

mathematical class-room. There was a goodly muster of students, the number I forget; most of them boys in their teens, and seemingly not far advanced even in them. It was revisal-day or hour, so I was denied the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the sublime science from an apparently very capable professor, whose face was "*sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought*." Several of the lads gave indication of very considerable talent, but some of them, I fear, will not be able for a long time to calculate the return of the last comet. The class dismissed, and I left, musing on my college days and my *Alma Mater* in a far, but favored land. "Victoria College," although a juvenile institution in more senses than one, was not wanting in interest to me, from the fact that it was within its walls that our gifted friend and brother the Rev. W. Ormiston studied and taught so successfully. May it be honoured with many like *alumni*.

I reached Belleville in the evening of the day I left Cobourg. It was a long drive for the roads, and the day was very cold. Of the country and places through which I passed I need not particularly write, as you are neither land-jobber, farmer nor merchant. The soil generally did not seem any thing like first rate, although there were fertile spots, and here and there farm-steadings that told the traveller that their owners thrived. Colborne and Brighton are considerable and rising villages; and Trenton is a small but bustling town. The Trent there is a fine Canadian river, spanned by a strong and costly wooden bridge. The river and the bridge bore some resemblance to the Clyde and the bridge across it at Rutherglen, some twenty years ago. As for incidents on the way, they were few, hardly interrupting the monotony, and would not remunerate you for the trouble of reading them were they written. Some of them were tinted with the ludicrous, and not wanting in recondite instruction, but I am sure you would not wish me to become egotistical and silly in order that you might smile.

But I must leave off. My letter, unwittingly to me, has got lengthy, and I fear will be as tiresome to you as the road was to me. Do not hesitate to tell me if you are tired of my twaddle, and I will readily relieve you of further annoyance from that source. But, unless instructed to the contrary, I shall take you on with me from Belleville at some early leisure hour, and shall endeavour to carry you more rapidly along than heretofore.

Yours, very sincerely,

Preacher.

_____, 1854.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH HISTORY.

BY THE REV. DR. FERRIER, CALEDONIA.

The history of the Associate Synod is deeply interesting in its relation to other Churches with which it held connection. Exclusiveness was never a characteristic of this Church, as it was in some degree of the other side of the Secession; and never, like the present Free Church, did its ministers look upon themselves with an air of fulsome congratulation, as if saying, "We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us." They had always a catholic spirit; and they willingly co-operated with other denominations in matters in which they agreed. They found none in Scotland, during the last century, with whom they could unite. But they had, in a very particular way, recognized the Associate Reformed Synod of the United States of America as a sister