

But when the whisky gets the upper hand it sorely holds down a family. I speak seriously and gravely, because I have known so many families who were desperately and sadly held down by it. I would not call it an innocent thing, because it is a very sad failing. You know the story, perhaps, of a poor laddie, who was sent and boarded at a farm-house, where he had every comfort, and his friends when they visited him, were delighted to find that he had these comforts. But there was a turkey-cock belonging to the farm which frightened the poor boy out of his senses sometimes. One day he was visited by some friends, and they said to him, "Jamie, you ought to be very grateful. You are very comfortable here. Everything is done for you that can be done—kind friends, plenty of good food, and so on." He says "It's very true, but I'm sore hadden down by the bubbly-jock." I have known many a family sore "hadden down" by the whisky. I really have, and it is very sad. And having said this, I would imitate the brevity of a minister in the far north. His congregation had considerably tried him in that way, and he thought he would give them a word of advice, and so he preached a sermon upon the dangers of intemperance, and he explained the evils that the wine produced, and that those who sat late at the wine had the necessary evils which attended it. "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess," he took as his text. But the good man reflected as he went on that perhaps it was not very applicable to speak rough there, but they were not very familiar with wine; so, in order to make his remarks more practical and applicable, he first turned to the one side and then to the other and exclaimed, "Oh! my friends, the whisky, the whisky." (Applause.) It was most emphatic, and it is a lesson that I think we might all learn from. Dean Ramsay concluded by introducing to the meeting Sir James Horn Burnet, Bart, who said he was extremely gratified in being invited to attend the meeting. He considered that the society was calculated to do great good. He should be glad if by any means he could be of use to them: and if they would do him the honour to make him an hon. member, he would assure them that he would be always at their service. The meeting was also addressed by several other gentlemen; and during the evening the proceedings were enlivened by some songs, and by the performance of some favourite music on the pianoforte by two blind young ladies.

THE LATE BISHOP BROWNE.—It seems he had been preaching himself morning and afternoon, and was rather drowsy during a lengthy evening discourse from another diocese. A companion seeing the bishop nodding, and fearing it was about to be succeeded by unepiscopal snoring, gave him an occasional nudge, and when the discourse was finished the bishop shook his neighbour warmly by the hand, and said—"One of the most awakening sermons I ever heard"—*Lord William Lennox.*

CAUCASIANS.—The wits are busy with caricatures of Dr. Norman Macleod. One represents

him as eating away at the two tables of the Law while the Presbytery looks on with hair on end. Another represents him sitting on a Pyramid in Egypt, looking into the desert through blind spectacles, with his feet bound in chains. Under him is his own dictum: "He never brought me out of Egypt." Then we have him as a modern Samson with the gates of Gaza on his back—the two Tables of Stone—crossing over the Tweed, a quiet parish church being behind him, and a large cathedral in front. It is reported that, being high in court favour, it is his desire to leave the poor Established Church of Scotland, and to live and die a bishop." Still another favours us with a picture of the three innovators, Drs. Macleod, Tulloch and Lee. They are represented as "navvies;" Dr. Robert Lee is displayed, surrounded with all manner of popish paraphernalia, and is hounding on his underlings, Principal Tulloch, who is busy at the foundation of the Confession of Faith, while Dr. Macleod is digging a deep hole for the ten commandments. The Dr. is saying, "settle for the Confession, Tulloch, and I'll soon put the commandments out of sight." Dr. Lee encourages with "work away my lads with a will, we'll make an end of the whole thing."

BORROWING TROUBLE.—"The worst evils" (says the proverb) are those that never arrive." By way of practical counsel to all borrowers of trouble, I would say—Face the real difficulties and troubles of life, and you won't have time for practising the art of self-tormenting. The most contented people in the world are those who are most occupied in alleviating, with Christian heart and hand, the sorrows that flesh is heir to. Visit the homes of ignorance and poverty and vice, and in the face of the terrible realities you will there witness, your own petty cares will seem as nothing. The anxieties of the fancy will vanish altogether, while you will be far more able to bear those burdens which though real, will seem light by comparison.

JOHN BILLYES ON PREACHING.—"I always advise short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister kant strike it in boring 40 minutes he has either got a poor gimblet or else he is a boring in the rong place."

A SMART BOY.—The minister of a church near Glasgow recently delivered his usual annual sermon to the children of his congregation. Having divided his subject into five heads, the rev. gentleman proceeded at the close of each division to ask the children a "few simple questions." After quoting the text, 'He careth for them as the apple of His eye,' and explaining how sensitive an organ the human eye was, he concluded by asking his dear young friends what any of them would do supposing a mote or a little sand or dust went into their eyes, when up started one little fellow and answered, "I'd blow my nose, Sir." The seniors in the congregation became convulsed with laughter, and it was apparent that the rev. gentleman required an effort to maintain his gravity.—*Glasgow Herald.*