The Presbyterian Witness,

AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

THE BIBLE IS OUR GREAT CHURCH DIRECTORY, AND STATUTE BOOK....Dr. Chalmers

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"The Great Consult" at Rome.

After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began."
—*Milton.*

The doom of mystic Babylon draws nigh,
That city "full of names of blasphemy."*
When full the cup of her iniquity,
Through every region shall resound the cry—
"Fallen, Babylon the great is fallen!" Hie
Now thither, from all quarters 'neath the sky,
Her sorcerers, astrologers, and wise
Savans, the Chief Magician to advise
Upon a point of Mariolatry.
While war is shaking Europe, and a dread
And fatal pestilence in darkness rages,
In solemn synod meet those seers and sages,
Consulting whether a frail woman dead,
But whom they worship more than the Creator,
Was not, in mind and mould, as pure 's the Mediator?

Who impiously say she had no sin
Make God a liar—who, of every son
And daughter of mankind, declare, not one
Is guiltless, no, not one. Like all her kin,
Like all the family of Adam, in
His loins she sinn'd. Of his she else were none;
Since all his offspring fallen and undone,
Conceived, and born, and dying under sin.
Nor needed she a Saviour else, nor grace,
Nor pardon, nor imputed righteousness.
And thus would Papists, who profess to bless
And honour,—rob, impoverish, and place
Her 'neath the rank of saints redeemed.
For why?
In Christ the ransomed rich, in him exalted high.

And 'tis the devil's trump device the Lord
Incarnate to disparage, and detract
From his miraculous conception. Fact
With falsehood joined, though never in accord,
The arch-deceiver uses to exact
Belief idolatrous in rites abhorred;
And counts on superstition to afford
A vantage ground whence truth may be attacked.
As thus—Since Mary born impeccable,
And like from like proceeds, the child she bore,
Immaculate, and human, and no more—
"The Son of man," as saith the Oracle.
A mightier miracle, a moral wonder wrought,
What love her mother forth the sinless Virgin brought.†

* Rev. xvii. 3. It is itself often blasphemously called "The eternal city."

† It is not pretended that the mother of Mary was immaculate.

Intellect and Genius of Scotland.

Hugh Miller, in the *Edinburgh Witness* thus discourses:

"We have said that it was mainly the literature of Scotland that preserved to the country its national standing for more than a hundred years after its Parliaments had been merged in those of England, and for considerably more than two hundred after the removal of its Court to London. When spending several months in the midland counties of England nearly ten years ago, we used to examine, with some little interest, the shop-windows of the booksellers in the provincial towns, and were often more impressed than by aught we had previously seen at home, by the large proportions occupied in them by the works of the Scotch writers. Not unfrequently did we find volumes bearing the familiar Scottish names, taking up fully one-half the space, and more. In English history the Scotch seem to have almost all the field to themselves. Hume, with the continuation of Smollett, was, we found, the prevailing work; the second in place was Sir James Mackintosh, in the volumes of Lardner; while, in general history, Robertson, in his Charles V., and his America, occurred quite as often as Gibbon was represented, as voluminously, as Gibbon. Burnet and Alison, too, had their places, though they were less prominent ones; and we occasionally encountered the Napoleon of Scott, and the Knox of McCrie; while in prose fiction Smollett occurred quite as often as Fielding, and much oftener than Richardson; and Sir Walter had more space assigned to himself than all the English novel writers put together. In matphysical science no works appeared oftener than the 'Essays of Hume,' and the 'Lectures' of Thomas Brown; while in political economy Adam Smith appeared to have the whole field to himself. Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' seemed to be the most popular of English biographies. The only work on mechanics which we now and then encountered was the treatise of James Ferguson, in the addition of Sir David Brewster; Lyell was evidently at that time the popular English geologist; and the master painter whose prints exhibited beside the books were of most frequent occurrence, was Sir David Wilkie. Among the works of the modern poets, those of Scott and Campbell appeared oftener than the works of any of their contemporaries, with perhaps the exception of the poems of the half-Scotchman Byron. The volume of Thomson had a prominent place among the writings of poets who had lived their century; in collections of the British poets, at least a Scotch eye could detect Armstrong, Mallet, Meikle, and Beattie; and Burns, though his language must have militated against him, appeared at least as often as the English self-taught poet Bloomfield.

