

hear of his removal when it actually took place. Conversing with him a few days before his death on the awful disease which was raging in our town, he with his usual heavenly smile said, 'It does not matter; I soon must go: whether it be by the cholera, or (pointing to his swollen legs) this dropsy; it is all the same; I leave it to my Master to choose.' But his days were numbered. On Sunday, Sept. 6th, 1834, he felt himself worse than usual. I saw him just before the time of evening service. His conduct towards me was, as it had been from the first hour I saw him, that of the utmost kindness and affection. Knowing that my whole time had been occupied in visiting the cholera patients at the hospital, and in their habitations, and in attending to the regular duties of the circuit, he feelingly entreated me to be careful of my health, for the sake of my family and the church. I did not, however, think that his end was so near. When called to visit him early in the morning on which he died, Sept. 8th, I felt the force of the oft quoted language of Dr. Young:—

'The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life,
Quite on the verge of heaven.'

"I found him contending with the last enemy, but in perfect possession of his reason, although so oppressed by the complicated afflictions under which he laboured in his last hour, as to find very great difficulty in speaking. 'I trust,' Sir, said I, 'you now feel that Saviour to be precious whom you have so long held forth to others.' He said, 'All is well; all is peace, no fear, no doubt; let Him do as he will; He knows what is best.' I referred to his long and useful life. He said very impressively, 'Leave all that; say no more. All is well.' We joined in prayer, and his spirit was evidently very much engaged in the solemn exercise. On leaving the room I said, 'You will soon be in the glory of which you have so often spoken in the course of your long ministry.' 'I shall soon be there,' said he, 'where Christ has gone before me.' After which he sank very fast, and spoke little, and that with considerable difficulty. His last words were, 'Give my farewell blessing to your family, and to the society;' and 'God bless you. All is well.'"

The monument which rises over his tomb, and the cenotaph placed as a memorial of his worth, in the Chapel where he had so long held forth the word of life, exhibit the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory of

THE REVEREND WILLIAM BLACK,

Whose labours in the Gospel Ministry,

for half a century have been acknowledged,

with distinguished approbation,

by the Great Head of the Church.

For many years

he was the General Superintendent of the

Wesleyan Missions,

in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick,

where he is justly deemed the Father of

Methodism.

To his labours, prudence, and paternal care,

is the Church in this place much indebted

for its rise, increase, and prosperity:

With its history will his name be

associated; and his memory revered

during its continuance.

He entered into rest VIII September, MDCCCXXXIV.

aged LXXIV years.

The character of Mr. Black is thus sketched by the Rev. Robert L. Lusher:—

"Although I feel incompetent to do full justice to the character of the late Rev. W. Black, in any attempt at its delineation, yet, having been associated with him in the work of the ministry—having seen and conversed with him nearly every day for two years, and having had the opportunity of hearing him preach once almost every Sunday, during that time, when his health would permit, I am prepared at once to say that as a Christian, a Minister, and a friend, Mr. Black was no common man. He was emphatically and scripturally, in my estimation, a good man, and a great man. He enjoyed the esteem and veneration of persons of all denominations, an honour to which his virtues and talents entitled him. Amiable and condescending in his spirit, yet consistent and decided in his character, and serious and dignified in his deportment, he won the affection and commanded the respect of the poor and the rich, who alike regarded him as the 'minister of God to them for good.'—His affectionate and soothing exhortations to the one, and his judicious councils and faithful warnings, when necessary, to the other, were in general as acceptable as they were salutary and reasonable. I also consider Mr. Black to have been a sound divine, and an original preacher. His ministry was neither declamatory nor oratorical; but being convincing and persuasive, and generally attended with a gracious influence from above, it was at once popular and useful. The benignity of the divine character rather than the 'terrors of the Lord'—the pleasures and rewards of piety rather than the eternal consequences of sin, were the topics on which he seemed most to delight to dwell. It is believed that he was one of the most successful ministers of modern times, and that hundreds of souls in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and on the adjacent continent, as the fruits of his ministry, will be 'the crown of his rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus at his coming.' Wherever he was, in the parlour or in the pulpit, he seemed to regard it as the business of his life to save souls."

"Many of the societies in the Nova Scotia District were of his planting, and for many years he watched over them all with the most paternal and anxious solicitude, rejoicing in their prosperity, or mourning over any declension of which he might hear; and when through increasing infirmities he could no longer visit them or preach to them, he did not cease to offer up in their behalf his fervent supplications to Almighty God, that the gates of hell might never prevail against them!"

A number of general topics are introduced into the thread of the Narrative, together with "Characteristic Notices of several individuals; with copious Extracts from the unpublished Correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. Freeborn Garretson, etc.," which enhance the interest and value of the volume.

As to the manner in which the biographer has performed his part it is unnecessary for us at length to say. The talents and learning of Mr. Richey, and his qualifications as a writer, are well known in the Provinces: and it is not affirming too much, when