

greatness. It imparts its healthy vigor to society. It leads us nearer the goal of perfection. Do you wish for it, then? Do not mistake it. There is a false success. Strange were there not! You know what greatness is. You know what goodness is. Well, then, you know what true success is. Would you be great? Do you resolve to rise above the fog of the world, and commune with the stars? Yours is success. Would you be good? Would you walk uncrippled and uncrutched in the power of God? Success shall crown you with a crown of unfading lustre. But our resolutions for success imply two indispensable qualities. First, an unbounded confidence in the rightness of our principles. Second, perseverance. Success must lie, firstly, in our principles; secondly, in ourselves. Our principles must be right; we ourselves must be undaunted. Our principles must be knit up with our lives. Its branches must be entwined around every action; its sap must flow through every limb of our body. This is the great secret of success. The world is advancing, and we must advance. If we retrograde, the fault lies in a great measure with ourselves. Perhaps we may be too sensitive to the world.

The finger of scorn may make us blush. But what care we for the opinion of the world—it is a shallow stream, whose ripple dies in the breeze. But the small stream of our life is not supplied by the reservoirs of the world. We run in a different race. We seek a different goal. We are borne along by the auspicious breezes of heaven. The sunshine of God's countenance is our light. *Right* is engraven on our banner. So whence our fear? When we thus advance, all that we hold dear advances with us. Our individual success becomes a world-wide one. It exerts a powerful and lasting influence in all our relations of life, whether social or moral. We become the centres of great circles, whose circumferences extend to every object of interest and of worth in the world. Our Church, if we have an interest in her, will go forward with a noble tread. Her bulwarks will be strengthened. Her influence will be boundless. Our College, if it concern us, shall prosper. It shall become as an eye to the people—an eye, beaming with intelligence. Its streams shall be pure, and shall water our Church. The reign of mind shall begin; mind—sanctified by the Spirit of God. Thus there shall be an intimate tie between our Church and College. The former shall receive from on high the unction of the Almighty, and shall bring it down, and scatter it over the land: the latter shall wake up our mental energies, and go up from means to miracles. Both shall be instruments of God, both shall be the salvation of the people. Then let us arise and look for success. Let us individually bestir ourselves to action, and ours will be sure success. Let us not repose in the rightness of our principles, or in present strength. Moses, with his

host, feared to go forth without the guidance of God; neither let us go. Let us persevere. We must either advance or retrograde. There is no such thing as rest on earth. Arise and let us go forward. KAPPA.

CULSALMOND.—Last week, a deputation of the parishioners of Culsalmond waited on the Rev. Mr. McWilliam, Parish Schoolmaster, previous to his leaving this county, as a Minister of the Gospel, for Nova Scotia, and requested his acceptance of a handsome Silver Tea Service, in testimony of the high sense entertained by his friends and the parish generally of his moral and professional worth. Since he came to Culsalmond, Mr. McWilliam has gained the respect and esteem of all classes, and it is a subject of regret, especially to those interested in education, that he has been called away from a sphere of labour for which his abilities, urbanity of manner, and quiet yet efficient discharge of duty, so fully qualified him. He has left with the good wishes of all who knew him that he may prosper in the distant land of his adoption.

Presentation.

We observe from the *Standard* that the ladies belonging to the congregation of McLennan's Mountain, in connection with our Church, have presented their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, with a handsome Pulpit Gown and Cassock. The gift was accompanied with a very appropriate and excellent Address, signed by Mrs. McGilvray, the widow of the late revered incumbent, to which Mr. Stewart made a lengthened reply, expressing his gratitude for their kindness, and his resolution to devote himself with all earnestness to the great work of their spiritual welfare. We beg to congratulate both pastor and people on so auspicious a commencement to the pastoral relationship.

Departed Greatness.

THE poet has said that when misfortunes come, "they come not single spies, but in battalions."

The last few weeks have taken from us an unusually large proportion of the illustrious of the earth. It is true that all or nearly all had passed the limit generally assigned to human life, but the void and the regret are not the less on that account.

LORD CLYDE, the most popular of military commanders after the great Duke, now reposes not far from him, in Westminster Abbey. The Peninsula, the Crimea and India each bears witness to the skill and daring of this model soldier. His death was felt as a national and almost irreparable loss—being one of the few who, apart from his heroic ac-