

A SCOTTISH WORTHY.

BY THE REV. WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.

By the death of the Rev. Dr. William Anderson, which took place on the 16th of September last, Glasgow has lost one of its most useful citizens, and the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland has been bereaved of one of its most distinguished ministers.

Born, in 1799, in the village of Kilsyth, where for more than sixty years his father laboured with diligence and fidelity as the minister of the Relief (afterwards the United Presbyterian) Church, he passed from the parish school to the University of Glasgow, and was, in due course, licensed to preach the Gospel at the early age of twenty-one.

During his student days, Dr. Chalmers was in the zenith of his Glasgow popularity, and, with Edward Irving as his assistant, was carrying out those magnificent plans of home evangelization, the success of which has made the parish of St. John's famous all over the world.

As a preacher, Dr. Anderson was, before all other things, evangelical. He preached Christ and his salvation, fully, freely, and faithfully. But though evangelical, he was not therefore common-place.

He was not afraid, either, to make use of humour in his sermons. He had a quaint way of putting things, the effect of which was greatly heightened by his mode of taking sound, to which he was greatly addicted.

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of the guilty, or to make apparent the absurdity of some proposition, or to put an end to some flagrant abuse. Indignation was not with him the test of truth, but it was often a very effective weapon in the destruction of error.

Dr. Anderson published two volumes of discourses of a very high order of merit, and a treatise on Regeneration, published in America by Smith, English & Co. of Philadelphia, which is probably the best book on our language on the important subject of which it treats.

These volumes last referred to were first given as lectures in the City Hall of Glasgow, on the platform of which Dr. Anderson was always a favorite. Here, indeed, several of his greatest oratorical triumphs were achieved. He was the unflinching advocate of liberty in every department, and the insupportable assailant of all forms of political and social injustice.

These words were spoken in March, 1871, when, having received as a mark of honour the sum of £2,000, he gave to all for the foundation of a school for students preparing for the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church.

GROWTH OF LIBRARIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The London Daily News says:—Considered as a library, the nation has reason to be proud of that at the British Museum. The volumes amount in number to a million. Writing in a report, Mr. Watts, the late superintendent of the reading-room and now head of the library, whose linguistic attainments put him on a par with Cardinal Mezzofanti, said a year or two ago—“The museum is now said to possess the best Russian library in existence out of Russia, the best Dutch out of Holland, and the best library in every European language out of the territory in which that language is vernacular.”

A special attraction in the library is the completeness of the collection of American books. This is modern date. In 1814 there were not more than 1,000 American books in the English department. Two years later a list drawn up showed that 10,000 books were waiting to render the department fairly representative.

PUNCTUATION.

There is great carelessness, if not ignorance, in the matter of punctuation, where by much misunderstanding arises. Many persons mistake the ancient system of leaving out all marks or dashes of any kind, for the method who wrote over the door, “Wine do you think I serve you for nothing and give you a drink, which was interpreted by some to imply, give you a drink and a morning cup to be got for the ask.”

Points were first used by Aristophanes, a grammarian of Alexandria, 200 B.C., but were not generally used until the modern system was introduced at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by a learned printer of Venice named Manutius.

Mr. Rogers, of an office of the Government in London, was required by Parliament, under a heavy penalty, publicly to retract the accusation in the House of Commons. At the appointed time he appeared with a written recantation, which he read aloud, as follows: “I said he was dishonest, it is true; and I am sorry for it.”

SCHOOL-SLATES UNDER BAN.

Agencies that are being waged against the use of slates in the schools of Germany. There is scarcely any sound more offensive to the human ear than the grating of the pencil on the slate, and when this is multiplied by numbers in the school, the effect is said to be extremely injurious to the nerves of many children, and to leave evil influences for life.

There is a gentleman residing in Banbury, Oxfordshire, who formerly sold tobacco, but one day a workman bought an ounce of his soap, and he thought that the man's family wanted bread, led him to the determination that he would no longer purchase or vend it.

DESPONDING CHRISTIANS.

Desponding Christians do not make successful workers or valiant soldiers. “Feeble hearts,” and ready-to-halt,” and “little faiths” win no battles, and wear no crowns. They are occupied with themselves, with their own experiences, their own evidences, their own changing moods and feelings, that they have no time for manly, noble effort.

FACTS ABOUT SMOKING.

We give the following statements the benefit of a prominent position in our columns, though, of course all smokers will be ready to make light of them. If we could have the cure of every young man in Canada we would say don't smoke.

At a recent meeting for the Promotion of Social Science at Glasgow, Dr. Seyton said that he had smoked two cigars per diem for 23 years, but he had been compelled to prohibit his son, a young man of 20, from smoking, as it was destroying him.

Samuel Hickey, a poor working man, gave up smoking in order to save six pence per week to help the wants of a poor widow.

The Medical Times and Gazette for Oct. 16th, 1869, gives an account of 127 cases of cancerous affections of the lip which have been cut out, nearly all of which occurred with smokers.

Dr. Eaton, of Paisley, says he has cut out many cancerous affections of the lip, all of which were the result of smoking.

A gentleman who was smoking in a tea parlour, got into a badger, very much to the annoyance of one of the company, inquired what man that was in smoking. He was asked for his pipe, and when he gave it up, it was handed to his son, who was sitting on the sofa, and when the person who handed him the pipe said, “Finish smoking this for your honored father, say the father jumped up, and seizing the pipe, said, “I wouldn't let my son smoke for all the world.”

A lady who smokes in Brighton, says: “It would break my heart to see my sons with cigars in their mouths. My neighbors' sons come here and smoke, and they are destroying themselves, but we can't refuse them when they come to the billiard room; but I wish their parents would keep them at home at night.”

