

of their author, and the careful result of his numerous researches in the field of literature. And above all there is not a line in his writings but breathes the warm and generous impulses which were the characteristics of his nature,—a nature finely organized, and sensitive and alive to all the generous feelings which adorn our humanity. Loving to dwell on the beatitudes, his eloquent tongue spoke many a word of comfort to sorrowing hearts, and not an erring one but received impressions for good from his pleading lips now mute in death. To all who have heard his sermons so touchingly portraying Christ's ineffable love and mercy, his writings will recall the touching pathos and his almost magic tenderness of voice. His mournful tones like the sad refrain of melancholy music, will not soon be forgotten by those accustomed to listen to him from the pulpit and on the platform. The many afflictions he had suffered from seeing loved ones stricken down by the hand of death and the presentiment that he himself would fall an early victim to the blighting touch that had fallen so heavily on his family, seemed to haunt him, and tinged his writings with a deep melancholy. Four brothers to whom he was devotedly attached were stricken down in the prime of manhood. It was his delight to recall the pleasing associations that bound him to those, not merely joined in fraternal ties, but by love, sympathy and a similarity of tastes that is not often met with even among the members of a family. To all who knew the many generous qualities of his brothers, it was not to be wondered at that he referred to them in terms of mingled pride and sorrow.

He lost a dear child at Windsor, and to her and his brothers his thoughts often reverted, and their loss probably suggested that exquisite and tender "Revery" in Chatham Church-yard. In this he seems to have a prophetic knowledge of his untimely end which haunted him and caused a keen anxiety to his loving partner. In one of his earliest sermons in Windsor, he pictured a person suffering from heart disease, realizing no doubt that the beatings of his own might be stopped at any moment, without time to say good-bye to his loved ones. How sadly this prophecy has been fulfilled is known to all the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY. But in the same sermon he spoke of that person, who, though knowing the frail tenure he had of life, and with this knowledge ever present to him, yet as cheerfully and manfully fulfilled life's duties as one assured of length of days. Those who have seen Mr. Garvie in