

mown grass; and that in those days the righteous shall flourish, and there shall be peace as long as the moon endures. Our plans of life are all organized towards one belief, and that dear brother who is labouring in some rural district away out in a new settlement is doing far more than he knows for the good of this great country. Far more is he doing than ephemeral politicians. O that counsellors in these days might be, as in the beginning of our history, honest men, upon whose spotless name no breath of suspicion has ever passed—men like Roger Sherman, Jonathan Trumbull, John Jay, John Marshall, and others whose names are prominent in the annals of our land. It is for the men here before me to mould the character and shape the public sentiment of the country for the formation of such a class of men.

Xerxes, it is said, when he looked upon the countless hosts that were marshalled in warlike pride upon the banks of the Hellespont, wept when he thought that, in one hundred years, not one of them would be on the face of the earth. We are awed by the thought that, long before one hundred years have passed, every one of us will have passed from the world,

but we don't weep over it. Men die, but the cause lives. The leaves drop, but the roots of the tree strike deeper and its branches grow broader. Our hearts are full of joy as we look forward to those who shall occupy our places, and they shall see, over this vast country and over the world, what kings and prophets waited for, but died without the sight. We stand on tiptoe, jocund as we look into the future, and hail those who shall occupy our places, and do Gospel work for God. The stars may drop from their places and the mountains may be levelled by the attritions of time, but the Word of God never shall fail, and the day is to come to our country and to the world compared with which the highest splendours that have ever been witnessed will be but as the shadow of death.

"There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a midnight blackness changing
into gray—
Men of thought and men of action, speed
its way:
Aid the dawning tongue and pen,
Aid it, hopes of honest men,
Aid it, paper, aid it, type,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe.
And our earnest must not slacken
play—
Men of thought and men of action, speed
its way."

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

There are few intelligent Americans who are not more or less familiar with Dr. Macleod through his writings, but those who think they know him best will find upon reading this *Memoir* that they have, after all, had but a slight comprehension of the breadth of his catholicity, the richness of his humanity, and the earnestness of his

Christianity. Then these nobler qualities were lighted up by a hearty geniality and by a characteristic Scotch wit, and irrepressible humour which finds constant manifestation in these volumes, and make them precisely what one would not expect to find in the biography of a Doctor of Divinity, so far as the traditional dignity which is supposed to be an inseparable ac-