

unmarried. He is now eighteen years of age, and it will be interesting to learn how he approached the work of what he would surely regard as a crucial year.

It is evident that he had no intention of falling back on old sermons, for he plans deliberately otherwise. In a manuscript book this methodical and thorough plan for the preparation of sermons is outlined. "Sermons by Alex. S. Byrne commenced on the Toronto East Circuit, C.W., July, 1850. 'Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of God.'—2 Tim. ii. 15.

The order observed in the composition of these discourses shall be:

1. Selection of Text.
2. Designation of Subject.
3. The Division.
4. The Connexion.
5. Meditation on the Passage.
6. Examine Commentators and the Original.
7. Collect all the Passages of Scripture which bear upon the Subject.
8. The Subdivision.
9. The Discussion.
10. The Peroration.
11. The Exordium.

O ye elegant copyists of other men's thoughts and words in pulpit and league. O ye who take up the prepared topic and read it thus from the paper in the league, what do you think of that!

But "the boy-preacher, indeed," was not to complete the year in Toronto East. The "white plague" had struck him. He sought the home of his parents stationed at Brantford. He struggled bravely, but on Tuesday, February 11th, 1851, after repeating many times, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he turned on his back, stretched himself at length, reclined his head on the pillow, and placing his hands across his breast, sweetly fell asleep in those overlasting arms, which during his protracted illness were so graciously around and beneath him.

Accounts are given of the grief with which the news of his death was met in London and Toronto. Besides the funeral services at Brantford, tender and eloquent memorial services were held at both those places; in Toronto by the Rev. John Ryerson, and in London by his sorrowing superintendent of the preceding year.

In their services they speak of the marvellous ability of the stripling preacher; of his studious though not over-studious habits; of his piety—genuine, fearless, unostentatious; of his gift in prayer. They speak of his moral courage and manly deportment; of his faithfulness as a pastor and friend; of his kindness; of his filial regard.

It seems to me that the memory of him should not pass from us; that the rich legacy should be retained. The following tablet was placed in the church at London. If not there now it ought to be restored:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
REV. ALEXANDER S. BYRNE,
SON OF THE
REV. CLAUDIUS BYRNE,
BORN IN DUNGANNON, IRELAND,
AND
DIED IN BRANTFORD, C.W.,
February 11th, 1851.
Aged 18 Years, 8 Months.
—
Erected as a Tribute to Extraordinary
Worth and Talents
by the
JUVENILE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION.
Hebrews xi. 4:
"e being dead, yet speaketh."

I will not make this article longer by giving extracts from his sermons, but shall gladly do so if, by the foregoing,

sufficient interest has been aroused in "The Boy-Preacher, Indeed," the Canadian saint of the Epworth League, to call for them.

Berlin, Aug. 10th, 1903.

The Church at Dulltown.

BY MRS. J. E. MCGEE.

THE Church at Dulltown was antediluvianized. For many years it had been in a state of petrification; and when Mr. Up-to-date was sent there by the last Conference, he found most of the members completely fossilized.

At the first meeting of the stewards they told him with a heavy sigh that Dulltown had never yet raised its assessments; in fact, they couldn't raise the preacher's salary without the women, and they gave suppers, and rented the opera house for various kinds of shows, which always made up the deficit.

Mr. Up-to-date had an inward spasm, but recovered himself and said: "Well, brethren, the Gospel this year will not be supported by suppers. All the salary I receive must be the gift of the people for the Gospel in their midst."

Then one of the "pillars" (worth \$30,000) said: "The truth of the matter is, the Church ought to be put on a circuit."

The next Sunday Mr. Up-to-date attended the class meeting, which was held just before church service. About a half-dozen were present, and great was the solemnity of the occasion. The leader with sepulchral voice, lugubrious face, and measured tones led in prayer; he then sang several solos, which I suppose had been sung in the ark. No one present seemed to know them, and the leader had great difficulty in controlling the tune, but always landed on the final note triumphantly. After a long Bible lesson, read adagio, the brethren rose and gravely related the history of their conversion, and two good sisters were so overcome by lachrymose cataclysms that everybody knew what they said was good, though not understanding a word of it.

Mr. Up-to-date fled to the pulpit, painfully conscious of an ague that was convulsing him. He preached with great difficulty.

The weeks rolled on, and this young preacher felt that his burden was greater than that shouldered by Atlas. One evening, after a long season of prayer, he went to prayer meeting, and with an overflowing heart talked on "Confidence in God," and opened the meeting for testimony. A long pause; a verse of hymn started by the pastor; another pause; an oppressive silence. Tick, tick, tick! The mournful howl of a dog near by seemed a fitting requiem. Benediction.

The funeral body moved toward the door, and with dignified propriety wended their way homeward. They seemed unconscious that they possessed hands capable of grasping others in warm fellowship, and they were equally unconscious of muscles of risibility that would give more light to the community than the electric plant.

These monuments of Dulltown Church did not want an organ at prayer meeting—it distracted their minds from worship—and they thought it a waste of money to have more than one light. Were not the dreamy shadows conducive to holy meditation?

Hence, when Mr. Up-to-date secured an organist for Wednesday night and told the sexton to have every light burning, the monuments began to take on new life, and earnestly denounced such expenditure when they could not raise the assessments.

The pastor faintly suggested having a Friday night class for young men, but the judicious financiers said they could not afford the fuel, and the sexton would demand an increase if he had to clean up for an extra meeting. It was very impracticable.

Mrs. Up-to-date attempted to organize a ladies' prayer meeting, but the sisters informed her that they did their own work and could not spare the time to attend.

When the Juvenile Foreign Missionary Society gave a nice little entertainment under the direction of the pastor's faithful wife, and raised five dollars, the stewards sounded their imperial clarion, and assembled in august convocation to formulate resolutions and demand the money for the Church assessments.

The next thing that created a stir was the long services.