

hearers of Mr. Stewart; those of them who remain were too young to remember anything about him, except what they may have learned from their parents and common fame.

On the 9th day of July 1815, the period at which this article will end, Mr. Stewart preached his last sermon, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the last time as missionary at St. Armand. The Church was full to the door with people that loved and venerated him, as a faithful, devoted, indefatigable minister of Christ—as the friend and helper of the poor—as the spiritual, prayerful, sympathising comforter at the sick bed, and the liberal promoter and encourager of education and schools, and of all benevolent plans that had the happiness and benefit of his fellow-creatures, spiritual and temporal, for their object and end. At his last Communion, on the day referred to, there were present, who took the Bread of Life at his hand, communicants, besides his own, from the west Parish—from Dunham—some from Franklin, Sheldon, and Berkshire, bordering towns of the State of Vermont. It was a solemn day, and many wept sore, sorrowing most of all, lest they should no more see his face; for he was to embark for England in a few days, where he remained two years; and when he came back, he went to the east of Lake Memphramagog, and opened a new mission in Hatley Village, after him named Charleston.

The writer of this article enjoyed not only his intimate acquaintance, but the great blessing of his Christian friendship, for which he is thankful to the Giver of all good, and never, he trusts never, will forget to his latest breath, that he had before him the example and counsel of of a man so devoted, so heavenly-minded, so humble, so full of resignation to the will of God, and so purely zealous to promote his glory. He was indeed an Israelite in whom there was no guile—a nobleman by birth and education that wore his honours without effort, without seeming to know it, never deviating from the conduct, in word and deed, which would be looked for in a man of his birth. He advanced no claims on the admiration of the people, and yet all people honoured and loved him, as from natural instinct, and in his presence, felt themselves to be in the presence of a true friend, a man of God. He was a steady traveller to the heavenly Canaan that never lingered to look back on the things left behind. His faith in God was deeply grounded in his heart. Often it was in his mouth that God governs the world. Looking upon what Jesus Christ did to save sinners, any or all he could do, in his cause and for the church, was not to be named. The best were unprofitable servants.

Mr. Stewart was succeeded in the mission by the writer of the present article; and, though most unworthy, yet having obtained strength from God, he has remained to this day; but what may have been the effects of his poor labours, it is not for him to say.