

had done for his soul, he would even for that shine as the stars in the firmament of heaven. We can do our work to which we are called in our own sphere, and at our own doors. We need not make a din about what we do. We must be in earnest. A tract was once read by the speaker entitled "A Universe in Earnest." What a deal would be done if every one was in earnest. Sabbath-schools have often done wonders. The children of the Prince of Wales, on what was called during his recent illness, "Black Saturday," assembled, and little Prince Victor offered up a prayer for his father. He rose from his knees and said:—"Now I know that my father will recover," and he did. We can all do something, and must stand to our colors. We must be faithful to the Lord Jesus.

The chairman called on

Mr. Douglas Brymner, who said that when they remembered the dark day of June, 1875, and thought of the proceedings which had taken place during this meeting, they might well thank God and take courage. He described the enthusiasm which welcomed the exit of the seceders to the Victoria Skating Rink (ominous name, denoting a slippery foundation) and the contempt which was cast upon the small remnant which was left behind, and said that few could estimate the courage which it required to stand firm in that hour of trial. He gave graphic accounts of previous meetings and times of trial in the Church. It was asked, why were they struggling against the overwhelming tide which set against them. Well, they loved their Church with a passionate love. It was not always easy to say why we loved wife or children, or sweetheart. Another woman might have a rosier complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step, but it was not his wife who had shared from youth his trials and joys, watched over the sick bed, seen loved ones taken to

the arms of everlasting love, and therefore, a man loved his wife with an enduring love. And so they loved the Church of Scotland, of which this was a branch—a Church which, with the schools she had founded, had made Scotland what she was and given Scotchmen a prominence throughout all the world, far in excess of their numerical strength. And, therefore, they were not to be seduced by promises, however fair, or prospects, however dazzling. Oh! it was said, this is mere sentiment. It was the mere sentiment of patriotism that led their forefathers to sacrifice everything, to lay waste their land, that the foot of the invader might have no rest there. It was the sentiment of religion that drove our forefathers to the caves and dens to preserve their freedom of conscience. Sentiment, like life, preserved from decay. Without life the body became a lump of clay; without sentiment, man became a machine. Love was above all logic, all syllogisms. They knew they loved, they could not always tell why; but their love to the Church should be no barren feeling, but should be shown by advancing her cause and laboring through her instrumentality for the salvation of souls. But there were reasons why they refused to join this new church. There was room for two Presbyterian Churches in the Dominion; nay, there was a necessity for two. This recent compact meant a monopoly subject to the fungus-like growth of an official clique, who would exercise over it a complete tyranny, and subject also throughout the country to the caprices of two or three neighboring ministers in growing localities, in which they would prevent the spread of Gospel ordinances, because it was to interfere with this or that little scheme. This was not fancy; he had seen it. He did not blame the Free Churchman from seeking the extinction of the Church of Scotland in this coun-