

has not made a blessed exchange and found the bliss of Heaven, we who are left behind may well think seriously of the difficulty of salvation."

Yes, we believe he has gone to his rest! gone to be for ever with the Lord. We believe that ere this he has heard the glad "well done." Already something tells us it would be selfish to wish him back. Who would pluck that palm of victory from his hand? Who would tear the crown of glory from his brow? or stop that seraph song that rings so joyfully from his lips? Who could wish those feet that tread so lightly the streets of gold to be again pierced with the thorns of earth? Who among us would like to see that face that now glistens brighter than Moses' on the mount, once more seared and furrowed with care and pain? Not one! Amen! O Father! thy will not ours be done.

But I cannot close this address without pausing to remind you as his people and his friends of the responsibilities that devolve on you from having had the privilege of such a faithful servant of Christ so long among you. Though dead he will long, I trust, continue to speak to you. See that ye refuse not him who thus speaks to you from heaven. Treasure up the holy lessons he taught you and is still teaching you. The great burden of his cry is still, "Come to Christ your Saviour." "Come to that Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." For you and yours his prayers often ascended to God's throne from this place and from your family altars. O may these prayers be heard and answered, so that when we all finish our earthly career, we may be prepared to meet him in the land of light and love beyond the reach of sorrow and sighing, "where we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on us or any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Nor can I conclude without reminding you of the striking testimony to the broad Christian sympathy and brotherly love of your deceased pastor which is given by this assembly, and by that which assembled to carry him to his grave on Friday last. Never through this town before

did such a funeral procession pass as that which accompanied the remains of the deceased to his resting place. And perhaps never before has there assembled beneath this roof a congregation of all creeds and classes such as this I now address. I seem to hear him who is dead yet speaking to us and saying, "Let brotherly love continue." "I pray that ye all may be one."

There is something very touching in the fact that our great sorrow has broken down for a time, at least, the middle walls of partition, which unhappily divide Christians from each other, and that we are led to cast aside our ists and isms, and enabled to rise superior to party feelings, and mingle together our tears of sorrow over the grave of our departed brother. You have stood on the shore yonder when the tide has fallen and the long beach lay bare, and no doubt have observed here and there pools of water left by the retiring ocean. They appeared cut off and separate from each other. Each seemed independent and had its own little forms of living creatures. But you have noticed as the great sea begun to return upon the land—as wave after wave rolled up high and higher, pool after pool disappeared, till all were swallowed up in one grand volume that broke in triumph on the shore. And so when a good man dies, when a great sorrow like this falls upon us, how it swallows up all our party feelings, sweeps away the barriers, and bids us join hand in hand, heart to heart, and go forth in one unbroken phalanx against the enemies of the truth.

May God of his infinite mercy sanctify this stroke, and cause it to redound to His own glory and His people's good. Amen."

The sermon was an able effort, in which a just tribute was paid to the deceased pastor, and lessons drawn from the sad bereavement, calculated to touch the hearts and feelings of all. The preacher at times was almost overcome with emotion, and many silent tears were dropped by members of the late pastor's flock, as Mr. Caie played with skilful hands on the heart-strings of his hearers, now soft and sadly as they vibrated in unison with the emotion of the preacher, when he spoke with a