

gracious experience, and in many as the cherished purpose to seek and meet the blessing.

In these circumstances, in again saluting you in the name of the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly, we have the satisfaction of conveying congratulations, that, the past year's work in our Colonial Mission fields had been so encouraging of the hope of a greater ingathering in the year that is before us;

The request is therefore renewed with increased interest and earnestness, that you will have the kindness to favor me, before the end of March next, with any intelligence you may have to communicate, as to the progress of the Work of the Lord in your hands, or as to anything which interests you, as bearing on the spiritual results of evangelistic or pastoral efforts, in the sphere of your labours in the ministry of the Gospel.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.—No one that we are acquainted with could undertake to write the "Notes of the Month" with anything like the freshness and raciness of our old friend A. P. We lost no time in making our request to the Professor, but unfortunately, the duties of the chair leave no leisure for the task. Besides, it indicates that he would much rather give "Notes" (*bank notes*, we suppose) and send them to us. We are promised an occasional contribution.

GAIRLOCH.—The Rev. Mr. Herdman will preach (D. V.) in Gairloch Church Sabbath first, the 30th inst. The Sabbath of St. Andrew's, Picton, will on that day be occupied by the Rev. Cranstoun, M. A., Wesleyan Minister of the town.

WRONG VIEWS OF DEATH.

It is to Christ that we are indebted for emancipation from an intolerable fear of death. It was necessary that he should taste of death, that the bitterness of its waters might be sweetened by the touch of his lips. As a father wades out into a stream to encourage his timid child to cross; so Christ had gone down to the river men had dreaded, but whose waters are full of cleansing, and whose farther waves beat on a golden shore. I regret to say that christians are slow to improve the privilege of knowledge and faith. The old heathen superstition still endures. To many a professor, even, Death is a monster, and not the darkfaced, but kind-hearted usher that he is, to lead us to our Father's palace. I know of little truly christian poetry. Many of our otherwise sweetest hymns are harsh with the old heathenish moan. Literature is more mythological in its presentation of death than Scriptural. Art is perverted by the same error. When shall we have an artist that will paint us an angel, and not a spectre? We dress our griefs as the ancients, who lived before life and immortality were brought to light, dressed theirs. The colour of our mourning gives the lie to our faith. A saint is lifted to her glory and her reward in heaven, and we put on black! The shepherd in his deep love stoops, and takes a little feeble lamb to his bosom; and we knot crape to our door and fill the house with lamentation! How might the birds teach us, that sing their little ones into the air when grown beyond the accommodations of the nest! They have instinctive faith in God. They know that his heavens are high and broad, and that their darlings will not lack room, nor one of them fall to the ground without his notice: we shudder when ours fly off, and sit and mourn over the deserted cradle; forgetting the sublime statement of Paul, that "to die is gain."

W. H. H. MURRAY.