

words of inspiration, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

As we have spoken of his charities in this respect, we may say here that in the form of direct giving to the poor few men with his means have done so much. No one really in need ever applied to him in vain, and the cause that he knew not he searched out. In many a miserable home he was the friendly visitor, whose very smile and kindly greeting often sufficed to cheer the wretched, but in addition whose encouraging exhortation, earnest prayers, wise counsel and effective aid, made their hearts to sing for joy. Even sin and shame did not place them beneath his sympathy and attention. In the spirit of Him who washed the feet of His disciples, he was ready to perform the humblest offices of kindness for the most wretched. There was no class which did not share his kindness, and the deep feeling which he had thus evoked was strikingly manifested in the expressions of profound sorrow which burst forth from many on the occasion of his sickness and death, not the least touching of which was the presence of some poor Micmacs who had travelled on foot fifteen miles to be present at his funeral. The amount of his charities in this way is known only to Omniscient, and will only be revealed on that day when the Saviour shall say, "I was a stranger and ye took me in," etc.

*(To be Concluded.)*

James McCallum, Esq., of Brackley Point, P. E. I., died at his own residence after a short illness, on the 18th May, aged 78 years.

Though not far from fourscore years, he appeared, till very recently, like a man ten years younger, and we felt surprised to read the notice of his death. He was a connecting link with a generation that has passed away, and we feel sad to think that we will not again on earth hear any of his vivid and affectionate reminiscences of the early labourers, and of their work about the commencement of the present century.

We believe that Mr. McCallum was born and brought up at Brackley Point; and we know that his father's house, and subsequently his own, was a home for Christian ministers, and we might almost say for good men generally, who travelled in promoting the kingdom of Christ.

He was acquainted with all the Pictou Fathers, as well as with the Presbyterian ministers of the Island, without exception, up to a recent date. While he was about 18 years of age, the Rev. Peter Gordon, the first resident Presbyterian minister, died in his father's house, while away from home on a missionary tour, and thence

was conveyed for burial to St. Peter's, events which he deeply felt and never forgot.

In piety and zeal for the welfare of Zion—in bearing a humble part in all evangelizing movements, and in kindly feelings towards all who were doing the Lord's work—he walked in the footsteps of his father. He was a man of marked piety, and during his long life and service as an elder in the Cove Head church, he was respected and esteemed for his high moral excellence, while he was beloved for his affectionate and amiable disposition.

In early life he traded, and met with the experience of some of the vicissitudes of those who traverse the ocean. Wrecked on one of the West India Islands, he lost vessel, cargo, money and clothes, reached Halifax by working his passage in mid-winter; and scantily furnished in the coldest days of a cold season, set out on a trackless waste of snow, with his face turned eastward. Having with great toil and exposure reached Mount Thom after several days of travel, he tarried for the opening of the navigation, giving his daily work for very scanty fare. After some two months of hardship on land following the perils of the sea, he reached Dr. McGreggor's, E. River, Pictou, where he thanked God and took courage.

His own happy home, which he reached soon after, was more highly appreciated by him during all the days of his life. On the Island he was a pillar of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was the chief Foreign Mission of our Fathers. Whoever might forget that Society, he would not. He read its reports, and raised contributions for its funds with great regularity. Nor was he backward in other efforts of a similar character, for he gave means and time to promote our own Foreign Mission, and followed Dr. Geddis and his fellow-workmen with many prayers.

He was given to hospitality, and was a lover of good men, and angels' visits must indeed be few and far between if there were none among all the ministers and agents of God who visited his rural happy home at Brackley Point.

Death is among the Elders. The losses of our Church have been heavy during months past, but the Lord is raising up others. Men may die, but the truth lives. Good men are taken from us, but their lives are not lost. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.