

twenty-four years of age, which met during the summer months in the Manse barn on the afternoon of Sabbath, immediately after the close of public worship. To that class I was in due time transferred. And much connected therewith is yet fresh in memory as the even<sup>g</sup> of yesterday. The aspect and utterances of that venerable man, and the ardour and earnestness with which he instructed and warned and wooed are not to be forgotten by those who were privileged to see and hear him on these deeply interesting occasions. All who survive will, I am sure, join me in saying that these were galla days as regarded advantage and enjoyment,—that they take their place among “the greenest spots in memory’s waste.” Last summer in a western district of the Province, I met a farmer who had been a classmate of mine under Mr. W——, on these *lang syne* Sabbath afternoons in the Manse barn at Bankhead, when unprompted by me, a tide of hallowed reminiscence rose up in his mind, and he spoke in terms of grateful and rapturous admiration of the man and of his teachings. He seemed at a loss for language to express his high estimate of both.

At the end of summer each year, when the class closed, Mr. W—— after tendering suitable and affectionate counsel, cordially shook each scholar by the hand on parting. These were sad and very solemn scenes, and wet eyes were abundant, especially among the female members of the class. None there so hardened, or heedless and light-hearted as not to be arrested, subdued and melted by the farewell words of that man of God. And that last parting with his class in 1822\*, I think, and not many months before he died, can neither be forgotten nor fully described. His health had been failing for some time. Disease was fast loosening the pins of his strong built earthly tabernacle. If I remember rightly he had frequently been assisted during that summer in the duties of the class by passing preachers, but specially by a worthy student, then on the eve of being licensed, and now an old and honoured minister to a large congregation in England, who too in his turn has for years required assistance in the onerous duties of his sacred calling. On the day the class was to close, Mr. W—— came into the barn, took his usual place on the floor, surrounded by his numerous and sorrowing young friends. He seemed conscious that the hand of death was on him, and addressed his eager sobbing auditors with all the earnestness and solemnity and authority of a dying man. It was an overpowering scene. The heart of the firmest palpitated and fluttered, and the eyes of those least given to weeping were wet. What would I give to hear again that farewell address, and to listen again to that parting prayer! But the wish is alike idle and foolish. It may, and must, suffice that the important and precious truths, then uttered by him, are all patent to me in God’s blessed Word,—that the throne of grace which he then addressed, is as open and accessible to me and to others as it was to him, and that He who sits on that throne is as ready to hear prayer now, as He was then.

\* This date does not fall under the heading of these notices, but the reader will please forgive this transgression of prescribed bounds, as I cannot well refrain.