

art all my salvation." As for me I never did the deed, I never spake the word, formed the wish, or felt the desire, in which, if brought by God himself to the severe and searching test of his holy law, there would not be found an element and alloy of sin—sin sufficient to condemn. Good works the believer is careful to maintain; they are precious in his eyes as evidences to be produced in court, and that prove his union to Christ; still, although highly prized as proving his connection with the Saviour, they are not his Saviour's. He can find nothing in them to make him proud, but much, very much, to keep him humble; and had he no other crown than these to wear, it would pierce him like a crown of thorns. His faith reposes itself entirely on the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ—robed in that he trusts to appear, though a sinner, unless—though guilty, just. In this chamber where a mother carries her dying child, we see the sweet flower lying withering on her bosom, for it is on her shoulder its weary head lies easiest. But sweeter, softer far, to the believer, is the breast of Jesus; it is there he would lie; there also he would die, within the safe embraces of the arms that were stretched upon the cross; and when the mists of death gather round his bed, and the candles burn dim, and the faces of friends are fading from his sight, and their voices strike dull on his ear; when the heart-strings are breaking, and the soul feels itself sliding off into eternity, and the great, the solemn thought arises, a few breaths more, and I stand in the presence of my Judge, how blessed then to hear the voice, "Fear not for I am with thee; be not afraid, for I am thy God."

Cherishing, as our friend did, this entire trust in Jesus, I can never forget the peace which it shed on his departing spirit, in our last sweet, but most solemn interview. Justified by faith he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He was aware—perfectly alive to the fact—that he was very near eternity; and his mind was as clear, and far more calm than ours at this moment. The pleasant smile had passed away, and given place to an expression and an air of such unutterable elevation, that he looked to me less like a man about to enter eternity, than one who had already seen his Maker, and come fresh from his holy presence. Already raised above all earthly things, he had a sort of celestial aspect—his bearing, if not awful, was sublime. Taking mine in his own cold, clay-cold hand, and pressing it with all his former kindness, and ever pausing to gather a little breath, he broke out into the most affecting and affectionate expressions to myself; then he charged me to bear his undying love to all his associates in the Session. "O beseech them," he said, "beseech them to pray, to labour, to watch for souls, and prepare the people for such a time as this." Then he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "I thank God that I am in full possession of my reason—I rest on Jesus—the sky is cloudless, serene. I cannot say that I have triumph, but I have peace, perfect peace."

Jesus was all in all to him; and it was beautiful to see—for the work was progressive—how this saintly character opened and expanded into the full blown flower. The fruit became softer, sweeter, more fragrant and more mellow, the longer it hung upon the tree; the gold grew visibly brighter as the fire burned on, and as in these autumnal woodlands, the leaf assumed its most brilliant tints, and was at the loveliest just before it fell.

Gone to the call, "Come ye up hither," he has left an empty place in this church, an empty place in the ranks of its officers, of its praying and faithful members. Oh! that God would persuade you to lift up the banner which he has dropped, and step into the place which his death has left empty. "Another man to take the colours!" was the cry in one of our regiments on the battle-field; they lay on the ground, and the gallant young ensign bleeding beside them—it

was answered, bravely answered. Through the smoke of battle the sun glanced again on the levelled line of muskets, and another volley rang. Again that cry, "Another man to take the colours!" Stepping forth, one bent him over the dead, loosed the staff from the dead man's fingers, and flung the flag on high in the face of the foe; yet another volley rang—he too, goes down; and a third time the cry rose, terrible above the roar of battle, "Another man to take the colours!" The Thousand Years are not begun, nor, as those who have entered on Millennial times, do we see Christ's banner floating this day from peaceful towers; it is to be borne up by the arms of faith, and on through the very fire of battle. Over all the field, Christ's cause stands in need of men of might—men of prayer—men that can wield the sword of the Spirit among us, this sad day more than ever. I did not come here to pronounce an oration over the dead; but the memory of the saints is blessed; the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance; and I need not tell you how he labored in our Sabbath classes—how he instituted our library; and among other good works in which he set us an example that we should follow his steps, how he nursed, and cherished, and maintained meetings for prayer in his district. How often have I read from this pulpit, what, it is sad to think, I shall read no more, in connection with his name, that, on such and such a day, "Dr. Gunn's district will meet for prayer."—Yes, I may stand by his body and raise the old battle cry, "Another man to take the colours!" And you may all join me in the prayer I now send up to heaven, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men."

