

the village of Brooklin—an object on which his heart had long been set. His worship was transferred to another scene, however, just a month before the Sabbath on which the building was opened for religious service.

Though holding, as might be expected, his own religious convictions with great tenacity, he was singularly tolerant of diversity of opinion in others. In early life he took a deep interest and, for his sphere, an active part in bringing about the union of the two sections which formed the United Secession Church. And having witnessed its happy effects, he was one of the first to advocate a union between the two religious bodies which now so happily form the Canada Presbyterian Church. It is believed that in his house the first formal meeting was held for its promotion, and the first series of resolutions drawn up urging its propriety and dutifulness.

He has not lived in vain. The memory of his robust and healthful piety will linger long in the district where he lived. May it find among his numerous descendants and others who witnessed it, not only admirers but imitators also!

MEMORIAL OF MISS HELEN MALCOLM.

To the Editor of the Record.

DEAR SIR,—How dark and mysterious are often the ways of Divine Providence, and how often it happens that those who appear most strong and healthy, and bid fair for long life are suddenly taken away. During the last summer, death has been very busy in this township, and many of different ages have been removed from time to eternity. Among others was the subject of the following short memoir. Her brother William, a fine, amiable young man of 25, died of measles, after a few days illness, about the end of July. His sudden death caused a good deal of surprise and regret, and many in this neighbourhood expressed their high admiration of his integrity and uprightness and his amiable qualities of mind. Helen was sad and solemn when her dear brother died, and felt much grief like the rest of the family, but she was quite resigned to the will of God, as she had much hope of His salvation. William died on Sabbath, and entered into the Sabbath of eternal glory; but little did any one then think that in two short weeks Helen would follow on the same day of the week. She was taken ill on Thursday, the 8th of August, of the same disease, and she had a strong conviction that she would follow her dear brother to the better world. On Saturday she became very ill, many friends and relatives called to see her, and she took this last opportunity of giving them all good advices, and solemnly warned them all to prepare to follow her to the heavenly land. Some of her friends wished her not to speak so much, fearing that it would be hurtful to her, but she told them all that she would speak as long as she could, that it was the Holy Spirit who inspired her with an earnest desire for their salvation, that it was not now on her death-bed that she had first found the Saviour, and she implored her cousins and others to make sure of their salvation in the days of health. When she was told the Sabbath was dawning, she said in reply, that it would be a glorious Sabbath for her. She told her dear mother not to weep over her grave, but to look up on high to the upper world, where her happy soul would soon be. She was anxious to see her dear pastor, the Rev. Mr. Windell; she said that it was under his ministry that her soul was converted and led to Christ. Her last words were, "hurry, hurry." She was anxious to arrive at her happy home at Jesus' right hand—why tarry his chariot wheels? but the chariot did come, and conveyed her happy redeemed soul to Immanuel's land. Thus passed away Helen Malcolm in the 22nd year of her age, in the bloom of youth. Jesus came to his own garden and plucked a rose in its full bloom. The writer of these lines can testify to her worth. She gladly assisted as a teacher in a small Sabbath-school in the summer of 1861, and was willing to do what she could to help forward the cause of Christ. Her remains lie beside those of her