

Hall, in which I preached to a large congregation devotedly attached to her. At Scarboro', Whitby, West King, Toronto, Dundas, Hamilton, are large Scotch populations, belonging chiefly to the national Kirk, but denied the privilege of their national worship, their churches being seized, under the Ontario Act, by "Union" Presbyteries in spite of all their remonstrances. From Hamilton to Paisley, for a hundred and fifty miles, the country is thickly settled with Scotch, yet no Scotch service is allowed, their churches being all closed by unionists, or sold, and sacrilegiously used for various purposes. At most of the above places, including Binbrook, Clifton, &c., I addressed meetings, counselling them to apply to the Privy Council for redress. Great sympathy was expressed for the Kirk, both by Church of England people and Roman Catholics, some of the latter remarking to me, that if such oppression were attempted in Ireland it would raise a rebellion. At Paisley the people retain their church, in which I addressed large audiences warmly attached to the Kirk; but they are harassed by unionists threatening to take it from them. Thus many are discouraged and in dread of the Union Acts which have caused a reign of terror in the land. Great indignation was everywhere expressed at the conduct of the traitor ministers in selling the people's church to enrich themselves, and doing it in such a stealthy manner, smuggling their Destruction Bills through the Legislatures (before the people knew their contents) under the deceptive name of "Union Acts," and quieting their fears by whispering *they would still be the Church of Scotland*, and the moment the Bills passed, raising the shout, *their Kirk was sold!* Yes, sold into captivity—as Joseph was sold by his brethren, so the good Kirk was sold into the hands of her spoilers by her own sons! Now bound in captive chains she lies desolate—her lamentations heard all along the dark banks of the St. Lawrence, where, like captive Israel, we may now hang our harps on the willows and weep for our beloved Zion!

Alas! for the beauty of Israel! how is the mighty fallen! how doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! *all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies!* How beautiful was our beloved Zion! but yesterday she was the joy and envy of the whole land! so flourishing and prosperous, her people so happy and contented, each "sitting under his vine and fig-tree." Now all is changed; Edomites and Babylonians—unhallowed union—have laid her in ruins. Of nearly two hundred churches, in which the Gospel was preached, in its purity, to the people of Canada, the greater part have been seized by a new sect, the propagators of unsound doctrine.

Our calamities are indeed indescribable—our people are thrown into the greatest distress. Exactly as I foresaw from the commencement of the "Union" plot, so have events turned out. *The*