

# OUR MONTHLY.

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MALTA.

BY HERBERT BRIGHT.

MALTA has been described as the link between the Eastern and Western worlds. It was here that the most thrilling incident in the adventurous voyage of St. Paul occurred, and it was here that in after generations those heroes of Christendom, the Knights of Malta, fought with such astounding endurance and success. An air of romance still lingers around its venerable walls, and although the necessities of modern warfare have caused the obliteration of many of the old portions of the strongholds by replacing them with new lines of fortifications, yet enough remains of the picturesque past to excite the imagination of the most unsophisticated.

It is hardly possible to stroll over the ramparts by moonlight without peopling them with the shadowy forms of the knights as they once passed the weary hours in ceaseless vigil, with all the exacting discipline of religious fanaticism. There is great charm in the approach and entry into the Grand Harbor, whether by night or day. The successive perspectives of fortified walls, the precipitous rocks everywhere carved into stern lines, the orange-color of the land, the city and the forts, and the ultramarine blue of the

waters of the Mediterranean, the ringing of bells borne upon the calm air, and the ceaseless passing and re-passing of multitudes of small boats from harbor to harbor, make up a strange scene that can only be pictured at Malta. In the harbor may be seen collected craft from all parts of the world, and of every variety; the richly colored and picturesque sails of the native fruit-boats and feluccas will be seen alongside of the swan-white sheets of some dainty yachts.

This port is a calling place for the magnificent steamers of the P. and O. Company;\* the Austrian Lloyds and the French mail line of steamships can always be seen in the Grand Harbor, and numerous war-ships are always riding at anchor.

The peculiar character and position of the island has rendered it an envied possession; the contentions that have disturbed it have formed and changed the policy of nations, and its history is largely the history of the Western Church. According to fabulous history, the island

\* Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Its abbreviated title of "P. and O. Company" is always used.

hor Watt. Others say that he only completed the buildings, they having been commenced in a previous reign. Others again say that the city was destroyed in his reign, he ending the dynasty. But it is all mere conjecture. Whether the inscriptions on the walls and pillars will shed any light on these questions, remains to be seen.

The countries of Siam and Cambodia have, until very recently, been but little

known to the world. And even now very little is known of them in proportion to their importance. It is evident from the ruins above referred to, that these countries were once in a highly prosperous condition, and inhabited by a strong and vigorous race of people. It is important that the attention of the literary and scientific world should be directed to these countries, as affording rich fields for investigation.

### WALKING IN NEWNESS OF LIFE.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO A PASTOR.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

**T**O walk in newness of life is the Christian's duty, privilege and glory, and his exceeding great reward; for this walking ends, like Enoch's, in the blissful and busy resting of God's paradise above. The walking in newness of life insures us a most excellent companionship, and a daily growing into the likeness of our Divine Fellow-traveller; and though here, in this earth-journey, we fail fully to estimate His perfection of beauty and His ineffable kindness, yet our hearts betimes burn at his speech, and when our wayfaring has ended, and he breaks for us the bread of everlasting life in our Father's house, suddenly our eyes shall be opened and we shall see him as he is.

The beginning of this newness of life the Christian receives from his risen Lord; it is the germ of that incorruptibility wherewith he shall be dowered on the resurrection morning. It is also a continued newness and perpetual renewal of spiritual life and holy purpose; the mind of our Master growing in us, more or less, day by day; so that it behooves every Christian to give most diligent and prayerful culture continually to this seed of the Tree of Life, transplanted from the celestial gardens, and set within his soul.

And this careful nurture and cherish-

ing of the heavenly principle is shown forth in the word *walk*, which represents a steady progression, an acting out of a principle, rather than of an emotion, that the walk in its faithfulness may give prominence to the newness of motive, and be in a changed, free, joyous, spiritual conduct, a proof of our spiritual newness of life.

This, we should predicate, would make the real Christian a singularly marked man from the hour of his conversion. But we must reason from specific facts, and we behold many instances where a simple morality, the highest product of restraining circumstances, right teachings and a naturally tender conscience, presents so well the appearance of this newness of life, that, for a period, the mere moralist may not be discerned from the true child of God.

But more than this, the hypocrite can mask so fairly, and simulate so well, that God alone can tear away his disguises, and show that instead of newness of life, he has the corruption of death.

