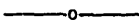


of it you have become such that, at the last day, it is impossible that God should not receive you as His children and make you partakers of His glory. You are made fit for paradise, nay, paradise is commenced for you even here, because you love. This religion has done for you what all religion proposes, and what no other has realized. Nevertheless, by the supposition, it is false! And what more could it do, were it true? Rather do you not see that this is a splendid proof of its truth? Do you not see that it is impossible that a religion which leads to God should not come from God, and that the absurdity is precisely that of supposing that you can be regenerated by a falsehood?

Suppose, that afterward, as at the first, you do not comprehend. It seems necessary, then, you should be saved by the things you do not comprehend. Is that a misfortune? Are you the less saved? Does it become you to demand from God an explanation of an obscurity which does not injure you, when, with reference to everything essential, He has been prodigal of light? The first disciples of Jesus, men without culture and learning, received truths which they did not comprehend, and spread them through the world. A crowd of sages and men of genius have received, from the hands of these poor people, truths which they comprehended no more than they. The ignorance of the one, and the science of the other, have been equally docile. Do, then, as the ignorant and the wise have done. Embrace with affection those truths which have never entered into your heart, and which will save you. Do not lose, in vain discussions, the time which is gliding away, and which is bearing you into the cheering or appalling light of eternity. Hasten to be saved. Love now; one day you will know. May the Lord Jesus prepare you for that period of light, of repose, and of happiness!



#### FROM A SCOTCH CORRESPONDENT.

[The following extracts are from the letter of a Glasgow student to one of our ministers, and will be found interesting to all our readers. It is extremely gratifying to learn that the Lower Provinces are so well represented at the Scotch Universities.]

The session closed on Wednesday, April 24th, when the result of the competitive examinations, written and oral, was commenced; and you will hear, I am certain, with a thrill of pleasure, that the young men from the colonies have well sustained that reputation which some—whom delicacy here forbids me to name—first formed, and then bequeathed, and will always bequeath to them, to uphold and maintain. Charles M. Grant has gained a prize in Professor Ramsay's class; D. M. Gordon, the third in Logic; William Fraser has done well, dis-

tinguishing himself in every one of his classes, gaining a first prize in Anatomy, Senior Division. Honorary certificates are given in the Medical Classes instead of books, and their bearing the University stamp will ever, through life, be a portable evidence of how one distinguished himself in his various classes, and he, at the same time, one of the surest passports to future preferment. William gained, besides, a second prize in Surgery, and a second in Physiology. R. Gross (from New Brunswick) gained a first in Senior Anatomy, first in Physiology, second in Surgery, and fourth in Midwifery. G. V. Calhoun (from New Brunswick) and Alexander Cameron also gained honors, but I forget how they stand. J. Macalmon (N. Brunswick) gained a first prize in Junior Anatomy, and a second in Surgery. I gained a second in Anatomy, and a fourth in Chemistry. John B. Fraser has passed successfully all the examinations for M. D., and would have been "capped" had not his youth prevented. H. Read, from Minudie, Cumberland, (N. S.), has just returned from Edinburgh, whither he has been for a week past, and is now a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, having passed a most honorable and satisfactory examination, coming in, I believe, second. Facts like these speak for themselves, and render, of course, any further remarks perfectly superfluous. So much for our winter's work; and now holiday has come to us once more, bringing with it exemption and brief respite from toil, and the delicious sense of having nothing to do for a whole fortnight! Nearly all the students have left town for the present, and the green and courts of our venerable University wear a lonely and deserted aspect; and strong is the yearning at this spring season to leave the busy haunts of men, and hie us away to some woodland retreat. True, we may no longer see the modest Mayflower, emblem of your Acadian land, blooming amid the snow, and rendering the woods fragrant with its perfume. But here we have the sweet-scented hawthorn, with its snowy flowers; the milk-white sloe; the lilly and primrose, pale as the cheek of a dying child; the gowans "wet wi' dew;" the blushing rose-bud, like to the pride of maiden's beauty; and there, by the wayside, the golden broom!

"Oh the broom, the bonnie broom!

The broom o' the Cowden Knowes!"

And then the purple-eyed heather! Let it be for ever undescribed in limping phrase of mine: but could I find words to express the joy I felt when, after years of absence, I last summer from the deck of the "Disraeli" sniffed from afar its delicious odor once more, you would know that I could find in affection no place high enough for it among all the British flora."

"The season for lectures in Glasgow is now over, and I have therefore scarcely anything