A young gentleman in Manchester, after hearing a lecture on the tobacco question, told the boys of his class at the Sunday school what he heard, and one boy, pointing to three different teachers, said:—

“That teacher smokes, and that teacher smokes, and that teacher smokes.”

A physician in Oxfordshire, who had a family of five children, and who had been for twelve years precisely, felt the effects of cigars and brandy, and he felt his constitution, and an old doctor, who had given up companionship with smokers, and drinkers; they went down, and he rose up. “No one of them,” he says, “has retained their health and position in society, and for my separating with them I should have gone down too.”

There is a gentleman residing in Banbury, Oxfordshire, who formerly sold tobacco, but one day a workman bought an ounce of his soap, and he thought that the man's family wanted bread, led him to the determination that he would no longer purchase or vend it.

A general provision dealer in Paisley left off selling tobacco under the following circumstances. When he was serving a poor boy, he asked him why he bought tobacco. The boy replied:—

“Why do you sell it?”

He then wisely determined not to be asked that question again.

MORTALITY AS AFFECTED BY MARRIAGE.

In a paper read by M. Broillon before the academy of Medicine in Paris, the author using as evidence the statistics of France, Holland and Belgium—strongly maintained the healthful influence of conjugal association as compared with that of celibacy. The figures show that, between the ages of twenty and thirty years, 1,000 married men furnished 6 deaths; 1,000 bachelors 10 deaths. From 30 to 35 years of age the same classes respectively, furnish 6, 11 and 27 deaths. From 45 to 50 years of age, the mortality is 7, 14, and 17 per 1,000, respectively. And so on in a series of tables for all ages, the married man has greater longevity than the single man.

TURKISH ABSTEMIOUSNESS.

Constantinople is the most temperate capital of its size in the world. Spending day after day in the open air, wandering among the common folk, having at one time several people in my employ, even in the biting air-befored daylight I never found any Turk drinking stronger beverage than coffee. But this is nothing to their great annual fast. During the Ramadan, which lasts a whole month, from sunrise, to sunset, the panting boats, the heavy laden porter will touch nothing like food, not even tobacco, and no drink, whatever, and at sundown will make up for this abstinence not by a drunken rousé, but by a larger dish of pilan and a longer smoke of katakia. To be sure, temperance is a part of the Turk's religion; but it is not of ours? “And that religion—a imposture as we call it—has something very real in its worship of fort in the morning, the year-round intolerance to “infidel” gaze, the heartiness of all its observances, the severity of its daily self-denials. Often I have seen the Turk entirely open while the shopman was at his prayers, and then taken up the goods, as if an angry god would remonstrate, and laid them down again without any further interference. I have seen the Turk, in the middle of the morning kneeling in prayer on the wet sand of the street, and then, as if he had forgotten by the world forgot.”—From an article on Constantinople by Henry A. Holland, in the June number of Lippincott's Magazine.

UNDESIRABLE FAME.

A few years since, while visiting my native town, a friend stopped me on the walk to the river, and asked me what I was doing. I remembered him as a young man of forty years before. In the intervening season, I alluded to one of his boys, who had made some stir at a barbershop. “Oh, I did not expect the reply he gave me. He said, ‘I am a lawyer, and you know that.’”

Twenty years ago I had known this man in the prime of life. He was then a worldly man, with some ambition, and a lawyer and writer, but not, it was thought of a very elevated order. These twenty years had wrought some change in him. His hair and beard were silvered over. He needed help for support, and he earned. His views of the world were altered. They were not Christian views, but he had come to distinguish the value of that which is permanent from that which is ephemeral. His ambition for his children was now higher than it had been for himself. Immediate money-gains and outwardly appearing the lovers of vulgar literature, were not to be put in comparison with a reputation for high and noble aims and the accomplishment of something really praiseworthy.

Young men who write for the press will do well to reflect upon the deliberate judgment of this superior lawyer. Eternal fondness did not blind him to applaud the ignoble in his son; and as years increase no amount of personal vanity will becloud your moral perceptions as to prevent your wishing yourself one of that noble race of writers, who, “dying leave no line which they could wish to blot.”—Am. Messenger.

A JUDICIOUS WIFE.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature, little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing your doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand welder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting an eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not married; for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when their husbands are clever men. The wife's advice is always the ballast which keeps the ship steady.

DO IT NOW.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it and going straight through, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people confine to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into the file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it changes in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. “My father taught me,” was the reply, “when I had anything to do, to go and do it.” There is the secret—the magic word now.—Exchange.

A distinguished journalist announces in his columns that he has positively received the following request:—“Sir—I should feel much honored by having your autograph for my album; if you deem the request unwarranted on my part, pray pardon me; but, at the same time, send the refusal in your own handwriting, and with your own signature, that I may know the refusal is authentic.”

Time appears very short, eternally dead, and a great name either in or after life, together with all earthly pleasures and profits, but an empty bubble including the sea.

If you walk by faith, you will never live in sin; faith purifies the heart, gives you to realize the presence of a holy God, and will set the whole force of the soul against evil. Never complain that a preacher is dull unless you can put your hand on your chest, and solemnly declare that you did not get any benefit from his preaching. He will awake preacher cannot hold his own against Sabbath gluttony.

While your face is turned upward, and on the angel ladder you are climbing near to heaven, there are, even at midnight, lights of the deep above to show the way; but do look downward, and mingle with the descending troop, and one by one the lights will go out, and there is a darkness overhead; and, by mere invitation of relative brightness, you will be the direction of your eye, and your foot is drawn to the step below.—James Martineau.—Old and New.