

creeds, as it is of no little importance with mere professors and careless Christians to have their creed sanctioned and their worship supported by the government. However, despite the temptation of seemingly gratis ordinances under the sunshine of political power, and the favouritism of the Marquis of B—— and the parochial squirearchy, the Meeting House, as already stated, had by far the larger number of adherents and weekly worshippers. The membership amounted to about 700, gathered out of nine or ten parishes; I think I have heard it stated that, in the earlier days of the Secession, there were members of this Church to be found in thirteen or fourteen parishes. In my day it was no uncommon thing for members and adherents to travel from ten to fourteen miles to worship in that house of God. Surely there was some good thing, in their hearts, toward the Lord God, drawing them so far, and that without grudge, to the place where He had recorded His name. Memory readily suggests two families—worthy families verily—respectively distant from the Church about eight miles and nine miles,—the one consisting of two elderly females, and the other of three brothers and the wife of one of them, all past life's noon, who were remarkably regular in their attendance though the distance was invariably travelled a-foot,—in the one case from necessity and in the other from choice. That sabbath must have been tempestuous indeed, or the roads all but unpassable, that witnessed their seats vacant in the sanctuary. Doubtless they felt the force of the Apostolic injunction, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," and proved in their sweet experience that it is no vain thing to serve the Lord. Their estimate of public ordinances must have been akin to that of David, when he deliberately avowed, that "a day spent in the courts of the Lord's house is better than a thousand." In those days, and in those parts, religious individuals and families never dreamed of absenting themselves from ordinances because of ordinarily inclement weather. Out of a period bordering on twenty years, I can only recall with any thing like certitude, two sabbaths on which the family to which I had the privilege to belong, were all shut up at home by the weather. The detention in one case was caused by one of those unusually heavy snow falls and dreadful drifts, when the snow-wreath becomes the winding sheet of many a shepherd who tends his flock on the dreary moors and in the rugged glens to be found amid the mountain scenery of Scotia. I have never witnessed a snow storm in Canada that equalled in blinding bitterness what I have often seen and felt in the land of my birth.

The Meeting House to which the greater number of Church-goers wended their way, was a large unadorned but substantial building, erected early in the last quarter of the last century. Yes, the figures 1777, painted on the partition behind the pulpit, staring in the face the entrants at the front door, start up and distinctly stand out before my mind's eye at the present moment. Fully fifty years have passed since, led by the hand of a parent or under the care of an elder sister, I entered that door of that house of God and gazed in wonderment at these numerical symbols—ignorant then of their powers and of their deep and