

mortal thing," said Byron, "it is because I else must weep!"

Christianity brings a perfect cure for this melancholy, by the Spirit which breathes in Psalm cxii., and in Romans xii.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

THORNHILL, January 1885.

DEAR MR. MELVILLE:—I was very much pleased with your last number, giving an account of your year's work; glad also that you are looking forward hopefully, and I trust if you are spared at the helm for another new year, that you may have even a better prospect. No fear of the RECORD. I have sent it to many friends, both clerical and literary, and all agree that it is worthy both of the editor and the country from whence it comes; so "good speed to you." We are to get our new minister inducted on Friday first, and I will be able to tell you something about the business next month, as well as about the minister. He comes from Fife, and I am looking forward with great pleasure to the tie about to be formed. I never looked for another after I first heard him, and I am glad the congregation took the same view, and gave the call unanimously. I have little time to say more. We are all busy curling, and while I write the *Channel Stane* goes roaring up the rink; and when one feels his fingers itching to get a hold of his broom, and away, perhaps your curling friends may sympathize with me. So now my dear friend though late, I wish you a good new year, and enclose a little snowdrop. They are here just showing their white heads.

THE SNOWDROP.

Hail beauteous snowdrop, tender flower!

Where didst thou rear thy modest form,

Or how withstand the pelting shower,

As o'er thee burst the wintry storm?

Did hailstones dashing down in wrath,

Not crush to earth thy slender stem?

Or turn'd the storm-king from his path,

And spared thy bud, "Thou bonny gem?"

Welcome to me, fair little flower:

Stainless thy form as drifted snow:

Thou speakst of Hope, for thou art there

To tell of flowers that yet shall blow!

Even higher lessons dost thou teach

To hearts that throb in dark despair,

For in thy prophet tones are heard

The truth that God is everywhere!

Shall He who yearly clothes the fields,

And gives the flowers their fragrant breath?

Shall He leave man alone, to fear

The gloomy mansion house of death?

No! higher, nobler faith be ours,

And on our hearts this truth be graven,

That like the flowers we'll spring to life,

And brighter bloom above, in HEAVEN!

DAVID CLARK.

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GOD'S WORD IS SPIRITUAL LIVING AND LIFE-GIVING.

"We have also a more sure Word of prophecy, unto which ye do well to take heed, as unto a light shining in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the Day-star arise in your hearts: Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old times by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 Peter 1: 19-21.

These are fundamental truths. He that ignores them has yet learn the very first lessons in the alphabet of theology. Here we are taught, that in sacred Scripture we have a sure Word of prophecy, given not by man's will but by God's Spirit; that no prophecy thereof is of a merely private interpretation; and that we all should use the Written Word as our lamp and light, until Christ, the Living Word, who is its spirit and life, shall arise in our hearts as the Sun of