Thus amid moralists and deceivers, the son of the kingdom goes his way, seen to be a good man, loved as a friend, but the full extent and development of his newness of life known to none but his God and his Saviour, until perhaps the hour

and article of death become for him Elijah's chariot of fire, and as our brother is lifted out of sight, his ruling passion has burned so strong in his dying, that it casts its glowing splendor back along the earth-track which he has travelled, and forward far enough to hint what may be his strong consolation, his crown of rejoicing, and his fulness of delight in the land where he has ever had his citizenship.

Such a life of serene beauty, and self-devotion, and Christ loving, has lately ended; and now that winter snows are falling on a new-made tomb, I come to lay some of the imperishably beautiful lessons of his life as flowers on the grave of a pastor.

There was once a sepulchre in a garden, a sepulchre holding such priceless and fragrant dust, that thenceforth all our graves may become gardens. Christ told us death is sleep, and gave us soul-cheering visions of the future of his children; thus when our beloved go from us, we are strengthened to remember them with rejoicing, and standing on the storm-smitten shores of time, to catch reviving glimpses of their supreme estate. Of this one we murmur—

"The great Intelligences fair

That range above our mortal state,  
In circle round the blessed gate  
Received, and gave him welcome there;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,  
And showed him, in the fountain fresh,  
All knowledge, that the sons of flesh  
Shall gather in the cycled times."

Scotland, which has fed the American church with so much simple, God-fearing, stalwart faith and profound learning, gave to us, a quarter of a century ago, ALEXANDER McCOLL, who had been for twelve years to her a minister of Christ, and to whom God gave grace to do a most excellent work in soul-saving in two nations, akin in heart and faith, that the labors begun and happily carried on in the land of the Solemn League and Covenant, should be pursued and ended in the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

Our object being not merely a record of church work among ourselves, but

rather the delineating of the steady progress of a good man's newness of life, and finally the full and singular showing of the richness and soul dominion of that lofty principle, we turn with pleasure to certain memories of his youth, recalled for us by those who knew him best in his early home.

Born in Glasgow, to that richest of all inheritances, a parent's faith, his earliest aspiration was to serve God in the ministry. From the hour of his conversion he exhibited a singular deadness to the world and its prizes, and a continued realization of the glory of the eternal life. While yet a boy he deliberately rejected two fortunes which were to have been his in a secular business, hearing himself so potently called to the service of God in the church that he could by no means turn aside from it, and his maturity approved his boyhood's decision. He was an attendant of the grammar school of Glasgow, and even then his *passion for souls* exhibited itself in the many visits he made to the destitute and churchless poor, endeavoring to scatter the Scriptures and bring people to the house of God.

At this time he attended the ministry of the famous Dr. Chalmers, whose memory he carried in his heart all his life, so much that when in the providence of God that heavy affliction fell upon him which divided him from intercourse with men and from a realization of the present, the recollection of this great divine, and of Dr. French of Edinburgh, also a dear friend, never left him. After long reverie he would lift his head, "recalling the days of old," and saying of Dr. Chalmers, "O what happy days were those, when in the streets of Glasgow I would meet that venerable minister, that great servant of God, and he would lay his hand on my shoulder and say, 'My dear boy, you are doing a good work in Glasgow.' Those were indeed my happy days." Advancing in years, knowledge and influence, he became one of the founders of the "Glasgow Young Men's Religious Improvement Society," established in 1824.

It is now but a few days since the

officers of this society, holding him in precious remembrance, sent a message across the sea, begging that he would prepare a memorial of the origin of the society, and of its first members, that this memorial might be read at the jubilee of the society in 1874. The message comes, but he whose once right able pen they claim, is keeping his unending jubilee at the right hand of God.

Mr. McColl spent nine years in the University and Divinity Hall at Paisley. At that time the rule was, that if from any cause, either of illness, inclination or business, the student was absent, even for so short a period as a fortnight, the whole term so broken must be made up. Mr. McColl being detained at home twice by sickness, spent nine years at the University. From these occasions of ill health, he learned the immense need of a sound body as a tenement for the sound mind; and thenceforth he built up a most happy physical constitution, by an absolute abstemiousness of diet and that due attention to athletic exercises which was in vogue before the muscular became the leading idea of many Universities.

