

been in former years remarkably blessed to the Lanark people. May this severe loss result in their great spiritual gain, that our devoted brother may have to rejoice abundantly on their account.

Some will be likely to comment on this lamentable loss, that after all it was self-imposed, through neglect of the proper precaution in keeping up the insurance. This is by no means a matter of course. Many ministers are so straitened in their resources that they *cannot* command the requisite amount just at the time the policy expires. Besides the inadequacy of support too often given them, there is not unfrequently a delay in paying even the small quarterage that has been promised. Where such a loss as this arises from that cause the minister may be wholly free from the responsibility, and in the Divine regard the *people* may be under moral obligation to indemnify their Pastor's loss. These remarks are not designed to apply to this particular case, further than to parry the force of the upbraiding supposed, by suggesting some possible explanation or extenuation of the omission. The duty of keeping up the insurance policy should be forcibly impressed on us by this recurrence of the frequent coincidence of a policy having lately expired when the property is consumed.

No less than four of our Ministers have of late passed through this fiery ordeal, and in *two* of these instances the insurance had just run out! It cannot be presumed that they permitted this through indifference or forgetfulness, for as a class, ministers give abundant practical evidence of their appreciation of the importance of insurance, and certainly they are generally too well trained in fulfilling appointments, to forget this matter. Yet our Ministerial brethren will do well to lay to heart these sad lessons from the experience of some of their own circle, and be doubly careful not to suffer their little all to stand exposed *for a single hour without an adequate insurance.*

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## Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

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Eleven years have passed since the Great Exhibition of 1851, and this May-day has witnessed in London another of those grand, imposing spectacles, which once seen can never be forgotten. The world has grown wiser during these years, and although some of the lessons it has learned are bitter enough, they will be blessed in the end if men will but heed and be guided by them. We all remember the day-dreams in which we indulged about the Palace of Glass, we named it the Temple of Peace, we thought that those who breathed its atmosphere would thenceforth be filled with love to all mankind; all hatreds and national jealousies; old sores, and bitter recollections were to pass away, melted and dispersed by the May-day sun which shone through crystal walls. Flags which had too often met in hostile array hung peacefully side by side; the representatives of every nation under heaven interchanged salutations, and from the dying swell of the organ there seemed to arise again the angels song, "Peace on earth, good will towards men." And how has the dream been realized? How have the years fulfilled the prophecy? Ah we all know! probably during no similar space of time have there been wars in so