

parade of his learning—never hawked it about to have it seen of men. In the house of God there was no worshipper more devout and humble than he, and the conviction always on his heart was, that he had come to worship God, and not simply to hear Mr. So-and-so preach. He very rarely criticised the sermons he heard, and if he did, it was always in a spirit of meekness and gentleness. It was a great treat to preach before him, though I never did so without feeling my great inferiority to him in many things. He was easily touched, and his emotional nature would sometimes bubble up like the spring from under the mountain's feet. He would look up with eyes filled, and features full of tenderest expression, and a throat choked with emotion, and take in all that was said. There was no man whose opinion I valued more highly, and none from whose lips a word of approval came with more wholesome and stimulating effect.

He was a firm and consistent adherent of our Church in this city for 44 years. He was an elder and trustee of St. Andrew's Church, and contributed, by his wise head, warm heart, and liberal purse, to its welfare on many occasions. He was also, for many years, a friend and supporter of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, and, at the time of Rev. Mr. Wishart's deposition by the Synod, and the sale of the Church property, he was a pew-holder, and was appointed, by the Legislature, one of the commissioners to hold the funds resulting from the sale of the property, and to build another Church to supply its place. He was for many years impressed with the necessity for a second Church in connection with the Church of Scotland, and, acting in harmony with the other members of the Board, the erection of New St. Stephen's was begun in the spring of 1867, and opened for service on Sunday, September 13, 1868, by Rev. Dr. Brooke, the first Moderator of the United Synods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Concerning this good and useful man we may say, "He hath loved our city, and *hath helped* to build us a synagogue."

The death of Mr. Duncan was like his life—full of peace, calmness, and simplicity. Just as the evening bells began to call the people of God to the sanctuary, on Sunday, January 31st, he breathed his last. I never witnessed a more peaceful end. We saw the life slowly retreating from all the outposts of the body, and fly at last for refuge to the besieged citadel of the heart, and the long deep sigh came slower and deeper, and told us that Death's chill hand was dipped in the fountain of life. It was impossible to tell the exact time of his departure, so softly and silently did the soul slip away from the frail and worn-out tabernacle in which it had lived for 72 years. He was sensible to the last, and calmly awaited the will of God. He spoke but little of his approaching end, but he had long lived under the shadow of that world to which he has gone,—and he walked as a Christian so humbly on earth, that one would have thought him ever under the conviction that his next step would be into eternity.

On Wednesday, February 3rd, men of all creeds and classes assembled to carry him to his rest, feeling, like the Jews did when they buried their good old priest Jehoiada in the city of David among the Kings, that he was one who had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house. (See 2 Chron. xxiv., 15 and 16.)

His ashes rest close to those of his old friend and partner, John Owens. Long united in life, they are not separated in death. They are interred on a rising ground in that lovely hillside known as the Rural Cemetery. Standing by their graves, the ancient valley of the St. John River, with what were once its rocky islets and bold wooded shores, stretches away for several miles to the north-east. The hum and bustle of the city may be faintly heard at times in the quiet evening when the winds are still, and the trees do not rustle their leaves and branches. Here was laid in peace, on February 3rd, the body of one of the worthiest and best of men.

GEORGE J. CAIE.