

said to me, "Though he never made himself prominent, yet he was a tower of strength." Sorely will we miss him; in the Session, for his wise counsel, his loving heart, and his prayerful spirit; in the Congregation, where he was the most reverent and regular of worshippers; in the Sabbath School, where he was always ready to give a helping hand; in the District, where he was a model elder, and though pressed by many duties, strove to make himself acquainted with every one in his district, and to do them spiritual good.

Yes, and let me tell you young people, especially you young men, that you have lost one of your best friends. Perhaps you did not think he noticed you, or took any interest in you. I know better. You lay very near his heart. Remembering his own youthful experiences, knowing the only and all-sufficient remedy, he was most anxious that you would openly declare yourself for Jesus. Do so now. Let this loss lead you to lift up your hearts to Him who gave and who has taken away, that you may follow him, as he followed the Saviour. Yea, let it lead every one of us, with one heart and with one voice, to raise the cry, "Help, Lord, Help! for the godly ceaseth, the faithful fail." So will this sore loss be gain, so will this grievous stroke yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. God grant that it may be so, to the glory of His ever blessed name.

And now, in passing into the unknown future, let us look to Him who has abolished death, let us seek the covert of His presence and there abide. So our work shall stand, our way shall be established, and our hearts shall be kept in perfect peace.

In the secret of His presence, how my soul delights to hide!  
Oh! how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesu's side!  
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,  
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing  
There is cool and pleasant shadow, and a fresh and crystal spring;  
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet:  
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only *this* I know; I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs and fears.  
Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul He cheers!  
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend he would  
be,  
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see.