

Robert Morier thus records his last visit to him not long before his death:

"His intellect was as clear, his speech as incisive, his interest in poetry and politics as keen as when I last saw him three years ago. It was a beautiful English summer afternoon: a warm sun lit up his pale features, which still retained their splendid outline and were entirely wanting in the wrinkles or withered look of extreme old age. . . . He seemed some grand old Titan majestically sinking to his rest in all his glory, as if he knew the Infinite was waiting to receive him in all due honor."

He was laid to rest in the little quiet churchyard of Frant village, but a statue in Westminster Abbey is a national tribute to his memory. Dean Stanley's eloquence recounted his services to mankind, and Tennyson wrote the lines which are engraved on the base of his statue. Before his death his Queen sent him her thanks for his great and valued services. A higher meed was his from his Divine Sovereign: "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

## THE LAND OF MARTYRS AND MISSIONARIES.

### EDITORIAL.

We mean dear old Scotland! What other land is so full of memorials and monuments of the martyrs who died, or the heroes who lived, for the testimony of Christ's Crown and covenant? We went nowhere without treading on sacred ground, and breathing an atmosphere of consecration! At Dundee's gate, where Wishart preached to the victims of plague; at St. Andrews, where he was burned; at Blantyre, where Livingstone was born; at Strathaven, whence the Martins went to India and Jamaica; in Edinburgh Church yard, where the tablet records the Martyrs and the tombstone held the covenant signed with blood! No wonder such godly ministers succeeded such martyrs; that such great missionary meetings are held, such numbers offer to go to the heathen, and even the poorest give to missions! God bless dear old Scotland!

### A SUGGESTION.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea  
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite;  
To change their course, retard their onward way,  
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait  
E'er they can come to port, and if it be  
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect  
The treasure ship to see.

—Anna Temple.