

"who for the long period of half a century had been a most valuable member, taking on all occasions a deep interest and acting a faithful part in the temporal and spiritual affairs of the church, being one of that little company of excellent Christian men (himself the last survivor) that during a lengthened probation of trial and suffering arising chiefly from the want of regular ministerial services, managed and kept together the Presbyterian congregation of Niagara when in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, their laudable efforts were at last rewarded, by the church of Scotland's ordaining and inducting a minister to the pastorate ; the deceased, the following year on the completion of the ecclesiastical organization of the congregation to church ordinances, was ordained to the Eldership, which office he worthily and actively filled to the day he rested from his labors."

Yes, these pioneers of St. Andrew's and St. Mark's did noble work, after life's fitful fever they sleep well. May those of the present day not prove degenerate sons of such noble sires, but in the duties of every day life write history so that those of a day as far advanced on the light and civilization of ours as this is of the days of which we have been giving the record may say of us, "they did what they could."

FORT GEORGE'S LONELY SYCAMORE

A REMINISCENCE OF NIAGARA.

The story of a tree that rears
Its form o'er an historic plain,
The sights it sees, the sounds it hears,
That story's gay or sad refrain.

O lone tree on the rampart's height !
What hast thou seen, what canst thou tell,
Of peaceful watch or desperate fight,
O lonely, lonely sentinel ?
But tell me first, what sweet, fair sight,
Extending far and wide before,
Thou seest from thy vantage height,
O lonely, lonely sycamore.