listening devoutly to the preacher and a few priests, whose accents are repulsive to our ear. In general their liturgy appears to differ little from that of the orthodox Greek Church—a fact which we may readily ascertain by going a few yards further along the street to the Kazan Church. At the door we encounter a multitude of mendicant monks and women, who continue, even in the courts, to in-

commode us with their solicitations on behalf of some church that is to be built in the interior of the country. Within the church we hear imposing chants; and the bishop, with his streaming hair and his long venerable beard, is there performing the sacred rites of worship. However, it is almost impossible to enter such a church without remembering the words of our Lord according to Matt. xxi. 12; for here, too, we find a buying and selling in the church (that is, of wax-tapers for the images of saints that are upon the walls), and a chinking of coins upon the tables that stand at the entrance is heard throughout the service. Yet I must not fail to observe, that all countenances in the great assemblage are tinged with a devotion, concerning which we are strongly prompted to inquire, whether it is evoked by the dazzling sensuous pomp of the ceremonial, or whether there are souls even here which, across all these disguises, can see a passage open to the grace of God. But let us leave this house of God, and cross over the street to enter the Roman Catholic Church, a few steps further on. Here, too, people are much annoyed by beggars. Numbers of Poles, in soiled and tattered clothes, are pressing towards the church, where a sermon will be preached in their language. Add to all this, that the Lutheran Church of St. Peter, and the Dutch Reformed Church, are situated in the same street.

As to the Protestants, they are here divided into fifteen societies, whose names perhaps will not appear uninteresting to you. These are—

	Communicants, 1850.
1. The congregation of St. Michael I.,	. . . 213
2. " " St. Peter,	. . . 5658
3. " " St. Catherine,	. . . 3582
4. " " St. Anne,	. . . 5018
5. " " St. Michael II.,	. . . 318
6. " " St. George,	. . . 158
7. " " St. Catherine (Swedish)	. . . 2807
8. " " St. Mary (Finnish)	. . . 6056
9. The English Congregation,	. . . 1130
10. The Dutch Congregation,	. . . 95
11. The German Reformed Congregation,	. . . 1014
12. The French Reformed Congregation,	. . . 211
13. The Esthonian and German Congregation of St. John,	. . . 3742
14. The Lettish Society of Jesus,	. . . 3517
15. The Society of St. Mary in the Hospital,	. . . 167

—*News of the Churches.*

The Jewish Mission.

It will be seen from the subjoined extract from the *Canada Presbyterian*, that Dr. Epstein is about to resign his situation as Jewish Missionary at Monastir. This we deeply regret, nor are we very clearly informed why the field has been thus so suddenly abandoned. The mission itself was entered upon with considerable zeal by the Church in Cana-

da, assisted largely for the first year or two by that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as well as by the parent Church. Latterly the contributions from the Synod of Nova Scotia dwindled away, from what cause we are not aware, but we suspect it was partly owing at least to the fact that with the exception of acknowledging receipt of our remittances, our connection with the scheme was quite ignored. It was always spoken and written of as the Canada Mission. It does not appear to have fallen through, however, from want of funds, or lack of willingness on the part of our Canadian brethren to support it, but rather from want of heart on the part of the Missionary, arising from family affliction, and that want of success which has been the fate of so many missionaries to this self-blinded people. Indeed this is a field which upon the whole has been hitherto but little distinguished by success, though this of itself should not damp our courage or weaken our perseverance; for God, no doubt, in his own good time, will turn the hearts even of the Jews and lead them out of darkness into light:—

In our last we gave a brief statement of the unforeseen trials and difficulties encountered by the Committee to whom this most important scheme of the Church is entrusted, believing that the account would stimulate and not discourage future exertions. In May next it is understood that the Monastir Mission to the Jews will be discontinued, and the Rev. Dr. Epstein be authorized to seek out for himself a more promising station, in which he may labor for the spiritual welfare of his brethren after the flesh, and at the same time support himself and his family by the practice of his medical profession. If our first missionary has not succeeded as he himself anticipated, it must be remembered that he set out for his distant field with sanguine hopes of early success, and that unaided he had to face oppositions and difficulties which would have sorely tried the faith of veterans in the contest. It is possible that his ardent temperament was better fitted to follow up success than patiently to labor for years without apparent impression produced on the mass of ignorant superstition and engrossing worldliness around him, and that the persevering endurance of the Anglo-Saxon might have been less easily discouraged by an unpromising commencement. Amid the Christian privileges of our highly favored Canadian home we can little realize the depressing influences by which our missionary has been surrounded, without a single fellow-laborer to share the heat and burden of the day or to join in sweet

counsel and communion. In many Eastern stations is this last great want supplied, and at the same time ample opportunity afforded of preaching Christ in a known language to thousands of the Hebrew nation. While our Mission is thus spared the expense of maintaining one of its laborers, Dr. Epstein's name may retain a place on our records, and his work continue to interest our Canadian Church.

