

of *Scottish Presbyterians*, as they were to a man, transferred themselves in a body to this their new Church, from the doors of St. James' Church which they declined to enter; and as they marched away their regimental band struck up the old Scottish air, "This is no my ain house I ken by the biggin' o't." I was, as you will recollect, taken gently to task by a succeeding speaker, whose lamented death so soon thereafter, we all I am sure deeply deplored—sorrowing as we did, and do that one so young in the Ministry in this city; of such brilliant parts as a Preacher of God's Word; and with so many bright anticipations of usefulness before him was, in the mysterious Providence of God, cut down by the hand of death, before reaching the mid-time of his days. It seemed to our departed friend as if I had forgotten the lengthened harmony that had subsisted between the two Churches; and that my words conveyed apparently an expression of unfriendliness on my part towards the Church of England, in thus reviving the story. I had, as I thought, sufficiently guarded myself against any possible misunderstanding of my object in my reference to the incident on that occasion. And I may now add, that my own respect for the Church of England as one of the bulwarks of the Reformation, and my esteem and regard for the Very Rev. Dean who so worthily presides over the Cathedral Church across the street, and whose friendship I have had the happiness to enjoy so long, and which I do still retain and value after thirty years of friendly intercourse, might be my guarantee that it was no unfriendliness on my part towards the sister Church of England in Toronto, that prompted the narration of that little incident; but it was to illustrate rather the tenacity with which Presbyterians, even in the rank and file of the Army, cling to their