

of that man is peace.' And his end was peace. As in the midst of the storm on the Sea of Galilee, Jesus was calmly asleep in peace, so while around the departed the storms of life beat heavily, and trials came thickly and severely, as he himself said to me, he could at times forget them all, and pillowing his head on a promise, could find rest in Jesus. All who were beside his deathbed can bear testimony to the unbroken calm, the tranquil frame of spirit which possessed him even amid his distressing restlessness of body. He spoke with confidence and assurance alike surprising and edifying. Doubts were gone, the Saviour was near, the fading world was lost to view amid the mists of death, but the realities of eternity were present, he knew whom he had believed. The tender farewells were spoken, the dying charges of affectionate regard, cemented by long friendships, were calmly but earnestly delivered; no hurry, no fervored excitement was there; peaceful and self-possessed he sought to deepen, with his dying breath, those counsels which he had so often given, by many, alas, too little heeded. The affection of a true friend was blended with the authority of a dying elder, in words of affectionate admonition, let us hope never to fade from memory. And when all was done, when worn out nature sank into her last long sleep, it was gently,—his end was peace.

"Oh 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' What a brightness and glory does this happy end throw around a useful life. It is like the golden, purple, and violet hues which make the heavens more beautiful when the sun has set, and, in the absence of him who warmed and gave us light, reconcile us to the loss by the enjoyment of the glories of the closing day.

"A brighter hope, however, comforts the mourners, 'He is not dead but sleepeth.' He shall live again. We have laid him beside the cherished dust of loved ones, and we also shall be laid there ourselves to await the summons of the Archangel's trump, calling the dead for judgment. He and we shall rise again, and 'shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be ever with the Lord.'"

THE LATE MR. JOHN TURNBULL.

On the 17th of April last, Mr. John Turnbull, sen., of Mono Centre, died, in the eightieth year of his age. This notice will probably arrest the attention of not a few of the ministers of the late Presbyterian Church of Canada, now labouring in distant parts of Canada, and awaken many tender associations of their early labours in the gospel vineyard. It will remind them of happy seasons long past, when they enjoyed much social comfort under his hospitable roof, while ministering temporarily to the congregation there. And were they to re-visit Mono Centre, they would, I have no doubt, miss the smiling countenance and the hearty welcome with which Mr. Turnbull was wont to receive and entertain them. If taking a deep interest in the cause of the Redeemer—manifesting a tender regard to His servants and people, and a uniform consistency of conduct with the profession which he made in early life, and maintained to the last—furnish a satisfactory evidence of grace, the friends of Mr. Turnbull have no cause to sorrow, as those that have no hope. To his calm and uniform consistency in these respects, is owing, in no inconsiderable degree, the growth and comparative prosperity of the congregation at Mono Centre. For if there were others whose gifts fitted them for more active public usefulness, none by consistent deportment reflected more honour on the Christian profession. And though a passing cloud has lately cast its darkening shadow over the congregation, I believe the example of steadfastness set by Mr. Turnbull and others who were associated with him, as leaders of the congregation, in former seasons of trial, will be of much practical advantage in teaching them how they should hold fast their principles in this, or in like trials that may await them.

Mr. Turnbull had a paralytic affection about five weeks before his death, which rendered him comparatively helpless. But, as he retained his senses in