India has now strong claims on British Christians. Not far from 200,000,000 of our fellow-subjects there own allegiance to our beloved Queen, by far the greater number of them plunged in idolatry of the most degrading kind. Great Britain claims a high place among the Christian nations of the Earth, but it must be remembered that the great majority of those who are dependent upon her are heathen Mahomedans, and that therefore her energies are urgently called forth to Christianize the millions within her own territories. For years the East India Company ruled these vast masses for the sole purpose of gain or power, and the Government at Home gave no encouragement to missionary effort in that land. The Indian mutiny was the means under Providence of effecting a change, and now the British rule throughout India affords protection and encouragement to the extension of Christianity. Schools for secular learning have been established in great numbers, and the effect of these is to sap the foundations of Brahminical superstition. The merest elementary instruction in natural science shows the falsehood and absurdity of the Hindoo's religion, and the immediate effect of simple instruction at a Government school is to leave the learner without a religion at all, his own having been utterly demolished. It must be remembered that the Government teacher does not use the Bible, and gives no lessons on its truths. If therefore the secular instruction is not followed up by the missionary, the poor Hindoo is left a prey to atheism, and perhaps as far from the Church of God as he was amid his idolatrous superstition. This is indeed a solemn thought, and one which should stir us up to greater faithfulness towards our Indian fellow-subjects. The number of missionaries in Hindostan is lamentably inadequate. It is but a short time since our "Juvenile Presbyterian" gave a proof of this in a letter from the Rev. Robert Paterson, of Sealokote, in which hundreds of villages around him are spoken of as destitute altogether of Christian teaching.

The French Canadians.

Our readers are in general well acquainted with the character and condition of this large and important section of our fellow-colonists in this portion of the British empire. Re-

taining to a great extent, along with their language and religion, the habits and customs which their ancestors, more than two hundred years ago, brought with them from France, they have, upon the whole, been a simple minded, honest and non-progressive people. Of course, the great body of them are Roman Catholics and for a very long time will probably remain so. Yet openings have not been wanting—and have been eagerly embraced, to effect an entrance for plain gospel truth among them. Our own church in Canada has done and is doing something in that direction—other bodies also are not mere spectators. The remarkable influence of Father Chiniqui in bringing over a whole district to the Protestant faith is well known, though there seems to be something connected with the history of that event not altogether satisfactory.

For the following sketch of the state of Missions among the French Canadians we are indebted to the Canadian *Presbyterian* :—

"About 30 years ago the Rev. K. Olivier, his lady and two young ministers were sent from Lausanne in Switzerland as missionaries to the North American Indians. They came to Lower Canada in order to obtain some information respecting their future field of labor. Here they found plunged in the superstitions of popery a numerous population speaking their language, who had almost as much need of the Gospel as the heathen to whom they were going. Mr. and Mrs. Olivier believed it to be their duty to remain with the French Canadians, while Messrs. Gavin and Dentan went to labor among the Sioux Indians.

During Mr. and Mrs. Olivier's sojourn in Montreal, two of their Christian friends, the Rev. L. Roussy and Mrs. Feller, came to join them, when a few persons left the Romish Church to embrace the Gospel. But Mr. Olivier, not being able to endure the severity of the Canadian climate, was obliged to return to Europe with his lady. Mr. and Mrs. Feller remained in Canada and finally settled at Grande Ligne. Their labors were blessed by their Heavenly Master, so that at the present time the Baptist Society of Grande Ligne preach the Word of salvation throughout many parishes. There are 6 ministers and several other laborers, they possess 2 educational institutions, and 3 churches have been erected through their instrumentality.

At the sight of the success of the efforts made by Mr. & Mrs. Olivier and the missionaries of Grande Ligne the charity of several of the English-speaking Christians was excited to a godly jealousy, and though the evangelization of the French Canadian Romanists was still considered by many persons as utopian, they had faith, love and zeal enough to establish in 1836 the French Canadian Missionary Society, whose committee is composed of members of the different evangelical churches of Montreal.

Notwithstanding the numerous obstacles

which the missionaries of that Society have encountered their labors have been efficient. By their means many families have left the teachings of men to follow the Word of God, and the Gospel continues to be preached in many places. They have 2 flourishing educational institutions at Pointe-aux-Trembles, from which place pupils are already scattered throughout the country, and a church has been built at Belle Riviere.

In 1840 or 1841 the Presbyterian Church of Canada began also to evangelize their fellow-subjects of French origin. By the exertions of one of their missionaries, the Rev. E. Lapelletrie, a French Presbyterian congregation was organized in Montreal, and money to build a church was collected. But, Mr. Lapelletrie's health obliging him to return to France, where he died, his work was continued by the French Canadian Missionary Society.

Some years after the Episcopal Church put also a hand to that work of love, and they too had success. They have built a church and an educational institution at Sabrevois, and have now 4 young men studying for the ministry.

Later the Wesleyan Church entered this important field and have been blessed in it. They occupy 5 missionary stations, preach salvation by Christ in various places and have built a church at Roxton Falls. One of their evangelists, who is preparing for the ministry, is a former pupil of Pointe-aux-Trembles, and another was formerly a French Canadian priest.

The effect of these various efforts is now becoming apparent. There are a good number of families in Lower and Upper Canada who have left the fables of Rome to follow the truth as it is in Jesus, while many have gone to the United States to avoid persecution. 6 French Canadian ministers of the Gospel are preaching it to their countrymen in the Lower Province. Of others who have the same object in view, 4 are pursuing their studies in Geneva (Switzerland), 4 at Lennoxville College, 2 in Toronto, 2 in Alleghany College, 1 in Quebec, 1 in New England; and there may be others of whom I do not know, besides those who are under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Chiniqui in Illinois.

20 years ago missionaries were looked upon as emissaries of the bad spirit, whom people would have joyfully destroyed, had they not feared the Courts of Justice. Now only a small proportion of them are still afraid to speak with us and those who approve of persecution have considerably diminished.

