

How widely different the situation of the fathers of our Church!—There was behind them no organization in the Fatherland responsible for their maintenance—no body of christians to whom they could appeal for the help they required. They could,—they *did* appeal to personal friends; but in how many instances were their appeals made in vain! Individual friends loved them—lauded them—prayed for them—yet they struggled on long, unaided and alone; and none of the Churches from which they individually came out ever came to their aid. What they endured amid the privations of the wilderness, the low condition of society, and the scanty means of the scattered population among whom they laboured, let such tell as remember—and there are yet among us such as do remember their snow-shoe peregrinations—their nocturnal encampments in the forests—their perils by sea and by land—their multitudinous labours and ill-supplied necessities.

I speak not of what my own boyish memory recalls of endurances with which my own childhood was familiar, but I may speak of more recent recollections of self sacrifices that are imprinted on my heart as proofs of the greatness of soul and oneness of aim in those whom we all delight to honour.

Methinks I can see good old Uncle Graham, as we children loved to call him, forcing his way on horseback, through the drift and the snow, to attend the February meeting of the Presbytery, with his tartan plaid flaunting in the wind, no matter how severe the cold nor how high the wind. I can remember the humble employments to which Dr McCulloch, with all his dignity, which ever commanded the respect and esteem of those about him, was accustomed to stoop, to furnish means of instruction in the higher walks of science to the young men under his charge. I have known him toil day and night in the preparation of chemicals to illustrate his lectures, that now a few pence would supply from the Chemist's or Druggist's shop, and with the preparation of which our dignified Professors have no need to be concerned, nor even to know how they are prepared.

And what shall I more say. Had the toils, the perils, the sacrifices of our fathers been endured under the light of modern missionary enterprise, in some of the high places of foreign operations, they would have been chronicled as martyrs, and, if not canonised, they would at least have been made immortal.

They rest from their labours.

SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR'S LETTERS ON SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS.

WE conclude our notices of those letters by giving a few extracts from the fifth and sixth, which, though longer than the others, do not contain much new matter.

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It is very possible, that I have formed an exaggerated estimate of the advantages which might accrue from such an union as I have for so long a time been wistfully contemplating. But it is to me a subject of deep concern that such an object should be frustrated by considerations of precedency and punctilio, to which I find it impossible to attach any value or interest. Let us suppose for a moment, that the source of a majestic river had been discovered about the year 1560, and that during nearly two centuries it had steadily flowed in a continuous and unbroken stream.