

the feelings of a dying believer. His death-bed was a loftier and more eloquent pulpit than any he ever occupied in the active world. Like Jacob and Moses and David and Simeon, of old, his pious heart uttered a nobler testimony, as the clouds of time were melting away and the lights of the new Jerusalem, the glories of love and freedom opened to their eye of faith. In proof of this, we cannot do better than quote the following beautiful description of his life's close from the pen of a friend.

"He was four weeks confined to bed, but he was happy and cheerful, asking his family 'not to look gloomy, for there was nothing sad here.' His appetite continued good till a fortnight before his death, when his stomach became for the first time disordered. He then felt that his time could not be long. He took leave of all that came to visit him from that time, speaking to them of their eternal interests. Numbers of his flock came to receive his dying blessing, especially the young people, who loved him as a father. Indeed from this time he was almost constantly employed in talking to any one that came, and 'he must see every one.' All the clergymen of the different denominations visited him. He asked them to pray, and to each he would quote some passage of scripture and plead with them to preach Christ and rally round Jesus's prayer 'that they all may be one.' 'Lay aside your differences and work together, for all must be one in Christ.' To another he would say: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that *whosoever*, &c.'" Remember the *whosoever*: let that be your theme;" let none want the gospel as long as that *whosoever* stands there." These solemn appeals were felt by his brethren. Indeed his chamber was a sacred place but not a sad one, for he seemed so happy.

His children were all with him during some weeks before his death. It was a great comfort to him to have his children to nurse him. He sometimes said: "I have all I could wish; love all around me." He had no pain but weakness; and the cough, (which used to distress him,) after he lay down, troubled him very little. Thus day after day passed on. No complaint passed his lips but a desire, "if it were God's will, to take him to His heavenly home." A letter from his brother, in Halifax, came during these days. When it was read to him, he was pleased with the messages sent, saying: "I will not forget them." On Wednesday morning, at daylight, he asked what hour it was; when told, he said: "Then God has given me another day." He seemed revived during the day, spoke to each and took his tea himself. After tea he spoke to the children and Mrs. McCurdy of that beautiful passage: "Though I walk through the valley, &c." One asked him, "if he would read it to him." He replied: "Oh, no! it can never be forgotten."

He asked to be raised up. He lifted his head off the pillow and then kissed all the members of his family; then gave one hand to his wife and one to his son, John, turned and gave Mrs. McCurdy the last look, closed his eyes and breathed his soul sweetly and calmly into the bosom of his God. So gently was it that none could believe that he was gone."

The above interesting narrative is, apart from the well-known incidents of his public life, sufficient to show that Dr. McCurdy was no ordinary man. There was something in his very appearance and bearing, in the calm and resolute way in which he expressed his convictions, that betrayed a large amount of character. Had these qualities not been blended with great urbanity of manners they might have degenerated into an air of dogmatism, but in him they seemed simply that steadiness of conviction which is an essential part of a manly nature. He was free from fickleness of judgment or capriciousness of affection or changeableness of purpose. These constitute a character that no one can respect with satisfaction, or love with comfort, or rely upon with safety. He was not a man to be carried away with prejudice or with clamor. There are men in whom the truth has taken so little root by reason of the shallowness of the soul that amid the excitements of party or of numbers they can forget their principles and their duties. The deceased gentleman had his preferences, but he never forgot the great principles of Christianity or became blind to the interests of the great Presbyterian Church. In him the acidities of sectarian feeling did not drink up the sweetness of Christian charity. The dignity and grace, the feeling and propriety with which he conveyed the greetings of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces to our Synod in Pictou a few years ago will not soon be forgotten. His majestic and venerable appearance added greatly to the effect of his earnest and well selected words. One of the happiest turns in his speech on that occasion was the allusion to his brother in the Moderator's chair. Had his charitable feelings or expressions on that occasion been, as they too often in such cases are, the ebullition of a moment of feeling, soon to be forgotten and which an excitement of an opposite nature might turn in a totally opposite direction, they would be less significant of his character; but they were in harmony with the views and practice of his life. He had sufficient loftiness of character to rise above the petty contentions of the hour; and, gazing into the untroubled regions of Christian faith and love, maintain amity and intercourse with ministers and people of all denominations. True to his Presbyterian principles he cherished a special regard for the ministers of our church in the sister province.

His conduct as a churchman does not invite our notice, as he belonged to another