Even the priests have been somewhat influenced. Formerly their great doctrine was, "Out of the Roman Catholic Church there is no salvation;" they burned Bibles and gloried in the deed. Now very few of them would dare be openly guilty of such an outrage, and there are some who tell the people that the Bible is the word of God, and that persons

wno were born and are dying in the Protestant faith are saved if they were sincere in their belief.

Considering these visible results and the effect which the great number of copies of the Sacred Writings already distributed through the country must produce, a great change may be expected among the Roman Catholics of Canada, provided their Christian countrymen be faithful towards them. We now see the premises, but the harvest will come in due time: for the word of the Lord will not return unto Him void. The evangelization of the French Canadians was not undertaken in vain; God in his mercy has already blessed the work of faith and the labor of love of His children. To Him be the glory for ever.

Examination of Students.

FROM the following remarks of the Rev. Dr. Craik in the Presbytery of Glasgow, it will be seen that the examination of students studying for the ministry is in future to be much more strict than formerly.

DR. CRAIK having given notice of his intention of bringing before the Presbytery the subject of conducting the examinations of students, introduced the subject by referring to the question, how far the method of examination in general pursued at present was calculated to test the real acquirements of those who were candidates for admission to divinity classes from year to year, during the course of their attendance previous to license. The proposal frequently made, and yet always abandoned, had been that there ought to be an Examining Board appointed by a General Assembly, and that, whatever may be done by the Presbytery, no student should be permitted to enter the divinity classes until he had been subjected to an examination by this board, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of its members. He did not think such a Board ought to be numerous, and perhaps six or eight members of the General Assembly might be sufficient. But not less essential than the creation of a Board, would be the appointment of at least two paid examiners, To fill this office, no inconsiderable talents and attainments would be needed. The duties of these gentlemen would be very important: on them would devolve the labour of preparing examination papers to be approved of by the Board, and to be employed in conducting, at least, the examination to which students would be subjected who were entering the two divinity classes for the first year. He would propose that these examiners—acting in some measure according to the method pursued by the Government inspectors when examining for certificates the students at training colleges—should convene

the candidates for admission to the divinity classes, that under their direct inspection the examination papers might be executed. The greater duty of these examiners would be to read and carefully examine such papers—to mark in a manner that could be easily detected the errors and deficiencies, of each, noting fully the nature of those errors and deficiencies, and to place the papers thus carefully examined and marked before the Board, that a decision might be pronounced respecting the scholarship of every student applying for the privilege of commencing his professional studies, with a view to obtaining license as a probationer. He then suggested that, failing other methods, the expenses of such a scheme could be met by annual collection from the congregations, and concluded by moving the appointment of a committee to draw up an overture to the next meeting of the General Assembly on this subject, and that the overture be laid on the table at next meeting of Presbytery.

THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH (CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.)—The Annual General Meeting of the Congregation worshipping in St. James's Church, was held in terms of the Act of Incorporation on Monday last, the 14th instant. James Purdy, Esq., was called to the chair, and after prayer by the pastor, (Rev. T. Duncan,) the Trustees' Report for the past year was read, and the Treasurer's Account submitted. The affairs of the congregation, as seen by the report, are in an exceedingly healthy condition; receipts for the year being no less a sum, from all sources, than upwards of £460. After the usual routine business, the following gentlemen were duly elected by ballot as trustees for the ensuing year, viz:—Messrs. J. D. Mason, J. W. Morrison, James Anderson, James Watts, W. R. Watson, Archd. Kennedy, and William Sinclair. At a meeting of Trustees immediately after, the following were chosen office-bearers: J. W. Morrison, Esq., Chairman; Jas. Anderson, Esq., Treasurer; Mr. A. Kennedy, Secretary; Mr. D. Robertson, Collector of Pew Rent and Church Janitor.

By order of Trustees,

ARCH. KENNEDY, Sec'y.

—Monitor.

Presbytery of Prince Edward Island.

At a *pro re nata* meeting of the Presbytery of Prince Edward Island held in Charlottetown, 24th March, 1862, the following minute was recorded:—

“The attention of the members was called by the Moderator to the loss sustained by the Church in the death of the Rev. Dr. McGill-

vray, and it was unanimously agreed to record in the minutes their sense of the great services rendered by the deceased to the Church of Scotland in the Lower Provinces, and their sympathy with his bereaved wife and family. The labors of Dr. McGillivray were not confined to Nova Scotia, but extended to various parts of Prince Edward Island, where, and especially at sacramental seasons, his presence was always hailed with delight. At a time when the harvest was even more plenteous, and the laborers fewer than now, he appeared annually to our people on this Island, to break the bread of life to them. The Presbytery mourns the loss of a father in Israel, of one not more distinguished for zeal on behalf of our venerable and beloved Zion, than for catholicity of Spirit, and sincere love to all who are brethren in Christ. A workman that needed not to be ashamed, full of honors, well-beloved, the Master has called to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Individually, we would be stirred up to greater diligence in the work of the Lord, by considering his example of unwearied labor and resolute self-sacrifice. Those whom he has left behind, we commend to the Shepherd of the flock, praying that He would tenderly uphold their wounds, and fulfil in their cases His gracious promise to be "the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless."

The Presbytery furthermore instruct their clerk to transmit an extract of this minute to Mrs. McGillivray."

Extracted from the minutes of Presbytery by

GEO. M. GRANT,
Pres. Clerk.

News of the Churches.

