

from the guilt and pollution of sin, and inculcated the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Spirit. His clear and scriptural views of the doctrine of the imputation of the Redeemer's righteousness may be seen in his essay on 'Prejudices against the Gospel.' The grand truths of justification by the blood and righteousness of Christ, and of sanctification by the Holy Spirit, were most prominently displayed in all their importance in his public ministrations; and when he treated on other points, either doctrinal or practical, of the Christian system, they were all viewed as subservient to, and bearing on those radical truths. Dr. Gillies, the respectable editor of his posthumous works, and his biographer, at considerable length details the character of his well-beloved father-in-law, and none had a better opportunity of knowing him than he had, having seen him so often in his domestic circle, and having served with him so long as a colleague in the ministry of the gospel. Many letters were written to him after Mr. Maclaurin's death, by worthy ministers, both at home and abroad, condoling with him and his other relatives on the occasion, and expressing much personal respect to the memory of so good and great a man. Some of these were prefixed to the volume of his *Sermons and Essays*. One of them was written by the late Dr. Erskine, then minister of Culross, from which the following is a short extract:—"The strength of his genius, and the solidity of his judgment, furnished him with sentiments new and ingenious, and yet solid and convincing, when explaining or vindicating some of the most important articles of the Christian faith. When consulted upon controversies which seemed quite exhausted by the labours of others he would often strike new light on the question in debate, and offer a more distinct and satisfying solution of difficulties than had hitherto been advanced; and such was his accurate knowledge of true religion, as equally preserved him from right and left hand errors. He discovered zeal, boldness, and faithfulness in opposing what-

ever he thought contrary to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, and remarkable humility in preferring those to himself, who in gifts and graces were much his inferiors. I account it one of the most pleasant circumstances of life that, for eleven years, this eminent servant of Christ honoured me with his friendship, and often profited me by his instruction and advice." The pious and warm-hearted Mr. Whitefield, in a letter to Dr. Gillies, writes thus in his own characteristic style:—"I hear you have met with changes since my departure.—What have we to do to expect any thing else? Dear Mr. Maclaurin, whither has he gone? He has gone to where Jesus reigns, and where, through rich and sovereign grace, I hope ere long to be.—If his daughter, your dear yoke-fellow, is also gone, she, I trust, is happy too. May we follow their footsteps with steady pace!"

In 1721, Mr. Maclaurin married Lillias, daughter of Mr. John Rae, of Little Govan, by whom he had nine children, of whom four died in infancy. His son John, a very promising young man, died in 1742, aged seventeen. His eldest daughter, spouse to Dr. Gillies, his biographer, died soon after the birth of her eighth child, August 6th, 1751, about a month before her father, whom she very much resembled in a peculiar sweetness and vivacity, and in the most serious piety. They were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided.—Dr. Gillies, after very copiously describing the public and professional character of this distinguished man, thus alludes to the happiness he enjoyed with his household:—"What he was in his family, I am at a loss to express. He was so exceedingly and deservedly dear to all his relations, that the description must fall far short of the reality. Indeed, the remembrance is too affecting.—Our only comfort is, that his Saviour and ours lives for ever, and that in his blessed presence we hope to enjoy a far happier society together, than we ever did in this life."—*Edinburgh Christian Instructor*

The following verses are from the pen of the Rev. Mr. McCheyne, of Dundee. Mr. McC. is a young and talented Minister of our church, but in consequence of over study and exertion in his parish, he was obliged to retire to his father's house in Edinburgh, that he might enjoy a little ease and leisure to recruit his health. It was while there, that a proposal was made to him by the Committee of the General Assembly to go to Palestine, to enquire into the numbers and condition of the Jews in that country. He readily agreed, and it is believed he is at this moment travelling in that very interesting land. The deputation of which he is a member, are expected to be in Scotland before the month of May, and to give in their report to the next General Assembly. The verses have never been in print, having been written in a private note addressed to the Editor of this work:—

Psalms cxix, 105, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

When Israel knew not where to go,  
God made the fiery pillar flow,  
By night by day above the camp,  
It led the way—their guiding lamp—  
Such is thy holy word to me  
In day of dark perplexity.  
When many paths before me spread,  
And all invite my foot to tread,  
I hear thy voice behind me say,  
"Believing soul this is the way,  
Walk thou in it." Oh gentle dove  
How much thy holy law I love!  
My lamp and light  
In the dark night.

When Paul amid the seas seemed lost,  
'Mid Adrian billows wildly tossed,

When neither sun nor stars appeared,  
And every wave its white head reared,  
Above the ship—beside his bed  
An angel stood and "Fear not" said  
Such is thy holy word to me,  
When tossed upon affliction's sea,  
When floods come in unto my soul,  
And the deep waters o'er me roll,  
With angel voice thy word draws near,  
And says "'Tis I, why shouldst thou fear?  
Through troubles great my saints must go,  
Into their rest where neither woe  
Nor sin can come—where every tear,  
From off the cheek shall disappear,  
Wiped by God's hand"—Oh gentle dove,  
Thy holy law how much I love,  
My lamp and light,  
In the dark night.