

For the number of our schools and the extent of our population, in this matter Canada compares favorably with the United States.

The closing service is not to be described, but to be seen and felt. The hearty, brotherly and manly address from North and South, East and West, must do good. The President's closing utterances were true, tender and affecting as he placed one hand on the past of the country and his right hand held out in bright hope for the future, and the present called for faith and prayer. Toronto—your city—was unanimously chosen for the next triennial Convention. Will we be prepared, not for the hospitality, but in our better organization and fuller culture, to get and give in this Sabbath School enterprise? I forbear giving you any of our thoughts on the problems of the South.

Ingersoll, May 13th, 1878. JOHN McEWEN.

LATE REV. A. DRYBURGH.

MR. EDITOR,—I read in your last issue, with mournful interest, a sketch of the life of the late Rev. A. Dryburgh, taken from the "Edinburgh Review." Allow me to drop a tear and plant a flower on the grave of an esteemed fellow-student, ere his memory passes away into the great lone land of deep forgetfulness. Whilst that article stated the truth regarding his success as a student, it did not state it with sufficient distinctness. He came to St. Andrew's University a raw lad of fourteen years of age, and Dr. Duncan was fully equipped, and twenty. He went in ahead of him with the greatest ease. The faculty of making all knowledge his own was simply prodigious, and he seemed to be unconscious of his own superiority. Our fourth year saw him in Edinburgh and me in Glasgow living by our own efforts and prosecuting our studies at the same time. We were together again for two or three years at the Divinity Hall. I then heard the late Professor Bannerman pass the highest possible eulogiums on his written exercises. Before completing his course he went out teaching. I never heard of him again till I was home thirteen years ago, when I was shocked to learn from the Rev. Mr. Gilston, of Carnock, that one of that name who had a most distinguished career as a student, was applying for the F. C. school there—one of the poorest in the whole Church. Shortly after his arrival in this country, I wrote him to ascertain whether he were my old college chum, and was grieved at the discovery. I had hoped to meet with him here and talk over old times, but that may never now be on this side the great judgment day. I believe his want of success did not lie in his monotonous voice nor in his strong Fifehire brogue, but in his want of *self-assertion*. He smothered his great talents by his excessive modesty, otherwise he should have rendered as good account of himself as Dr. Duff or Dr. Wallace has done. The world too often rates a man as he rates himself. How sad that a bud of such promise should have failed as he has done, and then that he should have been taken away in his prime, in the land of his adoption, while he was yet a stranger! But the will of the Lord be done; and what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

MADOC.

and May, 1878.

REV. MR. BURR'S LETTER

MR. EDITOR,—Had I not been otherwise engaged I would have answered Rev. Mr. Burr's letter sooner. The very smart things he says about my "ignorance," "Pastor of a few months standing," along with some other *choice* epithets, I pass by as beneath contempt. In my last letter I quoted the law of the Church regulating the payment of Probationers between the Assembly of 1876 and 1877. That law as quoted by me will be found on page 49 of the Minutes of Assembly for 1876; and it was while this law was in force that Mr. Burr made his memorable visit to Chatham. I tell him again as I did before, that there was no other law in existence that year, authorized by the Assembly, regulating the payment of Probationers. I here quote it again: "And there shall be paid by the Presbytery and sub-committee conjointly for a Licentiate or ordained minister a minimum of eight dollars (\$8) per Sabbath, with board." This is the law of the Church for 1876 and 1877, at least until after the Assembly of 1877. And I say again in defence of the action of the Presbytery, and also of St. Andrew's congregation, that this law was complied with and its provisions fully met in the case of Mr. Burr. He may deny it

again, or muddle it up with what was done by the Assembly of 1877, but those who have the minutes of 1876 can read for themselves. Yours truly,

JOHN R. BATTISBY.

[The discussion of this matter, so far as we are concerned, must close here. Both parties have been heard, and the subject is not really one of general interest.—ED. C. P.]

THY WILL BE DONE.

We asked of Thee life,
That thou wouldst turn aside
Death pale and grim,
Nor suffer yet that he should enter in.

We could not let our darling go!
Our hearts rebellious fought against Thy will,
Refusing meek submission,
And turning from Thy gentle "Peace be still."

Unyielding yet we passed the time in prayer,
That Thou wouldst lift the shadow from our home,
And grant him life,—
And give him strength anew, to enter on the strife.

We could not let him go!
Our hearts shrank in dismay e'en from the thought,
Returning yet again;
Entreating for our loved that he should be
Raised to fresh life, from suffering's bondage free.

Thou gavest him life, O God!
Not such as in our unsubmitive cry
We asked of Thee—
But better far e'en than the dreams our visions lend,
Thou gavest him life, life pure and bright, life without end.

Our hearts at first rebelled against Thy rod.
We could not see Thy tender, pitying grace,
Or know the love
Which heard our prayer, and kindly answered so
As we would have it, if we could but know
The end in view.

Life hast Thou given him,
Even length of days, that he should dwell
With Thee for aye.
Time's burdens lifted and the fetters loosed
That bound him to this prison house;
Earth's clouds removed, all clearly now he sees
In Heaven's bright day.

—ALSTON DARE.

INTELLIGENCE OF FEMALE MISSIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS LOWE'S LETTERS.

