

## Scotland.

## GLASGOW.

Mr. Kirkwood, who was dismissed from the office of inspector of the poor in Govan, was apprehended on Wednesday, and committed to prison.

The first of what is intended to be a series of ten mission stations in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, will be commenced in the course of a few days in Garnagad Road, Glasgow, at its eastern extremity. Although this is one of the most populous suburban districts in the city, it has hitherto been without adequate church accommodation, and the new church, which is to be of the finest expensive kind, is calculated to meet a great want.

Mr. John Walker, son of the late Mr. Walker, of the Argyle Arms, Inverary, and of the George Hotel, Glasgow, was compelled in 1862 to suspend payment as a grain merchant in this city. Having obtained an honourable settlement on the payment of 6s. in the pound, he emigrated to Canada, and settled in London, Ontario, where he has since resided, and been successful in business; and to-day (Wednesday) the arrival of the American mail, has put all his creditors in possession of cheques for the full amount of their prospective claims. This conduct, so honourable to Mr. Walker, well merits the publicity which we now gladly give it.—*Citizen*.

## EDINBURGH.

Two boys, aged twelve and thirteen years, sons of Alex. Rattray, shepherd at Street of Monaltrie, were drowned on Tuesday, in a burn near their home.

The Committee appointed to consider as to the filling up of the vacancy in the Free West Church, Aberdeen, caused by the death of the late Dr. Davidson, have resolved to recommend the Rev. Mr. Laidlaw, of Perth.

The following candidates passed their examination before the Local Marine Board at Aberdeen:—Master—Angus Rennie, Inverness. First Mate—George Innes, Huntly. Second Mate—Francis Mann, Aberdeen.

Alexander Malcolm, a boy of nine years, son of Donald Ritchie, fisherman, while attempting to board his father's boat, which had just entered the Rose hearty harbour fell down, one of the stone stairs at the west pier and broke his thigh. The little suffer was conveyed home and attended by Dr. Cochraue.

The Rev. Henry Duff, of South Leith, died on Wednesday at the age of 65. Born at Dufermline, he graduated at Glasgow, was appointed head master of a school in Glasgow, and at the time of the disruption was settled in Leith. He was for many years clerk to the Presbytery of Edinburgh. He supported the anti-patronage movement, and was in favour of such innovations in public worship as the use of instrumental music, kneeling at prayer, and standing while singing.

## BANFFSHIRE.

The Rev. James Macdonald, M.A., who is a native of this county, and was for some time assistant to Dr. Wood, of Dumfries, was on Thursday last, ordained to the pastorate of the Free Church congregation at Ochiltree, in the Presbytery of Dumfries.

Mr. Andrew Bannerman, son of Mr. William Bannerman, Banff, died on Wednesday last, at Glasgow, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Bannerman was trained to commercial pursuits in Banff, and subsequently in Glasgow, and in association with his brother, Mr. William Bannerman, he proceeded to Australia, where he carried on an extensive as gold broker and banker.

## INVERNESS-SHIRE.

It is officially announced that in the 8th Inverness-shire Rifle Volunteer Corps Insign W. A. McLeod is to be Lieutenant, vice Macdonald promoted.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the Hon. Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat, being appointed Vice-Lieutenant of the county of Inverness.

Mr. Thomas Wynnes, Superintendent of Police for the Burgh of Elgin, has been appointed Superintendent of the Inverness Burgh Police.

## ARGYLSHIRE.

Two young men, civil assistants of the Ordnance Survey, named Mr. Joseph Macmillan, Argyleshire, went out in a boat to fish on Loch Lechy, and were drowned, the boat having been found next morning keel uppermost.

On Thursday, Mr. Baird, salmon fisher, Bonaw, caught a sturgeon at the mouth of the river Awe, which measured seven feet in length, and weighed about a hundred weight. It is said to be the largest of the kind ever seen in this quarter.

## ABERDEENSHIRE.

The Rev. J. G. Michie, M.A., Migvie, has been admitted a corresponding member of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries.

The Rev. George Garrioch, of Old Meldrum, who died recently, bequeathed his fine house with large garden, green house and other premises, as a manse for the Free Church minister of Meldrum, in all time coming. He also left £200 stg. to the Aged and Infirm Ministers Fund; and £150 stg. for the use of the congregation.

Late Scotch papers contain particulars of the murder of Mr. Robert Sutherland, for a long time a resident of this county, who in 1870 went out to Southern Russia to superintend the building of a railway between Tiflis and Poti Vieu, on the 27th of April he was brutally murdered by several of the natives, who plundered the body of a large sum of money. Sutherland was a native of Caithness. The wretches have not been discovered.

