

Dr. Burns, my immediate predecessor in the pastorate, with his geniality, kindliness, motherwit and readiness of speech, has a warm place in our affections, and we trust that though laid aside from that work he loved so well, his heart may be cheered by knowing that it prospers abundantly.

We also call to our remembrance, him who fell asleep on Sabbath evening, May 1st, 1892, Mr. Peter Nicholson. Though past the threescore years and ten, his physical and mental vigour gave promise of many days of increasing usefulness. He was ordained a deacon twenty-six years ago, and for a little more than half that time had been an elder. At Point Levis, fourteen years ago next May, he, along with Mr. Court, welcomed myself and family to these shores as your representatives, and I shall always consider it an honour to have been so welcomed. From that day to this my estimate of his beautiful christian character and consistent life, has grown higher and higher. How often was it the burden of his public prayers that we might be enabled to honour God in our daily lives. It was no formal phrase on his lips. This was his constant aim, and how largely it was attained we can all testify. We give thanks at the remembrance of his blameless life, his unaffected piety, his transparent and unvarying kindness of heart, his labour of love and his patience of hope. His instructions in the Sabbath School, his practical skill in the Deacons' Court, his counsels in the Session, his prayers in our weekly gatherings, have strengthened and encouraged all his brethren, and now that he rests from his labours, while we sorely miss him from his accustomed place, we comfort ourselves with the emphatic assurance of the Holy Ghost, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Who would not think it an honour and a privilege to follow in the footsteps of such a man? God incline and enable us to do so, so that when our time comes, and the place that now knows us, knows us no more, it may be truly said of us as of him "The memory of the just is blessed."

As we enter on the jubilee year of our congregational existence, do not these providences cry aloud to us. "Be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." God incline our ears to hear, and strengthen our hands to work.