

incident and warm with genius,—how much more difficult must it be, to surround with a living and permanent interest, the ordinary routine of a good man's earthly course, which has been marked by little beyond an earnest devotion to an appointed duty,—high and holy in the sight of God, but distinguished by nothing beyond a barren monotony in the opinion of man? Yet, have there been exceptions,—when a ray of genius brightened the daily toil, and burst forth above the dead level of the every day occupations of the world.—Such, for example, is the life of Oberlin, or in a more subdued, chastened but not less interesting phase, the memoirs of that excellent young man, McCheyne, by the Rev. A. Bonar. Here, there is the story of a good man's life told in a spirit so true and loving—in a style so chaste and simple that we give our love, without stint or measure, both to the living and to the dead—to the biographer, as well as his departed friend.

The book now before us is called the Life of the Rev. Dr. McGregor, written by a grandson. An estimate of the literary merit of this work has been given in a former number. In the present, we have only room for a few running comments upon facts bearing upon the character of the Church of Scotland, and the spirit in which these have here been given to the world. Although, before we have finished, we may be compelled to speak with Christian severity of the author of this work, let not our readers for a moment suppose that we underrate the value of the labors of the venerable Minister of Christ, whose biography he writes, or that we can mention his name without a feeling of reverence. Dr. McGregor was in almost every respect, the pattern of a perfect missionary. In manners, simple and unassuming as a child, with a faith as undoubting as it was intelligent. With a sense of duty which few difficulties and no temptations could turn aside;—an enthusiastic love and devotion to that duty under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty. Add to all, a judgment so clear that it seldom betrayed him,—with a faith and firmness sufficiently strong to sustain him amidst privations, trials and labors, without which the strongest must have yielded and abandoned the field. Besides all this, Dr. McGregor was no mere sanguine enthusiast, but a man of considerable knowledge, and of clear and comprehensive intellect, with that power, so nearly allied to genius, of winning men's hearts, they know not how—and moulding them, so that they drink in his words and treasure his precepts as hidden treasure. He wrote with the force and clearness of a mind naturally highly gifted, and when he is allowed to tell his own story in the book, his words, so naturally and fitly ordered, look like a bed of flowers in a sluggard's garden.

We have not much space for quotation, but the subjoined description of our country scen-

ery—thrown off with a natural ease, but graphic force, would do honor to any writer. "Many varieties," says MacGregor, "the pine, intermingled with birch, maple, beech, oak, and numerous other tribes, branch luxuriantly over the banks of lakes and rivers, extend in stately grandeur along the plain and stretch proudly up to the very summit of the mountain. It is impossible to exaggerate the autumnal beauty of these forests; nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur. Two or three frosty nights in the decline of autumn, transform the boundless verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of brilliant scarlet, rich violet, every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson, and glittering yellow. The stern, inexorable fir tribes alone maintain their eternal sombre green. All others in mountains or in valleys burst into the most glorious vegetable beauty, and exhibit the most splendid and most enchanting panorama on earth."

The life of a good man ought to be made to live again in his biography—and the spirit which animated him while on earth, chastened and purified, it may be, by the hand of affliction, to shine out from every page which illustrates his history. It is one redeeming trait in our depraved nature, to look kindly and reverently on the ashes of the dead, and to scan with but the slightest glance, those human failings which may have marred his mental or moral comeliness in the days of his earthly sojourn. *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis* is a fine old precept which the world of humanity will never forget—it appeals so eloquently to our better nature. "While living," says a great writer "we are apt to judge a man by his worst actions, after death by his best." Never were truer words written. Passion and resentment seldom outlive the grave. There, the battle of life has closed forever and the heats and jealousies and prejudicial incident to human infirmities die out for want of nourishment. Yet they live sometimes, even when the world withholds its sympathy, and turns away coldly and sternly from the intruder upon the peace and sacredness of the last resting place. **THEY LIVE IN THIS BOOK.** These sad words we write with feelings of the deepest pain; but truth and a sense of duty, alike constrain us to record the fact and to vindicate the honor and the innocence of departed friends.

In all this, be it remembered, we cast no aspersions by the remotest implication, upon the venerable subject of the Memoir. No, we are well assured this good and holy man had nothing whatever in common with the spirit which animates one chapter of this book, and if saints in heaven are permitted to be cognisant of what takes place on earth, and to retain the feelings which governed them during their earthly pilgrimage—the venerable departed must look down upon this work with something akin to grief, as something which his memory did not require, and which which