

corglomerate type of mind, to be met with in these latter days; Christian humility and obstinate vanity in him, pedantry and real learning welded in huge masses, plodding industry turned all awry by flighty crackbrainedness; a man not long departed this life, and of whom I warrant, many odd stories are told in the parish of Cadder. He writes in page 58 of his queer memoir:—"On Sunday, June 20, 1630, the communion was celebrated at Shotts to a large assemblage of people, among whom were all the more eminently pious women of rank in that part of the country. The impression produced by the solemnities of the day was so very great, that many did not depart, but spent the whole night in prayer and conference. The bed-room of Lady Culross was filled with people, to whom she prayed fully three hours' time. Mr. John Livingston (the chaplain to the Earl of Wigton, at Cumbernauld) was requested to give a sermon that morning, to the still lingering multitudes. He had such a sense of his weakness and unworthiness, and had such misgivings of spirit, that he considered how he might steal away. When he had gone to such a distance that he was losing sight of the Kirk, the words, "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel, a land of darkness," were brought home to his mind with such an overcoming power, that he was constrained to return. In the ensuing service, he got good assistance, about an hour and an half, upon the text. Ezek. xxxvi., 25, 26. In the end, offering to close with some words of exhortation, "I was led on," says he, "about an hour's time, in a strain of exhortation and warning, with such liberty and melting of heart, as I never had the like in public, all my lifetime." The effect of the address is spoken of by Fleming, in his fulfilling of the Scriptures, as an extraordinary appearance of God, and down-pouring of the Spirit, with a strange, unusual motion on the hearers, insomuch that five hundred, it was calculated, had at that time, a discernible change wrought upon them, of whom most afterwards proved lively Christians. It was the sowing of the seed through Clydesdale, so as many of the most eminent Christians could date either their conversion or some remarkable confirmation of their case from that day. The importance of such a sermon in propagating religion in a country, where it was as yet but imperfectly introduced, has given this event a prominent place, not perhaps in the history of the Church of Scotland, but certainly in the history of the propagation of the Gospel. *It caused Monday sermons after the celebration of the Communion to become general, and appears to have been the origin of that now habitual practice.*"

This Mr. Livingston, who was the instrument in producing the Kirk of Shotts revival is one of the most revered worthies in our ecclesiastical history. His father and grandfather were ministers of the Church of Scotland, and their ancestry was noble. Their descen-

dant John lived during the troublous times of Charles I. and the Restoration, and under persecution, banishment and hardships of all kinds, proved himself a good soldier of Christ. until the year 1672, when he died an exile in Holland. Twice driven to despair by the persecutions of the bishops, he sailed for America, but was driven back by storms to his post. Some of his children, however, emigrated to the State of New York, where, says Locherby, "their descendants still reside in the first ranks in society." He himself, in 1637, was at Lanark, when the covenant was renewed by the congregation there, and he says that, excepting at the Kirk of Shotts, he never saw such motions from the Spirit of God. "A thousand persons all at once lifting up their hands, with tears falling down from their eyes." A man much needed in his day and generation,—this Reverend John Livingston.

— o —

To the Ladies and Gentlemen in our Churches.

A WORD with you, ladies and gentlemen. It may be great presumption in me to trouble you, but I promise not to keep you long. I wish to quote the text, "To whom much is given, of them shall much be required," and to ask the question, Are you of as much more service to the Church than your poorer neighbours, as your means are greater than theirs? A letter I lately received from a young friend now in Canada, and from which I clip an extract, is what has prompted me to write these words to you. Although it is a private letter, yet it refers to a well-known and much-deplored fact, and although an individual's name is mentioned in it, yet, by all Churchmen at least, he may be considered as a public character. My young friend writes:—"I am at present engaged in Sabbath School work, teaching a class in a small village about two miles from Kingston. The circumstance that led to this was as follows: One Sabbath afternoon, shortly after I came up here, I remained after service to see the Sabbath School; and while I was sitting behind the door, Mr. Paton, the superintendent, came up and introduced himself to me. During our conversation, I mentioned that I had been a teacher in Prince Edward Island. After finding that I was willing, if necessary, to resume once more the responsibilities of such work, he requested me to accompany him to the Sabbath School on the following Sabbath morning, to which I readily agreed. Mr. Paton seems to me a perfect specimen of the Christian gentleman, with none of that cold and haughty spirit so prevalent among the members of our city congregations, which makes them regard strangers with so much indifference, and on account of which many young persons leave the good old Church of their fathers' love for Churches less pure in