

came to a stand-still for want of means. Mr. S. early and late, and often alone, wrought on, until, with the aid of a few others, he finished the building. He then took a deep interest in the attainment of the regular means of grace. He, with the congregation, invited the Rev. Mr. Wardrope, who has given two worthy sons to the ministry of the Word, to become their first pastor. The Presbytery of Hamilton, also, advised him to be ordained over the charge, but he declined the honour, although for a long time he did the work of a minister. He found, as well as the present pastor, a cordial helper in Mr. Sanderson. He was such a listener to the Word of Life, as to inspire the preacher with his wrapt attention, tear-filled eye, and shining face, so that it was a joy to declare before him the grace of God in redemption. The death of his daughter Elizabeth, in 1847, in her early prime, and in peace, became the occasion of a deeper experience than ever before of the boundless bliss of "believing *fully* in the Lord Jesus Christ." His faith was the most simple, implicit, humble, active, loving, cloudless, constant, and radiant. He was a Nathaniel in heart, a living epistle, a speaking monument of grace,—not merely grace, as he was wont to say, but *free grace*. His sunshine of soul was so constant that it made his face glow with gladness. His cheerfulness recommended his adorable Master to all around him, and especially to the youth who, in him saw what was *true* and *lovely* in life and manners. Mr. S. studied every doctrine of salvation in his adorable Lord; hence his clear faith and radiant hope. His mind was stored with the wonders of grace; hence his views were not distorted, but symmetrical. Next to the eager-loving study of God's Word, he loved to trace the history of the grace of God in mission-work for Jesus. He was a model in this respect, and in his support of the gospel, and in his loving encouragement of ministers, and in the joy which he manifested when others showed them kindness for Christ's sake. Thus taking hold on God in Christ, and living on Him, his was a green old age, and fruitful to the last; thus he escaped the blank of dotage, the imbecility of second childhood. Indeed, like Moses, his sight was undimmed, until near the end, with tears of joy. At the name of Jesus, when he lay on his death-bed, his whole frame was thrilled; even when memory had ceased to be true on other themes, he would say with a soul full of earnestness,—"*I know Him.*" He was heard in soliloquy between his soul and his Saviour,—thus,—"*I am a great sinner—most vile and unworthy—and should perish, but no—He will not—no—He will not cast me out.*" He prayed much that in old age, in pain, or unconsciousness, he might be kept from saying or doing what would grieve his Lord. He said, when suffering from severe pain, "*Oh, but it is just putting in the time.*" His judicious, devoted, systematic and decided, but loving partner had gone to her rest in 1857. He said "*I would like to have our dust laid by Gala-Water, but it matters not, the faithful Watchman will know where to find our dust.*" He prayed much and laboured much for his minister, and for the reviving of the work of the Holy Spirit everywhere. He spoke of the kindness of all about him, and wondered why it was that they should be so kind to him. The guileless believer did not see that the reason was in himself. He was much beloved by all the ministers who knew him. Those worthy ministers, who had early fostered the little congregation, he remembered with thankfulness. His own pastor felt that in him he had one to uphold his hands and encourage his heart. The last time his pastor was with him ere he was gathered to his rest, after quoting,—"*If I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself;*" and also Bonar's hymn:—