

few years, three distinguished natives have 'gone to rest;' and long will it be before the names of Edward Manning, S. G. W. Archibald and Herbert Huntington will cease to be revered by their countrymen. The first though less known to our provincial community at large than the others, was a man, though uneducated, of giant mind, of prodigious energy in action, and of a long career in the high and holy pathway of clerical usefulness. His venerable name is too precious to be lost, or only to live in the affectionate traditions of denominational regard and gratitude. No Nova Scotian has left behind him choicer materials for an interesting portraiture of character, and history of his labours, which would necessarily be a history of the Baptists of this Province, whose rapid increase and prosperity were long identified with his self-denying efforts for their welfare. Many are anxiously looking to Doctor Edmund Crawley, or some other, competent to the task, to furnish such a biographical tribute—such a testimony as commanding talents and departed worth require at the hands of surviving esteem. Long, too, was S. G. W. Archibald 'the observed of all observers' in Nova Scotia. He was no ordinary man in intellectual stature, proportions and accomplishments. He was indeed a tall figure among his provincial cotemporaries—how like 'Saul the son of Kish,' who, 'when he stood up among the people, was higher than any of them from his shoulders and upward.' At the bar, on the bench, in the legislature, and in the executive administration, his talents were not only apparent, but luminous. Strong in reasoning powers, in wit, in eloquence, and at times in severe sarcasm and overpowering invective, he had no rival in the forensic arena, and no superior in senatorial conflict, except, perhaps, the late John Young. What a tempting subject for a biographical pen do Archibald's fifty years of public life present! The ever darkening mists of oblivion should not hide such a name from posterity. *Who* will come to the rescue? *Who*, in the spirit of Plutarch, will, in this matter do his country a service?

When commencing this article, we merely purposed to give a brief sketch, perhaps we should say a rude outline, of the character of the late Herbert Huntington; but we have been betrayed into the preceding preliminary paragraphs, which may seem out of place, if not wholly irrelevant to our design. However, 'what is writ is written,' and we need offer no apology for making mention of deceased individuals who have aggrandized the intellectual reputation, and advanced the interests of their native land. And now what shall we say of Huntington? He was the author of no literary work—he threw no new or additional light upon any department of science or philosophy—he was not an orator, nor even a ready and graceful speaker—he led no army to victorious battle—in his manners there was nothing to captivate;—and yet perhaps no man in Nova Scotia ever enjoyed a more deep, general and hearty popularity? And why was it? Popularity came to him uninvited—unclaimed—we believe, unexpected. He was no courtier, no sycophant; and he