

VII. *Biblical Literature.*
 Angus' Bible Hand-Book.

VIII. *Homiletics.*

A written Sermon, or a Theological Essay.

F. H. MARLING,
Chairman.

Toronto, June 12, 1873.

BLANK DEEDS.—Copies of the new edition of Blank Deeds for Congregational Chapels, Burial Grounds, or Parsonages

in Ontario, in duplicate, with instructions for filling up, &c., prepared by order of the Congregational Union, in accordance with the recent Act of Incorporation, and adapted to the requirements of the latest Registration Law of Ontario, may be obtained on application to the undersigned.

Price \$3.00 per set, payable in advance.

JAMES A. R. DICKSON,
Sec.-Treas. Con. Union of Ont. and Que.
 Toronto, June, 1873.

Obituary.

MRS. (REV.) JAMES HAY.

DIED, at Derby Centre, Vt., at the house of her brother, Rev. Joseph Lorimer, on the 14th of May, Janet Lorimer, wife of the Rev. James Hay, aged 36 years. The deceased belonged to a large family noted for piety, all the members of which early in life gave evidence of being Christians, two of the sons since having become ministers, and two of the daughters ministers' wives. She was born in Stanstead, where she joined the Church, and continued to reside until her marriage with Mr. Hay in 1858. She then accompanied him, after a year they spent at Owen Sound, in his travels through Africa and the Australian Colonies, where she experienced much of the trials as well as joys of missionary life, as they went out at "their own charges." She always made her home happy, was a devoted wife and mother, a kind friend, and humble Christian; so that she gained the respect and affection of the people wherever her husband was settled. On their return to Canada, her home was at Brockville, where she continued to reside after Mr. Hay's labours there terminated. She broke up her home there only a few weeks ago, and, with her five young children, went to meet her husband in Stanstead. There, after all her

wanderings and labours, her life closed within a few miles of the very spot where it began. Her sun went down whilst it was yet day.

The closing scene of a retiring yet most exemplary life we cannot so well describe as in the touching words with which our bereaved brother sends us a few particulars from his sick bed. It seems almost profanation to publish what was intended only for friendship's private ear:—"I have to send to you the painful news of the death of my dear wife. On Wednesday night, May 7th, she was taken ill of a malignant form of typhoid fever. On the same day next week, at 10 A.M., she expired. From the first, it seemed plain to the poor sufferer that she should die. We hoped and the doctor thought she might recover. No care or faithful nursing, no use of medicines, seemed to stay the progress of the disease, till its work of death was done. I need not tell you how sore is our bereavement, how deep our sorrow. We can only look up to our Father and say, 'Thy will be done.' He makes no mistakes. It is well. Still we have the pain and the sorrow. There is much of Heaven's goodness mixed with our bitter cup. The children are well, and with their relatives. We have experienced the greatest possible kindness. In no place on earth, I be-