

FROM OUR SCOTCH CORRESPONDENT.

A great gloom settled over the Glasgow Divinity Hall two or three weeks ago, when news came that the Rev. James Stewart had been one of the passengers on board the ill-fated *Hungarian*. He was going out to Montreal, a missionary to his countrymen abroad; a man of true missionary spirit and of many excellent gifts. The Canadian Church has lost one who would have strengthened as well as adorned her; for he was no hireling, but a true man, ever fearless and self-sacrificing. The writer of this has lost one upon whom he expected to have leant as on a pillar. His brother students who best knew him admired him most. His professors looked to him as one who would do honor to them and much good to his fellows. He was no sentimentalist or dilletant, but a genuine Scot—quiet, seemingly imperturbable, but of the great Chalmers type; with heights and depths in him, with glowing fires that burned and impelled—rugged and massive—living his life intensely. In many of his classes he carried off high honors, not unfrequently the highest; and these college distinctions ensured him rapid professional advancement, had he remained in Scotland; but though ambitious, his ambition was chastened by Christian devotion; and so, throughout his whole college career, he ever set before his eyes the work of a Christian missionary as his sole aim—the most fitting walk and work on which to concentrate all energies, all talents and acquirements. Ah me! man proposes—God disposes. God has taken him to the Church in heaven, just as he had well put on his armor to battle for the Church on earth.

Do we ask why? Who shall unravel the tangled threads of a man's history,—of the deep designs of that Providence who "made and loveth all." Does his life seem to us as a pillar shattered just when raised to its place?—without meaning—abruptly broken off—singularly, unsatisfactorily? Not so, "He doeth all things well." Each is cared for as if no one else lived, yet are the sweet melodies of the universe never out of tune nor harsh. Time may not tell, but eternity will—the secrets of the eternal, and what wise ends were subserved by this—to us strange ordering. And yet we have glimpses. When I heard that the sea had given up his written words; that my old acquaintance, Mr. Clarke of Shelburne had preached to souls for which the writer had never intended them, I could not help asking, Is this one of the wonders? has he then died as a Sampson—more in his death than by his life? Is there one who "being dead yet speaketh?" These are the dead which die in the Lord: and henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them."

I have little inclination to give news this month, even though there were plenty on hand. I am very glad that "Good Words" has reached you, and has received the high approbation which it merits. The article on the Moon, part of which you quoted in your March number, is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Leech, Principal elect of Queen's College, Canada, who is writing a series of articles on astronomical topics, each of which as it appears is pronounced more able and interesting than the preceding. I commend especially to your notice, the one that is to appear in the April number. The amount of talent that Dr. McLeod has enlisted for this new periodical is indeed surprising; and I almost think that no other man in Christendom could have thus concentrated into one focus, the energies of the ablest representatives of the various British Churches. He has from the Church of England, such men as Canon Stowell, Llewellyn Davies, Miss Marsh; from the English Dissenters—Spurgeon, Stowell Brown; from Scotch United Presbyterians and Free Church—Dr. Eadie, Laflie, Keddie; from the Established Church—Caird, McDuff, Flint, his own brother, and a host of others from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany. In the May number, there is to be an article by himself, on the Highlanders of Nova Scotia, which every Pictonian should see. I hope that it will always command a large circulation in British America; for I have no hesitation in saying that it is the cheapest and best 6d. worth of literature published. You will have an idea of the enormous expense at which it is got up, when I state that it requires a circulation of 30,000 *merely to pay*. The engravings alone, which are by the foremost men of the Scotch Academy, cost £50 per number. Of course, the best plan to get it would be by some Halifax bookseller ordering a large number monthly per steamer, and then Mr. Bell of New Glasgow, and Mr. McPherson of Pictou could procure from him as many as would be needed.

You will be glad to learn that the Dundee Stipend case has been harmoniously settled and much to the advantage of the four or five ministers of the Church in Dundee. You are probably aware that the Presbytery of Dundee has for some years back insisted on their right to receive adequate stipends out of the fund called "The Hospital Fund," which had been left in trust to the Town Council for charitable and religious purposes. The Court of Session having decided in their favor, the Council has offered a compromise, which they undertake to pay all the expenses that have or may be incurred, and to increase the present stipends of the ministers to £200 per annum. The Presbytery has accepted the proposal which is satisfactory to every one, not only in itself, but in terminating a wearisome litigation, and conducing to peace.