

months; and this year will send \$80 from the Sabbath School and prayer-meeting. Couldn't we do a little more 'without feeling it,' or even if we did 'feel it' somewhat? HALIFAX.

Dean Stanley in Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh.

Since the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Winchester terrified by the clamour of High Churchmen, sought to explain away the religious services conducted by them in Glengarry, several of the most distinguished men of the "Evangelical" and "Broad" Schools both in the English and Scottish Episcopal Churches have rebuked them in words, or shown by their acts that they desire to fraternize cordially with the Church of Scotland. Bishops Ewing of Argyll, and Wordsworth of St. Andrew's, and the celebrated Dean Ramsey of Edinburgh, are the most conspicuous Scottish examples; and Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, Oxford, and Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey, have travelled from England as if on purpose to preach in Scottish pulpits. The latter visited Edinburgh at the New Year to give some lectures on the Church of Scotland, and while there preached on the first Sunday of the year for the Rev. Dr. Wallace, from the appropriate text, "A new Commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." The whole sermon was excellent; but the introduction and conclusion were peculiarly graceful and touching. "May I," he said, "introduce this Christian commandment by a scene within the bounds of your own kingdom and Church of Scotland, by a story familiar perhaps to most amongst you, but which a stranger may be permitted to recall. There may be some here present who have visited the retired vale of Anwoth, on the shores of Galloway. In the 17th century the minister of the parish of Anwoth was the celebrated Samuel Rutherford—the great religious oracle of the Covenanters and their adherents. It was, as all readers of his letters will remember, the spot which he most loved on earth—the very swallows and sparrows which found their nest in the church of Anwoth were, when far away, the objects of his affectionate envy. Its hills and valleys were witnesses

of his ardent devotion when living—they still retain his memory with unshaken fidelity. It was one of the traditions cherished on the spot that on a certain Saturday evening at one of these family gatherings, whence, in the language of the great Scottish poet, "Old Scotia's glory springs," when Rutherford was catechising his children and servants, that a stranger knocked at the door of the manse and begged, like the young English traveller in the romance which has given fresh life to those hills in our own day, a shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him, but asked him to take his place amongst the family, and assist at their religious exercise. It so chanced that the question in the catechism which came to the stranger's turn was that which asks how many commandments are there, and he answered eleven. "Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford, "I am surprised that a person of your age and appearance should not know better. What can you mean?" The stranger answered, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." Rutherford was much impressed by the answer, and they retired to rest. The next morning he rose, according to his wont, to meditate upon the services of the day. The old manse of Anwoth stood—its place is still pointed out in the corner of a green field—under the hill-side, and thence a long, winding, wooded walk, still called Rutherford's Walk, leads to the parish church. Through this glen he was passing, and as he threaded his way through the thicket, he heard amongst the trees the voice of the stranger at his morning devotions. The elevation of the sentiments and of the expressions of the stranger's prayer convinced Rutherford that he could be no common man. He accosted him, and then the traveller confessed to him that he was no other than the great divine and scholar, Archbishop Usher, the Primate of the Church of Ireland—one of the best and most learned men of his age, who well fulfilled that new commandment in the love which he won and which he bore to others—one of the few links of Christian charity between the