

the traffic in ardent spirits. In 1835 he removed with his family to Warwick, Co. Lanabton, which was then a forest wilderness. He scarcely knew what he had undertaken, and had to suffer many of the hardships of early settlements in Canada. Through all difficulties he was sustained by faith and prayer, and was soon permitted to see the establishment of a Congregational church, under the missionary zeal of the Rev. W. Clarke, then of London, with which he and his wife (who had been a member of an Independent church in Glasgow) and their seven children soon connected themselves. More than twenty years ago he was appointed deacon, the duties of which he faithfully performed until a short time before his last illness.

For some years he was afflicted with deafness, but still was always in his place in the sanctuary near the pulpit, and

seemed to enjoy himself even when he could not hear any part of the services. All his brethren will bear testimony to his activity, hospitality, unaffected piety, honesty and liberality. For many years his chief thought and conversation were upon the things of the church, the ministers of the denomination, the students of the college, and the general interests of religion. On Sunday, the 7th, his funeral took place. The church was crowded by, a sympathising audience, and in the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. Salmon, who was expected to preach, the services were conducted by two sons of the deceased, Rev. William Hay, of Scotland, Ont., and the Rev. Robert Hay, of Somanank, Ill., the latter preaching from the text "Call the labourers and give them their hire."

W. H.

Sept. 13th, 1873.

Home and School.

WEARY, YET WAITING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD, OLD STORY."

"If we hope for that, we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—ROM. viii. 25.

I am weary, yet I would not
Flee away and be at rest :
Jesus loves me, and He could not
Fail to give me what is best.

I am weary, night and morning,
Of the world's incessant strife,
But I know the day is dawning
Of a bright eternal life.

I can wait a little longer,
For His will is very dear :
And in waiting I grow stronger,
For I feel the day is near.

O the joy of being holy !
How delightful it will be !
Mind and body given solely
To the bliss of serving Thee !

Blessed Jesus ! Thou hast told me
I shall see Thee as Thou art !
Face to face I shall behold Thee,
Never more from Thee to part !

I shall see Thee in the glory
Which surrounded Thee above,
Ere began the wondrous story
Of thy dear redeeming Love.

THE DEATH-BED OF PRINCE ALBERT.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Most of the readers of the *Advance* are probably familiar with the remarkable saying of Prince Albert when upon his dying bed :

"I have had wealth, rank, and power.
But if this were all I had, how wretched
should I be now.

'Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'"

It is not easy to conceive of a more brilliant or happy life than was that of Prince Albert. He was the child of illustrious birth, and the heir to what would generally be considered large wealth. The home of his childhood was one of the most imposing of those baronial castles which feudal pride and opulence had reared upon the heights of Germany. In his early youth he enjoyed every privilege of education earth could give. The best teachers of Europe guided his mind in all the branches of knowledge. Obsequious attendants an-