

DR. ANDREW BONAR.

The year 1892, which saw the decease of Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Cairns, Dr. Donald Fraser, Dr. Allon, and other leaders in the religious world, has registered in its expiring hours the departure of one almost as widely known, certainly as deeply loved, as any of those we have mentioned. At half-past ten on Friday evening, says a writer in the *Christian*, there passed away to his heavenly rest the venerable and venerated Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, who for nearly forty years has been pastor of the Finnieston Free Church, Glasgow. Though the Great Reaper has found in him a shock of corn fully ripe, Dr. Bonar's decease will be universally mourned, and will be regarded by multitudes in both hemispheres in the light of personal loss. He was one of the truest and choicest spirits that modern times have known, and we cannot but feel that our world is much the poorer now that he has been removed to another sphere. Dr. Bonar was at the weekly prayer meeting in connection with his congregation on Wednesday night, and at that time he was in his usual health and spirits; but on Thursday morning he took a chill, from the effects of which he never recovered, and he fell peacefully asleep on Friday night, the members of his family surrounding his bed.

Dr. Bonar was born in Edinburgh on May 29, 1810, and received his early education at the High School, out of which he passed as gold medallist and dux. Similar honors rewarded his diligence and perseverance in the Edinburgh University. After passing through the Theological Hall he was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1835. A couple of years were passed in missionary work in Jedburgh, and in connection with Dr. Candlish's parish in Edinburgh; and in 1837 he was ordained to the ministry in the collegiate charge in Collace Parish, where he labored for twenty years. As an evangelical minister, Mr. Bonar soon began to make his mark. Loving his work, and entering into it with all the vigor and earnestness of his soul, he obtained a firm hold on the affections of his people, by whom he was much beloved.

In 1839 he, along with Dr. Black, of Aberdeen, Dr. Keith, and Mr. Murray M'Cheyne, were appointed by the Church of Scotland to proceed to Palestine and inquire into the condition of the Jews. As a result of this undertaking a mission to the Jews was established, and, as carried out by the Free Church, has proved not only one of the most active, but also one of the most interesting of the present day. During that tour through the Holy Land Dr. Bonar accidentally dropped his Bible into Jacob's Well. He looked upon the volume as irrecoverably lost, but, to his surprise and gratification, it was brought up from the bottom of the well some years ago by a Samaritan, and sent home to the owner. It was to him a precious relic, and though prizing it highly, he consented to its being deposited in John Knox's house in Edinburgh, where it now lies.

As may easily be imagined, Dr. Bonar took the side of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland during the long conflict which ended in the Disruption in May, 1843. He was one of those who came out, and carried the great bulk of his congregation with him. For thirteen more years he continued to labor in Collace, when in 1856 he was called and inducted to the pastorate of the Finnieston Free Church, Glasgow. This was a sphere where his dauntless energy could find full scope. His church was soon a centre of earnest Christian work, and he gathered round him a band of workers who devotedly assisted their pastor in his endeavors to raise the social and moral condition of the people in the district. In this sphere he labored during the remainder of his life, keeping together a congregation numbering over 900 members.

Sixteen months ago he was assisted in his work by the Rev. D. M. McIntyre, who was appointed colleague and successor. As an illustration of the good health which has attended him during his long and useful ministerial life, he was only absent twice from his pulpit through illness. When the General Assembly of the Free Church met in Glasgow in 1878 he was elected moderator, and through that trying session he performed the delicate duties of the chair with consummate ability. In 1887 he celebrated his jubilee as minister, and on that oc-

casional he was presented with a cheque for £4000 and many addresses of congratulation.

During his long life Dr. Bonar was associated with many of the most eminent men of the Church, such as the Rev. Murray M'Cheyne, Rev. William Burns, of China, and Dr. A. N. Somerville, all of whom have predeceased him. An outcome of his love and esteem for Mr. M'Cheyne is to be found in the memoir of that sainted minister, a publication which has obtained a world-wide reputation, and has been the means of blessing multitudes all over the world. As a writer on Evangelical subjects Dr. Bonar occupied a high position, and his works on "Leviticus" and "The Psalms," have proved very helpful to many students of the Old Testament. In his relation with his ministerial brethren he was most happy—always ready and willing to help them in every possible way. He was a man of wide Christian sympathy, and was one of the most catholic ministers in Scotland. To do good was the main object of his life, and every project having that end in view had his cordial support. He was ever ready to assist in good work, and he never allowed his denominational position to interfere with it. All Evangelical efforts had

far between, and their very rarity made them all the more remarkable. They never had the effect of alienating from him the love of any brother, because it was felt that his utterances were those of strong and earnest conviction, and that they lessened not his affection for the man against whose opinions he felt himself compelled to speak. In his death the Glasgow Presbytery loses one of the last of its Disruption heroes, a band which is now becoming very small indeed.

Dr. Bonar was the youngest of seven sons, two of his brothers being eminent ministers of the Free Church. His eldest brother, Dr. John Bonar, of Greenock, died about eighteen months ago, and Dr. Horatio Bonar, of Edinburgh, the well-known hymn-writer died about five years ago. Dr. Bonar leaves five of a family—his only son, Dr. James Bonar, of London, and four daughters, three of them unmarried, the eldest being the wife of Mr. Wm. M. Oatts, of the Christian Institute, Glasgow.

