

wholly overcome with sickness, and was forced to lie down in a state of great helplessness. I and another friend, who had been accustomed to boating, did not feel the least inconvenience, but our companion, who had never been on the ocean before, endured great sufferings until we reached the shore, and even then, it was some time before he recovered. But men are often weak or strong, according to the places in which they are found. Mr. Duff, educated from his infancy amid the wild inland scenery of the Grampians, found it easier to scale a mountain top than to navigate the sea.—I remember once walking with the late Mr. John Urquhart, of Perth, to the top of Kinnoul hill, and, when we had reached its broad summit, he pointed to a projecting crag, to which Mr. Duff at one time had walked, and coolly sat down with his feet overhanging the tremendous precipice.—It must have been trial enough to have seen a human being, more especially an acquaintance, on such a spot; and I remember Mr. Urquhart, with a simplicity peculiar to himself, said it was folly. But this, it may be observed, was the sentiment of a Lowlander, not of a mountaineer. I have reason to think it was as small a matter for young Duff to sit down on the projecting peak and look about him, as it is for a sailor boy to mount the rigging and look out for land. Speaking of this, I may refer to a speech he delivered in the last General Assembly, wherein we find him expressing his own sentiments as to his love of the mountain scenery of his native land:—"I would go," he says, (to India) "not from any exaggerated estimate or ambitious longings after the pomp and luxuries of the East. No. Dire experience constrains me to say, that, for the enjoyment of real personal comfort, I would rather, infinitely rather, be the occupant of the poorest hut, with its homeliest fare, in the coldest and bleakest ravine that flanks the sides of Schiaghallion or Ben Nevis, than be the possessor of the stateliest palace, with its royal appurtenances, in the plains of Bengal. I would go, not from any freaks of fancy respecting the strangeness of foreign lands, and the exciting novelty of labor among the dwellers there. There I have been already, and can only testify, that the state of the heathen is far too sad and awful a reality to be a fitting theme for story or for song, unless it be one over which hell would rejoice and heaven would weep. I would go, not from any unpatriotic dislike of my native land, or misanthropic aversions towards its people or its institutions.—No; for its very ruggedness, as the land of the mountain and the flood, I cherish more than ordinary fondness. How could it be otherwise? Nestled and nursed, as it were, from earliest infancy among the wildest and sublimest scenes,

*no enjoyment half so exhilarating, as the attempt to outrival the wild goat in clambering from crag to crag, or to outstrip the ravens in soaring to their loftiest summits; no music half so sweet as the roar of the cataract among the beetling precipices of the solitary dell; no chariot and equipage half so much desired as the buoyant wreaths of mist that curled their strange and fantastic shapes around the ragged peaks of the neighboring hills. Hence a fondness for the characteristic scenery of my native land, amounting almost to a passion; a passion which, like every other, it requires Divine Grace to modify and subdue. For oft, as I have strayed among gardens and groves, bestudded with the richest products of tropical climes, the involuntary ejaculation has ever been, 'Give me thy woods, thy barren woods, poor Scotland!'*"

Mr. Duff was a native of the parish of Moulin. It was in this parish that the great revival took place under the ministry of the late Dr. Stewart, of which he published an account at the time, and wherein he enumerates, as far as man could judge, thirty-seven genuine converts to the faith as it is in Jesus. And I have reason to believe, that it was some of these aged converts who were instrumental in communicating a love for evangelical doctrine to the mind of Mr. Duff, and preserving it alive at a time when many of his friends were men who held sentiments of an opposite kind. I know that he had conversed with some of these excellent persons, and he kept, with a kind of reverential care, a letter which they had written, remonstrating against the intrusion of a successor to Dr. Stewart, on the ground of his sentiments not being evangelical. Accordingly, during his first session at college, he manifested, in the midst of all his literary ardor, a concern about personal religion. In a letter, published by Mr. Orme, in the life of Mr. John Urquhart, to whom reference has already been made, Mr. Duff mentions that he and Mr. Urquhart, for they boarded together during the session of 1822-23, were wont to have worship in the house morning and evening, though in that letter Mr. Duff expresses his fears that there was little of that savor of spiritual worship, little of that inward sorrow for sin and earnest longings after an entire conformity to the mind of God. This circumstance may serve to shew the connection there is between the labors of one faithful servant and those of another. Little did Dr. Stewart think, while contending for a pure gospel in the secluded parish of Moulin, amid many discouragements from some of his richer parishioners, that he was opening the way for a glorious light on the darkness of Hindostan.—And as little did his parishioners, in penning their simple but honest epistle, calling for a faithful