

ashamed to write a panegyric for Dr. MATHIESON. I shall borrow the words of his mourning and eminent brother, who standing near his bier, paid just tribute to the memory of the dead ; " We his copresbyters are called " to mourn the loss of the father of our Presbytery, the " father indeed of our Church in Canada." Perhaps the opinions of such a man will still be respected. Here is one of them :—" I am one of the old school, and " cling to the forms that have done more for Scotland " than any new fangled nostrums will ever accomplish " for her. The piety of the people has been cherished " and sustained by the good sense, deep thought and " godly feelings of her ministers. As these qualities decay, somewhat of the LEE, TULLOCH, or STORY school " may be brought in with seeming advantage for a time, " but I am afraid that with such forms the people in this " age will get formal too."

It is pardonable to defend an existing all-sufficient custom, which by long continuance has acquired the force of law ; not so, to attempt its subversion by begging a preference for innovation. To adopt the latter course, is to cast an apple of discord into a Congregation, calculated to disturb its harmony, and to draw off the attention of the people from their eternal interests.

While the firebrand of innovation is in effect ingeniously contending that one attitude is more impressive, or " more conducive to truer devotion," and perplexing the minds of men with a fallacy, death, inexorable, snaps the thread that suspends frail man from eternity. The human ashes are committed to the grave ; which may be in the sacred, solemn Church yard, where, beside the narrow plot, there waves the weeping willow ; where, when the sun shines, a mother or a sister may sit and weep, and scatter sweet scented flowers ; which may be on the cold bleak hillside, where the piercing blast whistles a shrill lament amidst the ghost-like forms of tombs that strew the city of the dead ; or which may be in the deep un-