

produced, because of their not being in their proper places. Mr. Caird is a skilful artist. He has made preaching a study. And having, as the result of his inquiries, come to certain conclusions, he has fashioned a mould for himself, and now he casts all his discourses in it. Every sermon is a *whole and one*. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end; nay, every general head, every passage, has a beginning, a middle, and an end, of which the preacher is perfectly aware, yea, which he has carefully studied and elaborated. His great instrument is the *climax*. An entire sermon is one lengthened constantly-ascending climax. This will be noticed in the Crathie sermon, in which the best idea comes last in the body of the discourse, and the most impressive thought of the application is reserved to close the peroration. Be sure that Mr. Caird will not conclude feebly. Then every head is a climax. It begins in an easy, colloquial style, and closes in metaphor and passion. And the same character is observable in the *speaking* of the sermons. The preacher commences in a low voice, and in an easy, familiar style, carrying you along with him almost insensibly, till you have reached a considerable height at the close of the introduction. Then, with a deepened, altered voice, which reveals to you the elevation to which you had unconsciously been carried, he proceeds to do the same thing over again with you, with perfect success. There are many men in Scotland who can think more proudly than Mr. Caird: there are some who have a loftier imagination; not a few who have been gifted with a finer fancy; scores who possess better voices; but none of them, perhaps, can impress an audience like him; and the great reason is, that they do not attend as he does to the *structure* of their writing and the *manner* of their speech. They do not *embank* the stream till, with accumulated volume, it bears every obstacle away upon its triumphant waters."

## Missionary Intelligence.

### JAMAICA.

The Board of Missions here accepted the offered services of Mr. Daniel McLean, and Mr. Duncan Forbes, who have completed their studies at the Hall; and we are glad to know that the congregation of Rose Street, Edinburgh, have chosen Mr. William Gillies, preacher, to supply the place at Goshen, of the Rev. A. Robb, who has agreed to go and labour at Calabar. There is some prospect, too, of finding a suitable second missionary for the Caymanas. Thus the Lord, who has the hearts of all men in his hand, is granting us the hope, for which we devoutly praise him, that ere long we shall see the vacancies in this important mission adequately filled.

### OLD CALABAR.—CREEK TOWN.

*Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. H. M. Waddell.* 8

January 5th, 1856.—This morning the remains of an infant were found in the bush, not far from our house, partly roasted with fire. Inquiring into the matter, we learned of the following horrid superstition:—The child had died naturally, as had several others born by the same mother previously. Believing that it was the same child, under a spell of bad luck, which thus came forth and died time after time, she followed the custom in such cases, of burning the dead body. Some say this is done to punish the bad child, which refuses to live; others say, it is to break the spell of witchcraft or other power of darkness, by which her children are doomed to die thus in infancy. This seems absurdly inhuman; but the afflicted heart always seeks some refuge, some ground of hope and confidence for the future; and the unenlightened mind objects not to the contrariety of the means proposed both to reason and true religion. If the next child lives, this custom gets the honour of having secured its life—if it die also, the same means will be used again,