

guilty foe) dragged the innocent Church of Scotland as a criminal to be buffeted and abused, and put to death by Legislatures composed of infidels, barbarians, Episcopalians, Catholics, Schismatics, Dissenters, and enemies of every sort shouting with the rabble, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" You are plunging in lawsuits, troubles, and expenses, your faithful brethren, now forced to defend their rights before Courts and Councils. In a word, instead of aiding your patriotic countrymen now fighting the battles of the Lord, you are shamefully and ungenerously deserting them; instead of helping them to defend our National Zion, as wicked Edomites you open her gates to the enemy, shouting aloud to the Babylonians of every province, "Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof!" Such are your doings in connexion with "Union," and they only need to be known to draw down upon you the indignation of the world.

Intending to separate from the Church of Scotland, could you not imitate her noble churchmen of 1843, who forsook *all* for the sake of their principles? But of course that was in *Scotland*. "No other country in the world," as Lord Jeffrey remarked, "could show such a spectacle!" How true his words! Other lands *imitate* the great struggle, but lack the courage and principle. Our new Seceders of 1875 will only secede if, snail-like, they can carry away their houses and temporalities on their back. They are not ashamed to stand before the world boasting they will do so and so, *if Government grants them so and so!* Your present position is one of the most pitiful and disgraceful ever seen in the world before. You stand before the world like children watching the turn of the wheel of fortune. You stand like weather-cocks ready to turn any way the wind blows. Having staked your prospects on the turn of the Legislative wheel, you are anxiously waiting its movement, and will go exactly as it goes. If Parliament grants you the rich temporalities, which is all you desire, you'll desert, and burn your old Kirk to-morrow, and set up under a new name; but if not, you'll cling to her like a burr, and not budge a foot. Depend upon it, you intend to be merry martyrs anyhow: determined to look well after number *one* at any rate! You will witness a good confession provided you can keep the "loaves and fishes;" but if you can't, you won't: you'll stick to them if they'll not stick to you, and desert your recruiting party after taking its shilling. What that party will think of you I can't say—I fear they'll not think much of you. But you don't mind what they think; your minds are on something else to watch how the temporalities move, and turn accordingly. Such being your *safe* principles, you confess that Mammon is your guiding-star; that the sordid love of the dollar *lies at the bottom of the whole affair!* Unprincipled men, I am ashamed of you. Pity that such as you ever entered our venerable Kirk, and the sooner you walk out of it the better. You are no longer worthy the Imperial name, "Church of Scotland," that of "Provincial Presbyterians" is good enough for you. And now you bid your souls luxuriate in the prospect of fattening on the spoils of a plundered Church—of preaching in Kirks no longer yours; of eating, drinking, and making merry in Manses which are stolen property—ah! beware, a vision, dread, and terrific! The grim spectre of an accusing conscience will start before you, disturbing your pleasing dreams; you will see a hand continually writing on the Mause walls, "Stolen from the Kirk!" while your children will point at you the finger of scorn, and a truthful posterity tell the cause of your unhappiness, namely, that your dwelling-places were all got by injustice.

Had you been honorable, instead of deserting her, you would have