

VOL. XXXIII.—NO. 4.

The Monthly Record

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

EDITED BY THE REV. P. MELVILLE, A.M., B.D.,
ST. COLUMBA KIRK, HOPEWELL, N. S.

APRIL



1887.

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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA:

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loyalty began to permeate the life of men and women, families and societies, cities and governments. GOD'S word was studied and loved. The Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments, the Psalms and the Sermon on the Mount, were being learned. CHRIST was making all things new. Ethics and Politics, Literature and Worship, the Schools and the Markets, were improving. The very geography of Europe and Asia Minor became sacred in the "Acts of the Apostles." All true Sciences shared in the Restitution; for genuine Religion is ever the FAITHFUL FRIEND (if not also the HUMBLE HANDMAID) of all true Science and of all good Art).

(Concluded in our next.)

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.



My forefathers, on my father's side, were originally (I believe) from Lord Reay's country, the most northerly parts of the mainland of Scotland; and those on the mother's side, from Kintail. My mother was a MacRae, and traced connection through some second or third cousin with Sir Roderick Murchison, the eminent Geologist, and President of the Royal Society of Great Britain. A grand ancestor of that gentleman was at one time Episcopal Minister of Kintail, and my mother was also a descendant, by her mother, of the same Episcopal clergyman:—his name was Murchison. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were successively Pipers to the Lairds of Gairloch, and as such held free lands under successive Lairds. My great-grandfather was blind, and was known far and near under the name of "Piopare Dall," that is, the "Blind Piper." He was a Poet as well as a Piper, and some of his pieces are published in almost all collections of Gaelic songs,—especially in McKenzie's collection, published in Glasgow in 1841, in which work there is also a short sketch of the "Blind Piper's" life. The celebrated Gaelic Poet, "William Ross," was this blind man's grandson by a daughter; and thus William Ross and my father were first cousins. I have no recollection of seeing William Ross, for he died quite a young man; but I remember seeing his father, John Ross, often at our own house.

My grandfather, Angus McKay, was, I believe, a good scholar—a rare thing in the

Highlands in those days. When a young man, he travelled a good deal with the young Laird, Sir Alexander McKenzie, and they were on the closest intimacy during the rest of their lives. They both died comparatively young; the Laird first; my grandfather attending him on his death-bed. My grandfather, Angus McKay, left two children, my father and a sister. Of my grandmother on my father's side I do not know much; only that she was a Fraser, and was aunt to McKenzie of Baddachro. Baddachro and my father were thus first cousins; and the late Donald and Murdoch Fraser, Robertson Lakes, were relations of my father by the same side. Both my father and his sister had some education. My father was some time at Thurso, Caithness Shire, and was also at Inverary, in Argyle Shire, at school. He must have understood the English language well; for he was the best (*extempore*) translator of English into Gaelic that I ever heard attempt it.

My father, besides being the recognized and paid Piper of the Gairloch family, was also Game Keeper, and had charge of the woods and forests on the estate; and as a matter of course, this threw him often into the company of the Laird, and of all strangers that might get permission to hunt on the estate; and this introduced him to the best company in the place, strangers or otherwise.

This short sketch of the history of my forefathers will show, that although not wealthy, they were respectable and held a good position in the country of their nativity, and enjoyed advantages not attained by many in those days in the Highlands of Scotland. And far better than all this, I have good reason to believe they were God-fearing people; my grandfather, Angus McKay, eminently so. When Sir Alexander McKenzie lay on his death bed, his early friend, Angus McKay, was scarcely ever from his side, praying with him and for him, and counselling and instructing him in the things of the coming world. The dying man often declared, that he found more comfort in the prospect of death from the conversation and counsel of Angus McKay than from any other human source whatever.

With respect to my own father I can testify that he was verily a painstaking man. There was a large family—ten girls and two boys—besides generally a servant man. We were some ten miles from the nearest church; very few could go, and very few did go. I have no recollection of seeing a Minister in our house for the purpose of catechising. There were about ten families in the village, and my father kept worship and reading every Sabbath day for all

the villagers. None understood English but himself; and there were no Gaelic books in those days. Even the Bible could not be got in Gaelic. My father translated from the Bible; and from Boston, Baxter, and Dyer; and then after the reading was over and the villagers dismissed, the family exercise would commence. He was very exacting upon his children in these exercises, and insisted on the strictest compliance with all his requirements in the matter of our tasks and lessons. My father had one way of dealing with his children, that I never saw practiced in any other family. When a daughter or a son arrived at the age of fifteen, he would on a Sabbath evening call that one up in presence of the rest, and then explain to him or her the import of the Baptismal vows, and how he (the father) had become bound, on behalf of the child, for its godly uprearing, until it (the child) came to years of discretion. And now that it was of such an age, he placed the vows on its own head. Young though I was, I can never forget the solemnity of those scenes.

I was born at the south side of one of the largest and most picturesque fresh water Lakes in Scotland. It is in length something over twenty miles, and its breadth is from two to four or five miles. I do not know its depth, but believe it to be very deep, from the fact that no part of it ever freezes. It abounds in trout and salmon. The River Ewe, by which it discharges its surplus water, after a run of something less than two miles, is celebrated for the excellency of its salmon fishing. There is a range of high mountains along the north side of the Lake running nearly its whole length, rising sheer out of the Lake to the height of from three to four thousand feet. The bases of these mountains are covered with Scotch fir, and coppis wood of birch, ash, and hazel; while their bare and sterile backs are raised high in their savage grandeur of craggy rocks and precipices, covered for ten months in the year with snow. Along the north side of the Lake, in its whole length, there were only two places giving room for cultivation between the mountains and the Lake; and pretty places they are:—"Lotter Ewe," and "Ard Lair," two seats of the McKenzies of "Lotter Ewe,"—a branch, I believe, of the Gairloch family.

The formation of the lands on the south side of the Lake differs greatly from that on the north. Here the mountains are thrown back, leaving a broad margin of comparatively low grounds between them and the Lake, with a good deal of arable and cultivated land. Three small rivers fall into the Lake from

this side, each forming a considerable Strath or *Dal*, (Dale); and at the time of which I speak, there might be ten families residing on each of them. My father farmed one of these straths for many years; and there I was born in 1794, and there I passed my childhood and boyhood until I was eleven years of age. O! how well I do remember, even at this distant period, those haunts of my childhood where I roamed at large without care or thought, enjoying the wild luxuriance of the scenes around me! The green grassy glades—the giant oak trees—the rivers, and brooks, and water falls—the rent and rifted rocks,—and especially the smooth and glassy surface of the Lake, with its yellow border of golden sand, and its trout and wild geese and swans and ducks! About the middle of the Lake, and, as far as I can guess, three miles from my father's place, was an island; it would be a mile and a half or so in circumference. It was covered with heath, and here and there large boulders of white stone lying scattered on the surface, as if sown broadcast in primeval time. On this island thousands of herring gulls hatched every year. Three boys of the place, not older than myself, used to go with me in the dead of night, take my father's boat, row to the island, moor our boat on the sand beach, sleep until daylight, and gather eggs until our baskets were filled. This was surely delightful work for boys. We sometimes came across a gray goose's nest with its five eggs, sometimes a duck's nest with nine eggs, and sometimes a moor fowl's nest (red grouse) with twelve eggs: this, however, being a Game Bird, we dare not take the eggs. If we did, we were sure of a thrashing. In this way we went to the island at least once a week during the month of May; after which time the birds were allowed to hatch their young undisturbed; and in this way I passed my early boyhood. Can it be wondered at, that these scenes were the subjects of many of my after night and day dreams? We left the Lake and came to Pictou in the summer of 1805.

(To be continued.)

THE friends of Disestablishment are sore over the defeat of the resolution in Parliament to take up the question of Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. The vote on the resolution was 158 to 261. In the negative list appears the name of John Bright. Mr. Chamberlain has written a letter on the subject, in which he intimates that the cause of the failure of the resolution of Mr. Richards was due to the Welsh confidence in Mr. Gladstone.

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3rd, In Bible Interpretation and Antiquities ; as in such works as "The Land and the Book," and in the discovery and interpretation of Egyptian Hieroglyphics, Moabite and Hitite inscriptions, and Assyrian Cuneiforms.

4th, In Religious Science. We have already seen, from the Missions recorded in the Old Testament and the New, how vastly they enlarged the popular ideas of God's Fatherhood and Man's brotherhood, and cleared away the Ritualistic and fanatical swaddling-bands of Israel. So it was in the early Missions of the Old Country and our own ! Even now Joseph Cook's enlarged theory of "the ESSENTIAL CHRIST," is supported largely by his observations in Foreign Fields.

