

adds "my soul loves Paisley, for there I believe christians love each other. May the precious leaven that is evident there, spread itself through the earth, I grieve to find so many separated by human laws on earth, who are all to be united in one, by Divine love in heaven and glory." On his return to the south by the way of Edinburgh, he again addressed a crowd of people on the Calton Hill, who might number no fewer than fifteen thousand. Mr. Hill now forgot his own peculiar work in all his intercourse with men. Being connected with the aristocracy by birth, he had often opportunities of meeting with persons in high life. "During the visit of the Sovereigns to this country," (in 1814) Mr. Sidney mentions that "a pious general in the staff of the Emperor Alexander was a constant attendant at Surrey Chapel. From him Mr. Rowland Hill gleaned many interesting particulars of the Autocrat, and had no doubt of his real piety and love for the Bible Society. This distinguished officer very frequently dined at Mr. Hill's, and the conversation sometimes turned upon the Greek Church, the errors of which were ably pointed out by Mr. Hill." He disapproved much of the gross and vulgar manner in which our public men often testify their sympathy with the people on occasions of national joy. "In allusion to the roasting of oxen and sheep and other festivities, he says in a letter to a friend, 'Had twice as much been distributed in a wholesome and orderly manner, I should have been glad to have been in the thickest of it, but as he considered such modes of manifesting a nation's joy, neither appropriate to the occasion, nor really beneficial to the poor, he declined participating in them.'" "I was with him," says Mr. Sidney, "when he received the news of the battle of Waterloo; on finding that his five gallant nephews had survived a contest in which so many brave heroes fell, he lifted up his hands without uttering a single word. The expression of his countenance is still pictured in my memory: it manifested a stronger degree of gratitude to God, than could have been conveyed by words. He rose from his chair, went to the window, looked towards the lovely view before him, as if to conceal the emotions by which he was unmanned, and left the room without speaking." Mr. Hill took a lively interest in the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. He rejoiced in the tidings of the conversion of Pomare King of Tahiti, with his people.*

Writing to a friend he says: "Charming news from the South Seas. The next number of the Magazine will be worth your reading. How is the Lord making those to be his people, that were not his people. A large cargo of their gods is now on its voyage, as a present to the Missionary Society, and in others of the South Sea islands, they seem preparing to treat their deities with the same contempt." He felt pleasure in hearing good of those with whom he had been any way connected. "He was fond of asking—Have you read Ellis's Book on the South Sea Islands? Oh! worthy, sensible, good creature—he was a teacher in our Sunday schools, he is an honor to us." It has seldom been our lot to meet an Episcopalian, brought up at an English college, who did not cherish a paltry jealousy of Presbyterian Ministers. Mr. Hill had nothing of this spirit, as the following passage will shew: "I once heard a sermon, indeed in Surrey Chapel; it was from Dr. Chalmers. O what a man that is. O what a lustre his humility gives to the power of his great mind, and to the grace that is in his heart." He wrote in a volume of Dr. Chalmers's sermons, "Many books I began to read I could not finish; but these admirable discourses so attracted my attention, that I could not take my eye from them, till after I had read the last page with supreme regret." Mr. Hill, had a turn for mechanics. He was very fond we are told of the employment of mending old clocks. "Once at a friend's house he had retired as the company supposed before preaching to consider his sermon, but on his hosts entering the room to inform him that the time had arrived for going to the place of worship, he found him with an old clock all to pieces on the table. Mr. Hill said, 'I have been mending your clock, and I will finish it to-morrow. He preached with more than usual ease and fervor, and drew several beautiful images from the occupation, in which his friend to his surprise had found him engaged.'" Mr. Hill was at times droll in his illustrations of what he wished to urge upon his people. Preaching once to a plain congregation, he said, "I want you to have a holy aversion to sin.—Do you know what I mean by aversion? Suppose any of you were to put your hand in your pocket, and feel a toad there, you would draw it out instantly from aversion to the animal. Now my desire is that, when conscious of the presence of sin, you should have just such an aversion as this to it—a hatred of it, and disgust at its horrid nature." Mr. Hill

* See Canadian Christian Examiner, Vol. 3. p. 339.