

deeded to the Church of Scotland) spent their life-time in doing good to the people of this Dominion! These venerable servants of Christ whose apostolic labours will be long remembered, now "rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." What works? The winning of precious souls to Christ, the offices of kindness they performed, the good works of charity and benevolence they wrought among your people, ever breathing a spirit of goodwill towards all men, never invading the rights of others,—never, *under deceptive names*, compassing their destruction; but quietly and unostentatiously labouring only for the conversion of sinners, till, as the result of their indefatigable labours in the vineyard in Canada, there are now, besides Colleges, about 150 Churches in the Upper, and 50 in the Lower or Maritime Provinces, all maintained by the Kirk, where the Gospel, in all its purity, is taught your people from day to day. Such is the work of the Scotch Church, for which Canada may bless Scotland to the end of time; and such is the Kirk, the best and truest friend of Canada,—true to her people, true to your Government, true to your Queen! And is this the Church you would overturn at the howl of her enemies, to enrich them with her spoils? Is this the Church, Canada's best friend, and with so many claims to her regard, that by an obnoxious Bill you would devastate, raising in its stead a spurious Presbyterianism, Canada's greatest enemy! Impossible! Bear with me, gentlemen, if I speak with warmth on such a subject; for I speak of all that is dear and sacred to me on earth,—the Church of our fathers,—*our* National Zion,—the mother of us all,—the Church of Scotland, which is the true Church of Christ, whose benefits and blessings have been extended to every land, to every shore! And if captive Israel wept when they remembered their Holy Place, I may be excused if, in this tumultuous Babylon of America, I mourn over the desolations of *our* beloved Zion. For if there is one blessing we enjoy abroad, making us forget our exile, it is that of worshipping weekly in the Scotch Kirk; of hearing sound, Scotch sermons, and sitting with those we love "under our vine and fig-tree,"—of training up the young in the good old paths, the fear and love of God, and assembling them nightly around the family altar, to praise their Creator in the simple and beautiful forms of our National Kirk:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That make her loved at home, revered abroad."

What indignation then fills the breasts of Kirkmen to see ourselves suddenly robbed of our religion, to see traitors casting down the Kirk we so much prize, in connection with which we have been so happy and prosperous,—our prosperity in fact derived from that connection! What a shame to hand over the fruits of her labours to aliens! For, as a great Missionary, as well as National Church, the Kirk of Scotland has a policy of expansion, seeking to take root in the furthest bounds of the British Dominions; and having so long laboured in the Canadian vineyard, she has a right to see the fruit of her labours, and not allow these to be seized by others.

Such then is the Church of Scotland—a blessing to individuals, to families, and to the whole community in Canada. The benefits of this National Church, with its missions at home and abroad, are indeed too many to be particularly insisted upon, and these are not least felt, and, we trust, appreciated in this western part of the British Empire, where from the farthest backwoods of Canada to the Atlantic shores on the east, in settlements thinly peopled, and destitute of religious ordinances, these have been