5th, In Natural Sciences and Arts ; such as Botany and Zoology, Ethnology and Philology, Physiology and Medicine. Each of these would require a volume if I gave even a catalogue of details, such as the discovery of "Friar's Balsam," "Jesuits' Bark," etc., etc. I shall therefore close with a brief glimpse at one branch, viz., PHILOLOGY, from a recent article in "SCIENCE." It is the authoritative statement of a trusty Scientific Specialist :—

"The debt which the sciences of Ethnology and Linguistics owe to missionary labors has never been adequately acknowledged. The latest recognition of its value, though instructive, is still imperfect. Dr. E. N. Cust, in his monogram, "*Language as illustrated by Bible Translations*," (1886), gives a classified list of versions, arranged according to the various families of languages: from which it appears that, since the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1804, the missionaries of that Society and of similar associations in Great Britain, the United States, and other Protestant countries, have translated the Bible or portions of it into no less than 290 languages and dialects. Of these, 49 belong to Europe, 101 to Asia, 60 to Africa, 33 to America, and 41 to Oceanica. Adding the older versions (some of which have been republished under missionary supervision), we have a total of 324 translations in the catalogue of Dr. Cust. This, however, by no means exhausts the list. His plan excludes reference to the Roman Catholic versions, which are numerous—if not of the whole Bible, at least of portions of it. Eliot's Indian Bible, though mentioned (not quite accurately) in the text of the monogram, does not appear in the list. Nor is anything said of the vast number of Grammars, Dictionaries, and Vocabularies, or the versions of Catechisms and similar works—in many more languages than are included in his list—which we owe to those zealous laborers, of almost every Christian denomination. Dr. Cust's memoir will, however, be a most useful manual of reference for philologists. It is to be hoped that he will supplement it by an additional list, comprising those other missionary publications, which will be helpful to students. Prof. Max Muller has shown that the foundation of the science of Comparative Philology was laid in the great work of the Jesuit missionary Hervas, in his *Catalogue of Languages*, in six volumes, published in Spanish in 1800, and derived mainly

from the results of missionary researches. The distinguished philologist himself, and the other eminent philologists of our day—(a list which includes such names as F. Muller, Gerland, Latham, Farrar, Sayce, Hovelacque, Charencey, Whitney, Brinton, Trumbull, and others hardly less noted)—who have reared upon this basis such a noble superstructure, will be the first to admit that their work owes its extent and value chiefly to the materials supplied by the later efforts of those enlightened and indefatigable toilers, the Foreign Missionaries."

THE MACEDONIAN CRY.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER, 1810.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

By JOHN MCKAY, Esq., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)



THE state of Europe was peculiar in 1805-6. The first Bonaparte, by a series of the most bloody engagements, had beaten the Continental Nations in detail, and stood a recognized arbitrator of their destinies. Previous to this time, Great Britain had sometimes Russia, sometimes Prussia, and sometimes Austria, for her ally ; but the great battles of Marengo, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz and Jena, prostrated

those powers, and they were compelled to accept of peace upon the terms of declaring war against England;—and thus in 1806 all Europe was, by the famous “Berlin Decrees” of Napoleon, banded in deadly strife against England single-handed. The general impression at that time in England and elsewhere was, that the French army was invincible, and that the attempt to stay their Emperor from attaining to universal dominion was utterly hopeless. No doubt this was the opinion of Bonaparte himself, and his army, at the time. I well remember the intense excitement which was then almost universal, even in the remote Highlands of Scotland, against Bonaparte.

Preparations for an Invasion of England was then going forward on a large scale in France. Bonaparte collected an army of some 300,000 on the nearest points to England, while all the French harbors nearest the English Coast were filled with large boats, lighters and other crafts, intended to carry this army across the channel. The troops in the mean time were for two or three months daily exercised in embarking and disembarking into and out of those crafts, so as to learn to take the least possible time in landing on the opposite shore whenever the hour would come. While these preparations were being carried on in France, the people were not idle on the English side. The isle of Great Britain, from “Land’s End” in the South to “John o’ Groat’s” in the North, was turned into a vast military camp. Every person capable of bearing arms was armed, clothed and drilled. Every man was provided with three days’ provision and sixty rounds of “ball cartridge,” and was ready to start at an hour’s warning—day or night. Who can ever forget the grim enthusiasm that smouldered amongst us in those days; ever ready to burst into a fiery flame of patriotism; with its stern songs:—

“Ho! Bonaparte comes o’er the sea,
Threatens you and threatens me;
He’ll only lose his breath!
For let him come or let him send,
Our island is his journey’s end;
He never back again shall bend,
But quickly find his death!”

There were no telegraph lines in those days, but there were lines of signals on the highest mountains throughout the whole land. These signals could be seen from one another in the daytime. But these signal places were also provided with large quantities of combustible matter which was to be set on fire should the Invasion be effected in the night time. There were, however, two preliminaries which Bonaparte required to secure before he attempted a landing on English ground with any prospect

of success: the first was, two or three days of fine weather and fair wind; the second, a complete command of the channel for three or four days. The fair weather might be looked for in a reasonably short time, but the command of the channel was a very different matter.

Since the “battle of the Nile,” which was fought a short time before this, no ship of France dared venture out from the protection of their fortifications; and indeed they were not at all times safe even under the shadow of their Land Batteries. There was, however, a large number of French ships-of-war lying in different ports, which, if got together, would muster a squadron superior to anything the British could in a short time get together to oppose them; the British fleet being scattered in all parts. Bonaparte set himself about getting his ships together.

The ships in the Mediterranean ports were ordered to steal out and sail to the West India Islands, and (knowing that the British Squadron would follow them) the French were directed to return to Europe, join the French and Spanish fleets which were lying in Brest and Cadiz harbors; and the combination thus joined, amounting to upwards of forty ships of the line, was to sail immediately for the Channel and cover the embarkation and landing of the French troops on the shores of Kent.

The French fleet effected their escape out of the Mediterranean ports, sailed to the West Indies, with Nelson in chase. When he arrived at the West Indies the French had departed on their way back. Then, and not till then, did Nelson discover the *ruse*, and penetrate into the design of the enemy. From the West Indies he despatched fast sailing crafts with intelligence of these things to the British Government. One of these crafts outsailed the enemy, and the Government sent a fleet of fifteen line-of-battle ships under command of Sir Robert Calder to intercept them. Calder brought the French to action. The French had twenty-one ships-of-the-line, the English fifteen. Darkness put an end to the battle. Three of the French ships were taken and many disabled. They got into the French harbor, and joined a French fleet that was lying there, but did not come out during the battle, (although the disparity of the two squadrons was so great, and another French fleet was lying within hearing of the roar of cannon!) The English people were far from satisfied at the issue of the contest. Calder had to appear before a court-martial. Nevertheless the damage inflicted on the enemy’s fleet was the means of frustrating the design of an Invasion.

Before they were fit again for sea, Nelson was back. Bonaparte was enraged. His plans of Invasion were frustrated. The next time the French and Spanish fleets set out, (thirty-three ships-of-the-line,—a number of them “three-deckers,” one carrying 144 guns,) Nelson met them with twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, and brought them to action off Cape Trafalgar, and lost his own life, but destroyed all the enemy’s fleet; since which time (1805) there has been no battle fought at sea between the English and French. After this date England was the recognized Mistress of the Ocean, all the world over. In those years the British Sailor was everything, both at home and abroad. He was justly the pride of his own country, and the terror of its enemies. The British Soldier was at that time held in low estimation, at home and in other countries. The French affected to despise him; in fact, neither his own nor other countries knew what he could do. But after the battle of Trafalgar had swept all enemies from off the seas, the English Sailor had nothing to contend with or to show his prowess upon. The battle-field was changed, and the Red Coat was called into requisition instead of the Blue Jacket; and well has he sustained his ancient renown on many a bloody field. The French soldier had hitherto carried everything before him. He fought by turns the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Swede, Dane and Spaniard, and he was more than victorious over them all. With the English he had no encounter on land for a long time previous, but no doubt he believed himself invincible; and so in a great measure did the English people in general. The first encounter between the soldiers of the two nations, with any degree of equality, was in Egypt, four years before the time I am writing about. Bonaparte, after beating the Austrians and conquering Italy for France, carried his victorious legions to Egypt, with the view of founding an Eastern Empire.