Two incidents of this period of his life come to us fraught with instruction. The first concerns the sad and warning history of a number of his own theological classmates. Among these was the only son of a rich widow; the mother lived but in the pleasure of her child, and her indulgent love forestalled his wishes. The young man was exceedingly fond of Shakspeare's plays, and his mother fitted up a room and stage, where he and his companions could enact these plays in their hours of recreation. This evening entertainment closed with a wine supper. Mr. McColl was eagerly pressed to be one of *twelve* who formed this merry party, week after week. He assured them that such entering into worldliness was incompatible with that newness of life wherein the servant of the Lord should walk; and having warned them in vain, withdrew himself from their company. One by one he saw several members of this band of youth drop out of their legitimate position into unhonored graves. Twenty years

after the inaugurating of this course of entertainment by that misguided mother, Mr. McColl was walking on Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, when he saw, seated under a tree, a man who hesitatingly saluted him. Mr. McColl paused to speak, and lo! this was the widow's son; the last one left of that jolly company, every one of whom had gone down into the darkness of a drunkard's death! The hand of a good man now held out to succor his early comrade could not avail for his rescue; and the widow's son, the once wealthy, flattered and confident theological student, followed the eleven in their miserable fate.

Knowing this singular history to be true in every particular, we set it here as a foil to the lovely upward walk of that child of God who knew no object so dear as the salvation of souls for whom his Lord had died.

The vacations of his years in Divinity Hall were spent by Mr. McColl in missionary work in Perth: when these labors closed with his ordination and installation over Zion Chapel in Berwick-Upon-Tweed, the Lord Provost, the President of the Perth City Mission, thus recapitulates his labors: "We have employed hitherto but one agent, Mr. Alexander McColl; short as has been his stay among us, it has been productive of immeasurable good. There are many to regret his departure, many also who have reason to bless God that this man was ever sent among us."

Followed thus by the benedictions of the people of Perth, Mr. McColl entered upon his ministry in Berwick-Upon-Tweed.

Already his heart yearned to the land beyond the sea, a land whose institutions, governmental principles and history he dearly cherished. One tie, however, bound him for the present to the country of his birth; he had promised his mother to remain with her during her life.

Now began for our friend that course of unintermitting, ardent, and successful labor, for which a vigorous mind and a sound constitution peculiarly fitted him.

Like Paul, he was in labors abundant. His Sabbath exercises were a morning

sermon, an afternoon sermon, a Bible-class, and an evening sermon. Monday brought him fresh work. Each Monday afternoon was spent in company with one of the other ministers of Berwick, in visiting the poor at their homes. On Monday evening he held a lecture service in some destitute neighborhood, where one of the poor residents had offered their living room for the occasion. Such was his unction, simplicity and peculiar happiness of expression, in these labors in the highways and hedges, compelling men to come in to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, that members of his congregation were frequently known to wrap themselves up in humble garb, and join these worshipping assemblies of the sons of poverty, that they might hear without disturbing or embarrassing the other listeners. One Tuesday evening every month he preached in a village near Berwick; on Wednesday night he had a Bible-class for the young girls of his congregation; on Thursday was the regular church lecture. In these many labors he had the companionship and friendship of Doctor John Cairns, one of Scotland's most able preachers.

His readiness in sermon-making is seen in the following incident. The text, "I have more understanding than all my teachers, for thy testimonies are my meditation," presented itself very forcibly, and he preached from it a most eloquent discourse. The very next week, as he was searching for a text, this same one recurred to him, and utterly oblivious of the fact that he had but just expounded it, he took it again, and carefully elaborated another sermon, entirely unlike its predecessor in style, train of thought, illustration and diction. This he delivered the succeeding Sabbath, to the astonishment and edification of his people, who had thus unexpectedly revealed to them some of the richness of that mine of Scripture fine gold, wherein their pastor labored. Only as he was leaving the pulpit did the *fact* about the texts strike the preacher, but his quick confusion was banished by the congratulations of his hearers.

Another beautiful reminiscence of

these years has reached us. His people had assembled at the Thursday lecture, when from some unknown cause the gas went out. It was an exceedingly dark night, and the invocation and reading were just finished. The pastor's familiar and powerful voice raised a well known tune, in which all united; he then prayed, and after this, in the hush of the darkness and his people's expectation, pronounced his text, "And there shall be no night there." In the solemn shadow of that old church the voice of the unseen preacher delivered to his people one of his most effective discourses, a sermon which has borne fruit for the glad harvest of the immortal life.

