

an unprofitable servant." He trusted and gloried only in Christ. Often did he say to the writer of this, "My memory is like a rope of sand ; but one thing I can never forget—the name and merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord." During the last three hours of his life he suffered very much, and spoke but little ; still he seemed composed and happy.

Mr. Sprott has gone "in a good old age, an old man, and full of years." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Thank God for the promise that the gates of the grave cannot prevail against the Church,—that there will always be a succession of faithful ministers on earth ! May He raise up more labourers for the harvest !

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FROM ANOTHER NOTICE IN THE PRESBYTERIAN WITNESS.

We were wont to treasure very highly the contributions of the venerable John Sprott,—a man altogether *sui generis*, witty, humorous, keenly sarcastic at times, but for the greater part kindly and catholic. His style was not only graceful, it was at times poetical, almost musical. His sentences would almost sing themselves off the reader's tongue.

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FROM THE HALIFAX CITIZEN.

*A Tribute to Departed Worth.*

Within two months, three ministers of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces have been called away from the scene of their ministry on