

Well, nothing daunted, but more emboldened, I again set out, and took a passage from London to New York. I knew no one on board, nor had I a very heavy purse, but I had the presence and help of Him who is our best Friend. On going down the Thames I looked around the ship, and who should be on board, a passenger, but Professor Finney! How truly doth God arrange His providence for the good of his children, and how often do I regret not letting God do all things for me, yielding Him the willing mind, and going where and when he says. During the voyage I had several conversations with Mr. Finney. He enquired much about Mr. Morrison, and the movement was much pleased when I told him of the overpowering earnestness which characterised the ministers of the body: he was highly gratified to hear that you all made the temperance cause "a question" in the Churches; he told me of Oberlin, and gave me any information necessary. I told him I was to remain in New York some time to earn a little money, and so we parted. I felt very lonely in the unknown country for some time, but I wrought hard, and saved all I could, and after some almost insurmountable difficulties and trials, I have "overcome" and now am located within the buildings of Oberlin College—my journey done—my first step taken in the warfare with the world for Christ.

I have had a two years' journey nearly, for this day two years ago we were on the Banks of Newfoundland, on the way to New York. President Finney has just returned from Syracuse, New York, where he has been labouring in the vacation. I have not seen him as yet to converse with him, but I will have an opportunity soon. On my arrival at Oberlin, which is seven hundred miles from New York, I was informed, by Treasurer Hill, that several Scotsmen were here, and he said he would send some of them to me. In the evening Mr. Peter Mather M'Arthur, from Illinois, called upon me, and in ten minutes we were not only countrymen but brethren. The young gentleman left Ardrossan, Ayrshire, some eleven years ago, with his parents, for Illinois: he is a nameson of the respected Mr. Mather, who needs no mention from me to you. He is a college student here in his sophomore year (2d year), and is highly respected. His brother, Rev. A. M'A., is the Canadian missionary of the Evangelical Union. Mr. M'Arthur has shewn me no little kindness, and has introduced me to Mr. Matthew Mair, lately a member of Mr. Morrison's Church, Kilmarnock, with whom I have much brotherly intercourse.

I expect to be able to cover my expenses by labour in the spare time allowed by the Institution—we can gain a few dollars sometimes by working for the inhabitants of the colony. I shall also return to New York city in the vacation, and work at my business, and no doubt the Lord will prosper me in my attempts to serve Him. I have thus troubled you with a hurried sketch of part of a life that you have been the means of redeeming, and as I do most certainly ever lament my backwardness in not telling you of one more soul being yours, I am yet in hope that this letter may be used to cheer you on; and show you that all the good effected by you is not to be told to you here below. Will it not be a glorious meeting in Heaven when you first encounter saved souls, who were too cowardly to tell you when on the earth that you were used by God to bring them to Himself? I have been almost in complete ignorance of how the

Churches get along in Scotland. I have been unable to have a *Christian News*, which I very much regret, but I may be able in a short time to order one, which will be a continual feast to me, for the preaching in the States does not keep the Saviour before the soul, and all the philosophy and science that can be squeezed into a sermon can never make up for the one grand element of the Gospel.

I would esteem it a very high favor if you would by any means inform me of the safe arrival of this letter. I cannot expect that you will spend your valuable time in writing me a letter, but it would rejoice me very much if you would be kind enough to send me a *Christian News* with your initials on the cover; I would feel much relieved, for I have been most uneasy since I came to Oberlin regarding my injustice to you. My prayers for your usefulness, and also for your own spiritual prosperity, are now before God. Perhaps the thought that one at such a distance remembers you on his knees may be worth the time you spend in reading these hasty sentences.

Oh, that it be our Lord's will that I may yet see you in the flesh. I will be more proud of one hour's conversation with you than of an audience with Queen Victoria.

I feel somewhat tried by the study of Greek and Latin; but I had some experience of the latter language when at school in Scotland, and as soon as I regain my former knowledge of it, I will get along more smoothly.

The Lord will grant me patience and energy, and with spared health I hope ere long to be in a position to enter upon the study of theology with profit.

And now, I commend you and myself to the keeping of the Good Shepherd. With many prayers for blessings of the richest kind upon you and your labours, I am, dear Sir, yours in Christ Jesus,

W. M. BARBOUR.

To REV. F. FERGUSON,

Aberdeen, Scotland.

[The following, from the New York *Scottish American*, about the time of Dr. Barbour's going to Yale College, will make this slight biography somewhat complete. We only want further, a visit of Dr. Barbour to Ontario, during the vacation, of two or three weeks among the churches. We have printed an extra large edition of the *Independent* this month, for we know that these sketches will be sought after.]

PROF. WM. M. BARBOUR, D.D.

In accordance with the expressed desire of many of our readers we present the following sketch of a fellow-countryman who has proved himself a credit to the land of his birth and an honor and a blessing to the land of his adoption: William Macleod Barbour, the second son of a family of six children, is a native of Fochabers, Morayshire, Scotland. His first instructor was the Rev. David Dewar, now minister of the free church, Fochabers, a gentleman to whom Dr. Bar-