

twelve o'clock, and preached a sermon. It was the Sabbath before the sacrament, which made it the more necessary for me to be at home, and after all I felt none the worse for it. Many a time, summer and winter, since I came to this country, have I walked eight or ten miles on a Sabbath morning, and gone through all the exercises of the day. I have thought upon it that when I was trudging through the moors on foot as a hearer of your's, I was then training up to be a preacher of the same Word, and in somewhat similar circumstances."

This is a specimen of some of the trials in the way of travel which the pioneers of the Church of our Fathers underwent in planting the blue flag in our midst. The speedy modes of transit now employed were unknown to them, sometimes travelling where there was no road, a blaze on the trees to guide, an Indian for a companion, frequently sleeping with him in the wigwam, and giving him a part of what their wallets contained. They toiled faithfully, and now rest from their labours whilst others reap what they have sown. How highly we should venerate the memory of those men who left the endearments of home, and cast in their lot with the solitary dwellers of the wood, in order that they might tell them the sweet story of Jesus.

OBITUARIES.

THE LATE DONALD MATHESON, EARLTOWN.

IN the *Pictou Standard* of the 13th Sept., we find the following obituary notice:—"Died, at Earltown, on the 8th inst., Donald Matheson, aged 73 years." Yes, a "father in Israel has fallen!" Another of the "excellent of the earth" has passed away! Another Zionward traveller has laid down his pilgrim staff, and entered on his rest. Unostentatious, but sincere and consistent, he acted the Christian's part on life's stage, and his "latter end was peace."

He was one of several who emigrated to this Province when this, his native country, was all but an unbroken forest. In common with many, or most of his contemporaries, he had to contend with the many disadvantages incident to the emigrant's life in a new country, where the labour by which a livelihood is to be made, is of a kind to which they have been comparative or utter strangers. With patience, hope, and cheerful resignation, he toiled on, until most of the difficulties and disadvantages vanished, and comfort and plenty rewarded his untiring industry. But while he was "not slothful in business," he was also "fervent in spirit," cheerfully serving Him by whose goodness and grace he prospered. Among the disadvantages and drawbacks of his early life in Earltown, and which pressed heavily on his spirit, were the "silent Sabbaths and the closed Sanctuary;" but being an excellent reader of the Gaelic language, the honour of reading the Scriptures, along with portions of favourite authors, was assigned to him at their Sabbath assemblies, which were regularly kept and largely attended, and his sweet solemn "readings" will not be soon forgotten, though on earth his voice shall no more be heard. Nor did his services in this capacity cease when a pastor's care and services were secured, for he made it his duty to be early at the house of God on the "sweet day of sacred rest,"—not, however, to waste its precious hours, as, alas! many do, when there be-times, by frivolous worldly conversation in talking over the business or pleasures of the past week, or forming plans for the coming week,—but by entering God's house, with as many of those who already arrived, and delighting in "God's house and word," and reading suitable portions of the Scriptures aloud, until the minister's arrival. Reader, pause and ponder how much Sabbath desecration there is in professing Christian congregations, under the shadow of the walls of God's own house, in idle, silly, thoughtless, worldly conversation, among the old as well as the young. Do you offer this "sacrifice of fools?"