

heard from his lips, but, on the contrary, repeated acknowledgments of the divine goodness, and of unflinching faith in the grace and love of Jesus.

Mr. McLeod was an Elder in the congregation of Pugwash; and was one of the few through whose liberality and zeal the Church there was built. Though for many years unable to enjoy the services of a settled minister, and when many of those near and dear to him had joined the Free Church, he firmly and faithfully adhered to the Church of Scotland. But his attachment sprung neither from bigotry nor lukewarmness, but because he believed the Church of his fathers to be true and pure in doctrine, worship and government, hallowed by the sacred traditions, and the faith and prayers of many generations.

This faithful member and zealous office-bearer of our Church, has passed in a good old age—seventy-four—from the scene of his labours into the “rest that remaineth,” amidst the tears of wife and family and the regret of all who knew him.

Wallace, March, 1866.

J. A.

Opening of New Church at Broad Cove, Cape Breton.

Mr. D. Broggar, writing from Broad Cove Intervale, C. B., to the *Colonial Standard* of the 3rd inst., reports the following gratifying intelligence:—

“I have no doubt but yourself and other friends throughout the county of Pictou will be pleased to hear that the new Kirk at this place, the building of which was commenced last spring, is finished thoroughly, and was opened for public worship on Sabbath last. It is a neat little Church, and can seat comfortably 300 persons.

“Besides the Rev. Mr. Gunn, pastor of the parish, we were favored on the occasion with the presence of that faithful and indefatigable servant of Christ, the Rev. Mr. Brodie, who preached a most appropriate and beautiful discourse from Isaiah, 5th chapter, 2nd verse. A most pleasing feature in the case is, that although the congregation is neither large nor considered wealthy, the zeal they have evinced in getting the building finished and paid for, up to a mere trifle. What debt remains on it will be swept off by the middle of summer.”

Gleanings.

The Christian Merchant.

J—B— was a prosperous Christian merchant. As his worldly goods increased, so did his love to the Giver of all good, and more earnestly did he desire to aid in sending the “good tidings” to those sitting in the darkness of unbelief. Day by day, as bale after bale of goods was sent forth from his

warerooms, he placed in each a good book or tracts. North, south, east and west, high up among the rock-ridged hills of Vermont; out where the prairie waves in undulating beauty; in the tent beside the treasure-bedded stream, where the gold-seeker dreams of untold riches; and where the soft breeze dallies with the scented garlands crowning the orange groves—here and there and everywhere went the messengers of good, and eternity alone an divulge the benefits resulting to souls therefrom.

God willed it that in one instance Mr. B— should find fruit from his widely scattered seed. Travelling on business, and far from home, he stopped among strangers to spend the Sabbath. Entering the village church, he tarried after the morning service to watch the happy faces of the little ones as they took their places in the Sabbath-school. He was invited by the superintendent to address the school, and mentioned this cherished habit of planting in every bale of goods the word of truth.

A flush of joy passed over the countenance of the superintendent; and when the exercises were closed, he pressed eagerly forward and invited Mr. B— to accompany him home. The invitation was accepted; and to the joy of the Christian merchant, the superintendent told him he was a tradesman of the village, and how, nine years before, he had been led to seek the Saviour through the influence of one of Mr. B—’s books. On receiving the book, he carried it home to his wife. It proved the means of her conviction and conversion. He then read it himself, with a like result; and stretching on and on through all those years, that little book had been the root from which had sprung buds and blossoms of faith.—*Am. Mess.*

A beautiful Incident of Queen Victoria.

William IV. expired about midnight, at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the sceptre had departed, with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way, with all possible speed, to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess—already, by the law of succession, Queen Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable prelate in her anteroom. He informed her of the demise of William, and formally announced that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. “The sovereignty of the most powerful nation lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen.” She was *de jure*, Queen of the only realm, in fact or history, “on which the sun never sets.” She was deeply agitated at the for-