

against the measure must and will be expected. But let us not despair, but continue our efforts afterwards for the creation of a better sentiment, by instruction, by cooperation, by exchanges, by Christian courtesies, that speak more powerfully to the heart than formal bases of union or demonstrative resolutions. In this marriage we have more to do than to draw out the contract and celebrate the espousals. Unless mutual love and good-will precede the celebration of due and sanctimonious rites of marriage, and preside at the feast, then the heavens will let fall no sweet aspersion, to make this contract grow.

The plants of earth grow and die; but they leave a large progeny to propagate their glory through the ages. Ministers die also; but the society in whose service they have been employed shall live for ever. The numbers are fluctuating, but the body is eternal. The waters change, but the stream flows on forever. Men from year to year emerge upon the scene of conflict, and vanish. Human society records their birth and death, and forgets them. They fret their little hour and are heard no more. Thus, as the generations tramp on in their march towards greater things, warm beating hearts are laid daily in the cold grave. Since we last met, an influential minister, who preached long from this pulpit, has laid aside his earthly habiliments and taken the robe of immortality. When we last met in New Brunswick, our respected father, Dr. Brooke, referred feelingly to the decease of a ripe scholar, a liberal-minded, meek, modest and unaffected man, Dr. Henderson, and now it falls to me to remind you that another has ceased from his labors. These walls have long witnessed to the excellence of Dr. Donald's Sabbath message, and his soundness as an expositor of Divine truth. As a minister, he was prudent, kindly and firm. As a church-ruler, his counsels were moderate, and his manner free from all affectation of formality or churchmanship. As a private gentleman, his warmth of heart and exuberance of feeling spread a glow over the circle of his acquaintance. While we mingle our mourning regrets with the affliction of his congregation and family, let us hear him from the place of

his honored rest preach to us in more eloquent strains than ever fell from his lips here, to mark the lengthening shadows of our day, and drive cheerfully the gospel plow ere we sink into the repose and inactivity of the grave.

Let not ministers do the work of the Lord negligently. Every seed produces fruit like itself. You cannot gather grapes of thorns. If you are formal, so will your people be. You cannot expect them to be alive while you are dead. Nor can you conceal your true character and disposition. If your hearts are cold and selfish, your people will soon know it. That which is secret shall be made manifest. Every leaf will whisper, every wind will speak it forth. Men's feelings and interests in religion—their craving for sympathy, will make them physiognomists and character-readers. Do not degrade your work into a heartless ritual. There is nothing so grand in this world as the soul of man. Man is even, in his ruin, the beauty of the world. In his dismantled powers there remains a hope of better things. If a man worship God with his soul, he does something of which he need not be ashamed. We honour the sincere devotee of a false faith while we despise the hollow-hearted performer of ceremonies in which he does not believe.

And, since life and organisation must go together, much depends upon our elders. Our churches generally present an awful spectacle of undeveloped power—leaves without fruit. Without minding others, let us try and do something for ourselves. Let our light—our genuine christian nature—shine forth. Let us work by force and transparency of character as well as by being dreadfully active and vastly super-serviceable. We shall not complain of a man taking his own way, provided he supports the general frame. In our deliberations, the greatness of the kingdom in which we hold a high office, should raise us above mean motives, pour a sweet and fragrant oil over our tempers, give a simple candor to our speech, and teach us to lift a reverent and prayerful look to Him who, when the harvest and the husbandmen are ripe, will put in his sickle and reap—that he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.