

When the service was over, the rain was falling still more furiously and the wind had risen to a gale. Urged by friends to lodge near the Church for the night, his emphatic reply was "No! I must go home." On reaching home he was numb with cold, scarcely able to articulate a word or move a limb. He immediately retired to bed—and from that bed he never rose. The hectic flush which alternately came and went—the sleepless restlessness—the heavy breathing all indicated serious illness, but his family were not alarmed till Saturday morning, when the symptoms indicated unmistakable danger.

Living at a distance from Mabou, in a thinly settled district, his nearest neighbours were Roman Catholics, who through all the trying scenes of his sickness and death, showed an amount of kindness, attention and sympathy that could not be surpassed. He died as he lived, peacefully!

Some of his late parishioners could recall the day, when forty years ago, Mr. Miller landed on the wild shores of Cape Breton, in the full vigor of manhood—the day that he was settled over the few and scattered families of Mabou and Port Hood, a handful of Protestants amid a large population of Roman Catholics. For many years he wrought diligently in the Master's vineyard, a workman needing not to be ashamed, an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.

When Mr. Miller commenced his ministry there, he had to make his way in summer heat and winter's cold and snow, through pathless forests. Everything was in its most primitive condition. No public highways, no bridges, no comfortable conveyances; and we may add, no comfortable homes! No void of ambition, so unassuming, modest and retiring was this veteran worker, that his name had well nigh dropped from the recollection of the Church: and few except those who knew him intimately, could tell what he had done and suffered for the sake of the Gospel.

He laboured long and arduously and not in vain. To him is owing in no small degree the existence of thriving Protestant settlements in the midst of the surrounding darkness of Romanism. With how many adverse influences had he to contend! What heavy burdens to bear—what discouragements on every hand! Month by month, year by year the same ceaseless task, the same wearing, wasting round of often thankless toil. Most diligently and perseveringly did he discharge his duty, and he had at least an earnest of his reward which he is now enjoying in all its fullness. By the blessing of God he did a work which perhaps it is not too much to say few men would have done so well. All will testify to his usefulness now, but its full extent will not be known till the Judgment is set and the Books are opened and all God's servants receive their reward. He lived the good man's life; he died the good man's death; and we may therefore without presumption regard him as one of the happy throng of whom it is written: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Mr. Miller was not a man of the pen or of books. He studied his Bible, and his Bible alone. He kept no diary, wrote no sermons, and had but a scanty Library, for he was never able to procure recent publications. To him life from first to last was a hard struggle. He was a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, and received his education there. Little is known of his early days. He studied theology under Dr. Lawson of Skirrk. He was ordained at West River, Pictou, in the fall of 1821. He has left a large and poor family, by whom his loss is keenly felt.

#### MEETING OF PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX AT LUNENBURG.

The Presbytery of Halifax, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, met in the Presbyterian Church, Lunenburg, on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M.