

wide-spread. Sought for many public occasions, the great orator spent a busy life. As an author, too, he was making a wide circle of admirers. Some compared him to Demosthenes. Robert Hall wrote him warm congratulations on his success in London pulpits. Nine editions of his astronomical discourses went off in one year. With a population of twelve thousand in his parish, he set about reaching the multitude. Within two years there were 2,000 scholars in his schools. Pauperism was brought under control. System prevailed, and much machinery was at work. To show how much of Chalmers there was in all this, it is enough to say that when the giant's shoulders were removed from supporting the pillars the great structure went to pieces.

In the General Assembly there was much enthusiasm over his fervid speeches. When large collections were needed in the churches, it became a standing suggestion, "Send for Chalmers." From his "alma mater," St. Andrew's University, he received a D.D., and was offered a Chair in Philosophy. He accepted. St. Andrew's was to be the arena of his best achievements. On historic ground, associated with

strong men, and surrounded by admiring students, vigorous work became a constant joy. Intimate friends wondered how, with all this combination of gifts, he was usually much excited and tramelled when looking to a great public effort. To the writer of this article nothing was more surprising than to see the bands trembling, with sheer nervous apprehension, on the neck of Dr. Richey, and the faltering steps of Dr. Ryerson, as he literally "groaned in the spirit" while waiting in the vestry for a large meeting. It was years ago, and the surprise was deepened as he saw how the excitement in each instance went off in mighty eloquence. The giant shook the castle when putting on strength for warfare.

Of Chalmers in Edinburgh and during the Disruption we have no space to write, but must devote a second article to circumstances away beyond the common range of history. It is ground, moreover, somewhat peculiar to this writer, from the fact that he had an uncle—"the Apostle of the North," whose work has familiarized us with scenes which have not been put upon paper; extraordinary scenes, burned in upon the memory in boyhood, to be forever stimulative of pride and gratitude.

### PRECIOUS FAITH.

"The trial of your faith, being more precious than gold." (2 Peter ii. 7.)

The faith that never has been tried  
May shrink in times of fear,  
Like Peter, who his Lord denied,  
With little danger near;  
A precious faith will bear the shock  
Amid all wreck and tear,  
And find beneath a solid rock,  
Though stepping on the air!

A mind that asks the reason why  
Is unbelief confessed;  
Assured faith makes no reply  
Howe'er severe the test;  
It never stops to count the foes,  
But, harnessed for the fray,  
With bravest front and sturdy blows,  
It surely wins the day.

The faith that fears the raging blast  
When wild the billows rave,  
Will cry in vain when drifting fast  
It buffets with the wave;  
A tested faith but waits to hear  
The bidding, "Come to me!"  
And straightway, with no thoughts of fear,  
Steps out upon the sea!

If cheeks grow pale when death is nigh,  
A feeble faith has fled!  
To precious trust 'tis gain to die;  
All mortal wrappings shed,  
On wings of joy it soars above,  
With saints and angels blest,  
Where faith and hope absorbed in love  
Give everlasting rest.

—Sidney Dyer.