

prayer I heard from him was on my own behalf. Folding my hand in both of his, and drawing me closer to himself, each word came from him very slowly and very distinctly—"May God bless you in all your work. Amen!" I then left him. By faith, when he was dying, he blessed his son in the ministry.

During his last illness, he was as little fond of talk as in his lifetime. He could not be compelled—could not meditate nor pray, where there were many present, and the corresponding moving about and whispering so usual and so unseemly in the sick room. He craved for quiet that he might have rest in spirit. His faith was most assured. His cry, repeated every day, was—"God has been very good to me; God is good." He rested on the eternal covenant; and those evangelical truths which he so clearly preached to you, were his own consolation to the last. "He hath made all my bed in my sickness. In Him do I trust. I have hitherto been impatient. I will now wait his time," were his words, as he largely sought to be remembered in the prayers of the congregation. And he died. And when I looked at his face, calm in death, unutterable thoughts, such as I had never fully felt before, crowded upon me. I have never been called on to look on the cold remains of any near relative—of any connection even so near to me as he was—of any one whose work bore the same relation to mine as his did. I felt that I was now in the front rank; no one between me and the giving in my account. The things of sense, the things that the world is occupied about, shrivelled up into nothing before that severe, almost stern square face. "Where is he?" I cried. "Not here: this is not he: those lips will never, never open to speak again. He is experiencing the realities of the dread unknown silent land. And as he is, so shalt thou be; how soon, thou knowest not. Oh be faithful! Do thy work while it is called day: regard not the fashion, the cries of the world: the night cometh when no man can work." "He, being dead, yet speaketh" to me.

And to you, also, he speaks. Will you not listen to the preaching of the dead, if you did not to the words of the living? Listen to the preaching of the Lord of life and death. Remember that your bishop has gone to the tribunal, and that his pleading includes your reception of his message. All his prayers, all his teachings, all the light of his consistent christian life, will be reckoned against you, if they have not been for you. Here I plead with you, the living. As life came from the dead bones of the old Hebrew prophet, here I pray that his death may be the element of quickening to many who were not benefitted by his life.

And so we bid him a long last farewell, not sorrowing as they who have no hope, but full of gratitude to God, who, through Christ, has brought life and immortality to light, and

who, we know, receives each servant who crosses the river of death with the welcome home of "Well done, good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We pass on to our own work, for yet a little time here. Not soon will we forget him. And concerning him we will remember nothing, save the cleanness of his hands, and the uprightness of his heart—his honorable life, and his love for his people—his faithful preaching, and his many prayers. He has not left behind him in Halifax a more evangelical preacher, nor a more consistent man.

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Sketches from Church History.

SCOTLAND.

The Reformation.

(Continued.)

THIS was a period of intense commotion. The foundations of the moral and spiritual world, in so far as Scotland was concerned, seemed to shake and tremble as by a mighty earthquake. The people who, but a little time ago, slept quietly, leaving the concerns of their souls in the keeping of "the Church," and under the charge of the ecclesiastics, were suddenly aroused from their slumbers. Need we be surprised that the multitude stood, for a moment, paralyzed by the greatness of the shock and the magnitude of its consequences? Was not the fortress in which they and their fathers had lived and died, about to be demolished? To them this was no light matter. There they had received whatever little knowledge they possessed of things sacred and divine. That Church, whatever its error, was the only one they knew. At its altars, they had received the rite of Christian Baptism. Its Priests united them in wedlock. Its ministers attended the death-beds of their departed friends, as they expected them also to attend their own, and administer the comforts of religion, when life's conflicts were about ended for ever. The whole of their spiritual treasure—a treasure more valuable than natural life, because more enduring—they were taught to regard as bound up with the continued existence of that Church. If it should be overthrown, would that treasure be lost and lost forever?—if the house in which their fathers had lived should be torn down, were they doomed to become homeless wanderers, without any fellowship here, and without any hopes of happiness hereafter? Those, to them, were very solemn and startling questions, and how could they do other than tremble, even with such a possibility in view? It is easy for us to be courageous, but not so easy for them. Indeed, what might be courage now, would then have been rashness. The only