

DR. ANDERSON, OF GLASGOW.

SOME weeks ago I saw in a paper a reminiscence of the late Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow, in which I felt much interest. That article recalled to my mind some events of a day in which I was favored by being admitted into his company, in the year 1854.

Having been sent to Bridge-of-Allan to address a missionary meeting on the Sabbath evening, I learned that Dr. Anderson was to preach that day in Blairlogie, a village about two miles distant, in exchange with Mr. McLaren. Being intimate with those at the manse, I went over in the morning that I might hear Dr. Anderson. I had heard him only twice in Glasgow, and was deeply impressed with his simplicity and earnestness in addressing the congregation, and was very desirous to embrace this opportunity to hear him again. The little church was completely filled by an interested audience. His grave appearance seemed to convey a feeling of solemnity to the congregation, and the devotional services were peculiarly impressive. In prayer he seemed to feel himself in the immediate presence of God, and clothed his petitions in language simple as that of a child pleading with a father for some special favor, but with a poetic elegance I have not felt excelled; confessing sin, for which we have no excuse to present—sin that has rendered us very feeble before temptations to which we have often yielded; but through the loving kindness of our gracious Saviour we have forgiveness and restoration to His presence, so that we have Him with us when we, as pilgrims, pass on through the storms which overtake us by the way. May we be made to feel that we are sojourners, and that this world is only an inn in which we are to tarry for a night! Move us to be up early in the morning, and hasten on through the tempests and darkness, cheered by the light that shines from our Father's house, far up the mountain, where our souls at last shall find shelter from all that now makes us tremble.

He announced as his subject the parable of the lost piece of silver. Then pausing, with his eye turned toward the ceiling, said: "Friends, I was under a sore temptation this morning. I remembered that there stood a man here who preached doc-