

test the wisdom and graces of the best of men—without offence, “that the Ministry be not blamed.” And yet as an administrator of the discipline of our Church, he held the reins with a tight hand, and his prerogative never surrendered to another. If any man, official or otherwise, ran foul of him, he was found polite, immovable, and inflexible. The interests of the Church were never committed to safer hands, nor placed under a more watchful eye. The higher properties of mind he never professed to have, and yet we are inclined to think that the counteracting mental infirmities that we have discovered in many men of superior talent affected him but slightly, if at all. He had not vanity to prompt the desire for position he could not fill, or to be placed on a level he could not maintain, or to attempt duties for the performance of which he was unfitted. In the pulpit he grappled not with difficult subjects; he was no metaphysician—as it has been defined—stating what could not be understood by the hearers, and what was as badly understood by the preacher. What he said, he comprehended its force and meaning; and what a man understands himself, he generally succeeds in conveying to the understanding of others. He seems to have had the Rev. C. Mayne, of the Irish Conference, for his model as a speaker, who always ended his sentences with a peculiar action of his nose, as if he were an excessive snuff-taker, and he always took hold of his nose on finishing a sentence, as if it were not long enough. Though his preaching frequently amused, and would cause the countenance of the most grave to be lit up with a smile, yet he preached not for such effects; he had higher and holier aims, and was successful in causing many to turn to the Lord. His preaching being perfectly unique, it attracted many to hear who would not listen to deeper thought or more elaborated discourses. He practiced brevity, without the necessity, as some preachers say, of studying it; his nature and his habits prompted it,—short hymns, short prayers, short sermons, short sentences,—surpassed in these particulars by the Rev. R. Corson alone.

Anecdotes of his sermons, his speeches and his sayings, are in the central parts of Upper Canada as familiar as household words, and as by relating some of them we can give a more correct portrait of him than by any skill or art of our own, we shall avail ourselves of a few that are current. Many years ago, when a bell was introduced into the Methodist Church in Belleville, and which was the first so appropriated in Canada,—and about the same time the new Wesleyan Church on Adelaide street, Toronto, was erected, a prodigy in those days of architectural skill and capacity,—Bro. Black frequently observed that there were three things too sublime for him, viz., the Bell at Belleville, the Adelaide street Pulpit, and the Falls of Niagara. In a certain neighbourhood on the old Hal-