

their minister, and on the stranger that was in their midst. The sacrament, at that time, was drawing near, and how earnestly they cried that none of them might prove like Judas, on that occasion. How extensive their knowledge, how profound their feelings. Children in Canada go down on your knees, and pray likewise. Oh that my soul could yearn over your lost condition, like the Son of Man, who, though young in years, was yet old in sorrow. Parents hinder them not, forbid them not to come to the Saviour.

"To him let little children come,

For he hath said they may,

His bosom then shall be their home,

Their tears he'll wipe away."

We remember that we procured a copy of a letter from the Sabbath School teacher. We read it afterwards to the children in the Sabbath School that assembled in our native parish. It was written by two little girls in Dundee, and addressed to their fellow children on the great concerns of the eternal world. One half of it was addressed to the unconverted. It told them that though they were young in years they were old in sin, and intreated them to plead with God for the new heart and right spirit promised in Ezekiel. It is now years since these events took place. Some who were children then in the outer courts of the house of the Lord, bloom with undying beauty in the paradise above.—Some of them went before their beloved pastor and others probably have followed him into the world of spirits. Dundee is still a great manufacturing and commercial town, the din of her population is still heard, her furnaces still blaze, and the machinery of her factories still revolves. She has not changed her position in the physical world, but still fronts Newport, while the steamer on the Tay passes and repasses between. She has still her literary Gillfillan and pious Stewart, with whom some of us have held converse in other days; but her McChyne is not, and some of the lambs of the flock who once sighed over her spiritual maladies, are now safe in heaven. Our remarks on Mr. Burns, we must reserve for a future number, but meanwhile we cannot conclude without deducing some lessons from what has been at this time advanced. First, How rapidly is the day of grace fleeting away. Office-bearers in the Free Church, at home and abroad, are falling like autumnal leaves. What a loss to the eldership in Scotland has occurred in the death of Mr. McGill Crichton! Truly in his case one of the mighty has fallen. It is not long since he remarked in the General Assembly, that his head had turned grey in the service of the Free Church; but that head with its withered blossoms, is now at rest beneath the green turf that waves over it. The hoary head was to him a crown of glory, having been found in the ways of righteousness. And we understand that Mr. Rintoul, our own late Synod Clerk, has also gone to the invisible state. May we be also ready, for in such an hour as we think not of, the Son of Man cometh. Second, How lively should be our interest in the case of God's ancient people, the Jews. Oh, how should we agonize, labour, and pray for their salvation, not forgetting to contribute of our means for the same glorious object. Read the following from the late Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge. It was dictated on the bed of death, in a low whisper from his own lips, when he was unable to speak aloud, that it might be read at a meeting: "The thing (observed he) which I wish to bring before you is this, ought we or ought we not to resemble Almighty God, in the thing most near and dear to God himself; it has been the one object of my life to do so, and it is my dying prayer for you, that you may do so also. Now I ask, what is at this very moment God's view of his ancient people, and his feelings towards them, 'I have delivered the dearly beloved of my soul into the hand of her enemies.'" Jeremiah xii. 7. Third, How concerned ought we to be for the godly up-bringing of the young.

Youth has been called the bud time of being; the young will shortly be at the helm in the Church and State, but those who are guiding the infant mind and teaching the young idea how to shoot, have a heavy responsibility laid upon them. Oh that we would all fervently join in the prayers of the ancient Church, 'Return O Lord, how long, and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.'

MR. BURNS.

The steamer one day had left the fair city, and was plowing her way through the waves for Dundee. It was on board of her that we first met with him, who is now an evangelist in China, but who was then doing duty in the same path in our native land. The Tay is a classic stream, and picturesque are the beauties in the scenery of hill and dale, which may be seen from her waters, and surely something of the morally grand and beautiful, was side by side with the physical on that occasion. He gave a word of exhortation to the passengers, and as he never was at a loss for music, he was both preacher and precentor. He sung,

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,

Or to defend his cause,

Maintain the glory of his cross,

And honor all his laws."

We never saw him ashamed to own Christ. One might be on deck in a state of intoxication, another might be taken up too much with the things which perish in the using, but look to that man of God, the waves lashing the boat near his great-coat, his fine manly voice setting forth alternately, in preaching and in melody, the high praise of his King and God, and the need of the gospel-salvation. We cannot say what impression may have been made on the company, but it will be known another day, and awful is the responsibility of even once preaching or hearing the gospel. Of his private conversation we need say no more, but that as usual it favoured much of the things of the kingdom. May it still hold true, that they who fear the Lord speak often one to another.