His mind was ever meditating on the glorious doctrines, the rich promises, and the deep experiences of the word of God. The constancy of these studies; the intimacy of his fellowship with the spiritual, the deep-abiding of his soul in the grace of God, often shone brightly forth. He was on one occasion unexpectedly asked to preach before Presbytery; the request being made after the meeting was convened. He agreed, desiring Dr. Mowatt, now Professor of Theology in Kingston, Canada, to read the Scripture. After the reading, he preached most ably, fluently, and fervently, on the words, "And hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father."

Doctor Mowatt congratulated himself on having read a portion on which Mr. McColl had a written discourse; until to his surprise he learned that this was an extemporaneous effort. It was, however, Mr. McColl's habit to write and carefully elaborate his sermons. He brought only *beaten oil* into the sanctuary.

In such tireless labor, faith and patience, this servant of the Most High completed twelve years of his ministry. While his logic convinced the head, his tender persuasions won hearts, and his life was a daily exemplification of the excellence of the gospel he preached. "Thou art good in my sight as an angel of God," said Achish to David. But goodness and greatness are high attributes belonging to the Highest alone.

"Forgive what seemed my sin in me,  
 What seemed my worth since life began;  
 For merit lives from man to man,  
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee."

At the end of these twelve years of ministry in Berwick-Upon-Tweed, the service of filial love ended, and the aged mother being gathered to her people, our friend left with his wife his native land, to fix his love, his labor, and his prayers on the home of his adoption.

He came here not as an adventurer or unbefriended, but committed by the church in Scotland with her benediction to the brotherly love and care of the church in America.

Those who reluctantly gave him up, sent with him their fraternal commendations. Among his letters of introduction we find words of tenderest love and high esteem from those lights in the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, Professor McMichael and Doctor William Lindsay; this "man of extensive attainments and well matured experience," left them, "to their surprise and regret, and the loss of the Scottish Church." Those men of historic martyr-ancestry, John Peden and David Inglis, part mournfully with their brother in the Lord and the ministry; Doctor Gavin Struthers of Glasgow, and Doctor John Archer of London, write to him foreseeing a long bright course in his new-world ministry.

They none of them foresaw the singular entering of that bright pathway into a land of misty darkness, into a solemn twilight of waiting, whence his voice should still come, ever, as in that night when he preached in the darkness of Zion's Chapel, discoursing of the land where no night or shadow broods with its black wings, whither—set apart from all mortal sympathy, from every human consolation—the arm of his soul's Beloved supported and guided him, even unto the end.

Arriving in this country, Mr. McColl's letters at once secured him the acquaintance and friendship of many of our most noteworthy men, among whom we will but mention the Alexanders and McElroys.

Being uncareful of wordly honor, and desiring only to preach the gospel, Mr. McColl did not wait to seek invitations from wealthy and important churches, but yielded to a request to settle in Lewiston, upon the Niagara river.

From Lewiston he was called to Seneca Falls, where he labored two years, but consenting to the voice of the people of his previous charge, he returned to Lewiston, where he remained for six years longer. His last charge was the church at Niagara Falls, where he was settled for seven years. We thus enumerate the three churches wherein he ministered in America, that nothing in reference to the man may be personal to any of them.

He loved his people with a fatherly, anxious, self-forgetful love; he carried them to the throne of grace on the strong arms of his intercession; he strove for them as Paul for Israel; and this earnest praying, watching, and working, had its reward in what he valued above all things else, the salvation of souls.

Like all his brethren in the ministry, our pastor had in his flocks, Demas, Alexander the coppersmith, and Diotrephes; these men, whatever else may be their mission on earth, are evidently of the highest use in developing pastoral humility, meekness, long-suffering, and forgiveness of injuries. Though Demas and Co. have very few graces of their own, they serve as an excellent foil to set the graces of others in splendid relief.