I do not know how to thank you aright for all your loving interest in this mission, and for the texts which will be so acceptable. Miss Reade feels very thankful to you for your remembrance of Simeon and David by name. Very much has taken place since I last wrote to you, you will have seen by the papers the heavy judgment that is desolating the land; it is reckoned that more than 2,000 a day perish through the famine and consequent sickness in this Presidency. I am sure it must be in answer to your prayers, and those of other dear friends, that my sight has been so wonderfully preserved and that I have been kept from being a helpless burden. Before beginning to write any news from here, I must again and again, beloved friend, express my thankfulness to you and to the dear friends you have interested, and whom the Lord has made willing to help by painting texts. Miss Reade has of course not one moment to do this; it is a miracle that she is alive after all she has gone through. The medical work increases so much, she is now building a substantial dispensary hitherto we have only had a shed. We see terrible cases here, and many that it is impossible for us to help—leprosy, guinea worm, etc. but Miss Reade has been wonderfully blessed with many, and it has been truly through prayer. When preaching in a village one woman called out, "Why do you come here? the cholera always comes wherever you have been," soon after a message came that twelve persons had died of cholera in this place and that twenty more had been taken ill. Miss Reade went at once and attended to nineteen—one was too far gone for any remedy—all these nineteen recovered through God's great mercy. Besides the dispensary, Miss Reade is building an orphanage which we expect will be quickly filled. Our district has been more favored than other parts of the Presidency, for our river has never dried up, although crops have failed and multitudes are without food. But though we have been so favored, the scenes of late have been most painful. Before the Relief Camp was opened near here we were overwhelmed, it was only wonderful that the poor starving creatures did not carry any thing away, numbers lay down in front of our doors

and could not be persuaded to go away. Twice in the night I have been startled by the sound of groans under my window. One poor boy, an orphan, nearly dead from starvation, was brought here with an attack of cholera, and lay five days and nights in the verandah speechless. When he was at last carried away his poor skeleton frame looked such a contrast to the bier on which he was placed, made of branches of the trees with leaves fresh and green on them. The natives generally are anxious to remove the body of any cholera patient, but on one occasion Miss Reade found on the verandah of a native house a dead child lying with the sick mother and no one had cared to move her. But far more painful was the sight a little way from these gates. Going out early to the Relief Camp, Miss Reade saw a little child sitting by the dead body of her mother, who had evidently died in the effort to reach a pond by the roadside; no one knew anything of the woman; like many others at this time, she was doubtless on her way to seek relief and sank on the way; Miss Reade brought the little girl home; she looks about two years old, but is too thin and weak to stand alone. On Sunday, just before going to the afternoon service, we were told that a young girl was lying there. Miss Reade hurried off and found a miserable object, her bones nearly through the skin. Miss Reade helped to carry her to the hospital shed in the Relief Camp, and she died twenty-four hours after. One poor little one was brought here by her father fearfully swelled, and in a few hours she was dead. I might fill pages with sorrowful histories, but now I must tell you of the Lord's mercies: A Christian superintendent and a Christian Dupor (i.e. native medical man) were appointed to the camp, and this was an unspeakable comfort, for the Brahmin chief in office in the nearest town had said to us, why should the government go to such an expense, "Why should these people be kept alive," "Why should they not die?" Where only Brahmins and other heathen are in charge the poor people find the difference so great that I think many will be led through this trouble to the only Saviour. I do not know if you are aware of the terrible sins by which the government of India calls down the judgments of God on the country. In government schools and colleges the Bible is forbidden, and it is most painful to hear it said by the natives of the Professors under whom they have studied, "Such a one is an Atheist." In the Madras College there is not one Christian Professor. It is said in this Presidency government turns out 100 students a day. The advocates of education without religion will find that fearful woe too true, Isa. v. 24. At the beginning of the year when the proclamation was made of the Queen as Empress of India all mention of a Divine Being was omitted, no blessing was asked for the future, no thanksgiving offered for the past. Then there is the iniquity, that no words can describe, of the opium traffic. But now I must tell you of special mercies in this place, and lest I should forget it, will first tell you about the lawyer. His faith in giving up a lucrative profession for conscience sake was tried for a few months, and then he was provided with sufficient to supply daily need by being appointed to superintend the Relief Camp at Cuddalore; and there (as here) there is the invaluable blessing of having a Christian at the head. The present collector here, has, we feel, been sent for a blessing at this time. He is one who has suffered for conscience sake—for Christ's sake rather. In his lower office as judge he had been obliged to pass sentence of death on a heathen, and he recommended an appeal to a higher court and employed the interval in every endeavor by the visits of a missionary, by tracts and letters, to bring the prisoner to a knowledge of the Saviour. He has the joy of believing his efforts were not in vain and that it was a true conversion to God, but the anger of government was roused, all missionary efforts in jails are forbidden. The judge (Mr. Sharp) is reduced to a lower position. He is only now acting collector, the feeling of government being so strong against him.

David, the culporteur, has been carried through many trials, and has lived a true Christian in the midst of many provocations. Simeon also has given us great joy, but the women who have been baptised have been still more remarkable as instances of what the grace of God can do with the weakest and feeblest. My dear child Armili (grace) has the joy of sitting next her mother at the Lord's table; it was the mother who was so bitter against her, and forbade her entering the house when she was first baptised. When Simeon was baptised she was furious; several deaths