

Dr. Douglas is a man whom his brethren in the ministry, and his fellow-labourers in the vineyard wherever he has lived, have ever delighted to honour. He has often been the conscript on whom has fallen the lot to represent his Church in the great ecclesiastical gatherings of Christendom. And right royally has he performed that task, maintaining the honour of his Church and country in the presence of the foremost orators of the day. His manly presence, his deep-toned voice, his broad sweep of thought and majestic flights of eloquence, have stirred the hearts of listening thousands, and done brave battle for the cause of God. Among the great interests which he has thus represented are the Young Men's Christian Association, at the International Conventions at Washington, Philadelphia, Albany, Indianapolis, and Chicago; the Evangelical Al-

liance in New York; and the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South. He has also filled with eminent ability the offices of Co-Delegate of the old Canada Conference, President of the Montreal Conference, and Vice-President and President of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Not the least of the important labours of the Rev. Dr. Douglas is his fostering care and wise presidency of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. To this he has given the energies of his ripest years. The arduous duties of the principal's chair he has discharged with heroic fortitude, even while enduring a martyrdom of physical suffering.

We hope to present a more adequate tribute to his memory, from the pen of some of those who knew him longest and best.

THE FIRST EASTER DAWN.

BY WILLIAM WHITE.

ERSTWHILE He lay in state,
In care of seraphim—
For angels constant wait,
In ministries on Him.

Thus soon ! Inmortal love
Anticipates the day ;
While night is yet above
The stone is rolled away.

Yes, ere the day-dawn shows,
Or human love draws near,
He wakes from death's repose :
The Easter-dawn is here !

The Easter-day has birth !
Was ever day so bright
As this, which breaks on earth
To bless each heart contrite !

With angel hosts attent,
Heaven's glory waits on him,
Nor can Death's power prevent,
Nor hell his honour dim.

Before the lilies ope,
Just as the dawn appears,
He comes ! He brings us hope,
He wipes away our tears.

He needeth not love's gifts
Of spices rare and sweet ;
Death's robes the angel lifts,
His triumph is complete.

Bright Easter lilies bring,
And deck the holy fount
With all the flowers of spring,
And sweetest carols chant.

Sing praise to Him who lives.
Who brought salvation nigh,
Who to us heaven gives,
His praise we magnify.

Dawns the Eternal day !
Our faith looks toward the East,
The sunrise tints the gray,
We hail the Easter feast.