The display of Scotch intellect and Scotch genius exhibited in these English windows seemed preponderatingly great, when one reflected that it had been all produced by a poor little country whose population had never more than equalled the one-fifth of that of England: it showed that the mind of Scotland was a great deal bigger than its body; and when—turning from the book windows, a little sensible, mayhap, of that over-weening Scotch feeling which is everywhere recognized as a weakness save on the field of battle—we turned into some manufacturing suburb, or came upon some navigable river or estuary, the incessant clank which we heard was the clank of the engines of James Watt, or the fuller sound of great oar-blades beating the water, was that of the paddles of Miller of Dalswinton and Henry Bell.

These, however, may seem the mere reveries of a Scot overweeningly partial to his country. Let us take, then, the estimate of a foreigner, who had no biassing partialities to disturb him. 'Scotland,' says the German Kohl, 'is scarcely so great in extent as a Scandinavian or Russian province, and barely contained a million of inhabitants at any time previous to the eighteenth century. In 1707 the population was but 1,050,000. At every epoch of history we find individual cities enclosing more inhabitants within their walls. Even at the present day, when population so rapidly increases, the whole number of the people of Scotland—including the Lowlanders and Highlanders, and the inhabitants of the Orkney and Shetland Isles—does not greatly exceed the population of the streets and squares that we may observe at a glance from the dome of St. Paul's. London has about two millions, and Scotland about two and a half millions of inhabitants. Nevertheless, how wide the fame and influence of this nation! how celebrated its scenery! how numerous the poets, the metaphysicians, the warriors, the kings, the statesmen, it has produced, from the days when the heroes of Ossian set limits to the empire of Rome, down to those of Robert Bruce, and from thence to the present time. Even in our own days Scotland has been an object of admiration, and still attracts many eyes towards her. Her cities compete in commerce and activity with the cities of England; from the migratory character of her people, her influence has become powerful in the British colonies; a proportionally great part of the clear-thinking heads and literary talent of Great Britian is derived from her. And the face of the country improves daily in beauty and ornament under the hands of its inhabitants, who plant the wilds, cultivate the waste places, and fill the valleys with gardens and palaces.'"

A Good Old Book.

There is lying before us an old book, with which is connected a most interesting history, strikingly illustrating several important truths relative to the enterprise of book distribution. We have space for but a few of the most prominent facts.

In the year 18——, a gentleman and lady travelling in P——county, Virginia, stopped during the heat of the day at a well known tavern in that part of the country. Their host was an open-hearted, kind, and honest man, but notoriously careless of divine things—a neglector of the sanctuary, and entirely indifferent on religious subjects. To entertain herself during the hours of rest, the lady asked him for some book to read. He apologized for his slender supply, while he handed her this old volume and a few others. The book lacks a title-page, table of contents, some forty or fifty pages of the beginning, and we know not how many of the end. It purports, however, so far as can be seen, to be a compendious treatise of the great truths of the gospel, basing very fervent and earnest exhortations on clear and forcible summaries of doctrinal instruction. Thus, the original righteousness and happiness of man, and his fallen state; the method of recovery, as well as its necessity; the work of Christ, his humiliation and exaltation; faith, regeneration, the office of the Spirit, with collateral and subordinate topics, occupy the larger part of the work. It seems to consist of four parts, or books. The topics mentioned are treated in three of them, and the fourth, which is defective, treats of the Church and the ordinances, and practices of religion. After reading the book till ready to set out on her journey, the lady begged to buy it. Her host declined, and offered as a reason that it had belonged to his mother. The lady then asked him to promise to read it; to which he assented, remarking that he had made that promise to his mother, but had never kept it. For some time after his guests left him, he continued to neglect the old book. However, on a Sabbath, when his home was quiet, and time was heavy on his hands, he undertook to fulfil his long neglected promise. But, as may well be supposed, such a man found such a book anything but interesting. He persevered, dosing and weary as he was. Presently some of its statements arrested his attention; he became a little interested, but not enough to secure, at that time, perseverence in reading, though enough to bring him back to the undertaking in a week or ten days. He now began to question the truth of the startling statements he read; then to attempt to verify the frequent references to Scripture. This he often said, gave him no little trouble, by reason of his profound ignorance of the order of the books of the Bible. However, he could not give up. His soul was touched. He began to see and feel that he was just the sinner there described. One perusal did not satisfy him. He gave the book another. But he was cautious that no one should see him reading it. In the course of a few weeks he had found his interest in the book transferred to the Bible, to whose contents its perusal had now introduced him. The more he studied the sacred page the deeper grew his distress, till he was led to prayer, and to a sincere and cordial resting on Christ for salvation.

