

where he remained one year ; afterwards he was successively appointed to Bruce Mines, Compton, Hatley and Georgeville. But his trials were not yet terminated. In 1860 troubles arose which are too well understood in this part of the country to require explanation here. But the Lord Jehovah was still the support and strength of his soul, and though for a time trouble seemed almost to overwhelm him and his family, yet in God's own time a way was opened, and he received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Waterville, where he remained till called to his reward.

[The above sketch was furnished by a near relative of the deceased. A brother clergyman furnishes the following:]

In the death of the Rev Joseph Forsyth, there has been removed from the townships and the Church a venerable and faithful minister. The day seems darker to those who knew him and his work than before. In advanced life he came to this country where in different places he labored on, in too much hardship at times, with generous mind, sowing for others to reap. We wish we had time for a fuller tracing of his life in its windings, wrestlings, hardships, and triumphs. But there is room for only a glance.

As a Christian, Mr. Forsyth was sincere, intensely earnest, and possessed of a clear understanding of Christ and his doctrine. No man could be stronger in his adherence to the truth and spirit of the Christian Church. He saw wrong and sin in their nakedness, darkness and deformity ; and he sought to expose them and to draw mankind from them. Popular infidelity received at his hands no friendship, apology or neglect of rebuke. His whole nature and life was one roused antagonism to religious error.

As a student and a scholar he merited the commendation of all. I am inclined to think the townships too have lost in Mr. Forsyth their closest student, and one of their best scholars. His library large, his study ranged widely, and no man could be more impatient of superficiality. He had when in health and even in sickness, almost incessantly read closely and read to remember.

As a minister he was possessed of great ability, and for many years filled the most important places with great public satisfaction. His style was unusually clear and forcible. He made truth plain. He entered upon his duties with all his soul, might and mind. He *loved* them, and all saw it. I think he wore out in his work. As he had so often prayed that he might, he died "with the harness on."

In respect to mind, nature had generously endowed him. He had a large, accurate and ready mind. One seeing him, at first might have judged him slow and heavy. But not so ; he clearly understood and readily expressed himself upon any subject he took up. A just, great and well stored mind has gone from earth to the rest he wearies for. He finished his course ; he kept the faith ; he wears his crown.—*Sherbrooke Gazette.*

MESSRS. PULLAR, BARTON, AND PASCHE.

It is our painful duty to record the death by drowning in the River St Lawrence, nearly opposite the Pointe-aux-Trembles Institute, on Thursday the 13th Sept., of three lads, aged respectively 21, 20 and 16—the sons of the Rev. Thomas Pullar of Hamilton, of Mr. J.C. Barton of Montreal, and of Mr. Pasche, formerly principal of the Feller Institute, Longueuil, in connection with the Grand Ligne Mission.

The three youths left home about 10 o'clock in the morning, in the highest possible spirits, with every prospect of a day's healthful and rational enjoyment—many who saw them preparing to start, envied them their day's pleasure ! alas ! how blind are we !—we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth !—These youths, careful and cautious,—were in two short hours engulfed in the treacherous element they so much loved and delighted in. The boat was nearly new,—built at Kingston, specially for sailing, with centre board, and carrying only two small sails. Every precaution that could be, was taken to prevent the possibility of accident,—and yet so treacherous is the River—though so glorious—