

Israel's God is awake ; and in 1855 awoke our brother Barrett that he lost sight of self, which gave him great faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who never left him to his last moments. Our brother was baptized by the late Rev. Richard Preston. It was not long before the church saw his usefulness, and he was chosen Deacon, ordained by brother Preston assisted by the writer, which place he filled till his death. Our brother was a good living man, an every-day Christian. The church will miss him ; the poor will miss him ; the country at large misses him. I cannot bring to my recollection that our brother was ever hindered one whole week from filling his place in the church of God. Rain, snow, sleet, cold, storms, calm and sunshine, he was there ; and many of you with the writer will ever remember the large tears that used to fall down his venerable cheeks during divine service. He would often say to me, I hope the Lord will not keep me on a bed of sickness long when he is about to take me home. This request was granted. On the last Sabbath that he was here, during the absence of the writer, he addressed the church and congregation from the first Psalm. On Monday he called to see me ; Tuesday he did the same, apparently in perfectly good health ; on Wednesday he sent for me. We talked together, we prayed together ; he was in much pain, but told me it would soon be over, that the Lord his Master had sent for him and he was going home. Repeating the words : "I love Jesus, I love the Church, I love you, my Pastor, I love you, I love you even down to death." And when his fellow Deacon called to see him, he charged him to be faithful to his trust : "I leave you, but attend to your duty—take care of the Church of God ;" and so continued until Friday evening, talking about his Lord, the Church and Heaven, and about meeting again where we would part no more. And when deprived of speech, his hands would be pointed upwards, and he would smile, and the sweet tears would roll down his cheeks. On Saturday afternoon he slept with Jesus. His funeral sermon was preached by the writer from Genesis v. 24 : "And Enoch walked with God ; and he was not, for God took him." Our brother was in the 72nd year of his age, and left a wife and six children, and a large number of relatives to mourn with us his loss. But our loss has been his eternal gain.

Dear brethren, we have much to rejoice over. The Church at Halifax stands true to her first organization and rules, with the exception of one male and two or three females : let us pray for them ; there are very few churches without some