SNOW-BALLING.

Have you had your first snow storm? We have. Its approach, announced by a hurrying messenger or two, it descended



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in him a ready helper, and hence, when Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Scotland in 1874, Dr. Bonar was among the first to welcome them, and he retained to the last a warm affection for these American friends.

Though active in pastoral work, Dr. Bonar never took any leading part in what may be called the more business part of the Church's work. He seldom attended the meetings of the Presbytery, but whenever he made his appearance he always received a hearty greeting, and there seemed to be a rivalry among his brethren as to who would first extend to him a kindly greeting, and give him a hearty shake of the hand. The blamelessness of his life and the saintliness of his character gave him an influence among his brethren which nothing else could. His counsel and advice were always ready, and his voice was ever on the side of charity and good will. For him to say a hard thing of any brother was most painful, and it was ever done with that tenderness and love which made it evident that the task he had set himself was one from which he would gladly have escaped. These occasions were few and

upon us one calm evening, "between the dark and the daylight," the large fleecy flakes lingering and intermingling in their mazy pathways until, as if by some sudden impulse, each swiftly sought a resting place upon the bosom of mother earth.

In the morning all youthful hearts were glad. The eager children, each brimming over with cheerfulness and enthusiasm, were at school in good time. Morning exercises and tasks, seemed to have no effect in reducing their enthusiasm. When these were completed, and the school dismissed, dinners were "bolted" and soon all were outside.

"Oh, jolly, boys, it packs!" shouted John.

"Let's have a battle," cried Ernest. "All right, here goes," and mischievous Harry delivered the first shot with such precision that Ernest's hat was knocked off. Then began a "Random Engagement," each boy making a mark of each other boy. This lasted long, and when the bell summoned the boys to their tasks once more, the school porch bore many a mark of "the conflict." Good nature seemed to rule that day, and girls and boys took their

places, with faces all aglow, and eyes sparkling with good-natured mischief.

"Girls and boys, attention"—a pause—a look of anxious inquiry overspreading each face.

"I want to say a few words about snow-balling." Each face takes a soberer look.

"I like snow-balling, and I see by your faces you do too." The sober faces, wreathed themselves in happy smiles, each jewelled with a pair of twinkling eyes.

"You have enjoyed yourselves to-day, and I am glad to see your cheerful, glowing faces. To-day's engagement was the first of the season; and I shall now tell you what will be expected of you in any future snow-battles you may have.

"When I was a boy one thing I always liked to see was fair play, and I like it just as much yet. So I want to give you fair play, and shall, of course, expect the same from you all. I am going to give you a few easy rules to guide you hereafter.

"The first is: Snow-balls must not be thrown at or towards any part of the school building. When playing snow-ball, girls or boys must not tempt their playmates to break this rule, by taking refuge in the school porch or school-room.

"Is the first a fair and easy rule?"

"Yes, sir," comes from a chorus of voices.

"The second is: Play honorably or play not at all. There is a person that I think all girls and boys despise; his name is Meanness. Any one who will put a piece of ice, or a stone, or any hard substance in a snow-ball, and throw it at another, is mean and cowardly, and deserves to be shunned by honorable boys."—nods of approval—"Do you agree with my idea of such a boy?"

"Yes, he's a coward," say all.

"He would never make a general," says thoughtful James.

"The third is: Do not snow-ball any one who does not wish to play."

"That would be mean," said Harry.

"Now those are my three rules. What do you think of them?"

"They are fair," was the immediate response.

"We thought you were going to make us stop playing snow-ball at first. We would be mean if we broke the rules," said Ernest.

"To-morrow, perhaps, I may show you that I have not yet forgotten how to snow-ball."—A clapping of hands.

"Thank you, girls and boys, for your cheerful attention. Now let each apply himself as earnestly to his task as he did to the snow-balling, and our work inside will be as enjoyable as our play outside."

"Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth classes will find their work on the side black-board. First class, Reading, ready, rise, forward."—A quiet hum of busy earnestness.—*Educational Journal*.

PUT HEART INTO IT.

Of all persons Sunday-school teachers should be the pronounced friends of temperance. Some handle the subject mincingly. We cannot put too much heart into it. Teach sound temperance doctrine. Whenever you get a chance, warn your scholars against the perils of the dram shop. As some one has said: "Almost the last words of a murderer who was executed by electricity in Auburn State Prison were, 'Oh, if I had not drunk that whiskey!' Teach your boys the danger of touching intoxicating liquors. Of course, they think there is no danger for them; but so that convicted murderer once thought. You can control the beginning, but you cannot control the end."

IN SMALL DOSES.

Did you ever notice how quite young children like to hear stories told over and over? When you read or tell a nice story to little Susie, aged four, she says, "Tell it again," and when you have retold it she still says, "Tell it again." We have known little people to ask for a repetition three or four times. Primary teachers will do well to note this characteristic of young minds. They are not sated, as older children may be, and they take in truth in small doses by continual repetition.—*Sunday-school World*.