Having in our voyage passed Newburgh and Errol, we gradually drew near to the bustling capital of Fife-shire. At Dundee, a number of children and others congregated around Mr. Burns. We noticed some who, from their appearance, might have passed for some of the grandees of the city, frown upon this meeting, hinting that the thoroughfare must not be obstructed in that way. He took off his hat, after crossing the street, and began to pray. As we were both intending to proceed to St. Andrews, we crossed in a steamer to Newport. He referred to what had taken place in Dundee, exclaiming "Oh they will not think us mad on the Judgment day." Yes, ye ungodly citizens of great towns, if you repent not, the tide will turn against you then. No steamer, no ark of salvation, will hide you from the overflowing waters of God's vengeance; no pilot will then beckon you to the life-boat; no tempestivities will come then like a screen 'ween you and everlasting things; no messenger will then beseech you; no eye of pity will then weep over you.

In our journey to the ancient town, we passed Leuchars, and excellent was it to hear his remark on the glory of Christ, as we were advancing onward. That village has precious associations connected with it. Its aged church has long stood on a gentle elevation; its pulpit was once filled by the far-famed Alexander Henderson, of the Second Reformation, who presided at the memorable Assembly of Glasgow, where the servants of Christ refused to worship the golden image, and surrender the claims of Christ to Cæsar.

He was not sure whether he might get an open pulpit in St. Andrews, knowing, no doubt, as well as Mr. McCorkle, of St. Ninians, that it was "the stronghold of moderation." But he got a hearing in the Town Church from citizens, theological students, and some of the professors. He preached from that solemn text, "Deliver from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom." We need not give any of his ideas, as the substance of the discourse has been published; but it may be observed, that when he preached, it in Aberdeen, it was blessed by the Spirit for the conversion of a soul. In St. Andrews he also preached in the Secession, now the United Presbyterian Church, on the believing sinner having his Maker for his husband. We hope that the last day will show, that at least some of the precious seed fell upon good ground. Holy men have labored in St. Andrews. We have stood by Rutherford's grave; and though the lightning may shatter his column in Galloway, nothing disturbs the repose of his remains there. In the same burial-ground, with its ancient and decaying cathedral, the ashes of Halyburton and Wishart, await the breaking of the morning without clouds.

We now turn to another interview. We were on our way to the Presbytery of Auchterarder, with a letter from the Kirk-session of Comrie. At that time there was a vacancy in that parish, as the former minister had been presented to the parish of Donblane. The elders were anxious that Mr. Burns would visit them, and preach to the congregation, and the contents of the epistle bore on that subject. When it was put into his hands at Muthil Manse, where he resided at the time he intimated his desire of spreading it before the Lord for counsel. He subsequently preached in Comrie, on the union between Christ the Vine, and his people the branches. After the public service closed, he repaired to the session-room, where he gave one of the most solemn prayers that we ever heard him deliver; praying that if it were for God's glory he might be brought back again to see the dear people, and if not, that he might never see their faces more in time. We believe he revisited the same locality after his return from America. May his past labours in that part be very abundantly blessed, and be replete with happy consequences in the coming eternity. On other occasions we heard him, once in Perth, and once in Edinburgh. In Canada his labors were also very abundant, as is well known, and in London and other places in the new world did he manifest the same spirit which he did at Kilsyth and Loch-Tay in the old. He presented some of us in the London Presbytery with copies of McChyne's Memoirs; and though neither he nor his deceased friend ever reached perfection in this life, as indeed was not to be expected, yet the one, it is humbly hoped, fell asleep in Jesus, while the other is now laboring in one of the high places of the missionary field, and proving himself still to be one of whom the world is not worthy.

In conclusion, how anxious ought we to be for the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world. It is his right to reign and to be receiving "new dominion every hour." Whether we reflect on the wandering Indians in North America, or on the dense masses of heathenism in populous China, we may see loud calls to go forward to possess the land. Thousands of missionaries are needed, and much fervent prayer is required, that Christ would take unto him his great power and reign. Have we any thing of the missionary spirit—is it a cause that lies near our heart—if so, we will prove our faith by our works—we will be missionaries in our respective spheres, and earnest in telling others the wonders of redeeming grace, and love. May our ministers be men of God; may our elders rule well in the household of the King of Zion; may our deacons purchase to themselves a good degree; and may our Knox's College be honored to give to this and to other lands many heralds of the Cross, for publishing the mysteries of the kingdom. W. GRAHAM.