After beating the Mamelukes and Turks in a number of battles, Bonaparte returned to France and left the army under the command of Kleber. The English, (then allied to the Turks), sent an expedition to Egypt under command of Abercrombie. The two armies were about equal in numbers, 11,000 each. The battle of “Alexandria” was fought; the French were beaten at every point, and the French army had shortly after to surrender. This victory raised the spirits of the British people, and confirmed the confidence of the soldier in himself. Some of the soldiers who fought in the battle of Alexandria were from our own neighborhood. I remember well of

one of them:—he came home wounded. How I used to listen to the tales of the battle, told to my father with all the minuteness of an eye-witness! How they were galled by the French until they got orders to charge bayonets; how the French then ran; and how Abercrombie was mortally wounded, and fell from his horse!—how a French trooper attempted to take Abercrombie prisoner, after the latter was wounded;—how a Highlander shot the said trooper with a ramrod,—he having spent all his balls previously;—and how the field looked after the battle was over!—the dead, the wounded, and the dying!

(To be continued.)

SAVING THE COLORS AT ISANDULA.

BY J. J. MACDONALD.



THE battle wild and fiercely raged;
Unequal war the English waged
Against the murderous Zulu,
Still they resolved they ne'er would
yield,
But die upon the bloody field
Of fatal Isandula.

Around them swarmed their savage foes,
And loud their yells of triumph rose,
The distant echoes waking,
For well they knew from that vast throng
Of wild barbarians—thousands strong—
That there was no escaping.

No fear was in their faces seen,
As with a bold, determined mien,
They shoulder stood to shoulder;
And each resolved he ne'er would fly;
But on the field of battle die
A true-born British soldier.

Ere long they saw that hope was gone;
From every hill and tree and stone
The bullets they were showering,
And with the deadly assagai
The Zulus fell on their array
In numbers overpowering.

The Colonel called two young men brave:
“This field will be our soldiers’ grave,”
He said with voice unshaken;
“I have a duty I must do;
Our colors I entrust to you,
For they must not be taken.

“They are too sacred in our eyes—
A great and ever-glorious prize,
That is well worth the saving;
I would not rest in yonder mould
If I believed its silver fold
Were o’er barbarians waving.

“Above our Twenty-fourth they waved
When wild and fierce the battle raged;
And ’mid the foemen swarming,
When whistling bullets showering fell,
Mid deadly grape and bursting shell,
The breastworks they were storming

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SCRIPTURE REFERENCES :

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- Y, a trade textile, Solomon from Egypt purchased then ;
 Z was a town where David dwelt with his six hundred men ;
 A kept the Ark in his own house for twenty lonely years ;
 B was adored at Gideon's death by graceless Israel's fears ;
 C, a good man, with Joshua went to spy the promised land ;
 D was a son of Rachel's maid, in Jacob's stately band. C. Y.

BETTER AND BETTER ; GO ON TO VICTORY.

ANSWERS FOR APRIL—M, Mordecai ; N, Naboth ; O, Othniel ; P, Pharaoh ; Q, Quails ; R, Rebecca.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)



My father's family shipped for America in the month of June, 1805, on board of a stout brig called the "Sir Sydney Smith," after the Admiral of that name, who made himself famous by his attacks on the French at various places, and especially by his successful defence of *Acre*, in Palestine, when that fortress was assaulted by Bonaparte and his army. She was a new vessel of about three hundred tons, owned by the McIvers of Stornoway ; John McKenzie, of *Bal-Loan*, master.

After taking in passengers at Gairloch, she lay about ten days at Stornoway, waiting for a Greenock vessel which was to take some of the passengers out. Stornoway was then, what I believe it still to be, a pretty, tidy, fashionable little town. In these respects the town contrasted wonderfully with the rest of Lewis Island. The seat of the McKenzies of "Seaforth," who then owned Lewis, is opposite the town, on the south side of a little bay. The Island of Lewis was afterwards purchased by Sir James Matheson, who, I am told, has erected one of the most gorgeous mansions of Scotland, on the grounds of the old "Seaforth" Castle. The McKenzie family, "Lords of Kintail and Seaforth," is now extinct ; direct heirs having failed in the male line.

After the Greenock brig had arrived, the

passengers being divided between the two vessels, we set sail,—our consort brig early in the morning, our own brig early in the night.

For fear of meeting with the French fleet, (which had escaped to the West Indies, as I said before, with Nelson in pursuit), the masters of the two vessels agreed to make the passage across the Atlantic on a more northern parallel of latitude. Hence, in place of making to the south of "Long Island" (as Lewis and its dependencies are called), the vessels sailed to the north, round the "Butt of Lewis." It blew hard during all that night, and for ten days after. I was a little sea-sick the first night—the only touch of sea-sickness I ever felt. All the women and children were sick ; the grown-up men were not. In fact the men were all of them accustomed to the sea. Some of them were as good sailors as any on board the brig. We sighted our consort the morning after leaving the harbour of Stornoway. She was off the "Flannel Islands ;" but we soon lost sight of her, the weather being thick and heavy. For a long, tedious, and dreary four weeks after this, meeting with nothing, nor seeing anything, save lots of "Mother Carey's chickens," and plenty of sea and sky, I believe many of the passengers took it into their noddles that the master knew not what he was about, and possibly that land could never be reached. I believe I heard some whisperings like this. My father, however, was of a different opinion. He understood the maps, and the captain would now and then shew him the track of the vessel pricked on the chart. Four weeks at sea, precisely, when we made up with our companion brig, and there was rejoicing on both sides. The two vessels sailed for two days side by side, and then came a storm, and the vessels separated. Six weeks out, and we got soundings on the banks of Newfoundland—plenty of codfish, more than enough of fog, and some cocktailed shallows quietly at anchor catching fish. In a day or two land was seen, to the no small delight of passengers and crew. The captain told them in the morning that if the breeze would continue, land would be seen before night. About one o'clock, p. m., he went up the rigging and instantly hailed the land. Many of the passengers could scarcely believe that the thing in sight was land,—it looked so much like a dark low bank of fog. The wind being that day pretty fair, the question of land was soon put beyond doubt. We could see the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, and a pilot boat coming out to meet us. Those of us who formerly had so little confidence in the captain's skill, became

now electrified with excitement. In their estimation, he was the greatest of all sea captains.

The brig put about before the pilot came near us, and lay southerly to clear Cape Race. We doubled the Cape before daylight next morning, and entered the Gulf of Lawrence. Here we were for some days beating against baffling winds, and we sighted Cape Breton. Here we got the best sailing wind since we left Lewis. The wind was fair, every stitch she had was set to the black brig, and they made nine knots an hour, (the best during the whole voyage). In the evening, right under the highlands of Cape North, we came up with our consort brig. She was lying there becalmed the whole day, having had not a breath of the breeze that brought us up. The two ships kept together after this until they dropped anchor within ten minutes of each other in the harbour of Pictou; *nine weeks* from the day we left Stornoway.

Nine weeks was a long voyage for a vessel in ballast. Nine knots was the most that vessel could make. She was a slow sailer compared with the "clipper ships" of later days. But I think there was something else besides being a slow sailer. It is clear, the two brigs were much the same in their sailing capacities. I remember it was the practice, I believe such practice was in those days the rule, (with the mercantile service of Great Britain, at all events), that at *sunset*, whether the weather was fine or foul—whether the wind was fair or otherwise—all studding sails, every stitch of canvass above the top-sails, would be taken *in*, and would remain furled until *sunrise* next morning: thus a great deal of headway was lost.

Considering the imperfection of nautical instruments in those days, it is remarkable with what exactness the calculations of this long voyage were kept. Chronometers were not then in use—and as far as my memory serves me, there was not one "Lunar observation" taken during the whole voyage. The captain must have depended wholly on his "dead reckoning" for the longitude; and yet he found soundings at the first trial on the banks of Newfoundland; and he foretold the sighting of the land some six or seven hours before he or anyone else could see it. I do not know what the practice is now, but at that time the "log line" was cast, once in every two hours.

We landed at Pictou, and encamped under canvass on a field (a little westward of the present town) belonging to *Squire Patterson*. With the exception of one family from Lewis,

all the passengers in the two vessels were from the Parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire; and they were all acquainted with each other before coming on board, and of course were deeply interested in each other's welfare.

We soon separated, however, some went up the West River, and settled on a tract of land, and named it "Gairloch," after their native parish. Those old settlers died long ago, but their descendants, McKenzies, McDonalds, McPhersons, etc., are numerous.