The heading of this article is an inviting and extensive one, but we use it now in a restricted sense. 'News from our congregations' would perhaps be a more appropriate phrase. And yet we have but scant news even of this kind, for the ministers and managers of our churches do not seem anxious to announce their doings, and goings, and intendings with loud trumpeting in the press. I suppose that it is not generally known that in the early part of July there are to be bazaars held in Charlottetown, New Glasgow, and Truro for ecclesiastical purposes. The Charlottetown one, in particular, is intended to be one on a great scale. As their two last bazaars realized between them about £500, our readers may have some idea of the energy of the ladies of St. James' Church, and of their importance in matters of finance. On this occasion, they intend to arrange if possible a steamboat excursion from Pictou, that their friends on the mainland may have a favorable opportunity of visiting the Island and its capital.

Matters seem to be progressing favorably

on the Island. Our people on Brackley Point Road, incited by what has been done on the St. Peter's road, have commenced to build a church, for which £200 have already been subscribed. In Pictou, it is usual to pay the cost of a country church by selling the pews. In Prince Edward Island, the better plan is adopted of building the church from the free-will offering of the people, and then the pews are rented to pay the minister's stipend. This system has more than one advantage to recommend it. Still the census reveals that we have not worked either system vigorously enough, for we are behind every other denomination in the proportion of our churches to our population.

The Charlottetown congregations have raised this year for the Foreign Mission the very handsome sum of £37, island currency. If we engage in active operations, we believe that this amount will be collected every year. We would recommend every congregation to pay in this year whatever it has subscribed toward the proposed scheme, as nothing will better convince the Synod that the people are in earnest on the matter. It is a noble work, and with God's blessing we will take our part in it, although our sadly diminished numbers will render it more difficult than we had anticipated. Our friends on the Island are also prosecuting vigorously the Young Men's Scheme, both in raising money and in preparing suitable students. Should God continue to smile on this scheme, we may soon expect a steady supply of well-equipped laborers for our wide field.

We see from Mr. Martin's report that there is work being done in the Halifax Presbytery. As to getting more missionaries in that direction, however, it is the humble opinion of your correspondent, Mr. Editor, that they should themselves first pay for those that they have. We would hail the arrival of new missionaries with as much joy as Mr. Martin, but not if they are to be paid with "foreign money." In the Island they are asking for additional missionaries, but they first rendered themselves self-supporting. If there is gold around Lawrencetown and Lake Thomas, some of it might be appropriated to pay for missionary services, instead of begging the required sum from the accumulated peace of Scottish herdsmen and craftsmen, laborers and lairds,

The Pictou Presbytery is now almost self-supporting.

The Lay Association has now a definite work and a well-constituted board of management, and will, in a very short time, relieve the Colonial Committee of every burden within the bounds of its operations.

As to the New Brunswick Churches, we in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island do not know as much about them as we would wish. Could not some ready writer in our sister church in that province give us a sketch of our various congregations there? It would

interest us much to hear somewhat of their history, present position, and prospects.

As to the spiritual life in our church, while we do not despond, yet we feel that with us it is but "the day of small things." God grant us a great outpouring of the Spirit! We mourn "the faithless coldness of the times." We look around and mourning ask "Can these dry bones live?" Yes, oh life-giver if thou wilt. "Lord, wilt thou not revive us again?"

The Roger's Hill Church.

WE observed in the last number of the "Record of the P. C. of the Lower Provinces," a quasi Appeal signed by certain elders of the Free Church in that place in behalf of a Church they intend building there. Under ordinary circumstances we should not have considered ourselves at all justified in alluding to the matter, beyond wishing them every success. But as in this pretended Appeal certain allegations are made, and uncalled for and unfounded insinuations conveyed, we feel bound very briefly to correct the ungenerous and invidious statements to which these gentlemen have attached their names. They complain that they have been treated uncourteously and refused the use of the Church on the only occasions on which they could use it. Nothing, in spirit, and indeed in fact, could be farther from the truth than this rash statement. In the first place, it must be kept in mind that the Church in question, is the entire and inalienable property of the Church of Scotland; but notwithstanding this, had any thing like christian charity or even the laws of common decency been observed by the Free Church Session or at least a portion of that session there never would have been any difficulty. The people of Roger's Hill under such circumstances would have gone out of their way to oblige their Free Church brethren. The whole Church knows well the abounding labours of the Minister of the established Church of Rogers Hill, his great success, the devoted affection felt for him by his extensive charge without any exception, of his Christian courtesy and benevolent character. For the sake of the Colonial Church he resigned a parish church at Home. He came to Roger's Hill a stranger and it might have been expected, that if ever courtesy or attention was intended to be shewn by the Free Church, then was the time to shew it. The very reverse was the case. Every thing that impotent and vindictive malice could devise was set in motion to annoy and injure a man, who was a perfect stranger, who was a minister of the Gospel and in every sense a workman needing not to be ashamed. Vile insinuations were sent abroad, and even a communication published in a newspaper surcharged with unchristian malice, over a signature which nobody belonging to any body of christians, even his own, considers worthy

of a moment's attention. And it seems that the good people of Roger's Hill in return for all this, were expected to disarrange all their plans, inconvenience two neighbouring congregations, to have the pleasure of being abused in their own Church, or perhaps as in the case of Earlton, we believe, to find on a Sabbath morning when assembled for worship, the door and windows, and even the pulpit barricaded. We wish to live at peace with all men, to extend the right hand of fellowship and amity to every christian sect and people. Above all things it behoves us to cultivate a spirit of brotherly love towards those who in doctrine and discipline are so slightly separated from ourselves. And this is the feeling of the whole Church. There is not we are convinced a minister or office bearer in our Church who would not consider it a christian privilege rather than a duty to render a service to a congregation of the sister Church whenever they had the power. But it cannot perform impossibilities nor change human nature. We may forgive and pray for those who malign us, but we cannot respect them. We trust that even yet a better spirit will come over our Free Church brethren at Roger's Hill, that they will consult their own comfort as well as ours in cultivating a feeling of christian love, and learn to extend respect and confidence where they are deserved. By following their present course they are bringing a reproach upon themselves, and our common Christianity.

