

ation, we are constrained to exclaim: "Alas! O Time, with what an unsparring hand thou carriest all away." The first President of our Association, to whom we owe so much, and who in the far West planted the standard of the Cross, and gathered two large congregations within the pale of our Church, has gone to his long rest, and is now, we trust, arrayed in white, and singing endless hallelujahs in the Church triumphant. Fifteen years hence, who of us shall join him in the chorus? The Rev. Dr. Machar, too, the Principal at that time, and the patron of our Association, has crossed the Jordan of death, and entered upon the bliss of the heavenly Canaan. These servants of God, "though dead, yet speak;" the green sod cannot muffle their voices; though wrapped in their winding-sheets, and laid in the silence of the tomb, how spirit-stirring and touching are their appeals to us to be up and doing, to warn the careless, to teach the ignorant, and to bring home revenues of glory to God!

During the year 1859, apparently nothing was done in the way of sending out and supporting Catechists. In the following year, however, one Catechist was employed by the Presbytery of Kingston, at a salary of £30. From that time up to 1859, the field was occupied by from two to four Catechists each year. A greater number of ministers, however, began to be settled, new congregations to be formed, and new stations to be opened up, so that in 1862 there were nine missionaries in the field, and in the following year no fewer than fourteen.

What the members of our Association have done in civilizing and christianizing our land, and in influencing their fellow-men to rally around the standard of the Church of Scotland, cannot be computed in time. Eternity alone will fully reveal the secret. This much, however, we know: that they have travelled, like visitant angels of mercy, from the distant East to the shores of Lake Huron in the far West, distilling balm, and scattering light among the sons of men. Like glorious meteors, they have flitted across this our land lying in moral darkness and immersed in spiritual ignorance. As transient gales from the spicy lands of the East have borne sweet perfume athwart the seas to cheer and delight the tempest-tossed mariner, instilling into his soul the hope that these blissful isles of perpetual fragrance are near at hand; so, at stated seasons, the members of our Association have borne heavenly odours—the offers of salvation—over the length and breadth of our land, and have instilled comfort and happiness into the bosoms of thousands by checking the progress of iniquity, and by teaching them to take the straight path that leads to the joys of heaven, to its unclouded sky, and its Divinely-perfumed atmosphere.

Not to state many facts, through the efforts of our missionaries, flourishing stations

and congregations have been originated, built up, and supported in Canada East, Central Canada, and Canada West. Need I speak of Tyendingaga, Leith and Johnson, and other places, built up directly by our Association, and one of its members now settled in each? Need I allude to Litchfield, Sherbrooke, Wolfe Island, and other more important places too numerous to mention, which received aid from us, and which were literally kept from dying a natural death in consequence of that aid? * * *

Turning to our present condition, I observe: that we were never more prosperous, never more influential for good. Last summer, we had nine or ten of our number in the field, and this year I am happy to find that the number will be increased to eleven or twelve. Last summer we paid from our funds £40 in support of the heralds of the Cross; this year, it is cheering to know, we can spend as much, yea, even more, if need be; for our object is not to hoard up money and let it rust in the Treasurer's box, but to consecrate it to the service of the Almighty. The state of our funds I need not indicate: thanks to the liberality and zeal of a few, they are unusually large, but not so large that we know not what to do with them. We crave for more; we have urgent need of more; for, from the distant and desolate parts of our land arises the sad but unavailing cry—"help, help;" and it is ours to see that help is given. But how can we assist others if we are not aided ourselves? * * *

But not to enlarge. With regard to the future, I must affirm that it will be very much what we make it. If we do our very utmost, for shame's sake itself our successors will try to outvie us. God grant that they may, and that, as days and years roll by, they may bear aloft our Association and our Alma Mater to greater and greater notoriety and usefulness.

Gentlemen, our future is not dark; it is shrouded by no thick mists; and it can be looked to without any sad forebodings. We are as yet only on the horizon, but with a clear and unclouded sky; let us quickly mount to the zenith of our majesty and usefulness, and pour floods of light, love and joy into the wounded souls of earth's weary ones. Let us persevere in our endeavors to overcome the spiritual enemies of our race; to crush the mighty car of iniquity that rolls its blood-stained wheels over so many unhappy devotees every year; to hasten forward the advancing chariot of the everlasting gospel; to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of our Zion; and to lead thousands to the foretastes of heaven in time, and to royal diadems of glory in eternity. Let us persevere in our endeavors, I say, and then assuredly we shall reach the object of our holy ambition. We may meet with many discouragements and disappointments, but we must not give way. If we are made