

to without a feeling of shame. He had an engagement to preach somewhere beyond the Clyde, on a Sabbath evening, and his excellent and attached friend and elder, Mr. Kello, of Lindsay-lands, accompanied him on his big plough horse. It was to be in the open air, on the river side. When they got to the Clyde they found it in full flood, heavy and sudden rains at the head of the water having brought it down in a wild *spate*. On the opposite side were the gathered people and the tent. Before Mr. Kello knew where he was, there was his Minister on the mare swimming across, and carried down in a long diagonal, the people looking on in terror. He luded, shook himself, and preached with his usual fervour. As I have said, he never liked to speak of this bit of hardihood, and he never repeated it; but it was like the man—there were the people, that was what he would be at, and though timid for anticipated danger as any woman, in it he was without fear.

"Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and general complaisance, was like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day; his daughters—his wife was dead—besought him not to go; he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big-coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got into the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly insensible to the outward storm: his pony getting its feet *balled*, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into the ditch at the road-side. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whisky casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up, raising him, and *dichtin'* him, with much commiseration and blunt speech,—'Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?' There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet, and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful, and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said,—'Tak that, it'll hearten ye.' He took the horn, and bowing to them, said,—'Sirs, let us give thanks!' and there, by the road-side, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him, and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing, they repeated the story to everybody, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing.—'And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass o' whisky!' Next Presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said,—'Moderator, I have something personal to myself to say. I have often said that real *kiu Jaess* belongs only to true Christians, but—and then he told the story of these men; but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God, I don't know; but I never mean again to be so *positiv*e in speaking of this matter.'

"When he was on a missionary tour in the north, he one morning met a band of Highland shearers on their way to the harvest; he asked them to stop and hear the word of God. They said they could not, as they had their wages to work for. He offered them what they said they would lose; to this they agreed, and he paid them, and closing his eyes engaged in prayer, when he had ended he looked up, and his congregation had vanished! His shrewd brother Thomas, to whom he complained of this faithlessness, said,—'Eben, the next time ye hire folk to hear you preach, keep your eyes open, and pay them when you are done.'—*Memoir of Rev. Dr. J. Brown.*

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH QUESTION IN AUSTRALIA.

It is well known that when the Presbyterian Union took place in Australia last year, all the ministers connected with the Synods uniting, did not fall in; and a 'Deed of Excision' specially affecting some of them, was passed. The Free