

seldom that industry like his is not more largely rewarded. His work for Christ and that for the world never seemed to interfere with each other, and neither was ever neglected. Much as he loved to hear the preaching of the Gospel,—the prayer and conference meeting, and the Sabbath school, were where he delighted most to be. And his death was characteristic of his life: on Sabbath evening, May 1st, he conducted the prayer and conference meeting; and was taken ill while giving out, at the close, the hymn, "We speak of the realms of the blest." With difficulty he walked home, and never went out of his house again. When he saw that he should not recover, he said he felt not the least reluctance to go. He said to his pastor: "I have never doubted the Saviour, and I don't now; I find that he is more than fulfilling his promises." To a friend, who remarked to him, "You have worked well, Mr. Smith;" he replied, "Oh, my work is very poor work; and I have nothing now but the finished work of Christ to think of—that perfect work!" "Be faithful in the service of Christ," was his last exhortation to a son, to whom he had said years since, on learning that he intended to devote himself to the ministry, "I would rather see you in a pulpit than on a throne!" As the closing moments approached, he exclaimed, "Close the scene! praise God!" At his request, some sang a part of a hymn; and awaking from a doze, after they ceased, he asked, "Have you just commenced the meeting?" Again, wandering a little, he thought he was in the Sabbath school, and said, "Turn to the lesson and let us ask questions, and talk about Christ." "Speak of the goodness of Christ! sing "Joyful!" "Blessed Jesus!" "His grace!" "I am done admonishing," were his last utterances: and without a struggle he passed into his rest. His funeral sermon was preached by his pastor, the Rev. Wm. Hay, from the passage, "*And he departed thence, and entered into a certain man's house named Justus, one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue.*"—Acts, xviii., 7.

Also, on the 16th May, from illness caught while attending at the death-bed of her father, Eliza, daughter of Justus Smith, and wife of Mr. Wm. Westbrooke, in the 44th year of her age, she was also a member of the Scotland Congregational Church, and died "in full assurance of hope."—*Com.*

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

"Love is a plant that hath a very comely, beautiful, smiling face; and it is a very high plant, for it reacheth to the heart of Christ. Faith apprehends the promise; hope, the thing promised; but ambitious love will have no less than the Promiser. Faith grips the garment of Christ; hope, the feet of Christ; but love grips into the very heart of Christ. Faith and hope come to a close, but love never ends. Faith vanishes into sight, hope into possession, but love is the Christian's continual companion throughout all eternity."—*James Renwick, Scottish Martyr.*

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.—What a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thankoffering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but His praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. Oh that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of the nightingale!—*Arthur's Italy in Transition.*