

who knew what he suffered not only forgave an occasional exhibition that might appear splenetic, but sympathized most cordially with him, and rather wondered that he was able so long to maintain so much christian cheerfulness and christian meekness under a disorder so depressing. And now that he has gone and the good fight has been foughten well, we are sure that they will be glad either to forget these things or only to remember them, as we remember that there are spots on the sun, and to look at the bright side of the picture, or only to regard the shadow, as it serves to present the main figures in greater brilliancy.

THE LAND BEulah.

But whatever there may have been of this, especially at one period of his life, it had all passed away some time before his death, and his day closed with a sunset cloudless and serene. For the last two or three years, his character, mellowed by trials exhibited a christian ripeness, that rendered intercourse with him a pleasure and a privilege of no ordinary kind. During this period he was a beautiful picture of the Christian warrior resting from the toils of conflict, or the pilgrim with the trials of his wilderness journey over, waiting on the brink of Jordan, in full view of the "land that is very far off." All irritability had given way to a christian placidity of temperament. All his controversies were over. Now patience had its perfect work—as he bore his sufferings with entire resignation and continued his work as he was able, but felt ready for the Master's call, and gradually had the conviction pressed upon him that his work on earth was coming to a close. Now especially did he exhibit that characteristic of the full grown saint—"being clothed with humility." If he spoke of his own labours, it was only to magnify the grace of God, and to accuse himself of having done so little for Him—marvelling that God should have let him labour in so blessed a cause and blessed his poor efforts for the good of souls, while the evidence given in various ways of his close and frequent communion with the Saviour marked one "quite on the verge of heaven." To use the imagery of the immortal dreamer, he was as if he had been climbing the Delectable Mountains, amid rain, and mist, and tempest, and now had reached an elevation, where he saw the clouds below him, and the clear bright sun bathing their summits in glory, and from the hill Clear, the celestial city breaking upon his vision.

CLOSING SCENES.

During the past summer his health appeared as good as it had been for some time,

so that he not only preached regularly, but undertook a course of pastoral visitation of the families in his congregation. He felt that this might be the last opportunity he would have of addressing them in this manner, and he had made up his mind to resign at the close of it, and allow his congregation to secure a successor. He had nearly completed his round when called away. He had also held four diets of catechising.

The congregation of Glenelg and Caldonia having become vacant, by the removal of Rev. Mr. Pitblado to Halifax, the Presbytery of Pictou expressed a desire, that if Mr. C. felt able, he would preach to them and intimate the vacancy. The request was agreeable to his own feelings, as it gave him the opportunity of once more preaching Christ to those among whom he had spent his best years, and who still occupied a large place in his heart, and of addressing to them his parting exhortations, more especially as they were now again without a pastor. He accordingly preached at Glenelg on the fourth Sabbath of July. He had been asked to preach only once, but feeling well for him he held two full services, and afterwards addressed the people and otherwise fatigued himself in private. The effort was too much, and helped to extinguish the feeble light that was already flickering in the socket. During the month of August his strength was manifestly decaying, but he continued to preach, and do private pastoral work. On the last of that month, he was cheered by a visit from his oldest and most valued friend, Charles Robson of Halifax. He was then worse than he had been, but did not expect that the end was at hand. Up to Sabbath morning, 1st Sept., which proved his last on earth, he hoped to preach on that day, but when the time came, felt it necessary to relinquish his intention, though; afterwards, he thought that he should have carried it out. Even the beginning of the following week and almost till the last day of his life, Wednesday, 4th September, it appeared as if he might be spared to labour a little longer. On the morning of that day, he was up and had worship with his family. Still it was plain that he was sinking. The possibility of death being near had long been familiar to him, and when it became manifest that it was now approaching, he meekly bowed to the divine decree, simply saying, "Thy will be done." He, who during his whole life could never seem other than he was, could not but be his only simple self in a dying hour. With unruffled spirit he gave his last instructions to the members of his family present, both as to their temporal and spiritual affairs, and sent farewell messages to the absent. Calmly as the labourer