

as by *resemblances*. The present suggests the past—the new and the old become correlatives—the spectacle of an aged friend moving along before us with feeble step, sends back the thoughts to that same friend in the morning of life as memory recalls him, bright and brisk, when you both were buoyant with hope and full of the happy anticipations of life on which you then were entering. Let me thus for a few minutes give myself up to the suggestions of that law which thus regulates the daily current of our thoughts; and permit me, as a fitting theme, to revert to some of the earlier memories with which this Church is associated, and to give expression to some reflections they may suggest. Standing so to speak at its bier, we may think of its cradle. Called to look our last upon its old familiar features, as we would upon the death-stricken form of an old friend at the close of life, we may turn our thoughts back to the time—of which there can be but few here who have any personal knowledge—when this building was erected to supply the spiritual wants of those, most of whom have now passed away, who in this place represented the Church of Scotland of that day, leaving you their successors after two generations have well nigh gone, to deal as you list with this work of their hands to which you have succeeded by right of inheritance.

Induced by some such considerations, and cherishing some of these old memories, I ventured on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new building destined to replace this old one, to narrate a little anecdote respecting the formal opening of this church in the year 1831. I refer to the incident I then related, as you may remember, respecting the attendance of the Cameron Highlanders—Her Majesty's 79th Regiment—when that corps