

DEATH OF REV. M. W. MACLEAN.

A message to Mr. W. G. Craig, of Kingston, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, announced the death of his brother-in-law, Rev. M. W. Maclean, M.A., formerly of Belleville, at Arlington Beach, Saskatchewan.

Rev. Matthew Witherspoon Maclean, was born in Glasgow, on June 11th., 1842, and completed his education at the university of that city. While a divinity student, he visited Canada in 1862, and decided to make this country the field of his labors. He entered the divinity hall of Queen's College, where he studied two years, afterwards attending a session of Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey, where he graduated in 1866. Returning to Canada in that year, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Niagara, in connection with the Church of Scotland. His first pastoral charge was St. Andrew's church, Paisley, Bruce county. Here he found abundant scope for his zeal and energy. The country was newly settled, and the spiritual wants of the people had been but inefficiently and irregularly supplied. Mr. Maclean found himself the only pastor belonging to his denomination within forty miles. His work extended over the large area of five townships, and, in addition to daily pastoral visits he travelled every Sabbath, from twenty to forty miles preaching three times a day. His church increased so rapidly that it became necessary to provide additional accommodation for what had previously been a sparse and dwindling congregation. There mission stations were organized at different points in the neighborhood.

After five years of persistent and effective labour in this place, Mr. Maclean accepted a call to the Mill street church, Port Hope, where he remained for two years. In 1873 he went to Belleville, where he became pastor of St. Andrew's church.

Mr. Maclean remained in Belleville till 1904, when owing to failing health, he resigned his charge, and with his sons, went west to the Saskatchewan Valley, being strongly recommended to that province in the North-west to recuperate his worn-out system.

Mr. Maclean's ministry in St. Andrew's was very successful, resulted in a strong, vigorous congregation, contrasting sharply with the struggling one that existed when he entered upon his Belleville work. His wife, the daughter of Mayor George Davidson, Kingston, and sister of Mrs. W. G. Craig, of this city, died in 1906, and it was a great blow to Mr. Maclean in his delicate state of health, and had much to do with the resignation of his charge.

Mr. Maclean, though at times enjoying fairly good health since his removal to the west, never regained his wonted strength, and the end came apparently suddenly. He accidentally fell on the 30th ultimo, fracturing his hip, and as a result of this fall the silent messenger visited him Tuesday morning when, as the telegram announcing the sad occurrence puts it, "he passed peacefully away."

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Robert Balmer, Buena Ayres, South America, and two sons, Malcolm John and John Carruthers, of Arlington Beach, Saskatchewan.

Mr. Maclean was an able and scholarly preacher, and most zealous in the discharge of the various duties of his high office. He was also highly successful as a platform speaker, uniting elaboration of thought with fluency and grace of expression.—Kingston Whig.

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

The bereaved are everywhere. There are few homes without their vacant chair. How can we best comfort others? What solace is there in the Gospel for breaking hearts? What is there in Christianity that will wipe away tears?

There is comfort for the bereaved in the infinite and eternal love of God. In this divine love all life's whys are answered. St. John puts it all in the one little sentence—"God is love." Back of and in his power, his justice, his holiness, his truth, is love. We know that this is our Father's world. There is no chance in any of its events or circumstances. Science tells us that in all occurrences in nature, even in those which seem disastrous—storms, earthquakes, tidal waves—no force no drop of water, no particle of matter ever gets out of the clasp and control of natural law—that is, out of the hand of God. So in all the events of Providence, though we call them calamities, nothing ever happens without God's permission, and, therefore, all that happens has love in it.

