

his family lived and dressed well, and never at the tradesman's expense. All his surviving children are comfortably settled in life, and all are professing Christians, loyal to Christ and to the Baptist cause, and one of them a useful Baptist minister in Michigan, U. S. Deeply do some of us regret the years of his isolation from the organized interests of the Baptist cause. We were the losers more than he. He received the hundred-fold in this world, and the life everlasting beyond.

Towards the close of his long pastorate he was assisted by our much respected brother, E. J. Stobo, who succeeded him in the pastorate of the church, and still lives to do good service for the Master. His younger son, W. A. Marsh, is one of the leading business men of Quebec, a director of the old Quebec Bank, an active worker and generous giver in the Y. M. C. A., and in almost all the religious enterprises of the city, and actively interested in all our denominational enterprises, and a deacon in the local Baptist church. So runs the promise, not only he, but his seed also shall be blessed.

JOHN ALEXANDER.

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### THE STORM-SPRITES.

The year wanes old ; and once again

The storm uprises through the shrieking night,  
And spirits of the winds—fierce demon-forms—take flight  
With wild and fierce halloo ; the falling rain  
Sweeps o'er drenched eaves and mists the window pane ;  
I feel a nameless horror, yet delight ;  
The far off woods are roaring in their might ;  
The cottage rocks ; the roof tree bends and strains.

And as I muse, on my rapt spirit swims

A passion, deep and holy as the tombs,  
Wild spirit voices meet my listening ear ;  
Out of the hollow void methinks I hear  
Vast diapasons, chants and holy hymns,  
That swell forevermore in vast cathedral glooms.

—Glenn H. Campbell.