Some settled at Cariboo,—the McKenzies and the Urquharts. My father's family and my three sisters, married respectively to Donald Fraser, Murdoch Fraser, (both of Robertson's Lake), and Colin Fraser of Basin, came up the East River.

In 1805 there was nothing at Pictou that could with any propriety be called a town. There was one blacksmith shop, one tavern, and two or three small grocery shops. There was no church, no court house, no jail, but a small dingy old log house, which was known by the designation of "the Prison." Edward Mortimer had his establishment at what was then known as "Mortimer's Point," now "Norway House."

The men of note were Edward Mortimer, George Smith, Squire Patterson, Deacon Patterson, Pagan, Denoon, John Fraser (Collector), McGregor, Dawson (not the brothers James and Robert), Loudon, John McKay, (B. Smith), Hector McLean, David and James Patterson. These have passed away, and, with the exception of the Pattersons, I do not know that there is one now remaining to represent their names or inherit their fortunes in this vicinity.

(To be continued.)

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



ow firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid up for faith in His excellent
Word!
What more can He say than to you
He has said?
You, who to the Saviour for refuge
have fled.

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

If through the deep waters He cause thee to go,
The river of grief shall not thee overflow;
For He shall be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

If through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;

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St. Columba Kirk, Hopewell, N. S.

JULY



1887.

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. Y.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES:

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

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

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

ANSWERS FOR MAY. — S, Sapphira; T, Thomas; U, Uzzah; V, Vashti; W, Water; X, Xactly so.

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

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Messrs. McGregor, Ross and McCulloch

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

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

(To be continued.)

UNSELFISH LOVE, THE CHARM OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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tinued without interruption. And third, that the assembling of different classes and nationalities from surrounding villages at a return of the Pentecostal season gave them greater opportunities of diffusing the truth.

The first dissension in the Infant Church arose from the Grecian Jews complaining that their widows were neglected in not getting a fair share of the charities distributed by the Hebrew Jews residing in the city. The difficulty was wisely met and satisfactorily remedied by the appointment of seven Deacons to conduct the temporal affairs of the Church, and to assist in visiting and instructing the converts.

In answer to prayer, seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, properly fitted for the work, were all chosen from the Grecians, of whom Stephen, the proto-martyr, seems to have been the leading man. He became one of the most interesting and remarkable characters of the New Testament, although his deaconship was of short duration. He had eminent gifts, was a man of great controversial power, and became especially prominent and useful. Certain sects, inimical to Christ, disputed with Stephen; but not being able to resist his wisdom, and the spirit by which he maintained his doctrines, they resolved to get rid of him by making false accusations, and by suborning witnesses who would swear falsely, as they were told to do.

Stephen was arrested and brought before the Council, where false witnesses testified against him; and all looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. See Ex. 34 : 29, 30; and Luke 9 : 29.

And yet, as we shall see in the next chapter, he was condemned and stoned to death!

The process of appointing Deacons in the Infant Church was simple and scriptural.

1st. The Church selected them for their piety and wisdom; not for their wealth or influence.

2nd. Having been selected, they were presented to the Apostles.

3rd. They were dedicated to the office by prayer for God's grace and guidance.

4th. And then the Apostles laid their hands on them, and thus set them apart for their sacred and important work; which was especially to assist the Apostles in providing for the bodies and souls of the destitute, and in promptly performing the manifold services connected with the Infant Church, now mightily increasing day by day. C. Y.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES :

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- K was a city smitten by a man to win a wife ;
 L was the lawful husband of a Prophetess for life.
 M, though possessed by demons seven, Christ cured in Galilee ;
 N was a gallant Captain cured of dreary leprosy.
 O was King David's herdsman who had camels in his care ;
 P was a great Apostle, who would nobly die or dare.

ANSWERS FOR JUNE.—Y, Yarn ; Z, Ziklag ; A, Abinadab ; B, Baal-berith ; C, Caleb ; D, Dan.

DEAR CHILDREN,—We are glad you are doing so well. Your answers are examined every month and carefully marked down, along with your names; and all of you that go on doing your very best every time, may be sure of an honour at last. Just so in your life: God marks down all you do; and if you put your trust in Him and do the right till the end, you will win. "He that endures to the end shall be saved."

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)

IHAD been at no school before coming to America. The Parish school was more than ten miles distant from my father's house. There were two private schools in the Parish, but none of them nearer than ten miles. My brother Angus, who was about eight years older than I, was attending school for some years, and was a very good English scholar. The first of my schools was with a little Irishman named Patrick Dowling, who taught on Fraser's Mountain for a winter. With him I began reading and writing. He was a kind little fellow, and much liked by his pupils, who were all pretty well grown up. I do not know what became of him since. It was very difficult to get books or papers in those days. Dilworth's Spelling Book, Dilworth's Arithmetic, and the Bible, were the text books. I took great delight in reading, but it was not an easy matter to get hold of anything worth reading, besides these. I got hold somewhere of Buchanan's History of Scotland, and read

it with intense interest. That old Statesman's picture of poor Queen Mary made a painful impression on my youthful mind, which no after readings, however favorable to her, were ever able wholly to remove. Next winter I attended a school for a while kept by one Andrew Blair, where New Glasgow is now. The school was kept in a log-house, near where Charles Sutherland's house was afterwards built. This was certainly the first school that was ever kept in New Glasgow. Blair was a near relative of the Blairs on the west side of the river. He was a nice young man, and I liked him very much. I was then about fifteen years of age. My next school was kept at New Glasgow by the late James Crerar, Esq., of Merigomish. He was a good teacher, a good scholar, but very short-tempered. Nevertheless I made good progress in reading, writing, and especially in arithmetic. Mr. Crerar was himself a good arithmetician and mathematician, and delighted to impart his knowledge to all who wished to learn. My failing in this respect was, that I aimed at learning too much at once.

A year or two after this I attended a school at Irishtown, kept by Angus McPhie, a young man of excellent parts, and a first-rate teacher. Of all the schools I ever attended, Mr. McPhie's was my favorite. He was a relative of the McPhies of Barney's River, and I think his people resided at Cape George. I was warmly attached to this young man. I could never learn what became of him after he left here. Some years after this I attended school at Halifax, both at the Free School (National) taught by Mr. Wells, and at the Acadian School, taught by Mr. Bromley:—the first, on the Madras system, (Dr. Bell's); the second, on the Lancasterian system.

Although I had to work very hard at home, (my father being an old man, beginning on a new farm, and I the only son stopping with him), nevertheless I studied hard during the intervals of schooling. Books were scarce and money not easily got by the like of me; yet I managed to get some good books some way. From the late Rev. Dr. McGregor I borrowed many books; among the rest an Encyclopedia, in two large volumes. I read it all, and mastered a good deal of it, and made it my own. Any books that would be of service to me, if the Doctor had them, were at my disposal. I cannot look back, even at this distant period, (1868), without expressing the deepest gratitude for the many acts of kindness and attention shewed me by that venerable clergyman; and it is the more fitting that the remembrance of Dr. McGregor's kindness to me in years

long passed away should come fresh to my memory just now, seeing that I have this day attended the funeral of his youngest son by his first marriage.

I said that the History of Scotland by Buchanan was about the first of my readings. I afterwards read Robertson's Histories of Scotland, of Charles the Fifth, and of America. I read Hume's, Smollet's, and Ashburton's Histories of England, and latterly Macaulay's. I read Russell's and Allison's Histories of Europe, and the Lives of many Statesmen and Warriors,—each embracing much of the history of their respective times. I read Histories of Greece and of Rome, besides Rollin, Mosheim, and Josephus. I read Histories of France, of Russia, and of the Scandinavian nations, and of all the voyages and travels I could get hold of. I read all of Guthrie's Geography, (a large work containing sketches and statistics of every country of the world then known,) in three months, and studied the charts, so that I understood the position of all the main-lands and islands on the globe. I read Reid, Stewart and Brown on Moral Philosophy, with much advantage; and of all the Physical Sciences I learned a good deal, except Botany and Phrenology. I acquired such general knowledge of these things as to enable me to speak intelligently of any of them; and this knowledge was attained before I was thirty years of age. My acquaintance with the laws of motion among the Heavenly Bodies enabled me to understand the nature of the calculations of Astronomy. I could (and did) calculate Eclipses of the Sun and Moon; and I understood Navigation, with the methods of finding the Longitude at sea and on land. I taught school for eight years; four on McLennan's Mountain and four at New Glasgow. Those years spent on McLennan's Mountain were in many respects the happiest of my life. I was then between twenty and twenty-five years old; entirely my own master; no other care or trouble; every spare hour in the woods with my gun, or at Sutherland's River with the fishing rod. Finer men than the first inhabitants of McLennan's Mountain could not be found anywhere. Of the strictest integrity and greatest moral worth were those old mountaineers, and their words were surer than the bonds of the average men of the present generation. How fondly I look back on those joyous times, and on those grey-headed patriots!

