

he and his family lived in respectability and comfort for many years. He was truly a good man,—honourable in all his transactions, beloved by all his friends, and most diligent and conscientious in discharging all his duties, whether secular or sacred. He was a true Christian character and profession; and there is no doubt that he left an impress of his mind and heart upon his son, which was of a salutary and powerful influence on his whole life.

To his unspokeable grief and loss, his excellent wife died on the 24th of January, 1705. He survived her more than six years; and after giving evidence of his interest in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and his maturity, through grace, for the better course, he was, in the latter part of his life, on the first of June, 1711. Both these distinguished Christians adorned through life the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things; and they died in the comfortable believing persuasion that "if the earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved, they would have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Their son, William, as is well known, became a Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and was settled in the City of Perth, where he laboured with great fidelity and success, in circumstances interesting, although sometimes trying, and amidst occurrences pregnant with important benefits to the Church, till his death, which took place on the 14th of November, 1741.

He was one of the "Four Brethren," who, in 1733, originated and organized the Secession Church. He was chosen to be their first Professor of Theology, and the Institute, in which many of their youth to the holy Ministry. He is said to have been the most talented and learned Minister of the earliest Secession Ministers; and it was remarked by the Rev. and distinguished John Brown, of Haddington, who studied under him,— "That he had all the excellencies of both the Erskines, and excellencies peculiar to himself."

AVENUES.

Cleanings.

PRAYER.

What various hindrances we meet

In coming to a prayer;—

Yet who that knoweth the worth of prayer

But wishes to be often there.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,

'Gives exercise to faith and love,

Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight;

Prayer makes the ladder Jacob saw;

And Satan trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,

Success was found on Israel's side;

But when through weariness they failed,

That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have you no words! Ah! think again,

Words flow apace when you complain,

And fill your fellow creature's ear

'With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,

To heaven in supplication sent,

Your cheerful songs would oftener be,

"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

COWPER.

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

Ere yet the evening star with silver ray,

Sheds its mild lustre on the sacred day,

Let us resume with thankful hearts again,

The rites that heaven and holiness ordain.

Still let those precious truths our thoughts engage,

Which shine revealed on inspiration's page;

Nor those blest hours in vanity be passed;

Which all who lavish will lament at last.

O God, our Saviour, in our hearts abide;

Thy blood redeem us, and thy precious guide;

In life our guardian, and in death our friend,

Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

And as you sun descending rolls away,

Thy glory shines in glory's day,

So may we act, our transient being o'er,

So rise in glory on the eternal shore!

ANON.

LAMARTINE ON THE RELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN.

The following article from the pen of Lamartine deserves to be perused and deeply pondered by all who take an interest in marking the changes, vicissitudes, and revolutions through which nations are destined to pass, and the extent to which the moral conduct and religious character of a community may increase or diminish the sum of its prosperity, happiness, and true greatness:

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. It is because the idea of God—which arises from all the evidences of nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable—and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all the European races—the mind has not the force, and the severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier-nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battlefield to battlefield, making conquests, and never leaving them, ravaging, despoiling, dazing, charming, and conquering Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards the religious sentiment of the great nations of Europe, America, and even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven; our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying—they live and die looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying—and compare them with the words of Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, ascended, and descended in their political life of popularity in the ingratitude of glory, in the contempt of their citizens—always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died, confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

Suicide, the young martyr of a patriot, guilty of nothing but impiety, and who died to expiate his country's sin of infidelity, said to his sister—"I reject that I die innocent towards the king, but a victim resigned to the King on High, to whom all life is due."

The Republicans of Cromwell only sought the way of God, even in the blood of battles. Their politics were their faith—their reign a prayer—their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels, that God was in all the movements of these great people.

But even the sea-traveler La Mancha, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths of celebrated men in the greatest years of France! The victims only have a God; the tribunes and victors have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death—"Crown me with flowers," said he, "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music"—not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the beheaded people who killed their prophets and saviours. Not a glance towards heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"O, Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; their only hymn, the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cold and indecent plesantry at the trial, and a long impregnation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal!

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "you will show my head to the people—it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister—death—itsself recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The republic of these men—without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, and a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory! All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans transvested into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic. When you sell your life, it is when you buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immortalize itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful and God non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions!—*Bien Publique.*