

not trust them again ! They have the vices of an Establishment, without its legal limitations and safeguards. Let the money perish with — their injustice ! But they will never woo us by deceit, nor “annex” us by dishonesty, if we know it. And “BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.”

P. MELVILLE, A. M.

SCOTTISH INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the most distinguished of the evangelical preachers in the Established Church is Dr. Herdman, of Melrose. His father was minister of Rattray from 1813 to 1838. On Sunday last he occupied the pulpit of his brother, the beloved Rev. A. W. Herdman, A.M., who is now minister of the parish so long presided over by his father. The morning was crisp and keen. Before the church bell began to peal over the haughs and hills the sun had arisen, and a bright Sabbath spread light and repose over the fields and villages. The Sidlaws, blue and bold, bound the Southern view ; to the North the Grampians rise covered with blooming heather. Glen Ericht, with Blairgowrie, its kirk, and its castle on the sunny slope, gleam across the sparkling river ; while Rattray, with its pretty villas, its quaint old gables, its manse on the brae-side, and its kirk on the brow of the hill, rest on this quiet Sabbath morning in the light of the autumnal sun. From the Countlaw and the Bomington, from Drimmie and Parkhill, bands of worshippers are seen through the trees and hedgerows, while the kirk road is dotted with little family groups wending their way to the Parish Kirk.

How beautiful, how impressive is the auld kirkyard. There are the graves of Willie Cowan, distinguished young Greek scholar ; of Tom Stewart, whose monument was erected by his College friends in Edinburgh, who mourned his sudden death. Stewart was a student of great promise. Experimenting in his laboratory, a jar of acid was spilt, and by its fumes both he and the janitor lost their lives. Here, too, is the grave of Oliphant M'Laggan, daughter of a remarkable man. First in her year at Edinburgh Training College was she. There, too, is a neat stone erected by a young lad in an Indian mill to the memory of his honest and excellent father. There is the burial-place of the auld Laird and of his wife—Christina Richardson—a woman of big heart, of open hand, of Christian sympathies. Near the kirk

is the burying-place of the Herdmans. The father, who from 1813 to 1838 was minister, lies her ; near him his son William, brother of Dr. Herdman, who was minister from 1844 to 1878. William, genial, gifted with wit, with kindly heart, and gleam of genius, rests in this still and peaceful grave beside the kirk he loved so well. These and a thousand other tender memories endear this dust—these very stones—to the heart of the preacher of to-day.

But the bell has ceased, and those who have been asking kindly for each other or resting on the gravestones quickly take their places. The lairds are not there. They have been educated in England, and their empty pews tell that the Scottish Kirk has felt the influence of its Southern rival. Few of the leading evangelical parishioners are there. The Free Church has absorbed them ; the political, earnest, disputative Dissenterism has picked out the ardent and the zealous. But still there are at the Auld Kirk a congregation of quiet, worthy, hard-headed, douce, unpretentious Scottish folk. Not a few ploughmen and their families still keep up the excellent custom of being at the kirk. There are feuars and farmers, and not a few bright-eyed and healthy-looking young folk.

The preacher, with his heart full of the old memories of his boyhood, passes in, and all eyes turn towards him. He is not tall, but he has a commanding presence. He has a finely-poised head, and an eye of remarkable penetration and tenderness. His hand, or rather his hands, are most expressive. Both in prayer and in appeals in preaching he folds his hands with beseeching persuasiveness. The moment he gives out the Psalm the congregation is hushed, for there is in the rich tones of his voice a marvellous charm as he reads—

“O Lord, Thou art my God and King ;
Thee will I magnify and praise ;
I will Thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto Thy holy name always.”

And he does sing too. Unlike many preachers, Dr. Herdman joins with heart and voice in the simple song of praise. The reading of the Scriptures is a marked feature of the service, and in prayer Dr. Herdman brings wonderful sympathy, hopefulness, and helpfulness to every heart.

The text, and even the sermon, seem naturally to flow from all which has gone before. And when the words, “In my Father's house are many mansions,” fall upon the ear, every heart is open to receive the message of the preacher. “Where is heaven ?” is the opening sentence. The Mahomedan thinks of it as a paradise, of flowers and delights, with rivers of honey mixed with wine flowing through banks