About A. D. 1815, Religious questions began to disturb the community, principally denominational questions. The original inhabitants were mainly from the Highlands of Scotland, and belonged to the Established Church. Very

little was known at that time here of the sectarian distinctions which were then beginning to obtain in Scotland. Rev. Mr. McGregor, the first Minister of Pictou, belonged to the Body then known there as *Seceders*; but being a good man and earnest preacher, no exception was taken to him on that account. Indeed, the distinction was scarcely intelligible to them. The only Minister of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia, at the time referred to, was Dr. Brown of St. Matthew's, Halifax; and it does not appear that he troubled himself much about his fellow-religionists elsewhere.

About 1801, a large influx of emigrants arrived from home,—chiefly from the Highlands of Inverness and Sutherland shires. These knew more of the sectarianism of the old country, and the religious questions which were agitating the people there. Disputes arose, and sermons were preached from particular texts of Scripture:—parties were formed, and the Established Church of Scotland denounced in no measured terms from the pulpits. I began to take part in these disputes. My father was a staunch Kirkman, and of course I was one. No doubt a large amount of uncharitableness existed on both sides.

The first clergyman of the Church of Scotland that preached here was Mr. Fletcher, a young man who called at Pictou on his way to Canada. I was then a young man, but the impression on my mind to this day is, that he was the most impressive preacher I have ever heard. He was so different in his manner from the formal, stiff preaching we were accustomed to, that the impression he made on his hearers continued, on most, probably during life. He preached for four Sabbaths in this county: once in a tent on the Intervale near where the Albion Mines foundry is now; once at East Branch; once at West Branch; and once at Mount Thom. And considering the sparse population of the county then, he was followed by an immense number of hearers. The last sermon he preached here was at Mount Thom. The people of McLennan's Mountain—(myself among them)—went all the way there to hear him. It was nothing to walk ten or fifteen miles to hear a sermon in those days!

Such popularity gave great offence to our resident clergymen. Mr. McGregor first tried to get Mr. Fletcher to join his own Body; and this being declined by the young man, every means was used to annoy him. He was literally persecuted during his short stay; the most unworthy methods being resorted to with the view of injuring his character. The day on which Mr. Fletcher preached at Squire

McKay's Intervale, Mr. McGregor was from home; but Mr. McCulloch vacated his own church at Pictou and preached in Mr. McGregor's church to prevent the people going to hear Mr. Fletcher. The people, nevertheless, did go to hear him, and left Mr. McCulloch to preach to almost empty seats. Fifteen, it was said, were all the audience he had left. There was much bitterness and strife in those days; the alienation became wider and wider, until at last the parties separated and assumed their distinctive names of Kirk and Antiburgher.

About the year 1818 Rev. Donald A. Fraser arrived in Pictou and became the Kirk Minister of McLennan's Mountain and New Glasgow, with a salary of, *nominally*, £150, *but illy paid*; not twenty pounds in the year, in cash. I know this to be true, for I then took an interest, in earnest, in Church matters. Squire Fraser and myself had the charge of the New Glasgow part of the stipend (£75), and many an anxious day and hour did we spend in making out that sum out of "receipts," "orders," "entries" on merchants' books, etc., *but few or no "cash" payments!*

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

THORNHILL, DUMFRIESSHIRE, 1887.

DEAR MR. MELVILLE,—We had a very busy day of it on 21st June, celebrating the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. An outline of what was done in the Parish of Morton may be taken as representative of almost every Parish in Scotland. The celebration was properly introduced by a religious service in the Parish Church, conducted by our respected Minister, Rev. Mr. Oswald, who had a very busy day of it. The service in the Church lasted about an hour; and as the Sabbath School children retired, they were all presented with a *Medal* in commemoration of the Jubilee. After this Mr. Oswald went to the Poorhouse and presided at a dinner provided for the inmates by Mrs. Dickson, a very worthy lady of the Parish. Afterwards he came into Thornhill and married a very worthy friend of mine, Mr. Allan (Architect to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch on the Drumlanrig Estates,) to a very amiable young lady, whose father hails from Dundee. I hope they may both be spared to see their Jubilee wedding-day; but I need hardly say, "May I be there to see!" After this, all the children of the Parish met at the schoolhouse, to the number of SIX HUNDRED, and marched

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400 per cent. There has also been an enormous increase in the value of its fisheries. In 1836 these were valued at \$895,000, and in 1885 they were estimated at \$9,000,000,—an increase of 1,000 per cent. The bank note circulation in the province was under \$400,000 in 1836, while last year it exceeded \$5,000,000. With its progress otherwise the cause of education has not been neglected in the province. A return of 1832 shows that then it had 420 schools, attended by 11,771 scholars, or 9 per cent. of the population, while the statistics of last year show that then there were 105,400 pupils attending school, comprising nearly 25 per cent. of the population. These figures best testify regarding the present flourishing condition of Nova Scotia, and augur well for its future prosperity.—*Scientific American*.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—We regret to learn of the death of Col. J. M. Gray, C. M. G., of Charlottetown, which sad event took place on Tuesday. The deceased was a native of that place, and was highly esteemed. In 1863, he was Premier of P. E. Island, but two years later, out of differences arising about Confederation, of which he was an ardent supporter, he resigned his seat in the Conservative Government, and was succeeded by the late Hon. J. C. Pope. Some years ago, Her Majesty, in recognition of his eminent services to the Crown, conferred upon him the decoration of a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was a devout member of St. James' Kirk, which will greatly miss his services. Colonel Gray leaves a large family. His third daughter is married to Mr. H. S. Poole, Manager of the Acadia Coal Coy, Stellarton.

ORWELL, P. E. I.—Rev. D. B. McLeod was inducted into the pastorate of Orwell Head Church, P. E. Island, July 28th. The congregation seemed deeply interested in the proceedings. The congregation, though not large, is compact. The people are mostly industrious and prosperous farmers. The land is well cultivated, the farms are free of debt, and few agricultural districts on the Island are making more rapid progress than Orwell.

The prospectus of the St. Paul's Institute, a charitable educational and missionary institution about to be established in Tarsus, the birth-place of the Apostle Paul, has been issued. Tarsus is situated in the Province of Cilicia, in Asia Minor, at present one of the Provinces of the Turkish Empire, and has a population of about 20,000. It will be undenominational, yet thoroughly religious and evangelical.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)

THE LATE REV. DONALD ALLAN FRASER was a very talented man and a thorough gentleman; but although a good preacher, yet nothing like Fletcher. We were all much disappointed at first at Mr. Fraser's preaching; for we really thought every Minister of the Church of Scotland was like Fletcher, or should be so. Mr. Fraser, nevertheless, was a most excellent person. No Minister since his day has gained the affections of his people like him; nor is it likely that any will. He and his amiable wife pitched their tent in the wilderness, dwelling for many years in a rough log shantie and made it the cheerful and welcome resting-place of all comers. Oh! how many happy hours I have spent with the joyous inmates of that log house.

The interests of a growing family and the smallness of the stipends induced Mr. and Mrs. Fraser to leave Pictou, and go, first to Lunenburg, and then to St. John's, Newfoundland,—at which latter place Mr. Fraser died.

I said that he was a talented man. Some years after his being settled in this County, his talents were called into requisition in a way not palatable to his taste, nor congenial to his feelings. The bitterness of party strife was at its height when he arrived here, and the clergymen that were here before looked on him as an intruder on a domain that was exclusively their own. The late Rev. Dr. McCulloch was the bitterest, and by far the cleverest of these.

The Doctor was considered to be the ablest controversial writer in the Colony. He had published, along with various other papers, two large books on Popery, and he was also at the head of Pictou Academy,—an Institution which stood high in reputation then, and continued to do so as long as the Doctor was Principal of it.

