

**THE LATE DR. ADAM CLARKE.**—A correspondent sends us the following original letter from the late Dr. Adam Clarke to Mr. D. Brochie, Thurso. It is quite characteristic of that wonderful and gifted man:—"Pinner, Middlesex, August 23, 1830. Dear Sir, Your letter of the 5th has not reached my hand till this morning; and now it is too late to attempt anything relative to the Mission you propose. To me your account is interesting, and I think there is a very open door in the parts you mention. I believe the Conference would be glad to send a Missionary to the Orkneys, did they see any likelihood of success. I sent Mr. [ ] there; but he got no encouragement, and scarcely any person to hear, though he spent several weeks there. This damped every expectation. But you give me an encouraging account. I wish we had men and means. I have hard work to carry on the Shetlands; but I should rejoice were the Orkneys joined to the former. Classes should be formed wherever the preaching is well received. It is like sowing by the way-side to continue preaching without this. Without it good desires and convictions come soon to nought. I think, if your statement had been laid before the Conference, some attempts would have been made both for those northern parts of Scotland which you visit, and for the Orkneys. There is one Mission that I wish to see established before I die, and in relation to which I have prayed and often laboured, but apparently without success for many years—a Mission to the island of Mull and the other Hebrides. I have not succeeded, because I could never find a proper man who could preach in Erse. Do you understand the Erse? Can you preach in it? Would you go to Mull, and try (if you can preach in the language of the island)? You may ask me why I am so interested in behalf of those islands, and particularly in behalf of Mull? I can soon tell you. By my mother I am directly descended from the Lairds of Mull. My grandfather Maclean was grandson of the famous Sir Lauchlan Maclean, Laird of Mull, who was killed in a feud by the Macdonalds in 1598. I consider that island as my country; and have ever longed to get that Gospel planted in it, by which I myself am saved. I still wear the tartan of my clan, and dress myself in it every 30th of November (St. Andrew's day) with jacket, kilt, plaid, bonnet, dirk, claymore, pouch, &c. Were there no other way to attempt this, I would sell my English coat to do it. I have been searching everywhere for the proper Gaelic preacher, a holy man, an able preacher, and a sound Methodist; but, alas! I never have been able to find one. Do you know such a person? Will you inquire, if you do not? I think you should never travel and preach four times in one day. This is lighting the candle at both ends. Pray God be with and prosper you!—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ADAM CLARKE.—P.S. I fear I have not hit the true spelling of your name; those who have names that are not common should be particularly careful in writing every letter, that they may not be mistaken."—[John O' Groat Journal.]

**OBITUARY.**

Died, on the 24th August at his residence, Rope-walk Cottage, Irvine, Scotland, Capt. John Hamilton, formerly of Dalhousie, in the 80th year of his age. The deceased was the first merchant that commenced business in Dalhousie, Chaleur Bay; and, having carried on an extensive and successful trade during fourteen years, then retired to spend his declining years in his native land. He was also chiefly instrumental in bringing to this country a number of settlers who, from their own industrious efforts have attained a degree of comfort to themselves, and added materially to the agricultural improvement of the County of Restigouche; in the infant state of which hospitality could rarely be obtained or expected, his house was ever open to the traveller, or the needy, who always experienced his benevolence: and mainly through his praiseworthy exertions the inhabitants are indebted for the only place of worship that adorns Dalhousie, viz., St. John's Presbyterian Church. His simple, unostentatious manners, coupled with his truly hospitable and generous

disposition, had endeared him to the residents of the Baie de Chaleur throughout its whole extent, and they deeply sympathize with his family, both here and in Scotland, in their present bereavement.—[Gaspé Gazette.]

**DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN EDWARDS, MINISTER OF MARNOCH.**—The *Banffshire Journal* announces the death of the Rev. John Edwards, Minister of Marnoch, which took place at the Manse of Marnoch, at two o'clock on the morning of Sabbath last. "Mr. Edwards," says that paper, "is the clergyman to whose settlement so great an opposition was manifested, giving rise to so many and so important proceedings in the Civil and Ecclesiastical courts of the country. The case was among the first in which the Veto-law was put to the test, and it may in fact be regarded as the beginning of those discussions which ultimately led to the Disruption of the Church in 1843. Indeed the 'Strathbogie case,' as it was termed, has a world-wide celebrity; and to the clergyman now deceased a kind of historical importance attaches. As was to be expected, Mr. Edwards was at first by no means popular in the parish. Gradually, however, his high abilities as a preacher, his Christian forbearance and kindness, won the affections of the people; and we can now say with the utmost confidence, that never was any minister more deeply and sincerely regretted by a parish. Mr. Edwards was a native of the parish of Grange, in which his father was a merchant, and an Elder of the Established Church. He was born in 1792, and consequently at his death was in his 56th year. He has left a widow, but no family."

**POETRY.**

The following beautiful and instructive lines, which convey such a keen reproof to those daring men who deny the God that made them, recal to our recollection an affecting incident which is related of the celebrated but unfortunate African traveller, Mungo Park. On one occasion, (we quote from memory) we are told in his life, he had travelled through a pathless desert for several days till his strength was so completely exhausted that he despaired of seeing the close of the day. Oppressed with the fierce glare of the burning sun, faint, weary and sinking beneath the pangs of hunger and thirst, his heart sank within him; and so utter was the prostration of strength, and so overwhelming the feeling of desertion and loneliness, that he felt ready "to lay him down and die" without an effort to preserve his life. While thus crushed with mental and physical distress, his eye accidentally lighted on a single plant of a beautiful kind of moss, growing amidst the burning sands, which everywhere else met his view. The sight at once checked his repinings, and inspired him with renewed hope. What, thought he, does the Maker of the Universe afford the means of life to this tiny plant, and shall I despair and "say in my heart, There is no God?" Deriving renewed vigour from such consolatory and strengthening reflections, he arose from the sand on which he had thrown himself, and, pressing onwards, soon emerged from the desert, and obtained food and shelter. On how apparently trivial an event may the whole course of our lives turn, and shall we say "in our hearts, There is no God?" "Are not we of more value than many sparrows?"

**ATHEISM.**

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,"  
 "No God, no God!" The simple flower,  
 That on the wild is found,  
 Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,  
 And trembles at the sound.  
 "No God!" Astonished Echo cries  
 From out her cavern hoar,  
 And every wandering bird that flies  
 Reproves the Atheist's lore.  
 The solemn forest lifts its head,  
 The Almighty to proclaim;  
 The brooklet on her crystal bed  
 Doth leap to praise His name;  
 High sweeps the deep and vengeful sea  
 Along its billowy track;  
 And red Vesuvius opens its mouth  
 To hurl the falsehood back.  
 The palm-tree with its princely crest—  
 The forest's leafy shade—  
 The bread-fruit bending to its load,  
 In yon far island glade—  
 The winged seeds, borne by the winds,  
 The roving sparrows feed—  
 The melon of the desert sands—  
 Confute the scorner's creed.  
 "No God!" With indignation high  
 The fervent sun is stirred,  
 And the pale moon turns paler still  
 At such an impious word;  
 And from their burning thrones the stars  
 Look down with angry eye,  
 That thus a worm of dust should mock  
 Eternal Majesty!

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☞ Several Communications from Correspondents have come to hand too late for this number.