

on that very Saturday night one of the Unionist Elders came late to ask us to help them next morning, if possible, as their minister was ill. It was a hard case. Rev. Mr. Ross had to ordain Elders next morning, and I was announced for both his churches, and Williamstown in the evening. Yet I yielded to the urgent request of the Elder; and the first sermon of my tour was actually given to the Unionists of Lancaster. This cost me doubly dear; for, though unwell, I preached thrice that day, returning late and far through drenching rain, to the great injury of my tour, as we shall see.

I wish I had time to give a full sketch of the excellent congregation of loyal Kirk people I addressed at the stately stone Kirk near Mr. Ross's manse, that afternoon. Great improvements are going on not only in spiritual service and organization, but also in outward buildings, etc., for the good of the Church, including large sheds for their horses, dry side walks for these on foot, etc. May their labors of love be blessed!

In the evening we drove to Williamstown, where I lectured for the Rev. Peter Watson, "the McChyne of our Church," who has been stripped of his Church and Manse by cruel Unionist litigation. Still, with the little remnant of his flock he patiently "holds the fort" in their hall of meeting. It is very sad to think of the wrongs endured by this devoted veteran and his much-enduring wife and family. It reminds us of the persecutions endured by our fathers in Scotland. But alas! it was done by the Unionist Presbyterians! "*New Presbyterian is but Old Priest writ large*," says Milton.

We were busy the next few days with many visitations and services in behalf of my mission, among a generous and public-spirited people, of which I will give a full report when our accounts are completed. But the good parishioners of Mr. Ross' second charge insisted that I should preach for them also in their Old Church on another Sabbath. This was difficult, as I had other plans to fill. But truly I should have preached for them that last Sabbath morning, instead of pitying their rivals, who have so little pity for others.

By Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, and Port Hope, I reached Beaverton, and received a right cordial welcome from the Rev. David Watson, A.M., the able and venerable Minister of our Kirk there, an apostolic man, fervent in spirit, abundant in labors, strong in the LORD and mighty in the Scriptures. His worthy wife is a true helpmeet, like the noble ladies of the Manse in Scotland, and the ideal woman of the last chapter of Proverbs. Who can forget the sacred charm that fills their

peaceful home, and pervades their admirable family? Such a scene is surely a sunny blink from the home above! Here I found rest; for my cold showed signs of fever; yet zeal and duty urged me to be up and busy.

On Sunday, Sept. 20, I preached, morning and evening, to vast congregations in their splendid new Kirk; but with parched tongue yet rapt attention. I will never forget the overpowering charm of their Sacred Music, which they have brought to nearly ideal perfection. All seem to join their voices in clear full melody, blending them into the richest harmony, and singing with transport as if inspired. The effect is inspiring and indescribable; and while the great Organ lifts up its notes as a voice more than mortal, from the depths of double-bass to the tremulous tenderness of treble, and thence to the trumpet-tones and thunder of martial music, melting anon into pæans of praise to "JEHOVAH-JESUS, LOVE OMNIPOTENT, THE LORD OF HOSTS, ALMIGHTY IN BATTLE!" we look with wet eyes for opening skies and angel-choirs of Bethlehem and Armageddon!

The Rev. Mr. Watson has another stone church and an excellent Sabbath School, of which he himself took charge that afternoon, as I was weary, (a rare experience to me), so that on Monday the able physician, Dr. Grant, pronounced me in a high heat of fever, and prescribed rest and remedies. This was hard, as I had but well begun my work, and had reached the centre of our congregations. But the necessity was inexorable. With Dr. Grant's skill and the unbounded hospitality of the Watson Manse, I soon improved, and reluctantly set my face to return, visiting Rev. Mr. Gillis, the worthy and beloved Pastor of Eldon, on my way; preaching at Lancaster on the 27th Sept., and in other places, on my way home; especially at St. Gabriel's and at St. Andrew's, Montreal, on Oct. 4th. Here I met Rev. James Barclay, A.M., the able Minister of St. Paul's, one of my early fellow-students of Glasgow University, whose stipend is now over \$7,000 yearly. I had also the pleasure of making acquaintance with the Rev. J. Edgar Hill, B.D., of St. Andrew's Kirk, who is certainly a most able, sagacious and accomplished scholar and Pastor, as well as a steadfastly loyal son of Scotia and its Kirk.

I left Canada with high ideas of our Kirk and its noble people, and its vast possibilities there; but of these we must speak in due time. The LORD JESUS be with their spirits always!

P. MELVILLE, B. D.

LANCASTER, ONTARIO.—At a meeting of the