In an unfortunate hour for the Doctor's own reputation, without the smallest provocation he made a wanton and very intemperate attack on Mr. Fraser's character in a long article published in the *Acadian Recorder* newspaper. Mr. Fraser could not get over replying, but he evidently shrank from the encounter. He prepared a paper in reply, but submitted its contents to Squire Fraser and myself before it was sent to the publisher. We condemned the article *in toto*, and made him burn it before our eyes, for it was far too soft. We gave him

hints as to the kind of thing that was wanted. In two or three days he showed us another paper. This he published in the *Pictou Observer*, and it placed him at once at the head of our Provincial writers. After an interchange of seven or eight letters,—Mr. Fraser rising at every renewed effort,—the Doctor had to retire from the contest. He never again appeared in public controversy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser were greatly loved and respected by all the Kirk people. He was the first Minister of the Scotch Establishment who settled here, and soon fixed himself firmly in the affections of the Highlanders by his sociable and gentlemanly manners. The lamentations of these people were deep and loud when he left them.

By this time (1840) there had arrived other Ministers of the Kirk in the County of Pictou: Rev. K. J. McKenzie in the town of Pictou; Rev. John McRae at East and West Branches; Rev. Dougald McKichan at Barney's River, and others; all excellent men and good preachers. Rev. John Stuart succeeded Mr. Fraser as Minister of New Glasgow. In twenty-three years, from 1819 to 1842, the Church of Scotland in this Province and P. E. Island increased from one clergyman to twenty-six, presiding over as many congregations. At a meeting of Synod for 1842, there were twenty-six ordained clergymen present. The adherents of the Kirk in this Province and P. E. Island would not be less than 45,000 souls.

It was at this time, when the Church was in the highest prosperity, with the brightest prospects of enlargement before it, that the unhappy *Disruption* fell upon it and apparently endangered its very existence. It would be unprofitable now to enlarge upon the reasons which led to that lamentable crisis. They are matters of history. The cry raised was a popular cry, but the object of some of the leaders was clerical aggrandizement, such as no civilized government could grant with safety. The leaders in the movement were men of eminence and talents, but they allowed their impulses to control their judgment; therefore they succeeded, not in gaining the object in view, but only in splitting the Church. The effect of the Disruption was most disastrous to the Church here.—Most of the Clergymen, with a large number of the people, went over to the "Free Church;" and others of the Clergymen—(no less than six from the County of Pictou)—returned to Scotland to take charge there of congregations (or rather Parishes) left vacant by the secession. The late Rev. Dr. McGillivray of McLennan's Mountain, and Rev. Mr. Martin of Halifax, were the only Clergymen

that remained loyally with us,—the Rev. Mr. Scott of Halifax standing neutral at the time.

These were dark and gloomy days! We were bewildered! No man scarcely knew what to do, or whom to place confidence in, or ask for advice. Old ties of friendship were broken up; the peace of families was destroyed, and strife and bad blood were rife far and near!

The Minister of New Glasgow congregation, Rev. John Stuart, went over to the "Free Church," with about the half of the congregation. Doctor Forrest, Squire Fraser, (who returned to us in the course of the year), John Cameron, Esq., John Grant, Esq., and others, followed the Minister. The Minister was in possession of Church and Manse. There were nevertheless some sterling fellows who adhered to the old Church. Alas, most of them have passed away! Simon McKay, Neil McKay, Esq., Duncan Murray, Simon Fraser (blacksmith), Donald McDonald (tailor), Alexander Douglass,—grand men and true, all of them!

A combination of various circumstances placed me in the front rank of the contending parties of those times. Perhaps I had as much influence with the Kirk people in those days as any other person in the Province. Our Clergymen had deserted us in the hour of our utmost need, except the Rev. Mr. McGillivray; and he, although a good man, was not fitted for contention. He shrank from it, and had almost prepared himself to leave us more than once, and to follow his brethren who went home. We prevailed on him to remain with us; and thus we were able to keep our congregations together,—Mr. McGillivray itinerating and preaching from Church to Church for more than two years. No help could be got from the Church at home. There the Disruption was in some things more disastrous in its consequences than here. It emptied the pulpits of many of its best preachers and greatest ornaments, and deprived it of almost the entire staff of its Probationers. Notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances, we did not lose heart altogether. The first shock was the most stupefying! After using peaceable arguments unsuccessfully with Mr. Stuart to quit the Church and Manse, we at last ejected him by a suit in the Supreme Court,—a suit which cost him £100. We were quite sorry for it, but the blame was entirely his own.

When we got possession of the Church and Church property, I opened a correspondence with the Colonial Committee of the Church at home. It was through this correspondence, and largely on my own representation, that the Deputations from the Kirk visited this country: First, Dr. Simpson, Dr. McLeod of *Morven*,

an! Dr. Norman McLeod; *Second*, Dr. Fowler, Dr. McIntosh, and Mr. Stevenson, Duleny; and *Third*, Dr. Richie and Mr. Sutherland of Dingwall. These were all great and good men. We will not see their like again!

These Deputations did a vast amount of good both here and elsewhere. They strengthened our hands, cheered our hearts, encouraged us on the way, and completely refuted the open charges and private insinuations of the Dis-senters, declaiming against the *Moderatism* of the Church of Scotland.

It seems but of yesterday since they were among us, and we were enjoying their company and listening to their teaching; nevertheless four of the members composing those Deputations have already (in 1868) passed into the better world, namely, Dr. Simpson, Dr. McIntosh, Dr. Fowler, and Mr. Sutherland.

(To be continued.)

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



M Y GOD, my FATHER, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy Will be done."

Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
"Thy Will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy Will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—tho' ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
"Thy Will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy Will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy Will be done."

GOD DID THE BEST.

The following beautiful lines were sent to a mother who had just laid one of her cherished ones in the grave. Perhaps they may speak words of comfort to other hearts as they did to the one who received them from the unknown author:—

Mother, I see you with your light,
Leading your babies all in white
To their sweet rest;
CHRIST, the Good Shepherd, has mine to-night,
And that is best!

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine
Their hands in yours, with curls that shine
On your warm breast;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine,
He can love best!

You tremble each hour, because your arms
Are weak; your heart is sad with alarms,
And sore oppress;
My darlings are safe out of reach of harms,
And that is best!

You know over yours may hang, even now,
Pain and disease, whose progress slow
Naught can arrest;
Mine in GOD's garden run to and fro,
And that is best!

You know that of yours the feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;
Mine are cherished around GOD's throne,
And that is best!

You dread for yours the sin that sears,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on endless years;
Oh, much the best!

But grief is selfish, and I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be,
More than the rest;
But I know that as well as for them, for me,
God did the best. —Herald.

"If they persecuted Me, they will also persecute you."

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his race,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil,
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built,
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim,
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.

*But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run;
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.*

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow,
They shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine.
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.

*To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored—
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.*

Plod in thy cave, gray anchorite,
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.

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The words of sharp reproof uttered by Peter evidently made a deep impression on Simon's mind; when he humbly asked Peter to pray for him, and that none of these things spoken might come upon him. But here he disappears from Sacred Scripture.

(16.) SAUL'S CONVERSION; Acts 9: 1-8,

Marks an epoch in the history of the Infant Church. Saul, from a bitter foe, becomes the most powerful defender of the Christian faith, and its most successful Missionary. Not one of all the Apostles made such a deep and lasting impression as he.

The first mention made of him was in connection with the death of Stephen (ch. 7: 58.) He was of Jewish parentage, but born in a Gentile city called Tarsus, in the province of Cilicia, in Asia Minor. He was therefore a Roman citizen, and thus "free-born." (See in Acts 16: 37, 38; and 22: 25-28.) Saul was educated at Jerusalem, was a pupil of Gamaliel's, (22: 3), was highly educated in the learning of that day, and had very extensive knowledge in Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

With such talents, natural and acquired, he was a leading persecutor of the early Christians, (8: 1, 3). He obtained from the High Priest, about a year after Stephen's death, letters to go to Damascus to extend persecutions against Christians in that city, which was one of the most ancient in the world. See Genesis 14: 15. It was once the metropolis of all Syria, and was about fifty miles east of the Mediterranean Sea, with lofty mountains intervening. It contains even now 100,000 inhabitants, and is famous for its silks and linens, (known first by the name of Damasks), and also for its Damascene swords or blades, so tempered as to be twisted round the hand like a cord.

While Saul journeyed and came near to Damascus, he was most singularly arrested, for suddenly there shone round about him a light from heaven. He fell to the earth, and, hearing an accusing voice, he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" The immediate answer was, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." He then, trembling and astonished, cried, "LORD, what wilt thou have me to do?" He was told to proceed to the city and he would be instructed. He was led by the hand (being quite blinded by the vision), with the men that accompanied him, into Damascus.

Saul must have been on foot, although we have seen paintings and engravings of this miraculous event, even in Bibles, representing him and his companions on horseback. Poets, painters and engravers sometimes give wide

scope to their imagination. They are not generally to be relied on as correct theologians.

