

On occasions like the present it is natural we should feel sadness, but in this instance with that sadness there is a triumphant feeling which extracts the sting from the trial, and we are enabled not only to bow before the dispensation, assured it is in the order of God's wise and merciful providence, but even to rejoice that in all things it has been so well and graciously ordered.

What is there to lament in this visitation but that which our own selfishness dictates? Our departed friend has been summoned to his rest after a long, honourable, and singularly useful life. None but those who, like yourselves, knew him intimately could form any correct conception of his labours. Indeed, it was his pleasure to work, and his talent for dispatching business enabled him to get through more than any one I ever knew.

You, my lay hearers, will well remember how energetic he was in urging you on to "every good work," and those of my clerical brethren who enjoyed his hospitality and friendship will call to mind his faculty of finding out something for us to do, not that he might spare himself, but that he might do more work for his Divine Master.

And when we look upon his poor remains and think of that active, energetic spirit which accomplished so much, with a body so frail, is it not a cause of thank-