

but times of affliction have always been the happiest seasons, and the very worst things in religion are better than the best things in the world. I am doing now what I did sixty years ago, trusting in my Redeemer as my hope and salvation. I am writing my last letters to my relations. I remember times and scenes which have passed away. The sunshine of life at a father's fireside has long since passed away; the hearth-stone has become cold and the merry circle which surrounded it are either scattered over the world or rest beneath the green sod. Our parents were good people and did what they could to direct us to the hill of Calvary and the Rock of Ages.

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If St. Paul were to enter our churches, he would ask, What has become of the Lord's Table?

We have had visits from Universalist preachers from America, but the people turned a cold shoulder to them. If their doctrines were not true they did not want them, and, if true, they did not need them.

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THE REV. JOHN MARTIN.

*Oct.*

I knew the Rev. John Martin before he left Scotland. I was standing on the wharf at Halifax when he landed, and for forty years we were intimate friends and at times exchanged pulpits. Under a somewhat rough exterior, and without all that polish which the people of Halifax so highly prize, he had some of the warmest affections of the heart and the noblest sentiments of the mind. He taught sound divinity in good language, and if he did not reach the