Meanwhile, he had sought no counsel, communicated with no one, and though not himself knowing how to express the truth in words, was, by his conduct, a changed man. He now sought the house of God, and his neighbours were all surprised one morning to see him appear in a Methodist chapel in his vicinity. He said he never retained the text, but the substance of the sermon was such a description of the great change, as may be often heard from any evangelical pulpit. After the service he sought the minister, and began to tell his coincidence of views with what had been preached. He was still entirely ignorant of the terms for describing a conversion to God; and while joyfully sensible of a most humbled, trusting, and prayerful frame of mind, made no pretension to be a convert. The minister, however, soon discovered that the inquirer had been taught of God, and gladly welcomed him as one born from above, showing him how his experience justified the declaration of a belief, that he had been brought into a state of salvation.

The subject of this narrative still lives, a consistent and cheerful Christian, and most peculiarly and strongly attached to the great doctrines of grace. He values his "old book" most highly, and barely permits it to go out of his possession. Many efforts have been made to find a duplicate, but unsuccessfully.

Our readers can draw their own inferences. We do not pretend to say that similar results will follow every book we put in circulation; and yet we thus see how seed may lie buried long, and yet spring up and bear fruit. Let us not be weary in well-doing, but aim at all times to be about the Master's business. The few hours spent by the lady at the tavern, were perhaps regarded as mere leisure time, charged with no special duty, and the few words she addressed to her host cost her but little effort, and yet, humanly speaking, to these providences, appareutly so unimportant, results are to be ascribed which eternity alone can fully reveal. Let us be instant in season and out of season, and sow our bread by many waters.—*Home and Foreign Record.*

Criticising Sermons.

The practice of criticising sermons is a bad one for many reasons, but the effect of such remarks within the hearing of children is often injurious to an extent but slightly appreciated by those who make them. A very young listener may have had his interest excited, and his heart affected by some affectionate appeal from the pulpit. During his walk from church with his parents, or at the dinner table, if he should hear the discourse condemned, and perhaps the minister's manner ridiculed, how soon would vanish all the serious thoughts which had so recently been implanted in his mind! Parents and others cannot be too careful about expressing their opinions of sermons in the presence of the unconverted, and particularly before young persons, for they know not what good seed they are thus unconsciously destroying.

A boy, placed at a school in the family of a teacher who is a clergymen, said recently, "Mamma don't you think ministers like very much to find fault with each other?" "Why, my son; in what way?" "I think they do, because every Sabbath when we are at table, Mr——finds fault with the sermon, and tells how he thinks Dr——ought to have explained the text. One day I heard a sermon from the words, 'I am the Vine, ye are the branches,' and liked it so much, but Mr.——laughed at it!"

We have heard of two instances of serious impressions received during a discourse being entirely dissipated by the critical remarks afterwards made upon it. A correspondent of a contemporary relates the following:—"Not many months since, I was standing in a certain shop in a city, in which there were several ministers and other christian brethren, conversing about a clergyman then just leaving the said city for another field of labour. Among other remarks, an expression was dropped about ministers not being respected; when one of the company, a worthy layman, spoke up with considerable apparent warmth, 'Well, ministers need not expect to be respected much by the people, till they respect each other a little more.' 'How so?' said one. 'How so!' replied the deacon, 'why, many ministers come into this place, and I often hear them talking about one another, and seldom hear them speak well. They criticise their brethren severely.

