

sacred office. It is scarcely possible for any of you to cast your eyes round your fire-sides and not feel the force of St. Paul's words—"Being dead he yet speaketh." Many events will remind you of the departed. On your children's brows these confined hands have poured the Baptismal waters. By your sick beds and death beds these silent lips have entreated heaven's mercy on you and yours. On many a coffin lid his tears have mingled with your own and trickled down in tenderest sympathy into the open grave at your feet. In your prosperity he ever rejoiced, and in your adversity he always grieved. By your cradles, your coffins and your graves, he was ever found a friend and comforter. And what events, we ask, that belong to human experience, can leave deeper impressions on our hearts and homes than these? What scenes or events can develop and strengthen love and friendship, if all these things fail? Surely the people are little to be envied by whom all these associations are lightly esteemed or can be easily forgotten.

No, dear friends! We all feel that St. Paul is right, and the testimony of many a heart here to-day is that, "though dead, he yet speaketh." He will continue to speak to young and old, to rich and poor.

His long and faithful ministry in this Church and people is bound up with your very lives. He speaks to many of you who have grown up from childhood under his eye. You have known and loved no other pastor. At the sacred font he welcomed you as lambs to the fold of the great Shepherd, and all up through youth to maturer years he has been unto you a spiritual father. To those who have grown old during his ministry he speaks still in those earnest appeals to which you have so often listened from the pulpit—appeals that are still fresh and vigorous in many of your memories. To the poor he speaks and lives in those many kindnesses and charities of thought, word and deed, for which he was always remarkable. To the sorrowful and sad he will continue to speak in the comforts and consolations he ministered out of his own warm heart, and from this sacred repository of Divine truth. Looking back over these years of labor, many of you will take up the language of Scripture and say, "When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

But, dear friends, it is not to praise the

dead, but rather to counsel the living, that we are called upon to speak.

His ears are closed to all earthly sounds of joy or sorrow, of praise or censure. Yours and mine are still open by God's mercy to the Gospel sound. Death's cold fingers have closed his eyelids and sealed them for ever against the light of sun and moon and stars. But yours and mine, thank heaven, are still open to behold that Gospel light and that Saviour which he so often proclaimed from this pulpit.

And shall this solemn occasion pass unimproved by any of us—by his people, by his friends, or by his brethren? Shall we gaze with dry and curious eyes on that coffin—that face—so worn and wearied by the sorrows of Death, and not carry away some lasting impressions? Have these pale lips no messages for you and me? Has that heart that shall throb no more on earth no influence to touch ours and rouse us to fresh zeal and love for Christ and Christians? Is there nothing in all that lies beneath and before us to remind us of our own mortality, of death, of judgment, and eternity? Is there no voice echoing from that narrow house saying to you and me, "Prepare to meet thy God?"

O yes, though dead, he speaketh still—speaks to the careless, the thoughtless, and the Godless—to those that are Christ's and Christian—to the young and the old—to the weak and the strong, the most solemn appeal is this day made.

Great God and Father of us all, forbid that this appeal should be powerless. If those lips while living ever spoke in vain to any, O let them speak now in death with a power and persuasion drawn from this solemn scene before us. Let all these voices of the dead conspire to rouse the careless and warn the impenitent. To that Father's house in glory to which his soul has gone, may many hearts this day be lifted up. O may the cord that is cut away from earth bind us all more tightly to heaven. Let his familiar voice be heard speaking in our inmost souls, saying, "Come ye up hither."

Cheered in our sorrows by the words of Gospel comfort he so often taught us, strengthened by the Bread of Life so often broken by his hands at this altar, let us one and all seek so to order our lives now, that when Death shall lay his hand upon us as he has done on the dear clay before us, we may be found prepared to join him in that great multitude of the redeemed in singing praise to God who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever.

We abridge the following account of the funeral from the *Advocate*:—