

Kingston " " P. M.
Amherst " 30

Where no hour is specified the resident minister is supposed to choose the hour most suitable and to notify Mr. Robertson, A special collection solicited at every meeting.

E. A. MACFARDEY, *Convener of Com.*
New Glasgow, July 22nd.

DEATH OF REV. MURDOCH STEWART.

Another good man has gone to his rest and reward. The following notice of his life and death we clip from the *Pictou News*.

This venerable and much loved minister died at the family residence, Pictou, a little before ten o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 30th ult. For some time it has been evident to loving eyes that his strength was failing; but his many friends could not think that they would so soon be deprived of his genial company and wise counsels.

The great change whatever, did not come upon him unawares. The day before he died he intimated to her who was dearest to him, that the time of their separation was nearing fast. On Wednesday morning he sank into unconsciousness from which he could be seldom roused, and only for a short interval. On one of those occasions he gave with perfect clearness, though with faltering lips, a parting counsel which will be a heritage for life to those to whom it was addressed. It seemed as if the dying father was kept for those who were returning home that night, for within five minutes after the entrance of members of the family who had arrived by the evening train, he tranquilly breathed his last. It was a beautiful death, in loveliest harmony with the whole tenor of his life.

Mr. Stewart was born at Contin, in Rosshire, in 1810. He entered King's College, Aberdeen, in 1830, and after a highly successful course of four years received the degree of M. A. He was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1839.

In 1843 he came to Cape Breton and settled first at West Bay—then called St. George's Channel—where he spent twenty four most laborious years.

He afterwards spent a year at Cow Bay, C. B., organizing the congregation there.

Although a man of much refinement and of superior accomplishments, he faced bravely and uncomplainingly the difficulties incident to a minister's lot in a new, poor, and sparsely settled country. He was an untiring laborer and a true pioneer.

In the spring of 1868 he was settled at Whycocomagh, where he worked with a will beyond his physical ability. In his different fields of labor, he was greatly beloved, and left behind him the record of an exemplary, earnest, and self-sacrificing life.

Nearly two years ago he retired from the active duties of the ministry and came to reside with his family in Pictou, where he gained the love and esteem of many friends, and where he continued in a most obliging and brotherly manner to perform Christian work as occasion demanded. He excelled and delighted in the visitation of the afflicted. The memory of his visits to sick rooms and deathbeds will long remain.

Mr. Stewart was one of the most self-denying and at the same time one of the most upright of men. Although extremely modest and ever reticent he yet won for himself the affection and esteem of a wide circle. As people became intimately acquainted with him, the respect which they would feel from the first deepened into admiration, and admiration into love. Into the sacred shade of private and family life we dare not intrude farther than to say that the departed minister was a pleasant companion, a faithful friend, a wise and tender father, and a loving husband. Now that he is gone, many outside of the family circle will feel disposed to say in the exquisite language of the Book he loved so well and expounded so faithfully;—"O man greatly beloved, go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

There cannot be named a single pursuit or enterprise of human beings in which there is so little possibility of failure as in praying for sanctification.—*J. W. Alexander*.

To the extent that a profession of religion does not carry with it purity, chastity, truth—in a word, integrity of moral nature—it is an evil and not a good.—*Principal Fairbairn*.