

as they trench not on the laws of the land. The name, the succession, the doctrine and the government are all safe, and cannot be taken from them and transferred to others. Neither can human laws dictate the qualifications of members to be received into Church fellowship.

The Church may prosper without an incorporation to hold her funds, and especially should it waive the facilities which such a corporation may afford in pecuniary matters, if that is to be made the plea of stretching the arm of the civil law over an organization which knows no head but Jesus Christ. We rely confidently on the steadfastness of our orthodox brethren; they will cling together; and at the next General Assembly, we trust, they will present a noble example of that solid unity which is the result of cordial agreement in the faith. To God we confidently appeal for our rights; to Him in every trouble we flee, and we are assured that from every seeming evil He will educe lasting good.—*Presbyterian.*

GLASGOW COLLEGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A special public meeting of this Society was held in the Greek Class-room, on the evening of Monday the 25th ult. at seven o'clock, for the purpose of receiving intelligence from the Rev. John Machar, of Kingston, Upper Canada, regarding the religious state of our North American Colonies. The meeting was opened with prayer by the President, Mr. W. C. Burns, who commenced proceedings with a few introductory remarks. It was then addressed by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Paisley, Secretary to the Glasgow Colonial Society, on the general religious state of the North American Colonies, and their pre-eminence in the sympathy and exertions of Christians in Scotland. This powerful and impressive appeal was ably followed up by Mr. Machar, who entered into more minute details, illustrative of the degraded religious condition of our countrymen, who have been left unprotected with the ordinances of the Gospel, and opened up, with great clearness and interest, the means in contemplation for the removal of this affecting destitution; particularly the scheme of employing ministers to itinerate among them; and the proposal to found a Canadian college, in connection with the Church of Scotland, for the rearing of a fuller and more regular supply of ministers and missionaries than can be obtained from the mother country. They urged likewise, with great power, upon those students of divinity and preachers who were present, the duty of forming a small band of missionaries, and going forth in company to this large and most important field of Christian labour.

The meeting was then addressed, in excellent speeches, by Dr. Henderson of St. Enoch's, Joint Secretary to the Colonial Society, and by Dr. Smyth of St. George's, and afterwards by J. D. Bryce, Esq. and William Collins, Esq. and, after some concluding observations from the President, the whole proceedings were closed with prayer by Dr. Smyth.

This meeting was numerously attended, and ought to be regarded with peculiar interest by the Church, as bearing so directly upon the minds of those who are to be her future pastors. It has been hitherto an affecting indication of the low state of true godliness among our students, that fields of Christian labour have been opened up, and the Church has proclaimed her desire to send forth her messengers to the glorious work of reaping the plentiful harvest; and yet many, who profess to have taken on the yoke of Christ, and to covet the honour of being his ambassadors, refuse to undertake this charge, and leave our poor expatriated countrymen to famish and to die for the want of the bread of life! Ought not, then, the eyes of God's people to be turned, with more anxious interest, to our universities, as the great sources from whence the light and glory of the Lord is to spring forth? And ought they not, in their private closets, and in their united supplications, to bear upon their hearts, with earnestness and fervency, our College Missionary Societies, which have already been made the channels of divine grace to not a few, and may, by the copious effusion of the Holy Ghost, become the nurseries of men who, drinking deeply at the fountains of salvation, and growing early in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, will, in due time, come forth to sound the trumpet of awakening to the Church at large, and who, supported by her means, and richly animated, in answer to her prayers, shall speed, as swift and joyous messengers, to the ends of the earth, "to preach the gospel of peace, and bring good tidings of good things."—*Scottish Guardian.*

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with an eye of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when swords were

gleaming and circling around me, like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from the rocky clefts, and scattering them piece-meal to the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not—that recked not of danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice, that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid, I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but all in vain; at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who was the constant companion of my childhood. Strange that after the lapse of almost a score of years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can still see the bright young creature, her large eye flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy, upon the sunrise gaze; and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and the joyousness of a bird; and, when she bounded over the wooded hill, or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense-smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such soft and luxurious sweetness, that it "seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hand of a Peri," from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea, lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the notes of a favourite bird, or saw some strange and lonely flower in her wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquillity continued until nearly noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was calm, and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters, to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall rugged precipice. There we remained, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so frightful, that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl silently raised her finger to the precipice that towered above us. As I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its grey peaks, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like a groan of the universe, filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the distant tree-tops, and the deep tones of the cloud were coming in fainter and fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around me. She was there, the dear idol of my love, stretched out upon the wet green earth.—After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast, with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured most beautifully there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek, was so lovely as in life; and,

as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless, till the coming on of the twilight, that I was taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with terrible distinctness. The old oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead; and its hollow trunk looking upwards to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me, thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind, in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered, and Oh! there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightning slumbers in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sun-lit waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MARK.

It is well always to have before us the blessed example of those saints, who, by their piety and good works, have traced us the way to Heaven, and have now entered into the paradise of God; for it is only by being possessed of the virtues and excellencies of such men, that we can have any certain evidence that the image of God, which has been defaced by sin, is actually restored in our souls. For this purpose, then, let us call to our remembrance Abel's innocence, Enoch's holy life, Noah's forethought, Abraham's faith, Lot's hospitality, Isaac's obedience, the fidelity of Jacob, the chastity of Joseph, the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the zeal of Phineas, the constancy of David, the wisdom of Solomon, the piety of Josias, the prayers of Daniel, the lamentations of Jeremiah, the fasting of Esther, the holy earnestness of the woman of Canaan, the devotion of Cornelius, the charity of the Samaritan, the alms of Dorcas and the poor widow, the Publican's humility, the tears of Mary Magdalene, the repentance of Peter, the undaunted courage of the Apostle Paul, and the glorious martyrdom of Stephen, and all the holy men of every age who have sealed the truths of the Gospel with their blood. "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us; and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." All the virtues which we admire in these faithful men, however, are but small beams of the Sun of Righteousness; for even our best services are strained with spots and blemishes; but our Lord Jesus Christ is the Lamb of God without blemish and without spot. Let us therefore, "look to Him as the author and finisher of our faith;" for he hath "left as an example that we should follow his steps." And let it be our constant endeavour that our love may abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, that we may discern things that differ—that we may approve things that are excellent, and that we may be sincere and without offence until the day of Christ, and be filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Christ Jesus, to the glory and praise of God.

A WORD TO THE BEREAVED.

In our lamentations for the departure of the objects of our affection and esteem, there is often more selfishness, than a Christian should admit into any feeling that concerns them. We are apt to view the dispensation as sent only to afflict and chastise us, without considering the intention of it with respect to them. Yet surely they are still more nearly concerned in it than we are; and the purpose which it serves to them should be first attended to. Hence we keep grieving and complaining (O shameful thought!) because they are called to heaven, and put in possession of eternal bliss. And why? Why truly for this poor and selfish reason, that we must travel a little way without them, and would have felt it more agreeable to have had their company;—as if the Almighty were not able to carry us through, as well, or better, without them than with them. It were surely more worthy of our Christian character and hope, to contemplate and to rejoice in their removal, as the termination of their sins and sorrows, the commencement of their eternal bliss. We would congratulate them on the acquisition of an estate, we would rejoice on their success in any important enterprise; and shall we grieve at their attainment of the incorruptible inheritance, and their final, their certain success in the great concern? Or if, as no doubt will often be the case, we notwithstanding cannot help feeling a painful blank, there is an effect which this should, and must have on a believer's mind, that is highly improving, and will ere long be