

being capable of containing about three hundred persons without galleries. That it makes such a mean appearance now tells what great improvements have been made in the neighbourhood since it was built. The little knoll, sloping down to the water's edge, from the foot of which springs a noble elm, like a giant feather, with a straight, bare, round stem of thirty feet, and a gradually widening, branchy top, seems to indicate other feelings in selecting the spot than those which choose the site for a barn. The tree is much too big to be a feather in the cap of the little church above which it towers, though perched on the very crown of the eminence, still it dignifies the place where it stands; but it must be confessed that the architectural honours of the building are greatly eclipsed by many a barn in the neighbourhood both in size and appearance.

To the speaker's right hand, about a mile off, on the English River is the new mill alluded to, a large and really handsome-looking building, with its two gable-shaped window-peaks of stone rising from the roof in front. Mr. Brown's mills and miller's houses will, we fear, outshine our churches and manses for some time to come. But they are an omen of good things yet to be done, for both men and churches must grow from the mills; if they fail, and the sound of their grinding waxes low, all will soon be hushed and go down together. Nearly in a line with this mill, about fifteen miles to the south, is the eastern commencement of a ridge, at the foot of which the English River enters Canada from the States. From this point the ridge runs westward along the Province line for about fifteen miles, when it terminates. Throughout its whole extent it is sufficiently lofty to be everywhere visible from the district of country on this side, of which it is the natural as well as the political boundary on the south. The St. Lawrence is our boundary on the north. The intervening distance is somewhere between twenty and thirty miles. Behind the point, where the ridge terminates to the west, rise some high lands in the States, which at our distance from them wear the look of one huge mountain. Out of a lake in the midst of these issues the Chateauguay, which entering Canada in a north-easterly direction, and passing the villages of Huntingdon and Durham, in a course of about thirty miles reaches the spot where we are met to dedicate our New Church; sixteen or eighteen miles below us it falls into the St. Lawrence. We have noticed the course of the English River and the Chateauguay thus particularly, because the tract of country through which they flow forms the locality occupied by the British Settlements in the County of Beauharnois. Our church stands, as it were, on the frontier of these settlements, as from the point where the two rivers meet, about a mile and a half below it, the settlements down to the St. Lawrence are all of French Canadian

origin. When Mr. Brown was present at the opening of the Old Church, twenty-seven years before, it was the only Protestant place of worship in the county; now there are upwards of twenty. It is the oldest church in connexion with the Church of Scotland, in any country part of Lower Canada. Now there are nine such in this county alone, seven of which are at present supplied with ministers.

In front of the church, where we were assembled, runs a public road from a bridge here crossing the Chateauguay to another crossing the English River at the site of the mill, the terminating points of the fork formed by the two rivers, distant from each other about a mile and a half. This forms the thoroughfare between the Settlements on the Chateauguay and English River, and is so much frequented that we observed as many as three carts at one time drawn up in rear of the audience, as in passing the drivers usually made a halt of a minute or two to learn what was going on.

Trivial as this circumstance may appear, like the old church and the new church, the old mill and the new mill, and the road leading between them, it told a striking tale to many there assembled. They could well remember when only an occasional visiter picked his way wearily on foot, from log to log, through the bush between the settlements, crossing a creek by scrambling along the trunk of a fallen tree.

Immediately below us, on the narrow interval between the church and the road, was the most interesting sight of all, a congregation of not less than four hundred well-dressed, comfortable-looking people, the farmers and their families, for whose use the building was intended. Among these one half at least must have been born in the settlement; and the band of 150 children, drawn up in front to witness the dedication of the New Church, most of themselves have considerably outnumbered any congregation that could have been gathered together at the opening of the Old one, to which the speaker, addressing them, had alluded as having taken place in his presence twenty-seven years before. It was these, and such things as these, passing through the minds of speaker and hearers, that drew both together in a way not to be described, and imparted such a charm to his speech. Neither speaker nor hearers, we are persuaded, took any thought at all about the speech; we were all thinking and feeling in unison, each making a speech to himself, of which Mr. Brown's words formed the key-note. No wonder therefore that the speech was listened to with such marked and profound attention, and that the silence, which prevailed during its delivery, was not followed by the usual noisy cheer at its close; there was only a slight movement like that of men awaking from a reverie of thought. In the ready flow of his unpremeditated talk, glancing from the present to the past.

from the scene now before their eyes to the very different one, fresh almost as the present in their memories, which he and they had viewed together from nearly the same spot not many years before, he had led them back through the most active and anxious period of their lives, perhaps also of his own, and through all that period, as on this day, he had been their principal leading public man amid changes and events of little importance to the world at large, but of much greater to them than all the revolutions of nations, great as these have been, since he and they became acquainted some thirty years ago.

If the speech was heard in much silence, it very soon gave rise to a great deal of talk, and the words of the speaker, and the reflections awakened by them in the mind of the hearer, have become so jumbled together that no one can separate the one from the other, or tell what he heard from what he thought. Were Mr. Brown to hear the various reports of his speech now circulating, he would suppose he must have talked a whole day instead of a short half-hour. For ourselves, while our ears were drinking-in his words, and our eyes turning towards the objects pointed out by his hand, our thoughts were wandering far and near, and the most interesting features of our uneventful life passing before us. When we looked down upon the Chateauguay, now as lovely in our eyes, and dear to our hearts, as the Nith of our native land, by which we strayed in early days, for we have seen our own children playing on its banks, we remembered, when, about fifteen years before, we looked at it from about the same spot, how little we cared, though we should never behold it again. When half disposed to be offended at the disparaging phrase applied to the Old Church, now wearing in our eyes the aspect of an old friend, we recollected how, when we first came to preach in it, we ourselves thought it something worse than plain. Once we knew no one in the congregation, and not one object in the prospect around had the slightest hold on our affections, or could awaken one pleasurable association in our mind, and we felt solitary amid the commencing labours of our new charge, and almost refused to acknowledge the place as our home. Now in the assembly below none but familiar faces met our eye; most, if not all, of the children had been baptized by us; four of them were our own, looking up at their father in front of the New Church. May the hearts of all be directed to their Father in Heaven, that in due time we may all come to Mount Zion, the city of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn which are written in Heaven, to God the Judge of all, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant.

Other friends besides these were present to my own thoughts, and to the thoughts