Bazaars.

WE are going to have it seems not fewer than three Bazaars in connection with our Church during the present summer, and all too during the month of July, which is perhaps rather unfortunate. We trust however that each of them will be vigorously patronised and that money and material will come in to them from every quarter of the Synod, the gentlemen supplying the one and the fair fingers of the ladies the other. These Bazaars we may state are to be got up in order to assist our Churches in Truro, New Glasgow, Charlottetown, and Georgetown; and all have strong and peculiar claims. Our friends in Truro, few but enthusiastic, have built an excellent new Church and require a little aid to wipe off some outstanding debt. Who would not lend a hand to so good a cause!

The congregation of New Glasgow, wish to have a furnace to warm their Church. They have very strong claims on their friends, as they have on every occasion been most active and generous in aiding their neighbours under similar circumstances. "One good turn deserves another."

The Bazaar in Charlottetown has a double object, viz: to raise means to improve the Church in that city, and to assist in building a Manse at Georgetown. We trust our Island and Nova Scotia friends too will be up

and doing in support of these most laudable objects. The Rev. Mr. Grant has placed the Church under a deep debt of gratitude, by his untiring energy and great success in building up our ruined walls in various parts of the Island, more especially at Georgetown, St. Peters, and Brackley Point Roads.

We are sure we need not urge zeal and effort in behalf of all these noble objects, for we are confident that they have the best wishes of the whole Church. If we might venture to recommend any particular course, we would say to each who is disposed to contribute, avoid anything like favouritism or partiality, but rather let each try to do a little for all, so that the circle of mutual friendship may be extended, and each may be able to say we have been indebted to the kindness of all our congregations. Each congregation has appointed a committee to receive contributions. We have not room for all their names, but if any party is at a loss to whom to send any article let them just address it to the care of the respective ministers, and it will be sure to reach its destination.

We wish abundant success to all.

FROM THE COLONIAL STANDARD.

Presentation.

The congregation of St. Paul's Church East River, have recently presented their Pastor, the Rev. S. McGregor, M. A. with a very valuable Sleigh, accompanied with an address.

The young men of St. Columba's Church, West Branch, at the same time presented him with a large and beautiful Buffalo Robe.

A few weeks ago the young Ladies of East Branch Congregation presented the same gentleman with a very elegant Tea-service.

The following is the Address referred to;—

ADDRESS.

To the Rev. S. McGregor, M. A.

Rev. and Dear Sir.—In behalf of the congregation of St. Paul's Church, we desire to present you with a tangible expression of our respect for you as our minister, our appreciation of your efficient public services as a preacher of the Gospel, as well as of your private zeal in labouring to impart to us in our families a knowledge of the truth of Salvation.

We wish to express our sense of your regard for our individual interests without the slightest respect of persons, and to assure you that such conduct can scarcely fail of endearing a minister in the eyes of his congregation.

Prompted by these sentiments, we procured this Sleigh, which we now beg to present to you, trusting that you will be pleased to accept of it as a token of our good will towards you.

In behalf of the congregation,
SIMON THOMPSON,
JOHN FORBES,
DUNCAN McDONALD,
JAMES CUMMING,
JAMES CAMPBELL,
East River, April 10, 1862.

REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Let me very cordially thank you, and through you the congregation you represent, for your kind address, as well as for your very valuable and handsome sleigh; and permit me to assure you that both are highly prized, and that they shall always hold a place in my recollection side by side with the many other tokens of good will which I have from time to time received from my Congregation since I became your Minister.

I assure you it was with no ordinary anxiety I at first came among you. I considered the great extent and importance of the charge to which I was invited. I called to mind the distinguished abilities and great experience of your first talented ministry—the zeal and energy of his no less talented son and successor. I felt the sudden transition from the life and duties of the student to those of the minister, and could wish the charge less important and the field of labor more circumscribed. But twelve months have now passed since I have accepted your invitation—twelve months, as might have been expected in so large a congregation, of considerable labor, but by no means of labor unattended by pleasure. In both branches of the congregation have I found much encouragement in the sympathy and general kindness of the whole congregation. Without that sympathy, the labours would have been much greater, and the burden to be borne far heavier than it has really been.

In conclusion, let me ask a continued interest in your prayers—praying that the Great Head of the Church will enable us to devise and execute for His own glory.

S. MCGREGOR,
Minister of the Church of Scotland,
East and West Branch, East River.

SELECTIONS.

Old Families.

THERE are few things pertaining to the flesh of which men in this country are more proud than that of being members of "an old family." Many a worthy tradesman who has passed with great credit through all the stages of message-boy, shop-boy, salesman, traveller, partner, fortunate speculator, until, realizing a fortune, he at last becomes a *laird* or "country gentleman," with a large mansion-

house, park, porter's lodge, livery servants, and, in purple and fine linen, fares sumptuously every day; who, nevertheless, feels these things avail him nothing so long as there sits at his gate the humbling Mordecai of being "an upstart," and not a member of an old family." He desires, therefore, above all things, to be connected, even by an almost invisible thread, with some such authentic piece of antiquity. He would willingly give a large sum for a drop of ancient blood, and bitterly feels that money cannot purchase it.

