

away, and the days of infirmity come?—Upon an average—and it may be considered a very high average—30 or 40 years see all his vigour spent, and all his strength gone; should 50 years find him standing in the pulpit and ministering to his people, it may be reckoned the extreme goal at which he can reach. And are not some of us approaching such periods? Have not some of us gone before the 30; some beyond the 40; and some, it may be, coming near to the 50? Are there not *signs* hung out to us, that the end is coming? What mean these gray hairs, whitening the head as if with almond blossoms? What mean these wrinkles curling upon the forehead and shrivelling the countenance? What means that dimness of eye, predicting that “they who look out at the windows, are about to be darkened?” Do they not all tell that the end is coming? Do they not all call upon us to work more earnestly than ever? Do they not all urge upon us seriously, solemnly to ask the question:—“Watchman, what of the night? watchman what of the night?” But *warnings* are given as well as *signs*. Look around you and see; are not some of the best and dearest of our friends ever and anon being carried away in mournful procession to the grave? Does not the green grass wave over many a heart, which at our last meeting, beat strong and warm? Do we not see blanks everywhere around us, in every rank and profession, where we were wont to meet with smiling faces and cordial welcomes? You all know this, you all feel it. And pardon me, fathers and brethren, if I give a passing tribute of remembrance, to a loved brother and a noble spirit who has left us since last we met in synod. True, for some years back, he did not sit in council, with us, nor enter into our deliberations. He had other work to perform, and he performed it well—a work for which not only our church, but all the evangelical churches of the land, will feel deeply indebted to him, and will sweetly embalm his memory. But tho’ he sat not in council with us, nothing would have offended his generous, manly spirit more, than to have said, *he has not of us*; for he was always with us. Going out and in among us, his beaming countenance was as familiar to every one of us, as a son’s countenance to his father, or as a brother’s to a brother. Dear departed one, thou hast run thy course, thou hast toiled thy day, thou hast left thy mark on our land, thou hast written thy name in letters of love on many a young heart. Shall I say:—“Fare thee well, brother, a long and forever fare thee well?” Shall I say this? No! I cannot, I dare not; for “I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day;” and then—happy, thrice happy thought—

“we shall be forever with the Lord.” In the meantime, does not all this lead to ask in reference to ourselves:—“Watchman what of the night? watchman what of the night? Enquire, enquire?”

None of us can be blind to these signs, or deaf to these warnings. The end must come, and we must meet it. This is the destiny of all. I, as an individual, claim no exemption from this destiny; I know it is coming; I behold it in these signs, and I hear it in these warning. Nearer and nearer does it approach; clearer and clearer are the sounds of its footfalls heard echoing.—But if this were the last appearance, in such a position as I now occupy, which I were to make before you—and there is every human probability that it is;—if this were the last sermon I were to preach;—and God only knows but it may be so;—yea, if “the hour of my departure” had come, and I had but one breath to spend,—that appearance would be made, that sermon preached, that breath spent in “earnestly contending for the faith—in contending, and calling upon others to contend for Christ as a complete Saviour, and the cross of Christ as the only way to salvation.” With a personal interest in Jesus myself—and being found at my post, engaged in this work, this blessed work, I would have nothing to fear for time or eternity. Roll on, then, roll on, ye days and months and years, and bring me old age, if ye may; shine out, shine out, ye, signs of coming failure, shine out, clearer and nearer and brighter, if ye will; peal on ye warning voices, peal on, louder and louder and deeper, ye will not—ye cannot move me; for “I know that my Redeemer liveth;” “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” AMEN.

Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.

The following report on this subject was submitted at the last meeting of Synod:

The Committee appointed to devise a plan for the institution and maintenance of a fund for aged and infirm ministers, beg leave to report that they have examined the subject with as much care as the time at their disposal admitted. They have considered the various plans by which such a fund might be established and maintained; and would respectfully present their conclusions as follows:

Three plans have been before the Committee. The first is the establishment of a