

changing words, as he was leaving the seat he so worthily filled as chairman at the anniversary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Octogenarian as he is, the steady follower in this noble cause of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Fox, he came forth once more, excepting, as he said, from his habit of avoiding all public meetings which he was not officially bound to attend, that he might give his testimony against slavery and the slave trade. His address, which was heartily cheered by a crowded and respectable auditory, proved that not in his "ashes" indeed but in his fading heart-strings "lives their wonted fire." I have often myself pleaded the anti-slavery cause, but on this occasion for the first time took part in the proceedings of this time-honoured Metropolitan Society.

I was in the House of Lords on the great night of the Session, the subject India and Lord Canning's proclamation. The Bishops were in full muster, and so also the lay lords. Had the former waited all the winter that my Presbyterian eyes might see them to all advantage, nothing could be better, and very quiet they were, not obtruding themselves on a discussion which neither involved questions touching the liturgy nor overtures on Church rates; and though their bench was half vacated when Argyle rose, the speech of the latter was so little to my own taste, albeit on what I rather judged the right side, that supposing them gifted with any power of anticipation, I did not feel it necessary to impute their sudden dispersion to any prejudice against a Scotch Duke and a Presbyterian. You know long ago the result of that debate, and how Derby stood the shock, and, aided by a happy juncture of circumstances, survived with his Cabinet both the assaults of his Gentile opponents and the scarcely less dangerous defence of his Israelitish friend.

But you and your readers—since I have named Spurgeon—will be more desirous to have my opinion of the preacher than my strictures on the politicians. Well, my opinion is very favourable. I heard him on a week day. It was not exactly a crowd; it was on the same day that an Exeter Hall meeting was being held, and at the same hour. The church—Mr. Noel's—was just filled. Perhaps I heard him at a disadvantage for himself, since he had not the animating sight of his eight or ten thousand auditors. But he was animated enough, evangelical, striking, rousing; old and young were arrested, and my critical taste nearly offended once and again, was yet as often propitiated by the solid, pointed, racy illustrations of truth, till, after relaxing into a smile as others did, and dropping a tear too, I concluded, approve. Better, thought I, there were less provocation to smile, but I would bear a little play even of sanctified wit, when it is but the exception, for the sake of the serious matter, which is the rule, and which this serves him to thrust home. His doctrine was thoroughly Calvinistic, his order lucid, and his style simple without being common. His text was, "He keepeth the feet of his saints." He spoke of the smooth ways and the rough ways in which it was alike necessary that they be kept. "Not the head but the feet," he said; "the dog of hell scarcely caring to bark at a man's opinions if only his feet could be got to stray." Yet, justly qualifying this, he did not omit to assert the value of sound opinions. Another man would have said they cannot but influence the practice. Spurgeon's way of saying this was, an error in the head "will work its way to the heart, and down to the feet also."

I pass to Scotland. Though I took opportunities of representing Canada interests to ecclesiastical friends in Edinburgh, I waived the privilege which was proffered to me, of addressing the Assembly. Other representatives of our Canada Synod had been recently heard. I had little or nothing to add, nor did I come as a delegate, and duty called me elsewhere on the day given to Colonial subjects. Perhaps I was influenced also by an imagination that a full statement of what it was in my heart to say touching American religion and moral righteousness, might not be so welcome to some Free Church friends as it ought to be.