

prognostications of a better day. My faith does not stand in men, or minister, or books, or churches, but in God, and in that strong, unchangeable human nature which cannot do without religion, without God, without the ministration of the Word; and which, amid all conditions, cries out for God—the living God.

Now what I say is this: No country is more favorably situated in respect to the ministers of religion and the means of grace, than Canada. Throughout the whole land, even the remotest districts, the gospel is preached, and the word of God has free course and is glorified. Along the Red River and the Fraser River, where emigrants are thronging, there are faithful men to be found ready to minister to their wants, and more are ready to follow; and all along the Gattineau for hundreds of miles, a great lumber district where thousands of Frenchmen assemble every winter in the shanties, for whose souls no one seemed to care, except the confessor, till a few years ago, when our church was moved to take up this mission. All along, every winter, our ministers of the Ottawa Presbytery are to be found laboring in word and doctrine, and leaving behind them multitudes of books and tracts in both the French and English languages. Whether then, we look to the town or country, the old settlements or the new, we have reason to thank God and take courage. And while I am grateful for those high advantages to which I have adverted—the territorial extent of the country—the prosperity of the country—the wealth of the country—the educational advantages of the country—the generous disposition of the strong to help the weak in this country—I am especially thankful to Almighty God for the spiritual blessings of the country—the thousands of evangelical pulpits that are eloquent every Sabbath with the high themes of the Gospel. I wish I had more time to dwell upon this part of my discourse, and to shew you that Christian men and Christian institutions are the true bulwarks of a country. It was this feature in Israel that chiefly attracted the eye of the Psalmist. It was not its physical advantages—it was not its genial clime and well watered plains; but it was because the Lord, in an especial manner, dwelt there; because the temple was there, and thousands of true men that waited for the consolation of Israel, who delighted to linger about Zion and listen to those strains of heavenly minstrelsy, which awoke the enthusiasm of the nation. And not until we rise to the true conditions of a nation's strength; not until we see wickedness as ashamed, hiding its head; not until we see righteousness flowing through the land like a stream, purging our politics, and cleansing our council halls and judgment halls, making faith more intelligent, knowledge more scriptural, business more lofty in its tone, and Christian men more earnest, and ministers more faithful—not till then shall we be able to sing this psalm in the true spirit in which it was originally sung: "Walk about Zion, go round about her, mark well her bulwarks; consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following: for this God is our God, for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death." Depend upon it, that the true bulwarks of a nation are spiritual, not material; that our real strength is not our great natural advantages—not our millions of acres of unreclaimed land—not the *egis* of the mother country, under which we repose so safely—but *that righteousness which exalteth a nation*. Let the country be faithless in this regard: place improper men in positions of trust; profane her Sabbaths and neglect her poor—and nothing can save her from the doom of those rotten nations of antiquity, that arose, fell, and passed away like the cloud of the morning.