## England.

The death is announced of the Rev. William Ellis, the well-known missionary in the South Sea Islands and in Madagascar. He was born in 1795.

The freemasons of Gloucestershire have undertaken at their own sole charge the restoration of the reredos in Gloucester Cathedral, the cost of which is estimated at over £1000.

A respectable tradesman of over thirty years' standing in Douglas, Isle of Man, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment, with hard labor, for having given 4d to a boy for a stolen brass tap.

The New Testament Company have got about half way through the Gospel of Luke and hope to publish next year their revised version of the four Evangelists. Among other results this work of revision has had the happiest effect of bringing together men of different communions.

The *Liverpool Albion* says the King of the Belgians intends to visit that port, principally for the purpose of seeing the docks and shipping. The King comes to this country next month, or in August for the purpose of proceeding to Duurobin Castle, on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland.

A Parliamentary return shows that during the year 1871 there were 203 factories started. Of these no fewer than 62 wool and worsted mills were started in New York, and 66 cotton mills in Lancashire. Only four were started in Scotland one in each of the counties of Ayr, Clackmannan, Peebles, and Selkirk.

## Ireland.

At Castlebar, Ireland, a process server named Matthews has been beaten nearly to death, and robbed.

The Kilkenny Town Council has adopted a memorial calling for the removal of Mr. Justice Keogh from the Bench.

About £1000 has been collected to defray Captain Nolan's costs, and the *Irish Times* estimates the total amount at £15,000.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone has sent an adverse answer to the memorial of the Irish members of Parliament, praying for an amnesty to the remaining political prisoners.

Mr. Isaac Butt having been asked to defend from his place in the Commons the priests who have been lashed by Mr. Justice Keogh has declined to do anything of the kind. The Home Rulers, I may mention, are not by any means satisfied with Mr. Butt. They think that he is not sufficiently thoroughgoing, and there are not wanting insinuations that he is angling for office.—*London Letter*.

When a familiar attendant of the Assembly looms over the well-filled pews of May Street Church, he is greatly struck with the paucity of grey heads. The old men are going fast. Cooke, Edgar, Stewart, Wilson, Gibson and Gandy are gone. Dr. Morgan still survives, the last representative of his hard-working and Godly generation, but was not well enough in health to attend the Assembly. The young men who now fill their places, are on the whole men of the right stamp, and if we have no such transcendent displays of debate as in the earlier days of Cooke, we have a far finer display of Christian temper in discussion, and a much larger number of young men now mingle in the debates than in the days when Cooke and Stewart had the field almost entirely to themselves. We are struck with the progress of the beard-movement among the young ministers; it is quite a mistake. No minister looks so like his office as the man who avoids peculiarity, and tries to be like other people.

## Foreign.

Europe is supposed to contain 900,000,000 people. One hundred years ago the estimate was but 60,000,000.

The people of Fatsan (Canton) had issued a hand-bill inviting and in an attack upon missionaries.

Dr. John Baylton, superintendent of the Ararat Lunatic Asylum, and a man of rare attainments, has died. He was a bachelor of medicine and bachelor of science at the University of London, and licentiate of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh.

The gold fields of New Zealand appear to be in a prosperous state. The Inangahua district, on the Buller River, on the west coast of the Province of Nelson, is promising to become an important and rich gold-field. A new discovery of alluvial gold has been made in the Taupo district.

It is expected that telegraphic communications between Australia and England will be established in five or six weeks. The line will not be completed by that time, but the gap will be bridged by horse expresses.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR ISLAY BURNS.

On Sunday, the 9th June, the Rev. D. Macgregor of St. Peter's, Dundee, preached a sermon in connection with the death of Dr. Burns, from Num. xx. 28, 29 (Aaron's death on Mount Hor), to an overflowing congregation. He felt it difficult to speak, he said, standing as it were upon the fresh closed grave of his beloved and lamented predecessor.

"During the twenty-one years he ministered here," he proceeded, "he spoke many tender and faithful words to you, and his death is fitted to revive the teaching of his life, and impress it upon your hearts. The circumstances are very affecting. Eight years ago he was appointed to the chair of Apologetics in the Free Church College, Glasgow. The work was congenial; he had been unconsciously preparing for it for years previously, and he gave himself to it with great earnestness and intensity. Esteemed by his colleagues, honoured by his students, beloved by a widening circle of friends, it seemed as if he had many useful and prosperous years before him. To the All-wise it seemed otherwise. He has been called away in the full maturity of his power. His sun is gone down while it is yet day. Very remarkable that within the last four years, six of our theological professors have died—Dr. Bannerman, Dr. James Buchanan, Professor Sachs, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Gibson, and now Dr. Burns."