The last and long-looked for hour is now arrived—how solemn and glorious the closing scene! He returned thanks—then he prayed that, without a wrench or a struggle, he might slide from the world's stage into the arms of Jesus, and thus change, not his condition, but his position. He paused—and for a while there was nothing to break the deep and solemn silence, but the heavy breathings of expiring nature. Then all of a sudden he raised his voice in a sublime doxology, and looking up, and sweetly smiling, soared away to heaven—the last words he ever uttered—"Glory, glory, glory—Oh! to be steeped in glory."

It is not easy, I grant, to walk by faith, "who is sufficient for these things?" What need have the best of us with increasing earnestness to cry, "Lord, increase our faith!" Among things seen, to love the unseen—to be in the world and not of it—to live below and yet to dwell above—never to forget our home yonder in the sunniest hours of a home here—to obey the apostolic injunction, for them who have wives to be as though they had none—for them that weep to be as though they wept not—for them that rejoice to be as though they rejoiced not—for them that buy to be as those that possessed not—for a king to remember that he is but a beggar at his prayers—for a Lazarus at the gate to remember that he shall be a king in glory—to believe that God is kind when his hand is smiting and this flesh is smarting—to be content that Christ came down into our garden and pluck the sweetest flower in unblown bud or blossom, even to place it in his own bosom—when the screws go into the coffin and the mould rattles hollow on its lid, to rise to the scene where the spirit shines and sings in glory; these, I grant, are no easy things.

Faith has a hard fight of it, but she shall have a grand victory—a rough passage of it, but she shall have a happy landing—angels throng the shore—Jesus with a train of saints awaits the believer's coming. To those who mourn departed saints, we say, "Weep not for the dead"—happy are they who are anchored in the desired haven—they are with the Lord—they are at home—they are at rest; and is not that better than to be

left to battle here with fierce tempests, and a troubled sea?

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The Record.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1852.

MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND SCHEME.

We make no apology for giving such prominence to this most important scheme. It is now fully before the Church, and it is essentially necessary that the capital stock be made up without delay. The contributions of the several congregations should be taken up at once, otherwise they will interfere with other objects. This is an extraordinary call, not to be repeated, and for a purpose, too, requiring no argument to sustain it.

In our last number there was a short notice of the visitation of the London Presbytery. We subjoin a few additional particulars from the report of the deputation:

Mr. McLellan was accompanied by the Rev. John Ross, of the London Road, who preached at each of the places visited by them, and powerfully advocated the scheme. Their first meeting was held in Fingal, on Friday evening, 16th January. The attendance was not large, but a good spirit was manifested, and a subscription list opened on the occasion.

On Saturday, the 17th, a meeting was held in the congregation of Aldboro'. A warm interest was manifested by the people, generally. The office-bearers appointed a meeting to be held, and an organization formed for canvassing the whole congregation, and presenting the subscription paper to each individual connected with them. Mr. McClure of Morpeth, an attached friend of our Church, entered cordially into the views of the Committee, and promised to take up a subscription in his neighbourhood.

At Chatham a meeting was held on Tuesday, 20th. The scheme met with a cordial approval, and steps will be taken to organize as in the case of Aldboro'. On Wednesday a good meeting was held in Ekfrid, with similar results. This congregation has always contributed well to the general funds of the Church, and will not be found wanting in regard to the Widows' Fund.—At Williams, on Friday, a deep interest was evinced in the scheme. The religious feeling which manifestly prevailed, gave to the visitors a guarantee that the subscription list will be worthy of the congregation.

Mr. Burns, accompanied by the Rev. Lachlan McPherson, of Williams, visited the congregations of London Road and Tuckersmith, on Monday, the 19th January. The attendance was not large, on account of the very cold, stormy weather. Subscriptions were set on foot, and from the expressed approval of the object and the spirit manifested, we anticipate a satisfactory result. By reason of a mistake as to the time of meeting,