There has been lately in one of our good papers a strife to see who could chronicle the most deliberate and unblushing example of meanness toward a pastor. We feel that the very capsheaf and climax of such stories is at the nib of our pen, but a most beautiful memory forbids its expression. Our pastor was wading in deep waters; there was no open strife, because he would not strive; with an unending patience he was enduring for his Master's sake. At such an hour, when sympathy is most precious, and when kindness is apt to bring the hidden care from the heart to the lips, he called upon those who made his cause theirs, and were earnest in their condem-

nation of all disturbers of parochial peace. But not one whisper of anger, reproach, self-justification, or bitterness did he utter; one might have thought the man all unmoved by the vexations of life; that the deep fountains of feeling were unstirred. But no, there were words with which he safely could unveil his heart to these his friends; as he was leaving the house he said, in his peculiarly eloquent and impressive way of quoting Scripture, "If it had been an enemy, then I could have borne this; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; but it was thou, a man mine equal; my guide, and mine acquaintance; we took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company. Yea, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, hath lifted up his heel against me."

In dealing with congregational disturbances, Mr. McColl had remarkably the wisdom of the serpent and the gentleness of the dove. We remember an especial instance of this, when in a stormy winter, the attendants upon the church became seriously divided concerning the time of the second service. Some desired to have this service follow the noon Sabbath-school without intermission; others wished to have it later.

Numbers were equally divided; arguments seemed equally weighty; and unfortunately there was a good deal of angry feeling suddenly enkindled, and neither party would yield to the other. To call a meeting would be to elicit hard words, more angry feelings, and perhaps irreconcilable division. There were those who wished to throw the burden of decision upon the pastor, who would then be arrayed against the opinions of one or the other half of his people. Calmly ignoring the contention, Mr. McColl, at the close of a most able sermon in the morning, addressed his congregation, stating the two different hours proposed for the second service, and the reasons in favor of both. "I am called upon to decide for you, my people," he said. "It is no burden to me to preach the gospel to you as many times in a day as you may be willing to hear it; therefore I

will preach immediately after Sabbath-school to all those who desire service at that hour; and I will most cheerfully repeat the service later in the afternoon, for all those who choose to go home after the school and have a needed rest."

This straightforward cutting of the Gordian knot, or dividing the bone of contention, went directly home to the hearts of his people.

The offer of an additional service was made when the ordinary exercises of the week were as follows: Morning sermon, Sabbath-school, afternoon sermon, congregational Bible-class led by the pastor, and three services in the week, lecture, Bible class, and prayer-meeting. These numerous services never seemed to exhaust the active brain which inspired them all; they only added to its vigor by exercise.

Of Mr. McColl as a preacher, an old friend, a Brooklyn pastor, thus spoke at his funeral: "He possessed a fine mind, clear, strong, and well disciplined. He was widely read in general literature, and deeply learned in theology. Indeed, he was my first theological teacher, and at a peculiar crisis in my life drew me toward the work of the ministry. I have a vivid remembrance of some of the first sermons he delivered in this country; he was an able and eloquent preacher. His sermons were full of fresh and vigorous thought, and delivered in a very impressive manner. His themes were eminently gospel themes. He believed that every sermon should contain gospel truth enough to save souls."

Wherever Mr. McColl went, he at once gathered about him the most cultured and refined portion of the community as his particular friends, who attached themselves warmly to him.

At Seneca Falls Mrs. Cady Stanton was one of his parishioners, and she gave as a reason for going regularly with her sons to hear him, that she knew no better intellectual discipline than to listen to one of Mr. McColl's splendid pieces of logical reasoning.

A friend writes of him: "He made much of family religion, and it was a rich treat to be present at his family worship.

He was a man of sterling integrity and the purest honor; his devotion to the right knew no bounds; he was most chivalrous in the defence of the truth; truth and duty were God's, and he held them utterly sacred. For what he believed right, he would hesitate at no sacrifice." And truly his life was one long sacrifice of worldly interest; for the magnificent talents which in any other line of life would have built him up a fine fortune, were, in the profession for which he had twice given up an ample inheritance, so illy remunerated, that he never received more than a bare living subsistence; indeed, we are sure the salary would not have been that, if He who claims to give good wives, had not dowered him with a wife able to supplement the support, and whose abilities in this line were sometimes unduly taken advantage of by people at large.

