

a thing. If they hae ony guid gift o' utterance, an' ony gude command o' language, they should gang an' tell the story of God's great love in gi'en His Son to dee for puir sinfu' creatures like oorsels; if they canna tell that story to men an' women, they may tell't to bairns; they may gather in hauf-a-dizen o' the callants an' lassies that hae drucken faithers an' mithers, puir wee things that gang shiverin' aboot the streets in cauld winter nichts, wi' feet a' swalled, an' bluidin' an' hackit. Or if they canna do that themsel's, they may help some ither body to do't; they can e'en put their hauns i' their pouches, an' the siller they gie awa' for this would be the best wared part o' their walth; they wad fin' that they got as muckle gude as they gied, and that their kindly, gratefu' imitation o' Him that gaed aboot doin' gude is like a clear and cool burn runnin' thro' their sauls, an' refreshin' them amid the din an' the stour o' the warl'. Mony a ane o' the freens of Jesus are bricht an' cheerfu' lights, though the big outside warl' kens naething aboot them. Their tongues are never heard ayont the four wa's o' their ain hoose, an' they are na very loud there; but their love gangs quietly oot in a thoosan' ways, an' it fa's like a sunbeam's ray on cauld an' hard hearts. Ah! ye wives and mithers, think o' this! Dinna hae your men an' callants comin' in, after workin' hard a' day, into a huggerty-muggerty, dirty, ill-reddup hoose; try to hae everything clean an' neat. Draw them an' keep them oot o' the public hoose wi' the cords o' love; dinna bring up your dochters to think that lang ear-rings an' braw gowns, an' a rich gude-man, an' a smatterin' o' French, are the grand ends o' life. Teach them by your gude advice an' gude example to be truthfu' an' kind an' modest, an' thrifty; in this will ye be the licht o' the warl', and even when ye come to dee, your licht winna gang oot, except like that o' the wee twinklin' star, which gangs oot in the mornin' afore the mair glorious licht o' the sun. Your memory will be like a star shinin' on the road o' a' that kenn'd yau, leadin' them to Jesus like the star lang syne that brocht the wise men to Bethlehem, an' ye yoursel's will at last gang to the lan' whar the sun shall nae mair set; whar God shall be your ever-

lastin' licht, an' the days o' your mournin' shall be ended.—*Journal of Scottish Temp. League.*

### Norman McLeod on the late Dr. Ogilvie, Calcutta

The Church of Scotland has lost its oldest and best missionary, Dr. Ogilvie; and I cannot allow this number of the *Record* to be published without thus expressing, however hurriedly and imperfectly, in the name of the Foreign Mission Committee, our sense of that loss, our affectionate respect for his noble character, and our hearty appreciation of all his assiduous and successful labours as a missionary for a quarter of a century. This long period was one marked by many peculiar trials and difficulties, both at home and abroad, affecting his mission work. Owing to the immediate effects of the secession of 1843, the Church of Scotland was too weak at once to fill up her vacancies at home and to send efficient labourers abroad; there were some ecclesiastical difficulties, too, which he had to contend with in Calcutta, and not a few prejudices at home, which need not be farther alluded to. There were trials and difficulties also arising out of the great Mutiny,—yet, in spite of all these, Dr. Ogilvie never once left his post on leave of absence since he entered upon it. He never complained, and never despaired, but simply did his duty. Through good report and bad report he pursued his difficult path with an admirable patience, a singular unobtrusive and unostentatious spirit, with a meek and quiet endurance, and a sweetness of temper, all of which not only saved the institution in Calcutta, but secured for him the high respect of the best men of all creeds and parties, European and native, in Calcutta. There was no missionary in India who left a more delightful impression upon Dr. Watson and myself than Dr. Ogilvie. We felt that in him we had a ripe scholar, a refined gentleman, and a Christian with a single eye, a clear head, a warm heart, and imbued by out-and-out truth in purpose, word, and deed. We felt, too, how much he and his work had been misunderstood by many at home, and by some who had not the capacity to comprehend either. As I am at present laid