

principles of the craft, and was rapidly promoted to the high position of Provincial Grand Chaplain of the Order in New Brunswick. By all his brethren in the Province, as well as by his large circle of friends, and by the whole congregation of St. Andrew's Church, his death will be deeply regretted. Twenty-two years of pastoral duty in a city like this weaves many strong and tender ties of sympathy between minister and people. During that period the young grow up into manhood and womanhood, and the middle aged grow old and infirm. Births, baptisms, marriages, deaths and burials are events that often occur in households and families during so many years, and in all of them the sympathy and interest of the pastor are closely bound up. In such a case as this, Death severs many a tender tie, and leaves a void in hearts and homes that nothing on earth can fill.

Dr. Donald was born in Banffshire, Scotland, June 6th, 1807. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, having studied at that famous University for eight years. He was ordained in May, 1849, after receiving the appointment of the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's Church of this city. He arrived in St. John on the 18th June, 1849, and for the long period of twenty-two years discharged, with great ability and success, the arduous duties of minister of this large and important congregation. In this, their severest affliction, we are sure his numerous family have the sincere sympathy of the whole community in which Dr. Donald was so long known and so deservedly esteemed.

We commend his widow and family, in their sore bereavement, to the protecting care of Him who hath said, "A Father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation."

The following is the funeral sermon preached by the Rev. George J. Caird at St. Stephen's:—

"*Being dead he yet speaketh.*"—Hebrew xi. 14.

This is the first time that Death has crossed this threshold. This is the first coffin brought within these walls.

Few congregations can say that during an existence of upwards of half a century they have never been called upon to mourn the loss of a Pastor. Perhaps fewer cities as large as this can say with ours that this is the first occasion on which a Presbyterian congregation have assembled to carry to the grave the mortal remains of their minister. In these days of change, it is not often that congregations are presided over by fallible men in peace and harmony for two and twenty years. In the past, many have come and gone, and only one before has left his bones among us. There is much in these things to provoke reflection.

Many of you, dear Christian friends, will find it hard to believe that the voice that was so long raised in this place for your comfort, your warning, and your soul's salvation, is now silenced forever with that emphatic silence that death imposes on mortal lips. Yet such is the solemn fact. So swiftly have the few weeks of his sufferings passed away that it seems but yesterday since he appeared in his place in this Church; and even yet we are almost compelled to pause and listen whether there may not still linger round this hallowed spot some echoes of that well-known voice.

But while reminded, by the silence of the dead sleeping beneath us, that these pale lips shall speak no more on earth, the beautiful and yet solemn thought of St. Paul in these words is doubtless ringing like saddened music through our hearts—"Being dead he yet speaketh." I am addressing some to whom these words will come home with peculiar power at this moment. In many of your hearts and homes the sad occasion that has called us together will be keenly felt; and for days and years to come, though dead, he will continue to speak in your midst.

It cannot but happen that two and twenty years of pastoral duty in a congregation like this will weave many deep and tender ties between you and your faithful pastor, whose dust we are about to carry to the tomb.

During these years, the usual chances and changes that befall households and families in this world of sin and sorrow have befallen you, and in all of these he has discharged the solemn duties of his