

commissioned officers of the garrison then occupying the different barracks in Quebec. The first few years of his pastorate must have been a severe tax both on his physical and mental energies, and years that must have called for strong faith and much prayer. His salary was small, quite insufficient to support his increasing family, and had to be supplemented by teaching for some time, and subsequently by other means less exhausting. But never for a moment did he think of being on the outlook for something that might improve his position. God had called him to this work in Quebec, and he dare not turn aside, assured at the same time that He who called him to the work would provide for him and his. He was not disappointed. The promise failed not. What a lesson the long, useful and often discouraging pastorate reads to us in the present day, to pastors and churches, the one so often on the look out for something better, and the other restless for some change, what they know not, that may cure existing evils and bring the prosperity that comes not by a change of ministers but by a change of heart, in the people.

Mr. Marsh was born in Acsrington, Lancashire, England, Dec. 19, 1805, and educated at Horton College, Bradford, a county and an institution that have given Britain and Canada some of our best ministers. He held successively three pastorates in the old country before coming to this side of the Atlantic. In appearance he was about middle height, thick-set, of pleasing countenance, with a kindly look in his eyes. He seemed to me extremely careful of his personal appearance, but with no tendency to foppishness. While avoiding high church clericalism in dress, his garb indicated his sacred calling. He was a typical English gentleman, with such a genial play of features as at once challenged the confidence of old and young, of rich and poor. One of the occasions on which he first attracted my attention was at the monthly review of his friend Jeffrey Hale's Sunday school, the spiritual birthplace of a great many useful Christian men and women, and I think I may say, for years a great, if not the greatest, centre of spiritual influence in Quebec. He sat with other guests, present on such occasions, in the gallery. His kindly eye met mine in such a way as to