

ground is rough in heathen lands, but under the fostering care of Heaven the tree of immortality will grow in any soil.

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The Church of Scotland at the time of the Disruption nearly lost her lights in Novia Scotia, and it would have been worse with her had not the Rev. Dr. McGillivray (1) and the Rev. John Martin stood by her altars and trimmed her fires with care and diligence. I was at home in 1844, immediately after the Disruption, and a man could hardly live in Glasgow unless he were a Free-churchman. In railcars and steamers I was often asked the question, Are you bond or free? I had no relish for such questions and seldom returned a satisfactory answer. Calling on an old friend in Glasgow, the lady of the house put wine upon the table, but before giving it she wanted to ascertain whether I was bond or free. I attempted to avoid the question by telling her that in the time of a revival of religion in America people asked an Irishman to what side he belonged, that he took things coolly, and said that he never saw that religion yet but he could turn his hand to it. I was at once in danger of being thrown overboard as a Unitarian, and I would have lost the wine, had not my companion, a brother officer, interposed and said I was fully entitled to the wine, for I was a correspondent of Dr. Chalmers. The churches at that time were almost deserted, and the Church of Scotland reminded me of a noble ship in a storm; she had lost her spars, but yet made the harbour. She no doubt lost a portion of her strength, but she got rid of some of her weakness. She appears now to be rising in the might and majesty of spiritual Christianity, and we hope that, under the fostering care of Heaven, she may