

ion, gathered from the Bible and the whole history of Providence, is that a night of gloominess and darkness—a night of clouds and thick darkness—a night of tribulation and judgment, is approaching, such as has not yet brooded over the lower world. But God's purposes cannot be stayed. The Gospel must be proclaimed for a witness to all nations. And out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, God's elect people must be chosen. And in the darkest season of the night of troubles, men shall stand up as faithful witnesses for the truth. And the darkness may be increasing during the night, but, oh! let us rejoice and be exceeding glad. It is commonly remarked, that the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the dawn—that the tendencies, therefore, towards the light are greatest and strongest at the very time when the gloom is becoming most dense. So with the moral world. The darkness may thicken and increase; but as it approaches its climax of gloom, the tendencies towards the dawn are strongest. And then suddenly will burst upon the world a day of glory, such as has not been since the sons of the morning sang together over the abodes of primeval bliss. The light of the moon will be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun seven-fold. As the glorious luminary breaks from his orient chambers, he at once beholds the teeming myriads of Eastern Asia joyously chaunting their morning orisons. As he advances, the tide of praise rolls on in one vast and continuous line, stretching from the Arctic to the Antarctic shores—the inhabitants of every vale, and the tenants of every rock, pouring in their tributary hosannas. The loud chorus is resounded by the millions of enlightened Europe and emancipated Africa. It is wafted across the Atlantic by the "steameder flags of far-spread realms," that meet to hail each other in sweet communion. It is echoed by the numberless kindreds and tribes of the western continent, and reverberated, in shouts of hallelujah, from shore to shore, over the broad expanse of the Pacific. Blessed jubilee! No voice of jarring or of discord is heard amid the multitudes of rejoicing lands. At every successive point of the earth's vast circumference, the morning psalms of the East sweetly blend in unchanging harmony with the evening anthems of the West; and the matin songs of the West, with the glowing vespers of the East—and thus the ocean-stream of melody for ever circulates around the globe. All earth is tuneful with the songs of ransomed myriads—all heaven echoes to the song. Blessed jubilee! how I long to see the day! To hasten it by a single hour, who would begrudge separation from parents, friends, and even beloved children? Who would begrudge rivers of tears, and trials, and sufferings even unto death? In the full assurance that come it will in God's own appointed season, I would now, in the name, and accompanied with the presence, of the Angel of the Covenant, speed me to that benighted land, where, if it be the will of Providence, I have no other wish than to labour, no other wish than to die,

no other wish than to be buried! And in anticipation of an early departure, I would now return my warmest and most grateful thanks to the respected Convener and other members of the Assembly's Committee, for all the gentleness, and charity, and forbearance, which they have ever exercised towards my manifold infirmities: I would return my most cordial and unfeigned thanks to you, venerable fathers, brethren, and friends, and all other members of this Church, that have heaped so many undeserved kindnesses upon me, during my temporary sojourn amongst you; and now would I bid you all a long and solemn, but, I trust, not an eternal, farewell. At present we part, but it is upon the summit of our spiritual Pisgah. Our next meeting may be beyond the flood; on the streets of the golden city—by the banks of the river of life—in that blessed region where adieu and farewells are a sound unknown. But though absent in the body, oh! let us be one in spirit, and ever united, at a throne of grace. And oft as I remember our beloved earthly Zion, whether here or on the waves of the ocean, or amid the ragings of the heathen, the utterance of my heart will be in the burning strains of the Psalmist:—

Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.
Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain.
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

And oft as ye remember the toiling pilgrims in a foreign land; and oft as ye associate their labours and triumphs, through grace with the cross of Calvary; whether the loud tempest howls, or the evening zephyr gently murmurs around your dwelling;—oh, let the sentiments of your heart, the language of your lips, the herald voice of your actions, be—

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway the sceptre, sway the sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

On the motion of Mr. DENNOR,

Mr. CLARK of Inverness then invoked the Divine blessing on the Rev. Dr. Duff and the cause in which he was about once more to engage.

Colonel DENNAS proposed that a collection should be made in aid of the Indian Mission, to be placed at the disposal of the Rev. Dr. Duff, in affectionate remembrance of his exertions in the cause, and also in acknowledgment of the impression he has made upon the members of the Assembly. He recommended that the contributions be paid, as far as possible, anonymously.