We have known him for a whole winter to cross the Niagara river on the ice, opposite Queenstown, Canada, after two services in his own church were over, and thus preach for a whole season, entirely without compensation, to the struggling people of Queenstown; rewarded for such arduous labor only by the assurance that he was about his Father's business.

His care for the young, and his sympathy with them, were most delightful. He had especial services for them, and was particularly happy in Bible classes. He had a singular faculty for developing thought, and loved to deal with difficulties. He encouraged his young people to come to him with hard texts which in any way puzzled them, freely offering to lecture upon such passages, if so requested by any of his people.

He was a man of a singularly cheerful, unselfish and genial nature; loved a hearty joyous laugh, remembered everybody's name—which is a rich gift in a pastor—entered into every one's plans and pleasures, was the *confidant* of his young people, and made it his particular business to know the teachers of both public and private schools, be present at examinations, and often visit the schools during the ordinary sessions. His lectures were

always without notes, free, easy and suggestive. He never tried to raise a laugh or a smile in church, but frequently gave some quaint, original, happy explanation, or telling point, which kept interest and attention forever on the alert.

And yet in the pulpit he was singularly set free of himself. He forgot his own personality, and existed only in the truth he taught. As was very well said of him, "When I hear Mr. McColl preach, I am always lost in admiration, not of the man, but of the Master. He so holds up the Lord to view, that one can think of nothing else." This is indeed a high tribute to his preaching.

But the man was as abundant in works as in words; though his own means were often restricted, he never failed to remember the poor. His charities were unostentatious, and only came to light by accident. The needs of the widow and orphan were near his heart. In one hard winter, when breadstuffs were unusually dear, he sent a barrel of flour to a poor widow, charging the drayman to keep his name secret. The sturdy Scotchwoman, however, refused to take the gift, unless she knew from whom it came. "Then, if you must know, it's from Dominie McColl," said the carter. Again, a large bill, which had been paid, was sent in to him by a new-made widow. Instead of rectifying the mistake by producing the receipt, he remarked to his wife, "Say nothing, this will be a quiet way of helping a widow in narrow circumstances;" and at once he paid the bill a second time. May the Lord of the widow in His holy habitation, repay it a hundred-fold to the little band whom He has bereaved!

During his ministry at Niagara he passed through a very singular experience. He was occupied in his study, after the family had retired to rest; as he had been found to be deeply engaged, he was left unmolested. But he was seized with a sudden illness. His limbs were probably cramped or paralyzed, so that he could not leave his chair. It might be that the angel of death was passing near him. He had been writing, and now his failing strength sufficed him



to trace feebly these favorite lines, as uttering his own feelings, when he believed he was about to be suddenly removed from this world. The lines were found afterwards, and carefully preserved, and have become doubly precious to his friends since the event of his sudden death:

"All earthly pleasures will be o'er,  
All earthly labors done;  
And I shall tread the eternal shore,  
And I shall die—alone.

But oh, I will not view with dread  
The shadowy veil unknown;  
I see a light within it shed,  
I shall *not* die alone.

One will be surely with me there,  
Whose voice I long have known,  
To die is now my wish, my choice;  
I shall not die alone."

It pleased God to send upon him a severe family affliction, and it seemed his duty to resign his charge at Niagara Falls and devote himself to the care of his elder son. While arrangements were being made for this change he was pressed to go to Montreal, to take charge of Dr. Taylor's church during the absence of the pastor. This now appears an especial providence of God, that his ministry might close in light, happiness, and serenity. He returned from Montreal in unusually fine health and spirits, declaring, with thankfulness to God, that never in his ministry had he received in a given time so much cordiality, so many tender proofs of love and esteem, as he had at Dr. Taylor's church.

Two days after this glad return the shadow fell. He met with a severe injury upon the railroad near the Suspension Bridge. No bones were broken, but while he was greatly bruised, the main injury was inflicted upon his head. For a time his friends rejoiced in his apparent recovery. They then found that he had no recollection of having left his home on the day of the accident. Periods of forgetfulness were at first the only token of a permanent injury to the brain.

About a year after the accident he went by invitation to administer the communion in a church in Canada. Here he addressed the congregation very im-

pressively from the words, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." After prayer and singing, instead of distributing the elements, he *forgot* that he had addressed the people, and taking the same text, spoke again, yet in an entirely different line of thought; delivering what the people, with one accord, declared to be the most beautiful exhortation they had ever heard on a sacramental occasion.

