

he corrected them, and far less could he rejoice in Her Majesty's tears, but seeing he had given her no just cause of offence, and had only discharged his duty, he was constrained, though unwillingly, to sustain her tears rather than hurt his conscience and betray the Commonwealth by his silence." Does that sound like ferocity, nay, rather is it not truest politeness linked with a fortitude that reaches the sublime. He was not a sour cynic—a churlish Nabal. He was the reverse of morose and misanthropic. In the bosom of the domestic circle, that face which, when occasion demanded, wore the frown of anger and the flush of honest indignation, could wreath itself in smiles. His characteristic humour would crop out even at serious times.

There was nothing narrow about him. In the best sense he was exceeding broad—broad in his sentiments, broad in his sympathies,—not broad in the modern latitudinarian sense of the term, yet broad as the love of God and narrow as his law. His letters from England and about it, show how free he was from offensive clannishness.

LESSONS FOR US.

An example thus to us as members of a national society to guard against one abuse to which such institutions may be exposed. While loving our dear native land, as he did—strongly, sincerely—all the more when absent from it, let us cherish an intelligent interest in others too, cultivating the charity which

"Glowa with social tenderness,
And feels for all mankind."

The Scotchman, from mingling with all nations, should be exceedingly cosmopolitan in his character, and rise superior to all narrow bigotry and sectional prejudices. Our adopted country in its composite elements is a beautiful mosaic. Let us work into it all the good qualities of the nations that compose it. Nor let us forget how that in the admirable parochial economy which originated in Knox, the poor were specially cared for. To-day with the holy Apostles, he being dead yet speaketh—"Only we would that ye remember the poor." "The same also which we have been careful to do" in effect, and with good reason, say our charitable committee, as their excellent report shows. Let it be so with their successors—and for this end, let increasing means be placed at their disposal. Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes, became poor, and who hath said, "The poor ye have always with you." We have the sacrifices to make like our fathers. For the blood-bought heritage they have handed down to us, let us make this small return.

John Knox has been dead for 300 years, and yet he lives. His body lies "mouldering in the grave," but "his soul is marching on." It is coursing the earth. It marches round the world. It is animating millions. Let us not content ourselves with "garnishing the sepulchre of the righteous"—while we allow his principles to lie entombed. And if any put this down to the partiality of a Scotchman and a Presbyterian—listen to the eminent Englishman whose winged words we have already quoted: "The time has come (says Jas. Anthony Froude) "When English history may do justice to one but for whom the Reformation would have been overthrown among ourselves; for the spirit

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