

death. You have received his pastoral visits in your families ; you have seen him ministering publicly at the altar, and privately at the bed side of the sick and suffering poor ; his heart full of sympathy, and his countenance beaming with gentleness and love ; and then you exclaim, O God ! can this be the jaded, solitary wanderer, with weary footsteps and weakened mind, wringing his hands in the agony of prayer ; and to escape the violence of imaginary foes rushing into the rapid current of the dark, deep river. We are lost in amazement at this. God's ways are most mysterious and deep ; we cannot fathom, we cannot find them out. ' His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.' We place our hands upon our mouths, and bow in mute but meek submission to His sovereign will. We tremble for our own safety ; ' let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' We cling more closely to our Saviour ; we cry with the sinking Peter, ' Lord, save me, I perish.' We resolve with Job, ' Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' We rally ourselves with the Psalmist's remonstrance, ' Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me ? Put thy trust in God ; for I shall yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance and my God.'

"The Church, my brethren, in this parish and in this Diocese, has lost a valuable servant, and myself, a much loved and most useful fellow-labourer ; one, of whom we may say as St. Paul did of Timothy,—' Ye know the proof of him, that as a *son* with the *father*, he served with me in the Gospel.' The smooth surface of our constant and friendly intercourse was never dis-