

REV. ISAAC MURRAY, D.D.

Dr. Murray was born at Pictou, N.S., 24th March, 1824. He was educated successively at Pictou Academy, West River Seminary, and Princeton University, New Jersey. He was licensed by West River Presbytery, May, 1849, and received three separate calls from congregations in Prince Edward Island. He accepted that of Cavendish to which he was inducted at the beginning of 1850, as the successor of the Rev. Dr. John Goddie. He laboured in this congregation for nearly 28 years. He then accepted a call to New London, where he remained 17 months. He is now in charge of the Prince Street Presbyterian Church in Charlottetown.

Dr. Murray has always taken a foremost part in every movement which has had for its object intellectual or moral improvement. He was member of the Provincial Board of Education for 12 years, and during the greater part of that time was chief examiner of candidates for Teachers' Licenses, and succeeded Judge Hensly as Chairman of that Board.

He took a leading part in all questions of general interest, and helped considerably to establish and maintain a system of free and unsectarian schools in the Province. He is without doubt one of the most vigorous, effective and learned ministers in the Maritime Provinces.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A PLEA FOR QUIET GIRLS.—The quiet girl, an observant critic remarks, is generally worth studying, and will frequently astonish those who pretend to understand her, by rising to heights, when she is summoned thither, which are unapproachable to her complacent and courted critics. Yet it may happen that quiet girls of the best type may lack the wit, the adaptability to that which they have no sympathy, the glibness, and that unlimited faith in

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themselves which must be possessed by those who desire to attract the notice of the more shallow portion of society, who believe in noisy girls. All quiet girls are not endowed with genius and the virtues, for some are simply fools who would be noisy enough if they could find anything to say. But we protest against the habit which prevails of slighting quiet girls and speaking ill of them before they have been fairly tried, and of paying sickening homage to the conceited chatter-boxes of little moral sense and principle. While noisy damsels will often turn out to be gaudy impostors, many quiet ones will amply repay the time, trouble and love which any one may bestow upon them.

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time on some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We are too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry things for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has larger and other playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the land of promise?



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