

him be a man of good talent and good taste. Any of the gentlemen recently licensed would suit the genius of the place. How much I would rejoice to meet those who were my fellow-students as fellow-laborers in this portion of the vineyard! You may know how much I personally feel interested in the position of our Church in this infant colony, when I tell you that lately I unhesitatingly declined an invitation to be minister of the oldest and most influential Church in San Francisco, with a stipend double that which I can ever hope to receive either here or in Scotland, and with opportunities of improvement from which I am now excluded.

The climate is delightfully congenial. Clear and cloudless are the skies from April to October. We have then rain for a few days, and then the mellowed beauty of the Indian summer till the beginning of November. Mere existence is felt to be a blessing, and I have no doubt that this city will yet become the Sanatorium of the Pacific.

The scenery defies description. Opposite the window at which I write, we have the Coast Range Hills skirting the Puget Sound, always covered with snow. Around Victoria, we have prairies dotted with oak copses, and knolls of the most beautiful order. Outside of the harbor we have numerous little islands, the channels through which are lovelier than the Kyles of Bute. In British Columbia, all the objects of natural scenery are on a gigantic scale, and after viewing the Fraser River, the Shuswap Lake, and the Cascade Range, one would almost pity those who have seen nothing grander than the Clyde, Lochlomond, and the Grampians.

I rejoice to hear from Captain Raymeur and his lady-wife—old residents in Halifax, of your increasing success and usefulness. God speed thee. Remember me to your brother and all the old Glasgow "collegians." I am,

dear Mr. Grant,

Yours most sincerely,
THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

—o—

"Tecl,"

AIG an am so dheth 'n a bhliadhna tha muintir ann bidheantas a sealltainn tharis air an gnothuchean aim-eagal, a dh'fhaicinn co dh'uibh bha iad a call no buanachadh re na bliadhna.

Cha neil neach sam bi air am beil curam a ghnothuch, tha gabhail foslaimeh obair chud-thromach, nach eil ga sgrudadh gach ceum mar tha e dol air aghairt.

Agus ar leam, mo charaid, gum bheil obair ro chumthromach air earbadih ruitsa, air am beil Siorruidheachd do Shonas no do thruaigh dhuitsa, an crochadh! Nach freagrach mata, an am so, an uair tha "Slan leat" an t-seanna bhliadhna fathast na do chluas, agus

thu seasamh air stairsne ch bliadhna ur, ga bhi ga do rannsaic'eadh fein a dh'fhaighinn cia mar tha an oba r so dol air aghairt.

Tha e ro fheumail dhuit gum d'fhigadh thu an aine den a ghnathach sholemichte do a nis agus gum feuchadh 'thu ri thu fein a chothromachadh a thaobh nithe Spioradail. Na toiseach an obair le "meigh na meall-taireachd" (Hes. xii. 7) air neo bithidh do Shaothair an diomhanas.

Na cothromaich thu fhein ann am "meigh" do Choimeas ra muintir eile,—Faic 2 Cor. x. 12. Tha cuid gan toilleachadh fein le bhi smuaineachadh nach eil iad ni's miosa no muintir eile. Cha neil teagamh nach ro cuid dhiubsa air an d'fhanig an dile ni b'fhear no cuid eile, ach cha deach as ach iadsan a chaidh stigh don airc. Agus cha nann airson muintir eile, ach air do shon fein a dh'fheumas thusa fheargairt aig la a bhreitheanas.

Na cothromaich thu fein ann am "meigh" do bheachd fein. Cha'n uirrin thu a dheanamh gu neo-leabhraich—"tha'n cridhe cealgach thar na huile ni." Feuddidh thusa bhi gairm maith dheth'n ni tha ole ann an suilean Dhia. Bha beachd aird aig na Phaireas-aich dhiubh fhein. Dhearb Peadar a chridhe fhein, is thuit e!

Na cothromaich thu fein ann am "meigh" beachd muintir eile. Mur eil eolas agad fhein air do chridhe, cia mar tha muintir eile gu eolas fhaotain air? Faodaidh iad a bhi air am mealladh mar a bha cairdean Job, no mar bha na deisciobull mo Judas, no na h'abstol mo Shimon Magus? Faodaidh iad bhi ga do mheas ni's fear no ni's miosa na tha thu. Coid am "meigh" gus an teid thu mata?

Cothromaich thu fein ann am "meigh" an "ionad naomh." Thoir na huile ni "chum, an lagha agus chum na fianuis." Cuir dearbhadh ort fein leis an "fhirinn mar ata i ann an Iosa," agus cha mheallair thu.

Cothromaich thu fein mar bhall-eaglais, am b'fhear leatsa bhi" la ann 'an tigh Dhia, na mile, ann am pailluinaibh aingidheachd"? An do chuim lethsguill bho thigh Dhia thu air a bhliadhna chaidh seachad, airson am biodh nair oirt a thoir gu cathair breitheanas? An do phaidh thu do mhinistair gu honorach mar a gheall thu?

Mar bhall-sgoil! An d'robh thu mar a gheall thu an "lathair Dhia agus dhaone," thoir sgoil do'd chloinn, air a bhliadhna chaidh seachad, a reir do "shuidheachdinn s'do chrannchur"?

Mar Pharant, an d'rinn thu do dhleasnas? An d'robh thu teagasg do chlann "a thaobh an shlighe air an coir dhoibh imeachd"?

Mar fhear posda, an "d'fhug thu deadh-ghean dligeach do'd mhnai"?

Mar bhean phosda, an robh thu "umbal do'd fhear fein, mar do'n Tighearna."

Mar leanabh, an d'robh thu umhal do'd pharantaibh fein san Tighearna, thoir "onair do'd athair s'do'd mhathair"?

Ach a thaobh do choir Spioradal: