

"strangely warmed" by a fire which is not of its own kindling. I rejoice in all that has been done by the Presbyterian Church in the century that has passed, as one among the several branches of the Christian Church, whose work has gone to the uplifting and strengthening of the human spirit, and the purifying of our personal and national life. Wordsworth speaks somewhere of a youth over whom the Scottish Church had held the strong hand of her purity. What the Scottish Church has done for the Scotian, the Presbyterian Church has done for the large sections of this province in which it has been the predominating religious society.

It will be impossible for even the most superficial and frivolous to remain unmoved amid the associations of this day, and the memories that they awaken. The sweetly solemn and affecting scene at the graves of the departed, but not forgotten, worthies of a former day, recall to me the beautiful lines of Howe, in which he bids us "gather their ashes."

Room for the dead ! Your living hands may pile
Treasures of art the stately tents within ;
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
And Genius here spontaneous plaudits win.
But yet amidst the tumult and the din
Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave :
Place claim I for the dead. 'Twere mortal sin,
When banners o'er our country's treasures wave
Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garnered in the grave.

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
Mingle with flowers of every varied dye ;
Swart artisans their rival skill may try,
And while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye ;
But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
For those, and for their works, who are not here.

Not here ? Oh ! yes, our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore, harmonious echoes steal ;
And names, which, in the days gone by, were spells,
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverbrates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath should own our reverence for the dead.