

of Christ in the activities of his life that wherever he went the people bore the willing testimony, 'This is a man of God.' "

He greatly dreaded a useless Ministry. The great anxiety of his life, next to the salvation of his own soul, was the salvation of sinners. Any apparent want of success filled him with deep searchings of heart. The writer has often remarked an intense earnestness in prayer which could only be accounted for on the ground that he had been pleading with God in private. Judging from his physical appearance, (few men being more healthy or robust), we predicted for him a long life of useful labour. In December, 1872, symptoms of a cancerous nature appeared, but he was very reluctant to give up his beloved employment. Often while suffering severely he tried to preach Jesus to the people.

Last June, at the Hamilton Conference, he was superannuated, and by the advice of his physicians he went to the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N.Y. Hopes and fears alternated, but at last it became evident that the end was approaching. The Sabbath before his death, hearing the sound of worship in the adjoining church, he said, "I was thinking that by next Sabbath I would be in heaven." On Tuesday Rev. Messrs. Morrow and Messmore called to see him, Bro. Messmore said, "You are going on a long journey." He replied, "Yes, I have scarcely any hope of life, but I have a better inheritance." To his beloved wife he said, "God will be to you a husband, my dear; He will 'comfort, strengthen and keep you.'" On Wednesday, though suffering intensely, he said to a lady who sat by his bed, "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." In the dim grey light of Thursday morning he passed calmly away from the shadows and sufferings of this world to enter upon a day that is endless. His wife, his brother, Mr. Robert Hay, of Hollin, and the physicians stood by and felt that "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged—quite on the verge of heaven."

J. S.

SCEPTICISM AND MODERN POETRY.

THERE are doubts and doubts. Not so many, perhaps, as is generally supposed, of those "honest" ones in which there lives—according to Tennyson—"more faith than half the creeds."