

A little more said concerning the circumstances of his death will be a suitable sequel of this brief memoir. On the first Sabbath of November, he had preached twice to the congregation of Rev. W. A. McKay, Cheltenham. In pressing home the word of exhortation, he said that perhaps some present would never be in a church again, not knowing that he himself was to be the exemplification of this. On the Monday, he went out in his buggy along with a Christian friend to make a few visits. Both of them expressed to each other that they felt particularly happy in mind. They found the road bad, and the friend said he would step out and walk. He had only proceeded a few steps, when, somehow, the horse became startled, and rushed past furiously. He hastened onward, and soon found the horse standing, the buggy turned up, and Mr. Kennedy prostrate, apparently lifeless. Assistance was procured, and he was carried to the nearest house unconscious. There was concussion of the brain, so that he could speak but little. His wife and children were sent for from Ailsa Craig, the family residence. On arrival, she spoke to him; he did not recognize her; and on her telling him she was his wife, he desired her to kiss him. At one time, when she was doing something to him, he repeated the whole of that beautiful hymn—"Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." On her beginning that noble kindred one—"Rock of Ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee," he took it up and went on with it, especially the last stanza—"While I draw my fleeting breath," etc. Jesus was all to him.

He lingered to the eighth day, and then fell asleep in Jesus, and his spirit ascended to be with him till the great resurrection day. So long as he survived, a deep interest in him was felt and manifested in all the locality. Three medical gentlemen were unremitting in their attendance, and would take nothing for their trouble. He was buried at Cheltenham, and the people most kindly paid all expenses. Rev. L. Cameron, of Acton, preached a funeral sermon, and Rev. J. Rennie, at Ailsa Craig, of whose congregation he was a member, preached another, subsequently, on these words—"He being dead, yet speaketh;" referring to his publications and preaching as well. He was only 45 years of age, still in his prime and strength to work. It would be a great omission not to mention that the good Christian people in the countryside in and around Cheltenham, made a liberal contribution, amounting to \$268.50, which was spontaneously made up from Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, on behalf of the sorrowing widow and children, thus showing how highly he stood in the general estimation, and how much his publications, scattered abroad, were appreciated.

The writer of this tribute to the memory of Mr. Kennedy would earnestly suggest that a more general contribution should be got up for the benefit of the widow and children; they will need it much. There should be no difficulty in raising such a sum to be invested as to yield at least a small annual help to the bereaved family. The eldest of the children, a girl, is 10 years of age. The second, a boy, is very helpless through spinal affection. The others are still quite young. The undersigned will be happy to take charge of and to acknowledge any sums from individuals or congregations, and, in counsel with the Presbytery of London, to dispose of the amount realised in such a manner as will be most advisable.

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