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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 goods are musical with the voices of a tousand streams. The white veil of scemog death has been lifted away, and we TOW rejoice in countless pledges of returnng life. The south wind breathes upon lithe land, and already we have foretastes the brightness and joy of the coming

ving u It is the same old ever-new parable acted monior Eder our eyes. It is God speaking to us r Unio mugh the works of His hands and the ard to r ingements of His Providence. Can we allove and admire so bountiful a Father ? esends His sunshine and His rain alike nitr f rall. The bliss and the loveliness of ring and summer are meant for all. The ; of B omise made thousands of years ago still Ms true, and the revolving seasons bear ness to the faitfulness of Him with whom

have to do.

the

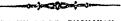
uld o As the sun brings new life and lovelimblei is to the natural world, so the Sun of ghteousness sheds His quickening beams on the spiritual world, giving life to dead 1 out is, and waking souls that slumber. How rio 1 nv in our own congregations are this rejoicing in a new springtide of Godame i m life and hope and peace! The winrich o may have been long and cold, but of th it is over and gone and the time o ngqı ing has come—the singing of His

eek, hom our sins in His own blood. ther lands,-England, Scotland, Ireiocal e N t: otestant districts of France and weland, many States of the neighbor-शुर्ध Union,—have been richly blessed with 301 ing showers of this spiritual spring-Let us rejoice, and give thanks to who says, " All souls are mine.

s who hath redeemed us and washed

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

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



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 tor 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,