

His will-power often sustained him and compelled him to face heavy tasks when his physical system was crying out for rest. His gentleness under severe suffering was at times very touching. An examination after death showed that the trouble that laid him low, a tumor in the brain, had begun months, if not years, before it did its work.

He was fully prepared for his approaching change and in no respect did he seem to shrink from it. When the 23rd Psalm was read to him, looking up with a pleasant smile he said, "That is good, I am going to dwell in my Father's house." His mind was kept in perfect peace. He had great trust in God's fatherly love, and placed all his dependence for acceptance upon the merits of Christ. Once, when "Jesus, Lover of my soul" was sung, he said, "That is all I have to depend upon," and enlarged upon the beauty and richness of the hymn, and of the tender love of Jesus. And in dwelling upon the work of Christ he remarked again and again, "I am a very imperfect man," but one of many tokens of his deep and genuine humility. When they sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," he joined in the words and at the close said, "What a reality that is to me."

A few weeks before his death he remarked in conversation, "I often think that when we come to die, God will give us wondrous revelations." That experience was to be his. When on the last morning they sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood," he roused up and said, "I am not one of those who leap upon the mountain-top in religious ecstasy; but I see the mountain; I am on it; my assurance is in Christ."

At another time he asked for the Coronation Hymn, and when they came to the passage, "O that with yonder sacred throng, we at his feet may fall," he placed his hands together as in worship and cried, "O the rapture, the rapture, I wish they could see the rapture I see."

There is something very touching in his last intelligent act. Taking a pencil in his weak fingers he began to write a few words to his congregation on the blank pages of a book. The letters are very trembling and are read with difficulty, one or two not being legible. As far as we can make them out, they read thus: "My beloved people, my thoughts have been ——— that I might think eminently suitable."

Thus quietly and peacefully in the very prime of life, God's faithful servant passed to his reward on December 21, 1891, beloved and mourned by many to whom his ministry had been a blessing. His funeral service in the Centenary Church at Hamilton was a solemn and memorable one, and a similar one was held at the Dominion Square Church, Montreal, whither his remains were taken for interment.

#### DANIEL EDWARD BROWNELL.

Rev. Daniel Edward Brownell was born in the township of Cornwall, on November 25th, 1837, and died at his brother's residence, in the city of Detroit, on October 1st, 1891, in the 54th year of his age, and the 32nd of his ministry. At the age of sixteen, under the ministry of Rev. John Howe, he was led to seek reconciliation with God, and obtained a clear and blessed realization of converting grace. In 1858 he received from Rev. Peter German, exhorter's license, and two years later, in June, 1860, he was received on probation for the ministry. At the end of four years of successful labor on the Clinton, Stratford and St. Mary's Circuits, and Clinton a second term, he was ordained to the full work of the ministry, in the Elm Street Church, Toronto, by the sainted Rev. W. L. Thornton. After ordination he was stationed on the following circuits: Osprey, Paisley, Meaford, Vienna, Tilsonburg, St. George, Burlington, Ingersoll, Norwich, Oakville, Grimsby, Welland, and back to St. George for a second term. He was chairman of the Welland District for three years. He was married to Mary M., eldest daughter of Rev. Thomas

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