But now this active mind, which had wrought so ceaselessly, began to fail. The manner of the change was remarkable. He had in every emergency of life shown that he was singularly dead to the world, and that he had his dwelling in the spiritual. Amid many cares and perplexities he had walked serenely in newness of life, but how fully he had lived in Christ was now to be developed. His ruling passion glowed brightly in the decaying of the outward man. He had been dead to the world, and now the world was in very fact dead to him. The business, the strifes, the opinions, the relationships even of this world passed entirely away from his mind. On the contrary, his memory of the Scriptures, his apprehension of the plan of salvation, the love of Christ, and the doctrines of the Bible, shone more clearly than ever. His conversation was now entirely of spiritual things, and his one thought was to save souls. His enjoyment of church services, where now it was his part to listen, was as great as ever; and his exercises at family prayers were increasingly delightful; but now every prayer, and every benediction, and every grace at table, glided into an humble, fervent entreaty for light and sanctification; it was a casting of a penitent filial heart into the compassionate Father's ready arms. At times he would realize crushingly the fact that in some way he had drifted out of his legitimate work; his resort in these hours of tribulation was ever prayer and singing of hymns. "Leave me," he would say, "I can do nothing but find comfort in these hymns." The richness of that inner life was revealed more and more in every day, that,

thus strangely parted from the affairs of men, he lingered on this hither shore. Living for the last year near Fairmount Park, it was his custom to take his Bible and hymn-book and walk there, leaving home always under the impression that he was going out to preach, and indeed speaking only upon religion when he chanced to converse with those whom he met.

For two years he had had no consciousness of *any ties save those of Christian friendship, of oneness with God's people*; his disposition was sweetness itself, and a complaint never passed his lips. His elder son being about to leave home for his health, his father unexpectedly recalled the relationship between them, and with streaming eyes named him his dear son, and invoked on him the blessing of the Most High. He had, for two or three days before going out, taken farewell of each member of his family, saying that he was leaving them to preach the gospel. On this last morning, as he set out, carrying the hymn-book given him by his Bible-class in Berwick-on-Tweed, his wife followed him to the door asking, "Where is it that you are going?" With a radiant face he replied, "The Lord has called me to preach his gospel; I am going to the Holy Land."

The words were prophetic. He escaped in his walk the constant watch-care of his friends, and in crossing the Baltimore Railroad heard the train coming, but waited on *the wrong track*. It was impossible to stop the train; his foot was upon the rail where the engine was coming; his eyes were uplifted as in contemplation of that Holy Land, where he had heard himself called to come; his Bible was in his hand—there was no dread or pain of dying. The oncoming train struck him on the temple and shoulder, and threw him lifeless at once on the farther track, with no other external injury than a slight bruise upon the temple. He had been thus suddenly

lifted up into that Golden Zion in which he had so long held citizenship.

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

"Nor blame we Death because he bare

The use of virtue not of earth:

We know transplanted human worth

Will bloom to profit otherwhere."

Beside his grave, remembering the quick and painless fashion of his dying, his spirit's swift translation to the Upper House, we have ceased to question "Why?" that "why" that perplexed us while he lived. Why was one so useful, so honored and beloved, set for eight long years apart from that good work wherein he had wrought so well? We can only answer, that it has pleased God to deal thus with his servants more than once or twice. Full many a Scribe and lofty Pharisee was prating in the precincts of the temple when John the Baptist, greatest of those born of women, pined in Herod's dungeon at Machærus; plenty of idle curates defiled the house of the Lord when John Bunyan lay in Bedford jail, when the goodly company of the martyrs went to prison and to death. God uses some of his strong servants actively as long as they live; others he ordains to stand and wait. The Divine workman and his work, are independent of the best instruments his hands have fashioned. Man cannot afford the disuse of good tools; but God can labor by men's hands, or carry on his cause apart from all human means.

Blessed be His name, that when he begins a good work he never fails to carry it on until the end; and that the soul that by His grace begins to walk in newness of life, is led on step by step through light or shadow to the world of compensation and pleasures for evermore. There do redeemed spirits enter into the joy of our Lord. While, as this our pastor and friend, the body with placid brow and folded hands, is committed a precious resurrection seed to God's Acce-