

ceptance of his resignation, and that the congregation took no steps to resist a separation. Moreover, at that meeting no party present proposed to do so. With these representations before them, the Presbytery could look upon the matter in no other light than that stated—that “no opposition was offered by the congregation,” and accordingly the Presbytery decided as they did. There was indeed laid before the Presbytery a paper containing resolutions of a meeting of parties on French River, desiring Mr. M. to be retained over them. In omitting any reference to this I had no desire to do injustice to Mr. Miller. My principal reason was that the movement was not then in such a state as that the Presbytery could take any action in the matter. I therefore delayed reference to it till the next meeting of Presbytery, when the matter was expected to come up in due form. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Miller, in giving his statement of the case, has been so very inaccurate himself. He states that these were “lying at that time on the table of Presbytery”—“two subscription lists, one of about £50 from the French River, and another of £10 from Sutherland’s River for the support of ordinances, and a list of sixty-one, or nearly one half of the members of the congregation, and two elders.” Now the minutes of Presbytery will show that these papers were not presented to the Presbytery till its next meeting six weeks after. The dates of them will show that they could not *then* have been before the Presbytery, as they are dated some days after.

THE REPORTER.

FIRESIDE READING.

DRINK, AND AWAY.

“There is a beautiful rill in Barbary, received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying ‘Drink, and away!’ from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.”—*Dr. Shaw.*

Up, pilgrim and rover !
Redouble thy haste,
Nor rest thee till over
Life’s wearisome waste :
Ere the wild forest ranger
Thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger,
Oh, drink, and away !

Here lurks the dark savage
By night and by day,
To rob and to ravage,
Nor scruples to slay !
He waits for the slaughter ;
The blood and his prey
Shall stain the still waters ;
Then drink, and away !

With toil though thou languish
The mandate obey ;
Spur on though in anguish :
There’s death in delay.
No blood-hound, want-wasted,
Is fiercer than they !
Pass by it untasted,
Or drink, and away !

Though sore be the trial,
Thy God is thy stay ;
Though deep the denial,
Yield not in dismay ;
But, rapt in high vision,
Look on to the day
When fountains elysian
Thy first shall allay.

Then shalt thou forever
Enjoy thy repose.
Where life’s gentle river
Eternally flows.
Yea, there thou shalt rest thee
Forever and aye
With none to molest thee :
Then drink and away !

HOW A MAN BECAME TEMPERATE.

When I went to Jamaica, Frank Chambers was head driver on the estate where I lived. His wife at that time was hospital-woman, and called by all the others on the estate, MOTHER CATHARINE. This was her honorary title, for all others were called aunts and sisters. Mother Catharine was as prudent, godly, well-tempered a woman as could be ; quite a pattern of Christian discretion. And she needed all the grace of meekness and prudence she possessed, both for the duties of her office, as head woman on the