

on the old man's account, who, I believe, was in a measure forced into it by his friends and neighbours, but for the evil influence it was fitted to exert on his neighbours. I cannot doubt for one moment that the old man was a sincere Christian. The fact that he endured for such a length of time what he had to bear, satisfies me of this. He had a great love for God's word; the New Testament was his constant companion. During his long illness, his large-typed Testament when not being used, lay on a table near his bedside. On going to see him one day, the first certain intimation that I had of his falling away was, that I found his Testament lying on a shelf amid some old rubbish, and a lighted candle and crucifix occupying its old place on the table. I thought at the time, and have often thought of it since, as an apt illustration of Popery. It gives a stone for bread—a crucifix for the Bible.

"Our losses by death have been more than made up by the accessions we have got; and we still have several applicants for membership."

Ecclesiastical Notices.

LETTER FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW, November 4, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—The great event among us during the past month has, beyond all controversy, been Lord Brougham's election to the Chancellorship of the University of Edinburgh, and it has been widely and justly recognized as a triumph of independent and liberal spirit, and good sense also, over the narrowest bigotry and most contemptible snobbery. If the contest had been about the Chairmanship at a cattle show dinner, or the presidency of an association for the abolition of the bothy system, or the conferring of prizes for the efficient employment of artificial manures, or any other bovine and bucolic honour, there would, at least, have been no indecency in pitting the Duke of Buccleuch against Lord Brougham, but to propose him for the office of Chancellor of the Edinburgh University—to propose for the presidency of a Scottish University a man who got the little education he did get at Cambridge, and how little that is the readers of Sir Robert Peel's memoirs already know—to propose him against the most illustrious man in literature and science now alive, a son, too, of Edinburgh University, was felt by many of the *alumni* as a gross insult, and was resented as if it were a great personal wrong. That there was great interest excited by the contest is proved by the fact that nearly eleven hundred members of Council, out of a constituency of fourteen hundred, came to Edinburgh on the day of election. It was, indeed, a fine sight to see the Music Hall filled with educated men, many of whom had come from a great distance, and to see friendly greetings passing between old *chums*, who had seldom met since they sat together at the feet of Ritchie, Wilson, Hamilton, Dunbar, Hope, Alison, Bell, or, it may be, men of an earlier day, of Leslie, Playfair, Brown, and Stewart. Professor Christison, who proposed the Duke, was obviously very ill at ease. The professor can say a thing tersely and well, bating the tone and manner of conceit which are unworthy a man who is really able, as Christison is, but his speech on the occasion was a miserable failure, and poor Sir George Clerk, of Penicuik, who seconded the nomination, rolled out a few dreary platitudes just as he would do if he were proposing the Duke's health at a county meeting. The speech of the Solicitor General, in proposing Lord Brougham, was marked by much skill and argumentative ability, but, in the art of speaking, the learned lawyer would be beaten hollow by many of our second-rate U. P. Clergy. He wraps the skirts of his surtout round his thighs every three minutes in a way which, if he were not a Whig Solicitor General, the *Scotsman* would pronounce ineffably ludicrous. Dr. Wood, in seconding Brougham's nomination, was brusque, direct, and telling, and tripped Professor Christison with some clever *impromptus*.