Saul received this as a heavenly call, and manifested complete submission. His surrender was the turning-point of his life. He, the most unlikely subject of grace, became a truly zealous and earnest Christian. Thus Saul, the chief of sinners, became the chiefest of the Apostles, after he had received his sight, was baptized, and filled with the Holy Spirit.

C. Y.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES:

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- W were the well-trained men whose business was to fight;
 'X beheaded John the Baptist, it may be with rude delight;
 Y was broken from our neck, to make us free and yet upright;
 Z had sons that followed Jesus, serving Him with all their might;
 A was Ancestor of Saul, and was a mighty man of power;
 B was built of brick and slime into a very lofty tower.

ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.—K, Kirjath-Sepher; L, Lapidoth; M, Mary Magdalene; N, Naaman; O, Obil; P, Paul.

Blessed are they that endure faithfully to the end!

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)

SIXTY years have effected marvellous changes! The whole face of the country is changed. In place of the four log Churches, there are now over forty! each of which will accommodate from 500 to 900 sitters, on an average. I can count *nine* Churches from the window of my room; none of them more than *two* miles distant. The old canoes are replaced by a steamer which runs twice a day between New Glasgow and Pictou. In place of the mails coming monthly in a bag on a man's back, we have our mails delivered *twice a day* from Halifax. The travelling, which then took *three days* between the two places, is now performed in *four or five hours*; and the *one saddle* of Donald McLennan is succeeded by *hundreds of four-wheeled carriages*, each of which may

cost from £20 to £60. The price of one of them would buy a good farm in those days.—And the state of society, both in its moral and religious aspects, has undergone as marvellous a change as that of the physical features of the country.

The first inhabitants have passed away, and with them has also passed away much of the sterling honesty, simple straightforwardness, hospitality, and intense devotedness to religious matters. At one time I knew almost all the people, old and young, in the County of Pictou; I am now a stranger to many in my own immediate neighborhood.

In the month of July last I and Norman drove out on the Sabbath to the "Sacrament," dispensed on that day at McLennan's Mountain. It was a beautiful day, the great sun shining in all its glory, while its heat was in no way oppressive. We had abundance of time on our hands; and we drove, not the shortest road, but the long way by the "Marsh" and over the east end of the Mountains—a road I have travelled on hundreds of times "in life's morning march"—the road that "Tailor McDonald" and the "Marsh" people used to take in going to Church, long, long ago. I expected to have met with some of the faces well known to me in the "olden times." No, not one! Those were all dead. Even the old trees were all gone. The people that now met me were the grandchildren of those who went this way to Church forty years ago. I asked a young man who met me, "Do you know me?" The answer was "No." I told my name. "Oh," says the young man, "I think when a child I heard my father talking about you." His late father was one of my scholars when I taught school at McLennan's Mountain. In such circumstances, how forcibly does the exclamation of the Psalmist, "Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?" come home to our feelings! or the profound saying of Job, "I would not live away." Our Bibles explain the great mystery of man's childhood, manhood, decay and death. The present life is but the initiatory part of our existence. There is another and a better life coming. Oh, that we were wise, and would secure to ourselves a sure entrance into it, by laying hold, through faith, love, and obedience, on the all-sufficient grace and truth of JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD!

About that time the younger Pitt was Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the Opposition was led by the celebrated Charles James Fox. There were Giants in the land in those days; as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Henry Erskine, and others. It is doubtful whether English history can show such a galaxy of great men

before or after. Party spirit ran high. George the Third was becoming an old man, and he heartily hated the Whigs. The Prince of Wales—(afterwards George the Fourth)—led a loose life and gave all his influence to the Whigs, both in private and in public. The nation was engaged in a bloody and expensive war, which lasted for a period of twenty-one years. This great war commenced in the year I was born (1794), and lasted with various phases until the great battle of Waterloo in 1815. The country was much divided in opinion with respect to the wisdom of continuing the war. Latterly, however, when the victories of Wellington, following one another in rapid succession, resounded through the land, the war became mightily popular with the bulk of the people; and consequently the Opposition to the Government had to take up some other popular cry, such as "Reform in Parliament," and "Catholic Emancipation." King George the Third was a good man, and his moral influence was great; but his brain gave way about that time, and he became insane.

The Opposition strove to have the Prince of Wales appointed Regent, but Pitt successfully resisted the attempt, and kept the appointment back for three years; that is, until his physicians declared, in their report to the Government, "that the old King's disease was past all reasonable hope of recovery." Then the Prince of Wales became "Prince Regent," and continued so until the death of his father, on which event he became "King George the Fourth." It was during this Regency that Great Britain attained to the highest point of influence with other nations that she had ever attained. Great Britain was recognized by all to be the foremost power in the world. Her long conflict with the first Napoleon was often single-handed, and that, too, when at times the other nations of Europe were all banded against her. Her fleet swept the seas under Nelson, and cleared it of all enemies, and her land forces under Wellington were victorious in every field they fought. It is doubtful indeed whether Great Britain holds as high a position comparatively to-day (1868) as she deservedly did in 1815. Her policy has been of late years not to interfere much in European politics. Secured by her insular position from foreign invasion, she pays all attention to her Colonial possessions, especially in India, and the only Power from which she anticipates any trouble in that quarter is Russia. It was her jealousy of Russia that led to the Crimean war,—a war which gained her little renown, although her soldiers fought with their ancient power and might, at Alma, Balaclava and Inkermann. Yet

they somehow mismanaged in attacking the "Redan," while the French were successful in carrying the "Malakhoff." So the French got the praise. Russia, however, sustained a greater defeat than the loss of her fleet and of her immense army. The character of good soldiers which her troops had gained in the campaigns against the first Napoleon, was entirely lost. Even in defending her own soil, the Russian soldiers could not stand against an equal number of either French or English. At Alma the Russians were beaten at all points by an army much smaller than their own, although the Allies were the assailants; and at Inkermann seven or eight thousand British soldiers held the fort victoriously against the furious efforts of forty thousand Russian soldiers. The effect of these disastrous defeats on the mind of the Russian Emperor, the Czar Nicholas, was such, that he sickened and died in a few days after.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE REV. W. FLETCHER.

REV. AND DEAR EDITOR,—Allow me to add another item to Squire McKay's very excellent REMINISCENCES of the late Rev. William Fletcher. The Gaelic people of Merigomish invited him to preach for them, and gained his consent. The Rev. Mr. Patrick of Merigomish asked Mr. Samuel Cameron and Mr. Alexander Forbes about it, and finding that it was so, he said: "Let him not preach in the open air. While I have a pulpit he is welcome to preach in it. It would be ungodly in me to keep you from hearing the gospel in Gaelic, when I cannot preach in Gaelic myself. Let me know when he is to come, and I will give it out from the pulpit." This was done; and on the next Sabbath Rev. Mr. Patrick announced from the pulpit as follows: "I have great news for you. A Gaelic Minister right out from Scotland is to preach here next Lord's day, D. V. I ask you to send the news far and wide to all Gaelic people. Tell them to come that they may hear what they may remember with joy throughout the endless ages of eternity." Next morning, just after breakfast, Mr. Patrick was at my father's door asking to be put across the harbor to spread the news of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher's coming. A great congregation assembled accordingly on the Sabbath, and heard with intense delight and emotion, never to be forgotten, the fervent preaching of the gospel of salvation in their

native language, by the Rev. Wm. Fletcher. The memory of that day is dear and sacred by tradition in Merigomish till this day. It came like a "sunny blink" from heaven to many humbled souls. I am glad to be able to add this item to the reminiscences of those early times.

I am yours, sincerely,

FINLAY CAMPBELL.

Merigomish, N. S., Sept., 1887.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

WATERSIDE, THORNHILL,

August, 1887.

DEAR MR. MELVILLE,—I send you a copy of the "SCHOOLS and SCHOOLMASTERS of the Parish of AUCHTERHOUSE for the last two hundred years." I should like very much if you would give them a note in your Magazine. I do not think there will be many, if any in your district, that know about that old Parish, excepting yourself; but in your Student days you knew it well. We have explored the Seidlaw Hills together, and on looking down from the White Tap of "Kilburnie," we thought we never saw a scene so fair as the wild moorland, sylvan, and pastoral Parishes of Auchterhouse and Lundie. The writer is Mr. John Robertson, F. E. I. S., now the Parish Schoolmaster; and I think he has given us a very faithful outline. Two hundred years of schoolmasters' work, one would think, might almost extend to the "Crack of Doom," but my friend Mr. Robertson has made a good history of them. "The Dominies" were a wonderfully good lot, in regular succession, but when the side views turn up they are often queer. Some of them get the coals laid pretty heavy on their heads; I suppose deservedly so. You may be surprised at the youth of Scotland being taught, and school-houses managed, in such a primitive way, where "Divots" were cast at so much to cover the schoolhouse,

"But strapping chiels and clever hizzles
Were reared in sic a way as this is!"

