

resurrection, I thought of all that had passed between. It was on his arrival from Philipsburg that I first saw him; it was from the same place he came to be buried, and in the Shawville Rectory I last gazed on his face. It is finished, the end of a faithful loving ministry, and I thought of all that had been accomplished since his first coming. The old parsonage had been rebuilt and the trees, planted in the grounds by the Archdeacon, had grown to large proportions; the church had been finished, beautifully decorated and furnished, with all appointments befitting the House of God; and one was reminded of the touch of a loving hand, of the last presence of the once faithful priest. Then there on the outskirts of the parish were the chaste little churches of Parkman and Radford, also monuments to the zeal and energy of the late pastor.

The parish church is crowded to the doors, and people from miles round, old parishioners and friends, have come to show their love and last tokens of respect. They all testified to the faithful service of the departed, and to the fact that he was not only a great Church builder, but that his chief work had been that of preparing and shaping the spiritual stones of God's Holy Temple.

In season and out of season, upholding the services of the Church, visiting the sick, giving wise counsel to his flock, the Archdeacon never wearied. He was not only a true pastor and preacher, but also a teacher. He laid foundations for the future, which his successors have built upon. He was as a voice, always sinking self in his message, and seeking the glory of God and the good of the Church, modest, quiet, unobtrusive in his work, not seeking the praise of men. One might speak of the fervent missionary spirit that never seem to burn out, as a strong characteristic of the author of the book. In attending missionary meetings, in taking long missionary journeys through all parts of our large Deanery, in year after year accompanying the Bishop on his visitations;