

fact, to usurp the place of Christ, and to be guilty of the "gainsaying of Core." The substitution of *sacramental* means in the room of the efficacy of Christ's work and grace, is *dissent*, and the *only* dissent to be found in the case of Korah and his company.

We have no desire to use the *lex talionis*, and, having shewn who the *dissenter* is, to apply the term and title—so frequently applied to us—to our Episcopal friends. We have no wish to retort bad names on our neighbors, but we may be permitted to admonish those who have so freely held us up as dissenters after the manner of "Core," to be a little more cautious in time to come, and not rashly to invoke the judgments of God upon the "community of Presbyterians in Scotland," or elsewhere.

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### THE LATE MR. HUGH MILLER.

(From the *English Presbyterian Messenger*.)

An article on Hugh Miller! How strangely does this sound in the ears of one who has so long been accustomed to look anxiously for Hugh Miller's next article!—to one, too, who may have written occasional articles for Hugh Miller, and who, in writing them, cared less how the public, than how Hugh Miller, would think and feel about them! And now, alas! must we write on him over his grave, where that once teeming brain can think, and that brave heart can feel, and that master hand can write, no more? A grave, too, reached by such a sudden and tremendous leap! Many stood in amazement at that dire eclipse; but to none did it come with a more stunning shock of surprise, to none does it still appear more inexplicable, than to those that knew him best. It is as if some juggling fiend had personated a dear departed brother, standing out in grim and ghastly contrast to every well known feature of his character. It is Hugh Miller read backwards; it is his image seen inverted and distorted in the Bethesda waters of a dark and troubled mystery.

To one so morbidly fond of retirement that he chose his residence at a distance even from his friends; so sensitive of observation that he would dive down unfrequented alleys to reach his place of business, and make his way home by the extreme outskirts of the city; so shy that he would look disconcerted when called to speak in promiscuous company; the very thought of being thus written upon in newspapers and periodicals, of having his dearest and his darkest imaginings openly divulged and talked about from Shetland to the Land's End—even the idea of having his lifeless body subjected to the scalpel, and borne through the streets, a spectacle of wonder and woe to the assembled citizens of Edinburgh,—had it but flashed across his mind, would have sufficed, we think, to have overmastered and dispelled the blackest vision that could enter his bewildered brain. To another phase of his character, the wild illusion which issued in his death stands in equal antagonism. With a soul above the paltriness of vanity, none possessed a larger share of that honest pride, which makes a man chary of his own reputation. He was far from being void of the ambition which aims at establishing for itself a niche in the temple of fame. What he sought was not the evanescent incense of the day, the luxury of being praised when alive; but the enduring legacy of posthumous renown, the hallowed lamp of genius ever burning before his tomb. Having amassed the fortune of a high name by slow degrees and with great toil, he was extremely jealous of anything that threatened eventually to diminish its amount or darken its splendour in the eyes of posterity. He may be said to have lived in the past that he might live in the future. His therefore was no flash edifice, got up at small cost, and dis-