Mr. Robertson is worthy of hearty thanks for his research; and with a new winter coming, if he could find leisure to sketch in the same way "THE MINISTERS OF THE PARISH" for the same time, I am sure you, as one, would vote "AYE."

With kind regards, I am, etc.,

DAVID CLARK.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We find this a truly interesting pamphlet.

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In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

EDITED BY THE REV. P. MELVILLE, A.M., B.D.,
ST. COLUMBA KIRK, HOPEWELL, N. S.

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1887.

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(18.) PETER WORKING MIRACLES: Acts 9: 32-43.

This chapter concludes the first eight years of the Infant Church, from the day of Pentecost (A. D. 29) to the resurrection of Dorcas (A. D. 37.) The Gospel, up to this period, was preached to the Jews only, not a Gentile having been called before Cornelius. See chap. 10. Salvation was of the Jews; from which nation came the Lord Jesus Christ. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not," John 1: 11. The Jews rejected Christ and crucified Him, and, after eight years had elapsed, the Apostles, by command, turned to the Gentiles. See Luke 2: 32, and Acts 26: 23.

Among the Gentiles the Infant Church was soon established. The Reprobate nations became the Elect, and the Elect nation turned Reprobate! Here we see God's goodness as well as His severity. See Romans 11: 22.

The Christian can only stand by faith and grace, and must not be high-minded, but fear.

While Peter was visiting the Churches and building them up on their most holy faith, he doubtless performed many miracles in the name of Jesus Christ, (for he had no power in himself other than what was given to him from above); and two of these miracles are set forth in the concluding part of this interesting chapter: one, the healing of Æneas at Lydda; and the other, the raising of Dorcas or Tabitha from death unto life, at Joppa.

Lydda was a town nine miles east of Joppa, on the road between that port and Jerusalem. Joppa was a very ancient sea-port town on the coast of Palestine, and was situate about forty miles northwest of Jerusalem. Recent travellers describe Joppa as having about four thousand inhabitants, who make and export large quantities of soap, used in the baths of Cairo and Damascus. Excellent fruits also, especially water melons, are extensively raised here, in orchards and gardens, (the soil being sandy and fertile, as well as in other parts of the plain of Sharon, and shipped to various places on the Mediterranean and elsewhere. It is now of such importance that a British Consul is stationed there. Travellers to the Holy Land arrive in steamers at Joppa, and proceed by the railway—recently built—to Jerusalem.

The miracles performed by Peter were the means of confirming and increasing the converts of the Infant Church.

The Apostle dwelt some time with Simon, a tanner, preaching and establishing the saints at Joppa, until summoned by Cornelius to go to *Cæsarea*. See chapter 10: 23. C. Y.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES:

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- C was king David's second son by birth of Abigail;
 D was a famous female Judge, the first in Israel.
 E was the head of Reuben's tribe, with Moses, brave for fight;
 F was a passion, timorous, he felt not day nor night.
 G was one weaned in Pharaoh's house, and bred among his sons;
 H was his sire, an Edomite, 'gainst Solomon who runs.

ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.—Q, Quaternions; R, Rahab; S, Samuel; T, Thomas; U, Uriah; V, Vengeance.

WELL DONE, good children who always answer well! Do your best now! Only another number this year.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Concluded.)

DURING my remembrances there reigned three Kings and a Queen over Great Britain: George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. The first and last had long and prosperous reigns. George IV. and William (two brothers) had short reigns. They were both old men when they came to the throne. During the same period there have been sixteen Prime Ministers. Of these, Lord Liverpool held office the longest, and Percival the shortest. He was shot in the lobby of the House of Parliament by an insane person. There were also, during the same period, thirteen Governors who consecutively ruled over this Province of Nova Scotia, namely: Wentworth, Provoste, Sherbrooke, Dalhousie, Kempt, Maitland, Campbell, Falkland, Harvey, LeMarchant, Normanby, Williams, and Doyle. Ten of these were Generals in the Army. Six of them served under the Great Duke, and gained honors in Spain, Portugal, and at Waterloo. I have seen them all, and remember them well.

The progress recently made in civilization and science is truly astonishing. Sixty years ago the science of Geology was not known. Neither was Meteorology or Mineralogy. Steam power was undeveloped, and, although Elec-

tricity was known, it was only known as one of the most destructive powers of nature. It is only within comparatively a few years that men began to apply Electricity to any useful purpose. The utilization of Steam and of the Electric Telegraph have changed the whole aspect, not only of the commercial but also of the political world. Nor is the progress made in Morality and Religion during the same period much less marked than that in Science and Civilization.

At the time I was born there were no Missionary Societies, except at London and at Rome; no Bible or Tract Societies; and no Societies for educating the Poor, at home or abroad, except Sunday Schools just begun by Robert Raikes in 1781. Now there are Missionaries preaching the everlasting Gospel in every part, and almost in every language in the world. And wherever the Gospel goes, civilization follows. It is quite true that the large majority of mankind are still in a state of barbarism and heathenism. Nevertheless a mighty *beginning* has been made. In some places, formerly in utter barbarism, thousands and thousands have been converted to Christianity, and *everywhere* some progress has been made. And who can venture to predict or estimate the happy changes which the next period of seventy-five years will effect?

Although my education has been very limited, (confined entirely to the English language), yet, from my class studies in my younger days and constant reading since, I acquired such knowledge of the Physical Sciences as to enable me to understand and appreciate the progress of modern discoveries, and in a measure to keep pace with them.

My firm opinion is, that man is as yet acquainted with but a small part of the latent powers of Nature, all of which will hereafter be discovered as the exigencies of man require them, and be utilized by him for his own purposes, just as Steam and Electricity have been. The GREAT CREATOR having stored the earth, the sea and the atmosphere with such treasures as man requires for the performance of his mission in this world, and just as he requires them, GOD will raise up some one to discover and utilize them. It is hardly correct to term these things "discoveries;" they are truly "revelations."

P.S.—July, 1873. I am an old man, about eighty years of age. I have great reason to thank GOD that my bodily senses, except my hearing, are still unimpaired, and the faculties of my mind are quite vigorous. I can execute the business of my office with as clear an un-

derstanding as ever I could, and my judgment on things and events are sounder than ever before. If it were the good will of my Heavenly Father, I would not wish to outlive my bodily senses and mental intellect. A second childhood or dotage is a melancholy state to look at or think upon. I have been blessed with as kind and devoted children as a parent could wish to have; I know they would nurse me and provide for me in all or any circumstances; nevertheless, I would not like to become burdensome to them or outlive my usefulness. But let GOD's will be done,—not mine. There are now so many of my dear children gone to the "house of silence"—to the "sleep that knows no waking here," that I lose all relish for those things that used formerly to delight me. The heart is sad, and takes no pleasure in them now. Oh what a glorious thing is memory! When I was young, the Past was nothing to me, the Future everything: "Building castles in the air," which were never realized; neither indeed were it possible ever to finish; dreaming day-dreams, and seeing visions of future greatness and eminence which were never to be attained;—the mind meanwhile feeding itself on the gorgeous creations of its own wild fancy. But now that I am old, the Future of this world is nothing to me,—the Past everything: Memory bringing up out of its own treasure-house glowing pictures of scenes and incidents in which I bore a part, long, long ago, and the remembrance of men and women with whom I was once acquainted and held sweet converse, but whose bodies are all now at rest, in the "silent cities of the dead," and whose souls have returned to GOD who gave them; Who shall render to every one according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or bad; for there is no respect of persons with GOD. The JUDGE of all the universe will do right! He has gone to prepare everlasting habitations for all the good and trae.

[This venerable and excellent man survived for eleven years longer, performing his duties as Stipendiary Magistrate of New Glasgow till his last illness of eight days, during which he was confined to his house, suffering little pain, but conscious, bright and cheerful to the last, when he died in peace, on Sept. 16th, 1884, "looking unto JESUS," at the advanced age of 92 years. "Mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Ps. 37: 37.]

THE greatest glory of a free-born people is to transmit their glory to their children.—Howard.

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