After describing Aaron's death, the seeming anger but real love shown in it, the typical significance of his dying in the wilderness, his calm readiness, and the people's mourning, Mr. Macgregor went on to say that his object was not to pronounce Dr. Burns' eulogy, or to dwell upon his high character and qualifications, but rather to point out some lessons taught by his life. Dr. Burns belonged to a family which produced many eminent ministers. His father, three brothers, and four uncles were all able ministers of the New Testament, and his brother was the most apostolic of them all. After some biographic touches, the preacher summed up thus:—1. "Let us adore Christ's sovereignty as King in Zion. He walks among the golden candlesticks, and plants or removes them as He pleases. McCheyne was honoured to do a work here which will be remembered through all time, but men began to make an idol of him, and God took him away. He is a jealous God. He saw the people going aside to idolatry. He saw much man-worship in these pews, multitudes following McCheyne who never became followers of Christ. He called His servant to wear an early crown. 'Being dead he yet speaketh.' His 'Memoir and Remains' in tens of thousands have gone over the world, so that he has achieved far more by his death than he did during his life. Then the Great Head of the Church sent you a man of a different type. Many of you wished a beloved brother very like your first minister, like him in style, in manner, in the very tones of his voice, but God ordered it otherwise. He sent you one who, if not so popular and winsome as McCheyne, was no less earnest in his work—a true Barnabas, a son of consolation—one whose sermons, rich in Biblical truth and Christian experience, always bore the marks of his fine genius and exquisite taste, one fitted to build up saints, one whose tender sympathy by the beds of the dying will never be forgotten, whose loving words fell like balm on the hearts of the orphan and the widow. 2. Strive to recall the words he spoke to you from this place. Remember how he began the morning service with, 'How lovely is Thy dwelling place; remember the fulness, richness, freshness, of his opening prayer: remember how he loved to close the communion service with, 'O God of Bethel, or, 'Oh may Thy Spirit seal our souls; remember the deep pathos and power of some of his ordinary sermons, such as that on Luke viii. 45, 'Who touched me,' or that on 2nd Cor. iii. 6, 'The let-

ter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life, remember the winning simplicity, kindness, tenderness of his manner, how he would sit by you fire, and listen like a brother to the story of your sorrows and troubles, and comfort you out of the book of God. . . . It is true that during the latter years of his ministry in Dundee he was led to give his strength to literary work. He wrote 'The Pastor of Kilsyth, a volume on the history of the early Church, and a series of valuable papers for the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* upon the aspects and tendencies of opinion in the Church of England. In his essays on Archdeacon Hare and on the Anglo-Catholic revival he foretold, with almost prophetic accuracy, the existing developments of broad and high Churchism. It was the rare merit of these papers that led to his appointment to the Chair in Glasgow. If some criticised him for not giving his undivided strength to the pulpit during that period, we must remember that many condemned Chalmers for exchanging the pulpit of St. John's, Glasgow, for the Ethical Chair in St. Andrews, and that Chalmers, in vindication of the step, and as showing his estimate of the superior importance of professorial over pastoral work (when he saw students like Dr. Duff and John Ughart rising around him) replied, 'We make the altar here! I am glad that his portrait is to be seen in many of your homes. The calm, thoughtful face, the eye beaming with kindness, the two hands clasping the Bible, the whole bespeaking the ripe scholar, the man of genius, the accomplished theologian, the faithful ambassador of Christ.'—*Dunder Courier*.