The "real old family," again, is proud of its heraldry. It boasts of its long ancestry. "Our family came over with William the Conqueror!" is generally the boast, and extreme limit, of their alleged origin; and even that is very mythical, albeit the "family pictures" of large, stupid-looking gentlemen with wigs; ladies in stiff brocade; or one or two daubs representing knights in armour, which are exhibited in the hall or dining-room. For, as old Sir Thomas Browne says, "Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years; generations pass while some trees stand; and old families last not three oaks!"

The Jews are an exception! Moses, the old clothesman, has an ancestry which puts the purest and most ancient stock of the House of Peers to shame. Where was "the blood of all the Howards," or of the Plantagenets, when the ancestors of "old Clo" were defying Pharaoh or combating Sennacherib?

I was forcibly reminded of this on one occasion when standing beside a learned Jew in the Royal Museum in Berlin, and looking at the fine antique statue of Julius Cæsar at the end of the room. I happened to remark to my friend, "Is it not strange to look at the intellectual features of that 'hooked-nosed fellow of Rome,' as Falstaff calls him, and to think of his triumphant march northward, and his conquest of Britain, when our ancestors were roving barbarians, painting themselves with ochre, and exhibiting all the brutality and coarseness of New Zealand savages?" "Our ancestors!" exclaimed my Jewish friend, looking at me with disdain. "Pray speak of your own, who, I have no doubt, were sufficiently savage. But as for mine, they were singing the psalms of David, and worshipping God as members of his true Church on earth, centuries before Julius Cæsar was born!" I bowed my head, and felt that both I and the antique statue were of yesterday, when compared to the old blood which flowed in the veins, and flushed in the face, of my eloquent friend!

Beautifully has Dr. Harris said of the Jews: "As the modern traveller surveys the remains of the arch of Titus at Rome, he feels bewildered in endeavouring to realize the distant date of its erection; and yet it commemorates only the last of a long series of Jewish dispersions. You read of the fragments of antiquity dug up from the ruins of Babylon, and your mind is carried still farther back by

the Roman arch; but the Jew possibly formed that Babylonian trick, and imprinted on it those arrow-headed characters. The pyramids of Egypt take your imagination still farther back; the Jew not improbably helped to build the oldest of the royal tombs at Thebes, and mark the national physiognomies painted on the walls, you recognise that of the Jew, unaltered to the present day. Time was young when the Lord said to Abraham, 'I will make of thee a great nation!'

A strong faith has never ceased to exist among the great rabbis of the Jews, and in the coming of a day when the once noble, but now fallen race, shall have their own again, and be no longer despised and trodden down by Gentile upstarts. What an undying hope in the restoration of a kingdom in Israel, is expressed—what indomitable pride and ambition, which the sorrows of eighteen centuries have not crushed, is confessed—in the commentary of an old Jew, upon the promise made by God to Abraham: "I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth!" "Yes," he says, "as the dust of the earth, which for a time all men tread under foot; but which, nevertheless, in the end, covers all men overhead!"—Good Words.

Of Past Sufferings.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

It seems at first sight very obvious, that to grieve for past suffering (so far as past), is to torment one's-self most absurdly. And, indeed, I don't think men are very apt to do so in respect of their own; but it is very often done in the case of the sufferings of one's friends. Past evils, indeed, do very often afford a reasonable ground of affliction; but then it is from their liability to recur, or to lead to some other evil. A past fit of the gout may be regarded as a present evil, since it indicates a gouty constitution. But it is remarkable that there are no past evils whatever that people are so apt to grieve about as those which are the most utterly past, viz., the sufferings of the deceased. One of the most anxious inquiries respecting a departed friend is, "whether he died easily;" nothing is so consolatory to the survivors as to learn that he suffered little; and if he died in great agony, it excites their sympathy more than the case of one who is living in agony. And yet all this is pure imagination, and all our affliction in such a case is the result of confusion of thought. To be sure I wish to die easily, because I wish to live easily, of which that is a part; but if there be any amount of suffering from disease reserved for me, I care not whether it takes place in the disease of which I die, or in any other. Of the two, indeed, perhaps the former would be rather preferable; because in the other case, I might be annoyed by the memory of that particular suffering whose recurrence I might fear. And

I feel just the same towards my friends as towards myself; I wish them an easy life, and of course an easy death, as a part of it; but it is idle to grieve in their case or my own, for any past suffering, which cannot recur, or have left any ill effects behind it; and of this number must be the sufferings of such of them as are dead. It is a folly to shiver for last year's snow.

