

treated us to a cup of tea, felt and gave utterance to the feeling, that "the lads were doing weel." Out of these coteries, small and insignificant as they might appear, rose some four or five who afterwards fought and bled in the "ten year's conflict," and some of whom yet bear the scars. But I hear you saying, Mr. Editor, "and what of the Anglican lad?" I will tell you. It was I think in the month of September, 1833, I went to England to gather money for "colonial missions." Among other large towns and cities visited was Manchester, where a Presbyterian church had been erected in Moseley street by a wealthy and pious Scottish merchant whom I have seen, Mr. Robt. Spear. Our cause did not then succeed in England, the church at home indeed cared very little about it, and I found the chapel which such men as Kennedy of St. Madocs, and Dempster of Denny had occupied, handed over to the English non-conformists, and Mr. Spear's erection was then filled by *Dr. Robert S. McAll*, perhaps the best preacher of his day among the congregationalists of England, ranking with the Winters, and the Hamiltons, and the Leifschilds, and the Parsons, of that large and influential evangelical community. Not having an opportunity of hearing the eloquent preacher on the Sabbath, I went to his Wednesday evening lecture in the basement floor. Wet as the evening was, there was a full attendance, in a place that might hold 400. He preached with pathos, evangelical clearness of statement, and transparent perspicuity of style. The old Arminianism of early days was all away, the precocious, and as we thought, self-complacent critic absorbed in the "Apollos" of his day, the warm and lively preacher of that gospel, which, when I first knew him, he certainly did not understand. After the blessing there was a pause; deep feeling seemed wrought on many countenances. I had had a feast; and it is not uncommon in England, though scarcely ever thought of in Canada, to thank the Preacher who has done you good. The "desk" was not much raised above the floor. I came from the remote end of the apartment, where I had heard the discourse. I stood before the preacher, who rose and bowed. "May I ask, sir, did you when a student of theology pass a winter in Edinburgh and board with Mr. Macdonald, the minister of the Gaelic chapel?" "I did," was his immediate reply. "Then," said I, "let me claim you as an old companion and fellow student." He looked at me and I looked at him, but the half century, which divides a young man of 17 from the maturity of a man of forty and more, had stamped us both. I knew him because I had been told who he was and was pretty sure of the exactness of my early recollections. On mentioning my name he needed no more. Our memories of the past were like the music of Como in Ossian, "sweet and mournful to the soul." Peculiar circumstances rendered a prolonged interview impracticable, and though I might cherish the hope of our again meeting, I saw him no more. Death did not very long withhold its seal from the matured attainments of one who seemed to ripen with only rapidity for the heaven of the faithful. The interview though short was sweet. The remembrance of it is fresh as the morning, but the wave of ocean time rolls on, eternity is near, and the Macdonalds and the McAlls, the Spencers and the MacCheynes, of kindred religious connexions, are now blended together in one bright constellation on high.

Mr. Editor. I meant not anything like a critical review. I leave that rather to such fidgetty and ill-natured gentry as the "Scottish American," the "Glasgow Herald," and the "Record" of the fastidious "Residuaries" at Pictou, Nova Scotia; who by processes of insulation and garbiling and carp- ing, have subjected Mr. Kennedy's book to the same test of ridicule as Payne and Voltaire applied to the holy word of Jehovah. The sterling merits of the work, the proofs it presents of vigorous understanding and a lively genius, together with the transcendent interest that attaches to the subject matter, disarm criticism, or rather they put it away, by disinclining to such a