A fact is stated in the life of the Rev. Dr. Alexander, which shows the ill effects of injudicious criticism upon the services of the sanctuary. He says that when a boy, living in a retired portion of the country, and without the stated means of grace, on one occasion a travelling clergyman delivered a sermon which left a deep impression on his mind. This, he tells us,, however, was entirely obliterated when he reached home, by the disparaging remarks by his parents on the performance. And this, we fear, is frequently the result of similar incautious conduct. Too many look upon the sermon as a mere exhibition of elegant composition and rhetorical effort. They fail to recognise in it the preached Word, or to remember that the minister is not using his own weapons, but the sword of the Spirit. Christians to frequently evince the same dispossition, and are dissatisfied unless the sermon comes fully up to their own expectations, or is adapted to the peculiar frame of mind in which they may be indulging. No one can tell the effect produced upon others by a message, which indeed may not have suited our own case, but have fully met the wants of others equally needy. Satan is always busy at work to destroy the seed sown, and if the unconverted find that those who profess themselves to be Christians, are dissatisfied with the manner or matter of the preacher, it will take but little to obliterate any good impressions made. Every gospel sermon, however poor the language, or unfortunate the diction, may be blessed by the Spirit of God; and we should take heed, lest, without being aware of it, we are assisting in quenching His blessed influence. "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep *silence* before him.

Approach to Jerusalem.

But when I climbed the last ridge, and looked ahead with a sort of painful suspense, Jerusalem did not appear. We were two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, whose blue we could dimly see far to the west, through notches in the chain of hills. To the north, the mountains were gray, desolate, and awful. Not a shrub or tree relieved their frightful barrenness. An upland tract, covered with white volcanic rock, lay before us. We met peasants with asses, who looked (to my eyes) as if they had just left Jerusalem.

Still forward we urged our horses, and reached a ruined garden, surrounded with hedges of cactus, over which I saw domes and walls in the distance. I drew a long breath, and looked at Francois. He was jogging along without turning his head; he could not have been so indifferent if that was really the city. Presently we reached another slight rise in the rocky plain. He began to urge his panting horse, and at the same instant we both lashed the spirit into ours, dashed on at a break-neck gallop, round the corner of an old wall on the top of the hill, and lo! the Holy City! Our Greek jerked both pistols from his holsters, and fired them into the air, as we reined up on the steep.

From the description of travellers, I had expected to see in Jerusalem an ordinary modern Turkish town; but that before me, with its walls, fortresses, and domes, was it not still the city of David? I saw the Jerusalem of the New Testament, as I had imagined it. Long lines of walls, crowded with a notched parapet, and strengthened by towers; a few domes and spires above them, clusters of cypress here and there; this was all that was visible of the city. On either side, the hill sloped down to the two deep valleys over which it hangs. On the east, the Mount of Olives, crowned with a chapel and mosque, rose high and steep, but in front the eye passed directly over the city, to rest far away upon the lofty mountains of Moab, beyond the Dead Sea. The scene was grand in its simplicity. The prominent colours were the purple of those distant mountains, and the hoary gray of the nearer hills. The walls were of the dull yellow and weather-stained marble, and the only trees, the dark cypress and moonlit olive. Now, indeed, for one brief moment, I knew that I was in Palestine; that I saw Mount Olives and Mount Zion; and—I know not how it was—my sight grew weak, and all objects trembled and wavered in a watery film. Since we arrived I have looked down upon the city from the mount of Olives, and up to it from the Valley of Jehoshaphat; but I cannot restore the allusion of that first view.—*Land of the Saracen.*

Religious Newspapers.

Neither those who conduct our religious journals, nor their readers, individually, can properly estimate the important bearings of such agencies for good. In order to do this, it would be necessary to traverse the entire field over which a widely circulated paper finds its way, and enter every household where it is a visitant. Even then it would be impracticable to ascertain the full extent to which the ten thousands of readers were indebted to this source for intelligence, enlarged views, piety and efficiency, inasmuch as they can scarcely form a correct idea themselves, of the extent to which they have been benefitted by what is received in weekly portions through series of years. In many cases the religious newspaper is the only channel of communication with the world at large. Not a few families rely upon it entirely for their secular as well as their religious information. Its arrival is always eagerly awaited. A derangement of the mails, causing the failure of a single number, is a disappointment to the household. It is not simply taken up, hastily run over, and then thrown aside for waste paper; it is returned to again and again, until every article, even to the advertisiments, has been poured over, passes into the hearts of every member of the family, undergoing in each case, perhaps, a similar process. It is referred to in the conversations of friends and neighbours; its opinions and statements are quoted; in fact, it comes at last to be regarded as a sort of living companion, and as an old and reliable friend. With some too, it supplies the place of books, where books would seldom or never reach them. During a recent visit of one of the editors of this journal to the interior of another State, he was told by an intelligent lady, that after reading our Children's Column regularly to her children, who always listened with avidity, she was accustomed to cut out the articles and paste them in a book, so that already she had made quite a volume.—She said that but few books, except those intended for schools, were brought to her place of residence, and that she was indebted to *The Presbyterian*, to a great extent, for fresh reading for her children. This is but one of thousand instances that could be brought forward to illustrate the important work accomplished by every properly conducted journal. Whilst these facts are encouraging to those engaged in editorial labors, they should also stimulate readers who know the value of such papers, to exert themselves to extend their circulation, and introduce them into families where none are taken.—*Presbyterian.*