Another element of comfort for the bereaved is that their friends who have gone from them, have finished their work. Jesus was not caught in a snare when he was arrested in the Garden. There was no inextricable dilemma in his position that night. He could have escaped, but his "hour" had come. It was now the Father's time for the closing of his life. The same is true of each one of God's children. Sometimes it is in infancy, even in earliest infancy, that the death angel comes. "My baby lived only two hours," a young mother wrote the other day. Yet, in its coming and its brief stay, it brought blessings to its parents. It left a touch of beauty on their lives. Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, wrote these lines "On the Death of a Little Boy": Think not, because so early with our

King
He rests, before his infancy's fourth spring.
That aught is lacking in the eternal Eye
To that dear life's full orb and rounded

history.
No, in his sovereign all-foreseeing will,
Who works unerring for his people still,
Not Abraham's end, not John's late-entered bliss,
Marks a more finished pilgrimage than his.

No casual stroke removed him, or surprised
That Artist who of old his date devised.

To us all looks abrupt, a fragment, torn
Ere the first page was read; and we must mourn.

But he, great Poet, of the souls he saves,
Writes now his epics, now his shorter staves,
His tender nursery-songs; and these disclose

As great a skill, as full an art, as those.
That small sweet life-time in his hidden plan

Through morn and noon to sunset duly ran,
Short prelude, but consummate, to that day

Which knows no evening clouds and setting ray.

The short life was not a fragment, a broken life—it was complete. However brief, it was a plan of God wrought out to the end. We must never think of death as breaking into God's plan, as snatching away any precious life before God wanted it to leave this world. Death is never stronger than God.

It ought to comfort us to know this when we are pleading with God to spare some dear life. Then if, after all our prayers, the life is taken away, it should give us measureless comfort to know that God could have kept it longer if it had been his plan for it.

There is comfort for the bereft also in the truth of immortality. In Christ there is no real separation between us and our loved ones who have passed out of our sight. They are with Christ inside the veil, and we are with Christ outside the veil.

"Death doth hide,

But not divide."

In Eversley churchyard Mrs. Kingsley placed a white marble cross over the grave of her husband, Charles Kingsley, and on it, under a spray of passion-flower, the epitaph, "We have loved, we love, we shall love." Never was there on this earth a holier, truer, more faithful wedded life than that of Charles and Fanny Kingsley. In this world they loved ideally. After he had gone while she still remained behind, they continued to love. In all the eternal years they would still love on. That is the meaning of immortality as it has been brought to light in Jesus Christ.

A mother wrote after the first break in the home circle: "I am passing through my first bereavement. One of my eight children died a year ago. There were nine of us left, and we faced it together. . . . We indulged in the tender memories of seventeen beautiful years, but fought against selfishness in our grief. We still speak of her as one of the family—never as one of the dead." It is beautiful to think thus of a loved one gone, still and always as "one of the family, never as one of the dead." It will give very sweet comfort to those who have been bereft to train themselves to think of their loved ones as going on with life very much as when they were in this world, only more beautifully, more lovingly, more purely, more thoughtfully.

Stonford Brooks somewhere asks the question, "What manner of men should we be in life when we think of all we shall do when we are dead?" What are your sainted ones in heaven doing today? We know at least that their life is going on in new beauty and power. What people call the gate of death is really the gate of life. The whitest line in all the story of life is the line we make so black—the line which marks the passing from this world. Is there no comfort in this?

Another element of comfort for the bereaved is in the blessing there is in sorrow itself. Some one warns us against wasting our sorrows, "Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill health, or similar afflictions that come into your daily life, mar you, instead of mending you. Let us be aware of getting no good from what is charged to the very brim with good." Our griefs are bearers of blessings to us, and we should welcome them as God's angels, coming with hands full of good gifts.

There is also for the Christian bereaved the comfort of reunion in the home above. Separation which brings so much pain and grief is but for a little while, and then we shall be together once more in a fellowship which never shall be broken.

Central Presbyterian: The author of the letter to the Hebrews says that though the very foundations of the earth and the heavens above shall perish, "Thou, O Lord, remainest!" Our portion is the life and the love of an everlasting God. His word cannot pass away. His truths cannot fail. His promise will be true when heaven and earth have crumbled into dust. Therefore, it is that His righteousness is as the great mountains, and His love a boundless sea. And far up on heavenly hills, where the morning spreads, as the Prophet Joel sees, therefore remaineth a Sabbath to the people of God.