

continued to be, and are now, regular in their attendance. It was very interesting to see the little missionaries go forward to receive from the worthy Chairman the prizes which were so well deserved. It is but right to add that the number of prizes was enlarged by the usual kindness of the distributor, and also by the liberality of Dr. Young, who loves to join in every good work.

At a pretty late hour, especially for the children, the company parted, pleased and entertained and, we trust, profited by what they saw and heard. May God bless this and every other Sabbath School, and richly reward every individual who helps onward the good word. A. L.

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The Late Dr. McCurdy.

The lamented death of the above mentioned Christian minister deserves to be mentioned in a religious journal specially devoted to the interests of Presbyterianism. The numerous friends of Dr. McCurdy have, for upwards of a year back, been hearing with regret of his delicate and failing health. More than once during that period has it been surmised that he would, in all likelihood, be laid aside from his pulpit duties. But, still, hopes were entertained of his recovery, and anxious hearts were loath to surrender the comfort which hope ministers to the afflicted. This was especially true on his return from Scotland last autumn. There he had been bracing his enfeebled nerves by the mountain breezes of the western Highlands, refreshing his senses with the lovely scenery of Clyde, the fairest of Scotia's waters, and filling his soul with the sweet emotions of Christian friendship. On his return he had much of the complexion and step of an earlier period of his life. These hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment. Such symptoms were but the effulgence of a sunset that lights up the evening sky ere dark night draws a deep veil over the scenery of the world. They were but the sudden and startling flash of the taper of natural life ere it expires. So that instead of celebrating his return to life and labor in our Father's vineyard, we are now summoned to notice his demise, imperfectly estimate his character and express those feelings of sympathy with his bereaved family, which affliction claims of us, who are "still in the body" and whose days of "darkness" are even now on the wing.

The deceased minister was one of a large family in Onslow, long associated with the Presbyterian Church of this Province. His connection with Presbyterian doctrine and polity might be called traditional, were it not, that his principles dwelt in a mind too independent to be submissively shaped by "blood or by the will of man." Licensed to preach the gospel in 1831, a period when a ministerial education was much more difficult and a ministerial career more arduous, when

the prospects of personal comfort were faint and few, the selection of such a life-work indicated independence of mind and loftiness of purpose. He was appointed in that year to St. John's Church, Chatham, New Brunswick, where his low has abode in strength up till his lamented death on the first day of the present year. During the period of preparatory study—that dream-land so often remembered and revisited by every scholar—that time when the ardor of youth blending with the novelty of fresh truth, forms a scene of enchantment, he was able to enjoy the company and co-operation of his brother, who had elected to seek the same honorable work. For many years were they engaged in gathering the fruits of ministerial toil in the sister Province. They sowed and they reaped and they rejoiced together. While the elder brother, who still survives, possessed the qualifications of a pioneer and laid foundations, whereon others have built noble watch towers, the learning and gifts of the deceased fitted him for occupying the high places of the field and maintaining it with credit for a third of a century, during which, his fire has burned with equal heat and his light has shone with a steady lustre. The deceased, though younger and physically stronger than his surviving brother, has been first summoned into his Master's presence, for when the Ruler of all says: "Come up hither" "no man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit." We are perpetually reminded that "the race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong."

That great Scotch divine MacLaurin opens his famous sermon on "glorifying in the cross of Christ" with the remark: "It is an old and useful observation that many of the most excellent objects in the world are objects whose excellency does not appear at first view; as on the other hand, many things of little value appear more excellent at first than a narrower view discovers them to be. There are some things we admire because we do not know them, and the more we know them the less we admire them: there are other things we despise through ignorance, because it requires pains and application to discover their beauty and excellency." Few can have failed to observe how true is this remark of the characters of men. Some are attractive at first but their charms fade away and they become viewed, if not with aversion, at least with indifference. Other characters, not so attractive at first, are often the most durable and useful, their charms increase and time and events develop new beauties. They bring forth fruit in old age. Their shining light shineth more and more in time till it bursts into the perfect day of eternity. Dr. McCurdy was all along a prominent man, a useful minister, and loved and admired by his people; but he was never more loved or admired and never more eloquent in preaching Christ than when exhibiting the graces and uttering