

that the discourse is perfect. On the contrary, we are not sure that all the preacher's thoughts spring legitimately, at least *naturally*, from his text, or even from his subject. Are the great ideas suggested by the jubilee those of distinction, stability, and progression, and anticipation? Surely, at all events, the particular thoughts of distinction as to *safety, character, work, and suffering*, are by no means peculiarly, or even specially, suggested by the jubilee? But, however this may be, there can be no doubt with regard to the very high general excellence of the discourse, in thought, sentiment and style. It is full of eloquence of the first order, the whole being massy gold, moulded into a beautiful form, delicately yet richly chased, and shining in every part from the native quality of the precious metal. Let us only point out, for illustration, a single metaphor or two. "The double star of Christ's second coming has been resolved out of the nebulous form in which it presented itself to the eye of the Old Testament church as one." "The harvest of the past is the seed of the future." "The river of Christianity returns to the all but deserted bed of the Eastern churches." "Dependant and derived churches, such as those gathered by missions, like infants at the breast, partake the weakness or the strength of the mother." Here, again, is a great thought. "The privilege of the Christian church as to suffering, is *not exemption from, but victory over it.*" And let us quote one passage of real eloquence, a chain of reasoning forged out of gold, in the white heat of passion:—"How great the contrast," he says, speaking of the servant of God being privileged as to *work*, "between the Christian minister, looking back from life's close on such hallowed labours, and the crowd of misguided spirits, who have lived to themselves and to the world, and who repeat, amid the gathering shadows, the everlasting complaint, that all is vanity! We compare him, not with the man who has blasted the minds of thousands with the breath of infidelity, or poisoned them with licentious song. We will take the world's chosen heroes, the conqueror who has written his ideas upon the map of the world with the sword—the statesman who has imprinted them, by wisdom and eloquence, on the mind of nations—the artist who has fixed them, in living colours and speaking attitudes, on the universal imagination—the philanthropist who has estampeted them on the senses and natural sympathies of mankind—and of one and all we declare, that the results are fugitive, the products tame and trivial, compared with the creations and memorials of the Christian ministry, written upon man's inmost spirit, and identified with his everlasting destiny. They stop with the grave; they perish with history; their boasted immortality is but a momentary echo in the vastness of duration. They people heaven with no glories, and fill it with no songs; whereas the Christian minister is surrounded, as he goes, with the memories of the blessed, preceded or followed by those whom he has added to the heavenly company, and crowned with their blessings and thanksgivings to endless ages, all the sweeter that his name is lost amid the swell of praise to God and to the Lamb! Far be it from me to disparage the endowments of art, literature, science, or statesmanship, or to undervalue their place in that great choir of voices which make up the full hymn of the Christian servicé. These may even, in many instances, surpass the ministry in usefulness; in others they may be associated with it. But in all such cases they *act as a ministry*, and do its work; and when divorced from it, much more opposed to it, their fruits perish, and their memory dies in mournful silence!"

But we must have done. And we close, expressing the conviction that, by the blessing of Him who "walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and holds the stars, in His right hand," there is a good future for the United Presbyterian Church. While the Presbyterians in Ireland, with all the force of attraction in the *Donum*, find themselves compelled to raise a public outcry with regard to paucity of students for the ministry, our Divinity Hall is well attended, many of the students being men of no common promise. The rising ministry, also, is fully alive to the necessity of learning and eloquence,