

ful, light-hearted and joyous as a child; but when the hour of trial and bereavement came, no manner more profoundly solemn, no countenance more sternly grave, no tongue more fully gifted to utter the words, and apply the promises of Christ. Ere old age and declining health came upon him, who of you, my Brethren, did not feel that it was a friend and father who crossed your threshold when he went to visit you; and though you sometimes found fault with him, it was fault-finding which cheered his genial heart,—the fault of his not coming oftener to your homes.

And how God blessed him in his work. Well nigh half a century he labored in the field. What are the results? Some are known, others are unknown. But, first, there are the souls converted to God under his ministry—how many we shall not learn until the day when all secrets are disclosed; but we dare not doubt that the number is large, for he was, emphatically, a preacher of the pure Gospel of the grace of God. He knew nothing, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified as the foundation of the sinner's hope. Then, how many of the body of Christ he edified, how many of the saints he perfected, how many believers he built up in their most holy faith, let many still living bear witness, as many who have gone hence long since testified. Look at the Parish as to its material condition. Here is this old Church that he loved so well bearing to-day the mark of being under the care of one who felt it a duty and pleasure to see all in God's house "done decently and in order." At the Village near by is that quiet, plain and simple sanctuary, with its accompanying school house, standing in the midst of the peaceful church-yard where two days ago we laid him down to rest until the glorious Resurrection. At