

house at a convenient distance from the Church, and he may have to change his abode and his landlord every two or three years. A "flitting" is a trial to any man, but to a Presbyterian Minister it is peculiarly so.

The Manse would be a centre of increasing interest to the whole Congregation. The pulpit must become vacant; the occupants of the pews must change with changing years; but how sweet it is to remember that I am sitting where my father sat before me, or that I am preaching where such and such a man was wont to stand between the living and the dead! Associations, tender and sacred, cluster around the old Church; and we learn to love it for what it has been as well as for what it now is. "This man and that man were born in it;" it is the house where souls have met their God. The same remark applies to the Manse. The Minister loves it for his predecessor's sake: to the people it becomes dearer every day it stands; for it is associated in their minds with scenes the most joyous and perhaps the most mournful in their lives.

We think it extremely desirable if not absolutely necessary, that every Manse should have a small patch of ground attached to it—an acre or five or six,—enough to secure agreeable exercise to the Minister, and not so much as would be a snare and a burden to him. "On a single acre of land a man can expend two hours a day for every day in the year in which the ground is not frozen or there is no rain." Remunerative and healthful exercise would thus be secured. An acre would yield a fair supply of vegetables for a small family. But half a dozen acres would be small enough for a glebe: and we trust that when any of our Congregations set about building a Manse, they will secure a small lot of land in connection with it.

If you care for your Minister's health and comfort—if you regard what is right and equitable—if you acknowledge the value of Gospel ordinances—if you prize the interests of your own soul—then we say, neglect not this duty! In many of our Congregations it is the pressing duty of the hour, too long neglected from sheer want of thought, not for want of heart. Think of it now! We have merely called your attention to it: scores of arguments, which want of space forbid us to mention, will occur to your own mind. Act promptly. Delay not a day. You have neglected it long enough. Let not another summer pass over your Minister's head, without that head being sheltered in a comfortable Manse.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. G. N. GORDON IN LONDON:

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Starting from the Bank, near the heart of London, the traveller passes eastward through three miles of streets,—crowded, smoky, squalid streets, and then reaches the confines of Victoria Park. Here the streets widen; the houses are villas surrounded with gardens and frequently overshadowed by trees. You breathe fresh country air; and you only hear the din of the city and see its smoke to sweeten the contrast. Twice have I with pilgrim feet and under friendly guidance gone over the scenes which are associated with the memory of my lamented friend. This is the cottage in which he spent more than six months of his time. It verges on Victoria Park. The ivy clustres abundantly upon the walls; honey suckles, sweet briar, the lilac, many a flower bursting into blossom, delight the eye and perfume the air. The paths and avenues of the Park, its fountains and mimic lakes and