

sitting over-against the sepulchre, unable, to tear themselves from the spot, gazing through their tears at the place where the body of their Lord is laid.

Let us now bestow a parting look upon the burying-ground. 'In the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in that garden a sepulchre.' Plant yourselves before that sepulchre, and look around. This is no place of graves; here rise around you no memorials of the dead. You see but a single sepulchre, and that sepulchre in a garden. Strange mingling this of opposites the garden of life and growth and beauty, circling the sepulchre of death, corruption, and decay. Miniature of the strange world we live in. What garden of it which has not its own grave? Your path may, for a time, be through flowers and fragrance; follow it far enough, it leads ever to a grave. But this sepulchre in this garden suggests other and happier thoughts. It was in a garden once of old—in Eden, that death had his first summons given, to find there his first prey; it is in a garden here at Calvary, that the last enemy of mankind has the death-blow given to him—the great Conqueror is in his turn overcome. Upon that stone, then, which they have rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre, let us engrave the words—'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' What a change it has made in the character and aspect of the grave, that our Saviour Himself once lay in it! It has stripped it of its terrors, and to many a weary one given it an attractive rather than a repulsive look. I heard a voice from heaven saying—it needed a voice from heaven to assure us of the truth—'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' The grave to such is, indeed, a bed of blessed rest. Buried with Jesus, they repose till the hour of the great awakening cometh, when with Him they shall arise to that newness of life over which no shadow of death shall ever pass."—*The last days of our Lord's passion.*
Rev. W. Hanna, LL.D.

Obituary.

DIED, in the township of Garafraxa, county of Wellington, C. W., on the 2nd of June, 1862, Andrew Cowie, aged 85 years. The deceased was a native of the parish of Culsalmond, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, where his ancestors, chiefly farmers of the middle class, and noticed for their sobriety and industry, were born, lived, died, and were buried for many generations. His parents were regular church-going people; but it seems that it was only in their later years that they became savingly acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus. His mother, whose maiden name was Cruden, belonged to a very respectable family of the neighboring parish of Auteherless, and was a woman of remarkable amiability of character and equanimity of temper. She was twice married to husbands of the same name and surname, though not nearly related; and the numerous posterity of the families of both are now filling important places in the church and society in the fatherland, and in this the country of their adoption.

It is impossible now to fix the precise date when the deceased found rest for his soul in the atonement of Christ. For a long time his convictions were deep, and his religious impressions strong. He was at first connected with the Established Church of Scotland, but is known to have felt much dissatisfaction at the carelessness and manifest ungodliness of many who took their seats at the table of the Lord.