## THE QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

## WORSHIPPING AT CRATHIE.

It would be about ten o'clock on a calm and lovely Sabbath morning, when as descending the hillside I got the first glimpse of Balmoral Castle in the distance. Its high towers and thickly wooded surroundings gleamed in the morning sun, while between me and the Castle shone out more purely, though not so gorgeously, the bright-looking Free Church. The scene as I descended was one of silent grandeur, and greatly stimulated me in the prosecution of my purpose to reach the Church of Crathie in time for divine service, where I expected Her Majesty the Queen would be present, and I might feast my eyes on Royalty for once. The whole scene was new to me, and enchanting; never before had I undertaken a mountain journey; I had never looked upon my Queen. Here I came upon a Highland girl, or rather she came up to me, and was about to manifest her superior walking powers by gliding past, when I entered into conversation with her. She was bound for church—Crathie Church too—which the informed me was exactly eight miles distant from her home. We walked along together, and I kept talking and inquiring, the result of which was that she had often seen the Queen. She liked to see her, but it was no novelty. She had walked these eight miles simply to attend church. She did, however, expect Her Majesty to be present, and that pleased me. We were close upon our destination before it came into view, and I gazed with intense interest on the simple little ancient-looking building standing on a green eminence by the side of the Dec. Service did not begin till twelve o'clock and thought it was not much past eleven when I arrived, I entered the church for the sake of resting, and going up to the gallery, chose a seat within a few yards of the Royal pew. The interior of the church has no attractions, but is exceedingly plain and devoid of painting or decoration. A scarlet covering on the Royal pew is all that mark it as a special object among the humbler rows of wooden pews. By and bye the rustic congregation straggled in, and unconcernedly took their places, one here and one there, scattered over the whole church. The bundle, a swarthy young Highlander, moved about in an eager business-like manner, and was the only one who, like myself, seemed to be in a temporary fever of expectancy. While the congregation was assembling I observed him enter the Royal pew and place between the leaves of Her Majesty's Bible a note which I understand contained the tunes to be sung in praise during the service. A few peals from a most unmelodious bell brought to me from the lips of a Highlander seated near by the intimation that the Royal carriages were "up." I was all attention. "Here she comes!" he said, and as I looked to the door leading to the gallery the Queen entered, and on taking her seat, engaged in short devotional exercises. Her Majesty was followed by the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. Immediately after them came the Dowager Duchess of Athole and Lady Ely, who, on observing that they could not enter the Royal pew without troubling their Royal Highnesses, were about to said themselves behind when the Queen, noticing their movement, moved to the top of the seat and motioned to them to come in, which they did. Her Majesty's

attendants were seated in the pews behind. I was much struck with the plain unassuming manner and easy grace of the Queen. How naturally and pleasantly she set about arranging her books, and turning up the tunes to be sung. Her dress was exceedingly plain, a black dress, and a black mantle or cloak, and a black bonnet ornamented with a little flower, and instead of the widows weeds of a few white stars in front. And this was the Queen of England, the Sovereign whose power and possessions are greater than of any monarch in the civilized world. Beloved by all the land, revered by all the world, whose presence in our cities draws thousands by her side eager in their homage. I could scarcely realise that in this simple-looking lady I beheld the Monarch of that great dominion on which the sun never sets. She was at my side. I had never seen her before; she was looking as if in good health, but the deep-drawn furrows on her cheeks looked the decided tracings of grief and care, in truth the expression of her countenance was as if she had but very recently been weeping. Dr. Caird conducted divine service, which was commenced by singing part of the 145th Psalm, and the Queen joined audibly in praise. Throughout the whole service the reverence and attention of the Queen and her children was very marked. At prayer they stood with the congregation, with erect and devout bearing. Prince Leopold's is a countenance that has only to be seen to draw respect or something higher towards him. At the close of the service the old-fashioned beggarly custom of taking round the ladle commenced. I did not expect the officiant would send it up the Royal pew. I almost wished he would not, but he did. After the benediction the choir sang an anthem or doxology while the congregation retired. Her Majesty's suite all stood as she rose to depart, and the Prince and Princess stood at either side of the door leading down the staircase. When she had passed between them their Highnesses followed, and then also all her attendants. Outside a few strong, agile, finely built, finely dressed Highlandmen were in attendance, and conspicuous among them was John Brown, glistening with a load of silver buckles, belts, &c. We in the Lowlands are like to attack a certain amount of something approaching to coarseness in a Highlandman, but these were a set of intelligent, noble looking, trusty fellows in whose care I saw our Queen quietly drive off to the Castle, while I myself took my own road, never so much impressed as I had been that day with the grand simplicity of our Presbyterian form of worship.

## TIDE MARKS.

It was low tide when we went to Bristol, and the great gray rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"Oh, that is the tide mark," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises until it reaches that line, and in a great many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"Oh," thought I, "that is all, is it? Well, I have seen a great many people that carry tide marks on their faces." Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate little features, and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said: "Draw down the blind now, Carrie, the sun shines right in Babe's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie drew the blind, and turned her face away from the window O, dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn in an ugly pout, and the queer marks on the forehead had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how badly you will feel when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide marks of passions; for these evil tempers leave their marks, just as surely as the ocean does, and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will, covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave."

Take care, little folks! and whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the "tide marks."

Gentleness.—O beautiful, wonderful word!—almost more a flower than a fruit of Christian life in its grace and beauty adorning the rough places of the road, leading little children, lifting sad hearts, wiping away tears, and winning wayward souls. Paul, with all his great and eloquent words, never melts the heart so truly as when he says, with an irresistible appeal, "I, Paul, beseech you by the gentleness of Christ."—*Oliver A. Wadsworth*.