

five Churches and congregations in connection with the Church of Scotland, and as many more lineally descended from the same Presbyterian family, making in all ten large and important Presbyterian Churches within the city limits; while in the rural districts of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the material and ecclesiastical progress has been proportionately great and even more rapid. Then, besides himself, there were in all Canada, only five ministers belonging to the Church of Scotland in active work, these were, Dr. Harkness of Quebec, Mr. Esson and Mr. Black, of Montreal, Mr. McKenzie of Williamstown, and Mr. Connell of Martintown; now we have 132 ministers on the Synod's roll, and that number falls far short of indicating the growth of Presbyterianism, for from the division that occurred in 1844 there has sprung up a vigorous Church, with 250 ministers, making in all about four hundred ministers of the Presbyterian order.

In speaking of the character of the venerable minister now gone from us, we love to think of a man endowed with many noble qualities, yet a man, subject to like passions and infirmities as we are, differing chiefly from others in the intensity which marked the characteristics of his nature. In outward aspect he was of fine personal appearance and of commanding presence, courtly and dignified in his bearing, but not ostentatious. Observing the strictest propriety of costume at all times he showed not only his sense of self respect, but manifested also a becoming regard for the ministerial office, a duty, which, by precept as well as by his own example, he omitted no opportunity of impressing upon others. No one could be long in his company without feeling that he was in the presence of a gentleman, a man of superior intelligence, of acute observation, and of large information. Not only was he an accomplished scholar, he kept abreast of modern thought and literature, and he was conversant with the great questions of the day. Had you looked in upon him during the eventful crises of the Italian revolution, of the Indian mutiny, the Crimean war, or the Abyssinian expedition, you would have found him reading the best authenticated histories of these countries, studying with minute interest their geography, and acquainting himself with the physiological peculiarities of their inhabitants. He was a great reader, and, although unknown in the world of letters, was a voluminous writer, of which his

written sermons alone, not to speak of his other manuscripts, furnish marked evidence; for, whether we regard the depth of thought, the beauty and diversity of imagery, the chasteness of language, or the general carefulness of composition, these will compare favourably with the writings of the most gifted men. He was never known to preach an extempore sermon, and during those frequent excursions which in his earlier days he made into the country, where he found neither churches nor pulpits to preach in, his ingenuity was often taxed to supply the indispensable reading desk. An instance of this occurred in 1828, at Huntingdon, then a county town consisting of six or seven houses, where he had received a warm welcome from one of the people who gathered the neighbours and requested the Doctor to address them. "Being a paper reader," as he himself describes it, "I had to erect a pulpit by the fireside which was easily extemporized by two chairs back to back and a four-legged stool laid across and covered over by a piece of carpet." Of the amount of labour he underwent in visiting the settlements in the valley of the Chateaugay, at a time when they were wholly destitute of the stated ordinances of religion, it is impossible now to form an adequate conception; but in spite of the difficulties he encountered in the shape of bad roads, or rather the want of roads and of conveyances, to the end of his life he referred to these excursions, as associated with the happiest of his memories. In the year already mentioned he had been asked to go into the country, 30 miles or so, to officiate at a marriage, and he thus describes the only mode of travelling then available: "At Caughnawaga, I found myself among the Red Indians in want of a guide and a conveyance to take me through the six miles of forest and tangled brush I had to traverse, but how to make my wants known I knew not. All my jerks and gestures failed to convey my meaning, till a youth took up the idea of a man on horse back, which he endeavoured to imitate, who, on receiving an expression of my satisfaction, went off in an instant and returned leading by the mane a shaggy pony whose bones were too angular for bare-back riding. At length a saddle was procured with only one stirrup—we supplied the other with a rope—and an iron bit having been found, with a new hempen cord we made a bridle. I was hoisted into the saddle with my valise lashed behind, and my *Registers*, two quarto