

true ; for in little more than a day's journey the reader may see for himself all its sad details of desolate sanctuaries and forsaken homes, and weeping families. But it is co-temporary history. It is a tale of the times, and the russet light of antiquity is not fading over it. And, therefore, some who garnish the sepulchres of the Covenanters, and build the tombs of the Puritans, may grudge a stone to this modern cairn. But when we reflect a little longer, and remember that it is not so much a tale of ruin as of restoration—when we consider that this disruption of the northern Establishment is the resuscitation of the National Church, the revival of the Kirk in the energy of its first reformation, in the purity of its second reformation, and in the catholicity of this, its third, reformation, we almost forget the privations with which it has been purchased, and rejoice that it is such a modern story. There are readers who value truth so much as to hail a living testimony ; and who can understand how the same faith which carried Abraham out of Ur, and Moses out of Egypt, may still enable men, at the call of God, to “go out” from endeared associations and friendships, even when they know not whither, and “refuse” distinctions and enjoyments which sense most values. To such readers we inscribe these lines.

It was in November, 1842, that the capital of Scotland witnessed such a gathering of its clergy as had not met since the time, two hundred years ago, when the National Covenant was framed. Every one felt that it was a solemn emergency which brought together, in the dead season of the year, from distant glens and storm-girdled islands, such a company of Scotland's most devoted ministers. It was a solemn emergency. They met to consider whether they could conscientiously remain the ministers of the Scotch Establishment any longer ; and