

others, were it not that I am speaking to those who during the last six years have received from him, under varied circumstances, abundant proofs of the existence in him to the last of these same gifts and graces that distinguished him in early life. When at the call of God's Providence he crossed the sea, he did not, like too many of his countrymen, leave behind him those strong Scottish feelings of piety and religious devotion, but carefully cultivated them in the land of his adoption, where their influence, I trust, will be felt for years and generations yet to come.

My own knowledge of your lamented Pastor extends almost to the time when he arrived in this Province in 1854, and the recollection of him carries me back to boyhood. So far from sympathizing with those who think it strange that ministers of the gospel situated so many years, as he was, in rural districts, should lose somewhat of the spring and vigor of mind and spirit, I have often admired the herculean strength that was able so successfully to battle with the depressing circumstances of the position, and fight on, year after year, without entirely dulling his weapons and losing the polish of his armor. Through all the years that he toiled as a pioneer in this Province, laboring as few, if any, ever labored in this country, he never lost those virtues and graces which, as we have seen, manifested themselves in early life. That keen sympathy with the wants and weaknesses, the sins and sorrows of humanity, which led him to spend and be spent in endeavors for the relief of others, never forsook him, but seemed even to deepen as the shadows came on. He was not perhaps fitted by nature or education to be a leader in Church or State—to command the attention and direct the energies of the multitude in the great spiritual battle fields of the world. It was his rather to heal and bind up the wounds and sores of all who had suffered, and to pour in the oil and wine of love and tenderness. In God's vineyard on earth there were many I know who stood far above him in the force and fire of their eloquence; many who excelled him in the depth and variety of their talents and learning; many who outran him in the race for popular applause; but in the possession of those qualities that fit a

minister of the gospel for approaching in likeness to Him who "went about doing good and healing all manner of diseases"—in the possession of the virtues and graces that bind pastor and people together, and are instrumental in bringing souls to the meek and lowly Jesus; in all these I know no Christian minister in our own or other churches who could excel your late beloved pastor. And need I say that his labors of love were not confined to his own people, but extended to the whole community, and involved him in an amount of care and toil under which he has been long gradually failing. His keen sensitive nature was too much even for a constitution naturally strong and vigorous. The blade was too sharp for the scabbard; and the inward wear and tear gradually sapped the foundations of both mind and body. In this large assembly there are many whose hearts will long feel the blank death has made. He was not your pastor perhaps, but still you loved him for his self-denying labors for the good of others. You loved him, because of him it might be truly said, "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him: Because he delivered the poor when he 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." In the experience of many before me, this has been realized. You can recall sick-beds and death-beds at which he ministered, as few others could, those comforting truths, so consoling in the last hours of life. Many can truly say, "our joys were his joys, and our sorrows and afflictions were greatly lightened by his willing shoulder, which was ever ready to stoop down and share the burdens laid upon us." Verily "though he be dead he yet speaketh." He speaks to us with a voice sharpened by death's very scythe. In life he spoke with one voice, but now he speaks with many. The many tokens he distributed of his friendship and regard all speak of him, and there are few homes and firesides where he was known in town or country that cannot point to some moments of his generous friendship and love.

But let me remember also that while he speaks to you his people and his