But when we reflect on the excruciating tortures of a dying man which we have witnessed or heard of, our sympathy is excited by the operation of conception (for it is *conception, not perception*, that we have of anything not in actual present existence), and our recollection of the distinction of past, present, and future, becomes confused; so that we thus feel real pain for an unreal suffering; just as we sometimes do on reading or seeing a tragedy. But then people reply, "Oh, the sufferings detailed in a tragedy are fictitious, but these are real." No, they are not; they *were* real (and so, perhaps, if you come to that, were Lear's; for the tale *may* be a true one), but they *are* not; and that which is past has existed, but *does not now* exist; in the *present time*, it is as unreal as a pure fiction. There is a great difference, indeed, between the two cases; *one really was*, the other never was; but they are so far alike, that neither of them is. If my house were burnt down, it would be true indeed that there was a house there, but I can no more live in it than in Aladdin's palace, which never was. The bread which I ate a year ago, and the ambrosia of Homer's gods, are both equally non-existent at this moment; I may make either of them an object of thought; and I may think, very truly, that the one did exist, and the other not; and that other bread is prepared for me to-day, and ambrosia never did exist; but still I could not subsist on the bread which was consumed a year ago, any more than on ambrosia. Why then should I grieve now at anything which has now no existence? There was good reason for my grieving at my friend's sufferings, at the time; because they were, not past, but actually existing; but that is no reason why I should grieve now. "Present" and "past" makes all the difference. And this I think most people perceive clearly enough in their own cases. A man who has had a leg cut off does not, I think, in general grieve over the pain of the operation, unless he has any suspicion that he may again suffer amputation; and even in that case it is the thought of the future, of which the past presents so lively a picture, that gives him the pain.

But in the case of others there are two causes that make the difference:—1st, In our own case we have a very distinct view of the difference between the past and the present because we have a *perception* of the latter, and only a *conception* of the former; whereas in the case of another's sufferings we have *only* a conception of each; so that we do not

so readily draw the line. It may be said, that of the future also we have only a conception; and in truth it often happens that the unthinking are occupied almost exclusively with the present; but those who use their understanding are taught by that that their conceptions of the future, if correct, will be succeeded by perceptions; that though the things which are to befall them are not real now, they will be so, and therefore are just objects of pursuit or avoidance; while the same understanding teaches, that past evils, so far as they have left no results, are, to us, the same as if they had never been; except, indeed, that many even derive pleasure from thinking of them in contrast with present ease. 2d, Though reason would teach us the same in respect of the past sufferings of a friend, we are less apt to listen to the lesson, from our attaching a kind of merit to tender-heartedness towards a friend, while it is regarded as no merit, but rather a reproach, to feel very keenly for ourselves. All which is very right; only it should not blind us to the real state of the case, and lead us to sympathize with those who are, at the very moment we are grieving for them, perfectly free from the affliction.

To all this I have been answered, "O, you are for altering the nature of man; nothing can be more *natural* than this kind of sympathy; and you might as well pretend that one ought not to feel pain." Certainly the weakness of our nature are a part of our nature; and imagination is a part of the human mind as well as reason; but if every thing that is natural is to be vindicated on that ground, what folly may not? To go on further, it is undeniably natural to feel real and acute pain at a tragedy or mournful tale; but I do not admire the wisdom of him who gives way to this, and does not, when the pain predominates, recall his feelings and rouse himself by the recollection that it is all unreal. As for the latter part of the objection, it is quite possible; for to pretend that pain is no evil is not to follow the dictates of the understanding, which does not at all teach us to deny that we feel: but in the present case, the understanding *does* teach us that what we grieve for has no real existence, at the present moment. Reason does not teach us that a man who was burnt alive *SUFFERED* no pain; but it does tell us that he *suffers* none now; and that if we grieve for him, it is through a confused conception, which gives no distinct view of the past and the present.

I believe the reason why the sufferings of the death-bed affect people so much more than any other, is because in any other case there is at least a hope of a kind of *compensation* resulting from the enjoyment of subsequent health and comfort in this life; which in a man's *last* illness, of course, cannot be. This is a fanciful ground of affliction, however, even in a heathen; and it is utterly unchristian. On the whole, I think

we have enough real pains and troubles in this life, without tormenting ourselves with imaginary ones.—*Good Words.*

Scriptural Proverbs Compared with Others.

Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird; Prov. i. 17.

To fright a bird is not the way to catch her.

The hand of the diligent maketh rich; Prov. x. 4.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

I said of laughter, It is mad; Eccl. ii. 2.

Laughter is the hiccup of a fool.

Two are better than one; Eccl. iv. 9.

Union is strength.

One sinner destroyeth much good; Eccl. ix. 18.

One fool makes many.

For three things the earth is disquieted, . . . for a servant when he reigneth; Prov. xxx. 21, 22.

Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil.

The way of transgressors is hard; Prov. xiii. 15.

The devil's meal is all bran. The libertine's life is not a life of liberty. The devil drives his pig to a bad market.

A fool uttereth all his mind; Prov. xxix. 11.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; Prov. xviii. 25.

Friends are the nearest relations.

Review of the Past Month.

If we look abroad upon the world we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that during no previous portion of its history was the progress and life of Christianity in a mere healthy state. The unchristian bitterness which was wont too largely to distinguish Christian denominations is softening, while the zeal and vigor with which gospel truth is being pushed to the remotest corners of the earth are greater than they ever were. There is a union of spirit and purpose among the great bodies of Christians, which is rapidly becoming a weapon too powerful for even spiritual darkness to contend against. There are now more than a thousand Protestant ministers in France. In Italy the popery of the Pope is propped by French bayonets and maintains a precarious existence even thus. Toleration has become a law in Austria. The sovereign of Prussia is one of the Bible's

most earnest friends. The persecution which disgraced Sweden has been put out of countenance by public opinion. The Word of God is about to become the common property of the vast Russian empire. Evangelization is meeting rationalism on its own ground in Germany and Switzerland and more than holding its own. Every Protestant church in Christendom is becoming more and more missionary in its spirit and aims. The Church of England once so dead, is now nobly working in the van, planting the gospel standard in the most distant and barbarous lands. The Methodists are sending out missionaries by the hundred, and the other denominational brethren are not far behind them. Indeed all are awakening to the sense of a great responsibility, and the latter half of the nineteenth century will witness we doubt not, the strongholds of Satan shaken to their centre.