Relics.

Four hundred years ago, a Bohemian nobleman travelled in England, and it is interesting and curious to know what were considered the most noteworthy sights and scenes in these very old times. He visited Canterbury, and went to the great Cathedral there, and he says, "First I saw the headband of the blessed Virgin, a piece of Christ's garment, and three thorns of his crown. Then we saw the vestment of St. Thomas, and his brains, and the blood of St. John, We saw the hair of the mother of God, and a part of the sepulchre. We saw also a tooth of St. John the Baptist, a tooth and a finger of St. Stephen the martyr; bones from the virgin Catherine, and oil from her tomb, which is said to flow to this day; hair of the blessed Mary Magdalene, a tooth of St. Thomas, and the lips of one of the infants slain by Herod, and very many other things are shown us which are not set down in this place."

At that time England was Roman C[illegible] and *relics* were all the fashion. How childish seems this list of wonderful [illegible] and how different compared with what a traveller would now record! The great ob[illegible] of religious interest would now be, not to[illegible] and brains, and lips of dead marty[illegible] never belonged to them; but flouris[illegible] day-Schools, noble Bible societies, [illegible] missionary associations, well filled [illegible] libraries, and newspapers for the poo[illegible] and many other excellent institutions [illegible] fluences are the fr[illegible] testant Christi[illegible] Bible, which [illegible] England and [illegible] on which emi[illegible] goron[illegible] woman[illegible] [illegible] World and next.

CORRESPONDENCE

For the Presbyterian Witness.

The Harvey Case.

REV. MR. ROSS'S LETTER CONCLUDED.

You can find room, Mr. Editor, for another document, and to redeem our promise to Mr. Sutherland, it shall be one of his productions.

TO MR. ALEXANDER HAYE:

HARVEY, April 15th, 1854.

My Dear Sir,—The Free Church party have now consented to restore the Church to its original position, by returning it by deed to Mr. Cowe. As the question will now be—how the parties may be supplied with gospel ordinances, and as you are, properly speaking, too weak to support two pastors, I would *suggest* that you unite in giving Mr. Millen a Free Church minister, whom you all like a call to become *your united pastor. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Millen would come* if thus called. Please to communicate this *suggestion* to your people as an effort on my part to produce a lasting peace, and believe me

Yours truly,

(Signed) GEORGE SUTHERLAND.

The italics in the above letter are "ours"—to quote Mr. Sutherland again. The "suggestion" is tolerably well from one who in his "notes" says, "He (the other 'Secession minister') proposes that a call be given to the individual from the Presbytery of Truro who had labored among them some months previously". Nor is the matter mended much when we know that this statement is a pure fabrication,—the petition for moderation, with Mr. Thomson avowedly in view, having been forwarded to the Presbytery of Truro before Mr. McKenzie, who is represented as having "proposed" it, ever set foot in Harvey. (It were an endless task to refute *all* Mr. Sutherland's misrepresentations, but when one of them turns up this way, as "a casual circumstance", like the deeding of the Harvey Church near midnight, and although like the same transaction somewhat after hours, there can be no harm in digressing a little *casually*, Mr. Editor, in order to nail it.)

