

these great truths, I learned to admire and reverence the steadiness and singleness of eye which characterized your seceding predecessors. It was through their vigilance and zeal that, during a period of declining darkness, the pure oil of evangelical truth burned brightly in their candlesticks, while the lamp of the Established Church emitted a faint and flickering light, which was almost extinguished by the carbonic acid of indifference, heterodoxy, and infidelity. One great object which I always had at heart was to restore unity, to prevent or heal breaches, in Scotland's ecclesiastical Zion. As long as the Presbyterians of Scotland persist in remaining split up into sects and sections, denominational considerations will sadly interfere with the interest which they ought to take in the success of each other's exertions on behalf of the common cause, and in the service of their common Master. Permit me, in the name of my brethren, as well as in my own, to tender our respectful acknowledgments for the cordial welcome with which we have this day been greeted, and for the satisfaction with which we have witnessed the entire tenor of your proceedings. In the case of communions between which there is a radical and irreconcilable difference in regard to ecclesiastical polity (as, for instance, between ourselves and our Episcopal fellow-Christians), all attempts to bring about an incorporating union must, so far as I can judge, prove abortive. But that brethren, who are not kept asunder by any such preliminary obstacles, should remain in a state of separation, appears to me (I must confess) a sin, a scandal, and a shame. I have, however, (although most reluctantly,) renounced all hope of being permitted to witness the accomplishment of a scheme which, from benevolent, or at all events, disinterested motives, I have labored so assiduously, but so vainly, to bring to a successful issue. So far as I am personally concerned, 'the time is short.' My advanced period of life, and often infirmities, remind me that I must not hope to witness any event which 'delayeth its coming.' I can only contemplate, with mingled emotions of sadness and satisfaction, the genius of Presbyterian union, at whose shrine I have so long been an ardent votary, and exclaim, like the aged patriot of the great German dramatist—

'Better times will come—  
But I myself shall then have ceas'd to be—  
Receive my homage now.'

It is truly refreshing to augur, from the occurrence of such assemblages as this, the eventual dawning of a brighter day. We do well to take heed, in the meantime, to such encouraging developments of light, and confidence, and love. I am sure that all my brother Free Church elders will concur with me in requesting that we may be permitted to provide ourselves with 'return tickets' on the present occasion, in order that, if spared to see another anniversary of this social meal, we may again solicit the privilege, and enjoy the happiness of being present. I cannot too strongly express the sentiments of devotedness and admiration, which bind me with cords of affection to your time-honoured, and zealous, and exemplary communion. You do not number in your ranks (and perhaps you are as well without them) any large number of the gentry or nobles of the land; but you include within your pale a large and influential proportion of the middling classes, whom I have ever regarded as mainly constituting the basis and the bulwark of our national freedom and our national virtue; and I deem it a high honour to have been this day associated with so many of my esteemed and excellent countrymen, who are so well entitled to be designated as the salt of the earth, and who, in their respective spheres and localities, are exhibiting bright and consistent models of Scotland's piety, and of Scotland's patriotism,—of Scotland's wisdom and of Scotland's worth."

#### HINDOO ABOMINATIONS.

"A Missionary" writes to the *Times* as follows:—"There are thousands of my countrymen who hear of Ghat murders, and other horrors of India, but few realise them. Let me just give them an idea of the reality. At present I am residing near the Hooghly, not far from Calcutta, and scenes like the following constantly occur under our windows. For example, about midnight we hear the noise of a number of natives going down to the river, there is a pause, then a slight mutter-