

have erected a new church of large dimensions. It was not then quite finished, but is now, and has been appropriated for divine worship. May the worthy pastor and his attached people have a future, as prosperous and peaceful as the past.

"Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity;
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity."

Perhaps you think I have lingered long enough in and about Port Hope. I confess to a liking for peaceful spots, and they are not very rife in this war-wasted world.

I set out from Port Hope, and had intended to be, ere the close of that day, thirty or forty miles nearer the scene of my appointed labours, provided the roads would permit, which was very doubtful. At several places they offered serious protest to the passage of vehicles; and there was no exception made in favour even of a bishop's carriage, as I can attest. To give you some idea of the then state of the roads—it was April—I had, in one instance, to tie up, turn to, and assist in unyoking, and rolling out of the mire, a poor animal in the middle of Her Majesty's Canadian highway, *alias* Kingston Road, as they call it. But this was a long way west of Port Hope. By performing this act of necessity and mercy I cleared my conscience, and felt happier far in my sadly soiled clothes, than any surpliced priest could have done had he passed by on the other side. Certain I am that such work was neither unepiscopal nor unapostolical, whatever some self-asserted successionists might say to the contrary.

Having learned that Dr. Duff, whom I believe you knew at College, was to give an address on missions that evening at Cobourg, I resolved to abide there till another day, although the week was waning, and many a tough mile lay between me and my destination. At the hazard of having to drive hard during the remainder of the journey, I resolved to remain at Cobourg for the night and have my soul warmed, and my curiosity gratified, by listening to the fervid eloquence and stirring appeals of this far-famed Indian apostle. Nor did I regret my resolve; though I must confess Dr. Duff disappointed me not a little. But this was no fault of his, but of his very kind but injudicious friends. My expectations were too large. I had been led to form a very high estimate of him as a man of mind, and of genius even. I had given him a niche among intellectual giants. But as regards mere mental calibre I found him to be a great deal nearer the dimensions of ordinary men than I expected or wished. A man's reputation may be endangered, or even damaged, by unwise friends as well as by open foes. Kindness in the shape of unmeasured laudation is often nothing short of positive cruelty. Some men might well wish to be "saved from their friends." You are not to suppose from these unsophisticated remarks that I do not admire Dr. Duff. I do admire him, and very highly too; and what is better I love him much for his Master's sake, and for his work's sake, and also for his own sake. In many respects he is unquestionably a *great man*. He is great in goodness, viz. in piety toward God, and in benevolence toward men; and he is superlatively great in devotedness and in zeal. His sympathies are large and sanctified. He feels keenly for the woes of others, and burns with holy, divine-like desire to have all men brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, that their guilt may be removed, their wretchedness terminated, and their everlasting bliss secured. The evangelistic spirit envelopes and pervades his heart and soul. Who would not admire and love such a man, and bless the Lord that he had so endowed and so inspired him? He must be a doubtful Christian, and even a cold-hearted man, who can listen to Dr. Duff without admiration, affection, and gratitude. Our world were blessed if such men as he were rife, as they are rare. Still I think it is doing him wrong to claim for him originality, or unwonted width and strength of mental grasp.