

## SPRING.

The blasts of winter have ceased to blow and the frosts of winter no longer hold the world in their iron grasp. The fields and woods are musical with the voices of a thousand streams. The white veil of seeming death has been lifted away, and we now rejoice in countless pledges of returning life. The south wind breathes upon all the land, and already we have foretastes of the brightness and joy of the coming summer.

It is the same old ever-new parable acted under our eyes. It is God speaking to us through the works of His hands and the arrangements of His Providence. Can we not love and admire so bountiful a Father? He sends His sunshine and His rain alike for all. The bliss and the loveliness of the spring and summer are meant for all. The promise made thousands of years ago still holds true, and the revolving seasons bear witness to the faithfulness of Him with whom we have to do.

As the sun brings new life and loveliness to the natural world, so the Sun of righteousness sheds His quickening beams on the spiritual world, giving life to dead souls, and waking souls that slumber. How many in our own congregations are this day rejoicing in a new springtide of God-given life and hope and peace! The winter of the soul may have been long and cold, but now it is over and gone and the time of spring has come—the singing of His praises who hath redeemed us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

Other lands,—England, Scotland, Ireland; Protestant districts of France and Switzerland, many States of the neighboring Union,—have been richly blessed with refreshing showers of this spiritual spring. Let us rejoice, and give thanks to the Father who says, "All souls are mine."

As in the natural world the blossom is followed by summer in all its glories, and by the full harvest, so be it in the experience of individual souls and of our revived churches. There must be the sowing of seed, there must be the sowing, there must be fruit. As a man soweth so shall he also reap. Let the

churches now enjoying the heavenly visitation remember what God expects and claims. Let the churches that are still cold and dead hear the joyful sound of the Gospel springtide and welcome the bright and quickening rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

## DEATH OF DR. BUCHANAN.

Another great man has fallen. A few weeks ago the United Presbyterian Church had to mourn Dr. McFarlane's death, and now the Free Church has lost Dr. Robert Buchanan, the veteran compeer of Cunningham and Guthrie and Candlish.

Early in the year, at the request of the continental committee of the Free Church, Dr. Buchanan proceeded to Rome for the purpose of conducting the services in the Presbyterian Church along with the Rev. Dr. Monro, parish minister of Campsie, during the months of February, March and April. That he knew how soon the silver cord must be loosed, was touchingly expressed by himself at the meeting of Presbytery at which he asked for leave of absence. On that occasion he made allusion to the death of his old friend, Dr. Forbes, in whose removal he lamented the loss of the last member of Presbytery that had given him the right hand of welcome when he came to the city in 1833. At the conclusion of his address to his brethren, he said, "I cannot trust myself to say more, but I have said enough to enable my brethren to understand the peculiar significance there is for me in the event over which we all this day so sincerely mourn." Dr. Buchanan set out for Rome in the same month, accompanied by Mrs. Buchanan and two of their daughters, and on reaching the Eternal City at once began his work. His letters generally were of the most cheering character. The cold of a Roman winter, however, proved somewhat trying to him, and in the course of last week he suffered from a severe bilious attack, which may have predisposed to the fatal attack which has so suddenly involved his family and the Church in mourning. His intervals of leisure, when the hot,