

decisions of the Supreme Court of Scotland. Take, for example, the Kirkintilloch and Thurso cases. Lords Moncrieff and Wood passed judgment that even the *smallest minority* of a congregation *adhering to their principles*, could keep their church property and refuse to unite with any other body. How unlike the outrageous laws of Gritism, which give our Church property to those who have *trampled their principles under their feet*, and have now *no principles at all!* Certain we are that the just and honourable Motherland would never have wronged us as we have been, and will not sanction it. Nor do we believe that the late Canadian Government would have made the Confederation Act a handle to rob poor people of their property, ruin them with exorbitant law expenses, and drive them from their churches without mercy.

Talk of persecution! We have now Presbyterian persecution with a vengeance! Let canting "Unionists" beware of preaching on Catholic persecution or the Eighth Command, while they themselves would exterminate Kirk-people with fire and sword, and steal wholesale the properties of ministers and people! For my own part I do not mind losing my church—I am proud to suffer for the Church of Scotland—but I am grieved to see my people suffer.

Now we must combine our strength, fight for the Kirk, and God defend the right. We appeal to Heaven as to the justness of our cause, and have therefore the utmost confidence of its success. Shoulder to shoulder let us fight together, raise the supplies, and prosecute the case with vigour. And I call not only on our own congregations and people, but on all Christians, Protestant and Catholic, on all free British subjects to aid us, for our cause affects the interests of the whole community.

And ye especially whose harps are hung on the willows, as ye gaze on the ruins of Zion and think of the first temple, the hallowed scenes of the land where you worshipped "neath the vine and fig-tree" with those so loved—sweet memories never to die, the oasis in life's desert which is ever green—though the sad remembrance brings floods of tears from your eyes, yet weep not, God is our refuge. Our Zion spreadeth out her hands to Him, He will comfort her and "turn again her captivity as streams in the south." "The Lord will do great things for us, whereof we are glad." Our afflictions have been great, "our walls broken down, and our gates burned," so, like Nehemiah, we may well "weep and mourn," and pray to God; but like him, "let us build up our walls," gird on our armour and fear not our enemies.

Let us all strive to repair the bulwarks of Zion. Rejoice that her trials are her blessings, having cast out all her traitors. She has come out of the furnace like gold seven times purified, all the dross purged off. Rejoice that though weakened, her organiza-