

aside for a few days from work by a slight indisposition, I am unable to express myself as I could wish about my late lamented friend. I have received a deeply-interesting printed letter, addressed to me, and occupying eleven pages, from Mr. Beaumont, Free Church missionary at Chinsurah, near Calcutta, entitled, "In Memoriam of James Ogilvie, D.D." It is too late to insert this handsome tribute to Dr. Ogilvie's memory in this number of the *Record*, but I hope you will find space for it in the next number. In the meantime,

I remain, yours truly,

N. McLEOD.

A few facts in Dr. Ogilvie's history may be here briefly noted. He was born 27th December 1814, in Newmill, parish of Keith, and received the rudiments of his education in the Parish School, and afterwards in a private school in Keith, taught by the Rev. George Scott. He then became a pupil of the Grammar School in Aberdeen, taught by Dr. Melvin, and became one of his most distinguished pupils. He became a student of Marischal College, and graduated there. After studying divinity in the same college he was licensed by the Presbytery of Aberdeen on May 3, 1843, was ordained by the same Presbytery on 21st November 1844, proceeded to India in the same year, and after being for a short time in Madras, joined the Calcutta Institution as its Principal in 1845. He has left a widow, who is now in Scotland, and who was verily a help meet for him, and five children, the oldest being thirteen, the youngest three years old.—*Church of Scotland H. & F. M. Record.*

**A Baptist's impression of the difference between the forms of Worship in a Church of Scotland Cathedral and a Cathedral of the Church of England.**

The Cathedral in Glasgow, which is in a good state of repair and preservation, is the finest and most elaborate ecclesiastical edifice in Scotland, which, having escaped the destruction that overtook most of the religious architecture reared to Roman Catholicism, passed into the hands of the Presbyterians. York Minster, which fell into the hands of the Church of England, is the largest, and is also regarded as the grandest and most

charming edifice of the kind in the Empire. I had the opportunity of witnessing worship in both of these spacious, beautiful old Cathedrals. The style of both these structures is the varied Gothic, which produced in me (*but I speak not as a connoisseur*) the most exquisite and pleasing sensation, which culminated in a chastened and powerful rapture. The Choir of each one of these Cathedrals is set apart for worship. At Glasgow no organ poured its deep billowy bass along the spacious nave, nor sent its melodious strains echoing among the lofty arches. A plain and intelligent congregation, stood, and led by a small group of singers before the pulpit, sung the Psalms of David to solemn and animated music.—The minister, wearing no mark of Rome, save the black gown,—and Baptists have nothing to say against this, so long as their ministers wear the same on baptismal occasions,—preached the gospel in a plain and affectionate manner.—The worship was as simple as a Baptist prayer meeting. My soul was filled with religious joy. In the depths of my heart I said:—"What hath God wrought." I have joined in worship, hearty, simple and earnest, in log school-houses. Here was worship beneath lofty arches and amid the beauties of a Gothic Cathedral, just as simple, hearty and joyful. There was no surpliced choir, no fluttering of white robes, no intoning, no genuflexions. Once the gaudy display and superstitious symbols of Romanism flourished here; but they had been driven out, and, no doubt, are gone forever. The worship impressed me as apostolic in form and spirit.

When in York, I had been walking under the lofty arches of the great Minster, till I had become charmed and moved, as I had never been charmed and moved by the magnificence of architecture. Just then the time came for public worship. It was the stated service for Monday afternoon. Thirty or forty white-robed officials—men and boys—marched in, and took the conduct of the services. I joined the small congregation which was scarcely equal in number to the ornamental functionaries. The services were intoned, and no one but an expert could understand them. The Choir chanted, and the great organ poured out its soul-dissolving music.—