

visitor could not fail to be deeply impressed with her tender solicitude, for the comfort of all around. The savor of her godly life and christian example, will long be held in remembrance by the inhabitants of Economy and Five Islands. Her death produced a painful sensation, of deep and wide spread sympathy. This melancholy event occurred on the 4th of June 1845, and was the result of a sudden and violent overturn of the carriage, in which she and her husband were returning from Sabbath service. Their union had been long and happy; and their separation exercised a most depressing influence upon the survivor, though not embittered with the sorrow of such as have no hope of reunion, in bonds more endearing, as well as more enduring, than those of marriage.

It may be safely asserted, that this bereavement was the primary cause of Mr Kerr's demission of his charge, which was laid upon the table of Pby. in January, 1847, when his Colleague and successor, the Rev. James Watson, now of West River Pictou, was inducted to the pastoral oversight of the congregation of Economy, Five Islands, Parrshoro and Maccan. According to the usual practice, the Pby. delayed acceptance of this demission, until every prudent means had been employed to avert its necessity. These, were for a time successful, and Mr Kerr continued for upwards of a year, to discharge the duties of the pulpit at Economy in the absence of his highly esteemed Colleague, whose labors were, at that time, chiefly devoted to the other districts.

It is a fact worthy of record, because alike creditable to minister and people, that their attachment appeared to grow in strength as the period of separation drew near. His final demission was given to Pby., at its meeting in January 1848. His last discourse was delivered at Economy shortly afterwards; amid the deep, and apparently universal regrets of the flock, who had enjoyed his labors for nearly half a century. In speaking of the parting scene, he was always deeply affected, and appeared to be surprised at the warmth of affection that had been exhibited towards him, and found great difficulty in referring to his farewell address. A favorite quotation employed by him on that occasion, carried with it all his feelings. *I see a hand*

*you cannot see, it beckons me away. I hear a voice you cannot hear, it bids me no more stay.* He soon retired from the habitation in which he had enjoyed so many days and nights of domestic comfort, but now become so desolate by the stroke which had removed from him the desire of his eyes. The adopted home, where he spent the remainder of his days, was the hospitable mansion of his nephew, Andrew McKinlay, Esq., late Mayor of the City of Halifax.

During the years of his seclusion, he appeared to draw his chief comfort from the perusal and re-perusal of those standard theological works which contained the ablest exposition and defence of his religious tenets.

His attendance upon public ordinances was irregular, but when not privileged to officiate publicly, or wait upon the ministrations of others, he followed the practice of giving a short discourse to the household. With regard to this last period of his life, Mr McKinlay writes. "He retained all his faculties to the last. Indeed, we had no thought of death till the Friday before he died. He has not attended a place of worship for the last six months; but, almost every Sabbath afternoon, until within the last month, all the family were called together in one of the lower rooms. He generally began with a short prayer, then gave a sermon, and closed with prayer. He seemed to be as clear, upon every point, up to the last service, as ever he had been. He had entered his 92d year. He died on the evening of Sabbath, 17th July, and I have no doubt is now enjoying the fruits of his labors."

The writer of this brief sketch has now fulfilled his duty, in setting up a stone of remembrance to departed worth. His task has been a grateful one, and will be amply repaid if the late flock, and personal friends recognize the portrait of the deceased minister, and behold in it the features on which they were wont to gaze, features which are doubtless associated with their most fondly cherished memories. It is a divinely commanded duty, that we remember those who have had the rule over us, who have spoken unto us the word of God; whose faith follow considering the end of their conversation. The words of a sainted minister, could they reach mortal ears from the world of spirits, are those which the devout Pay-