But there is another and still more curious circumstance connected with this letter which I must point out to the reader. It is of the same date, as well as in the same handwriting, as the letter signed "Robert Wilson", already referred to as published by Mr. Sutherland. And yet, Mr. Editor, Mr. Sutherland in his defence has intimated that when Mr. Wilson's letter was despatched to the other party, the Free Churchmen, himself among them, "waited anxiously for an invitation to settle minor matters, such as how the church was to be occupied by both the parties remaining separate". "*Waiting anxiously*", Mr. Editor—"*both the parties remaining separate*"!—when accompanying the letter of Mr. Wilson, at least written on the same day, if not despatched by the same messenger, and calculated—how many will hesitate to say designed?—calculated to aid in the same discreditable attempt to over-reach—was this proposal from Mr. Sutherland himself that "both the parties" should unite, and united, call Mr. Millen to be their "united pastor". Here we have another view of the ingenuousness of Free Church diplomatists—of "their fair and manly efforts to produce peace". Ah! Mr. Barnes, there are certain cheeks we wot of, upon which an odd "blush" or two, if such things *in those "quarters"* (as Mr. Smith says), be at all attainable, would, in the opinion of many, be fully more appropriate than on Mr. McGregor's.

There is still a question which the curious may be inclined to ask in connection with these letters—How did the authors of them, Messrs. Smith and Sutherland, get to Harvey at all? "Their Courts", it seems, gave them no appointments,—will not acknowledge that they had any connection with "the matter". How, then, do we find these brethren in New Brunswick? Deviating, as the le[illegible] reader will see very slightly, from the te[illegible]

"Not that the things are either rich or rare,
One wonders how in mischief they got there"!

[illegible] "prudent" enough [illegible] quire [illegible] information" with respect to the [illegible] ings of which he speaks, and that therefo[illegible] or rather the Presbytery of Truro, do not yet see the way clear to "recede" from the position which has been "assumed". Yet let me say here, Mr. Editor, though it is perhaps scarcely necessary, that we of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia do not affirm nor believe that *all* the Free Church ministers have been fully cognizant of "this matter" in Harvey, or, being so cognizant, would undertake to defend it. It is undeniable, however, that those of them who direct the business in some of "their Courts"—in the Presbytery of Halifax for example—will find it difficult to exculpate themselves before "an impartial public". The Free Presbytery of St. Stephen's, too, lately inducted Mr. Smith in the face of a protesting majority of the true, if not now the legal proprietors, in the very house in which the service was performed; and yet, Free Churchmen were wont to be called "*Non-Intrusionists*"! Others of the Free Church brethren are blameworthy, not, perhaps, in what they have done, but most unquestionably in what they have not taken sufficient care to prevent, or when it was too late for this, speedily to remedy.

Mr. Editor, I have reviewed Mr. Sutherland's "defence", but I have by no means exhausted the subject. If I have written aught which seems severe to any, the public will allow that there was ground for it. I concur most heartily in the sentiment of your correspondent, "X", but I would give it a wider application. I believe that, "by some lawful and proper means", all manner of "Clerici", whether Puseyite or Free Church, should be effectually taught to confine their labors to their own people".

I would now, Mr. Editor, bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let me do so after the fashion of the popular "Systems of Arithmetic", by proposing a few "Miscellaneous Questions".

1. When Mr. Grieve first divided the congregation of Harvey, and there appeared—For what Mr. Sutherland would perhaps call an "Erastian Establishment", 9; and for the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, 35. Required to know—*How many appeared for the Free Church?*

2. In view of the above—What may be the amount of sincere and intelligent attachment to the principles of the Free Church among those "who are now called the Free Church in Harvey"?

3. How many Presbyterians in Harvey, that had ever communed with the congregation, refused to sign the call to Mr. Thompson?

4. In what year of our Lord did the congregation of Harvey, or any portion of them, either through the elders or through commissioners regularly appointed, seek supply from the Free Church?

5. What distance, in geographical miles, did that note travel that Mr. Sutherland got to go to Harvey?

To these interesting problems, Mr. Editor, one might add indefinitely, but I am again near the end of a sheet and will positively have done.

Yours,

EBENEZER ROSS.

Londonderry, Dec. 28th, 1854.

For the Presbyterian Witness.

21st December, 1854.

MR. EDITOR,—

Perhaps you or some of your readers can answer the following questions:—Are the several branches of the Presbyterian family, now in these Provinces, acknowledgedly evangelical? Do they all claim to be sprung from the same stock,—that is, the *Reformation Church of Scotland?* Do they all adhere to the same doctrinal standards—the Westminster Confession and Catechisms?—to the same church government and forms of worship? And,