Perhaps at no previous time was the Church of Scotland in so vigorous a state at home as she now is. New churches are being planted and endowed in every part of the country. Her clergy are faithful, earnest and able, and she is every day becoming in the best sense of the term, in a greater and greater degree the Church of the people. We trust that nothing will happen to mar this rapidly increasing affection. She is now pursuing the quiet and even tenor of her way, with little to disturb her onward course. There are two cases, however, which at the present moment are producing some feeling in the Church, that of Mr. Gebbie, a minister who appears to have been carried away literally into madness by what is called revivalism, and to have given utterance to extravagances and blasphemies beyond belief. His case has been before the Presbytery of Irvine for a considerable time, and the evidence has brought to light facts of a strange and almost incredible nature. Mr. Gebbie's case will go to the Assembly, and the only possible issue we should think, must be his deposition.

The other case is the settlement of South Leith, said to be the richest living in Scotland. The Government have presented Mr. Phin, an able and clear-headed, but rather pugnacious man. Only 64 signed his call, while more than 1100 objected to him. The matter is now in the hands of the Church Courts, and it may be some time before it is decided. Popular election no doubt has its difficulties and drawbacks as our dissenting brethren well know, but it is a privilege which Presbyterians have always most tenaciously asserted, and we believe that the end will be that it will, ere a great many years, be an accomplished fact in the Church of Scotland. Mr. Phin may be an excellent, as he certainly is a talented man, and it is very likely that the people, if left to themselves, will choose some one his inferior intellectually, still we think it would be a pity and a crime to thrust an unacceptable man—even a good

man, upon an unwilling congregation, and thus run the risk of scattering it altogether.

In our own little corner of the vineyard, we were congratulating ourselves some time ago on a substantial addition to our strength. Alas! how short-sighted is man! Four missionaries came to us, and in a year four have departed. The venerable Dr. McGilivray has gone to the better country. Mr. Jardine has returned to Scotland, and also Mr. Tallach. Mr. Cameron has accepted a presentation in Canada to the astonishment and regret of all his friends here. Why under the peculiar circumstances of his case he has turned his back on his native Province in her need we do not know. Perhaps he has a reason; it ought to be a strong one.

Turning our attention to matters of a secular nature, we find the gold prospecting in Nova Scotia more promising than ever. Great quantities of the precious metal are undoubtedly being found, and there is every appearance of the approaching summer being a busy and successful one in that direction.

In England, the most absorbing topic of the day, is the Great Exhibition, which was to be opened on the first of the present month. There is every probability that its success will not be inferior to that of its predecessor in 1851, while it will be on a vastly greater scale. It would appear to be a subject of universal regret that neither the Queen nor the Prince of Wales will be present at its opening, the latter in accordance with a plan laid down by his late lamented father having set out on a tour to the East.

The subscriptions for a monument in honor of Prince Albert, have now reached upwards of £40,000. Several of the great cities intend having monuments of their own. Her Majesty has decided that the national one shall be a monolith or obelisk, consisting of a single stone of as great height as can be procured, with designs by the most eminent artists.

The destruction of the American frigates by the iron clad Merrimac in Southern waters, has been a subject of exciting debate in Great Britain, and it is pretty generally conceded that the present navy must be replaced, at any cost, and as speedily as possible by iron ships of the Warrior class. The great question is whether artillery may not be discovered powerful enough to destroy even them.

The people of England have shown princely generosity in aiding the poor people made widows and orphans by the terrible accident at the Hartley coal pits, the sum of £70,000 having been subscribed for that purpose.

The unnatural war in the States of America continues on ever increasing proportions. For some time victory has declared in favor of the North, and a number of important

positions after much hard fighting, has fallen into their hands.

The last battle fought at Pittsburgh landing on the Tennessee was the most bloody and fiercely contended that ever took place on this continent. It seems to have been something like a drawn battle. The South leaving the field in order on the second day, but carrying with them many guns and thousands of prisoners. The North confesses to a loss of 5000 killed and wounded. The South as yet has not given any official account of the amount of their loss. It is really fearful to contemplate the present position of this once great commonwealth. Yet dark as seems the future, the issue cannot be doubtful. The North, we are convinced, though it may gain many victories, by the aid of overwhelming numbers, never can permanently bring back or conquer the South. It is a bootless war so far as that is concerned, and fraught with future ruin to the financial credit of the North. Slavery will no doubt receive a blow, perhaps a death blow. Already it has been abolished in the District of Columbia, and a treaty has been made with Britain giving, it is said, the right of mutual search, in order to put down the slave trade. This is a great and glorious concession, and must lead to most important results.

The gold discoveries in New Zealand have been very valuable, 25,000 ounces having been exported within six months after the first discovery. The gold fields of Columbia are represented as richer still, and it is said the precious metal has also been found in the Presidency of Bombay.

We observe from the newspapers that a great portion of the town of Kingston, Jamaica has been destroyed by fire, and that also thousands of families have been ruined by terrible inundations in the valley of the Sacramento.

In Canada and some parts of the States, particularly Connecticut, the ravages of floods have been most destructive. In our own province, the amount of snow upon the ground during the last two months has been greater than ever known before, and a sudden thaw would have brought unexampled destruction. By the blessing of a kind Providence they have escaped so great a calamity.

We are willing to allow agents a commission to the extent of forwarding six copies for the price of five; or we will send ten copies for 5 dollars. Single copies, 3s. 1 1-2d.

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