

it may be recorded that he rejoiced exceedingly in the Union which happily constituted the Canada Presbyterian Church, in 1861. He was a member of the Joint Committee for union; and did his best to consummate the coalescence, convinced that it was right, and would be greatly for the benefit of Christ's cause in Canada, an anticipation hitherto pleasingly realized. He was a firm Presbyterian, but prompt and delighted to give the right hand of christian brotherhood and co-working to all holding the truth as it is in Jesus, in its grand essential articles.

It may be asked, how could he do so very much work as has been attributed to him? One main cause was that his heart was entirely in the work. He finely exemplified the saying, "when there is a will, there is a way." Another mighty cause by which he wrought abundantly was his being quite methodical in all his doings. From day to day, all the year round, he rose early—had all his procedure arranged beforehand—and then went at it with a will. When he had more than usual work before him, he has been known, for weeks together, to leave his bed very early—study till breakfast—go forth to his duties through the day—come home, and again sit pretty late in his study. Perhaps in this respect he erred for his bodily welfare; and had he not behaved to be much in the open air, his constitution could not have stood as it did.

This Memoir must not be closed without some outline of his personal character. Neither he nor any christian is or can be on earth perfect; and he was the last person to think anything like that of himself. But he did adorn the profession of religion he had so long made, and sustained unblamably. By the grace of God, which made him what he was, he came far up to the things which Paul has grouped as a picture of a right christian,—“the things which are true, honest (or becoming,) just, pure, lovely, and of good report.” The latter qualities—“the lovely and of good report,” shone in him brightly. The uniformly benign expression of his countenance—the ever kindly tones of his voice—the warm friendly pressure of his hand—his genial disposition and the manifestations of it,—all readily commended him to those with whom he came in contact; and the thought of what he was in these respects will always call up pleasing reminiscences in the hearts of those who knew him, and enjoyed intercourse with him. Now that he is no more with us, it may be stated, as a pattern to others, that he was in the practice of devoting at least one tenth of his moderate income to benevolent and religious purposes. And the true course to right worldly prosperity is to be conscientiously liberal. “There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.” Individuals of his people, knowing his beneficent nature, sometimes put into his hands what, they wished to give for doing good, particularly for missions,—a duty to which he had stirred them up; and it afforded him exquisit pleasure to be their distributor.

We are now approaching the last days of Mr. Skinner. The Lord's Supper was to be dispensed at English Settlement on Sabbath 13th of October. His esteemed neighbour in the ministry, Rev. Mr. Fletcher preached on the preceding Friday, and went home, to return next day. Mr. Skinner remained to hold a prayer meeting in the evening. That night he became unwell, and was taken home next morning. The indisposition continued, but being without an assistant on the communion Sabbath, he nerved himself up for the duties of that day, and was graciously strengthened. He also held the usual thanksgiving on Monday. His communion sermon was on Mat. 26 28 ‘This cup is the New Testament in my blood, shed for the remission of sinns to many.’ He dwelt upon the rich and large bequeathments of Christ to his people, purchased for them with his blood, and sealed to them in the sacramental memorial of his death. His sermon on Monday was a continuation of the same subject. In both many solemn truths were uttered. On the two proceeding Sabbaths he preached from David's last words, 2 Sam : 23, 5, “Although my house