

der care; all of the human family, who presented the claims of distress, he pitied, and so far as lay in his power, relieved, and not a few gave testimony to the respect in which they held him, by their deep and unfeigned sorrow for his departure hence. During the prevalence of the late epidemic especially, his attentions to the sick and afflicted, without distinction of nation or creed, were unceasing. With the deepest grief he was destined to witness several of his own little flock suddenly cut off. A mind depressed with sorrow, a body worn and weary through watching and fatigue, and a constitution that was beginning to give way under the extreme pressure of his Christian labours, prepared him, as it were, a victim for the stroke of that terrible scourge with which God is chastising the nations of the earth. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! How humbling it is to human pride, that frequently those are called away to whom we looked as the most efficient instruments, humanly speaking, for the accomplishment of God's work—that they should be removed at a time when their services seemed most required in the world. Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

Mr. Roach felt slightly indisposed on the Saturday preceding his decease. On Sabbath morning he took some simple medicine, and unwilling that his people should be without the stated dispensation of the Word, if he was at all able for the work, he resolved to proceed with the services of the day. He entered the pulpit, seemingly in his usual health, and had proceeded to some length in his sermon, when suddenly his voice faltered, and he became ashy pale. Shutting the Bible, with the words, "I add no more," he concluded his ministrations on earth by repeating, in a feeble and broken voice, the Lord's prayer—that beautiful prayer which maternal love teaches infancy to lisp,—with him the first and the last prayer, at least uttered in public. Having been assisted into the vestry-room, he so far recovered as to be able to walk home, leaning on the arm of a friend. Feeling no pain, and his spirits and strength having a little revived, nothing serious was apprehended till towards the evening, when he suddenly became alarmingly ill: and after a short but severe period of suffering, cheered by the consolations of the Gospel which he delighted to preach, he closed his eyes on this world, in the assured confidence that, through the mercy of his Redeemer, he would open them in the glory of the inheritance of the Saints.

Mr. Roach was, what his mental constitution indicated him to be, an affectionate husband and tender father; but delicacy to the feelings of the survivors, forbids us to withdraw the veil that hides from common observation the sanctities

of domestic life, or to describe the closing scene of severest earthly affliction, sanctified by the feelings of a holy and submissive piety. They were parted in tranquill resignation to the will of God, the hopes of the Gospel triumphing over the feelings of sorrowing humanity.

We bewail his loss. It will be difficult to fill his place, but there is something pleasing in the reflection, that he terminated his earthly labours on his Master's day, and in his Master's work.

Died, at Toronto, on Sunday last, (August 13,) in the 22nd year of his age, William R. Cline, son of William Cline, Esq., of Cornwall.

The untimely decease of this promising young man, in the midst of health, and buoyant with hope for the bright career that was opening before him, which nothing a few hours before-hand seemed likely to oppose, is but another verification of the saying so startlingly true, and yet so strangely unheeded, "that in the midst of life we are in death;" and reads a solemn lesson on the vanity of all human calculations. He had but lately come to Toronto to complete his studies for the Bar, with his relative, Mr. P. M. Vankoughnet, when, seized with the prevailing disease, he was hurried with fearful rapidity to an early tomb. One of three in his family, and the only son, of that amiable disposition which makes friends of strangers, innocent in his pursuits, and a strict lover of truth, affectionate and generous: he led a guileless life, and passed from the world like an infant in sleep. Gifted with no mean talents, of a ready apprehension, and of singularly correct judgment, he already commanded the attention of his professional superiors, and bid fair to occupy a position at the Bar, to which he was shortly about to be called, alike honourable to himself and creditable to his family.

Deprived now of the gratification of seeing him take his place there, let their bitter distress be soothed with the belief that he was not unfitted to appear at that *higher Bar*, to which he has thus quickly been summoned. The deceased had been a pupil of the Reverend Hugh Urquhart of Cornwall, and was afterwards for some time at Queen's College, Kingston, where he was distinguished as well for his classical attainments as for his superior conduct.—*Communicated. Toronto Church.*

In connection with the foregoing brief notice of the melancholy departure of one, who served the Lord from his youth up, we have to invite the attention of our readers to an extract from a Sermon, preached by the Rev. Hugh Urquhart of Cornwall, on the Sabbath subsequent to the receipt of the intelligence of the afflicting dispensation. Before, however, submitting it, we cannot refrain from offering a few observations on the progress of that mysterious pestilence, which has passed through our borders, and has caused the iron to enter deeply into the souls of many, as some cherished object of their affections sank beneath its fatal power. What a strange mysterious disease is this which has visited us! How forcibly does it remind us of the frailness of the tenure, which we mortals have of time! How emphatically does it proclaim to us the weakness of man! Today we may be rejoicing in our strength, to-morrow we may be but dust and ashes. Passing over the land, the disease now

seizes in its fatal grasp an aged warrior, who has fought the good fight, and like Simeon of old, full of years and ripe for the garner, is ready to go hence. Again the blow falls, and the strong man in the full vigour of manhood is the victim—again, the blow descends, and we are called upon to mourn, as in the affecting instance which it has become our melancholy duty now to chronicle, for the young man, just ripening into manhood, cast down in all the strength of youth, and flush of hope, just as the bud was swelling into bloom, and giving bright promise of rich blossoms. Yet in the bitterest cup of human sorrow are always mingled some grounds of consolation, and the bereaved relatives of one who served the Creator in the days of his youth, can turn from their disappointed earthly hopes, and as the visions of happiness which they had reared, fall crushed to dust by a sudden stroke, can lift their hearts upward, and exclaim with tearful resignation, "Not our will, but thine, O Lord, be done." The visitation of the Almighty hand, which has caused so many to weep, loudly urges upon all the necessity of self-examination. How important does this become, when the arrows of death fly thick around us. Secure in the knowledge that the love of Christ is in us, we can tranquilly await the progress of events with meek submission to the divine will. If called upon to mourn for those who were near and dear to us, and around whom the tendrils of our hearts were entwined, we know that the "meek and lowly one" was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" and we are encouraged to cling to the comforting words *He spake on the Mount of Olives*: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." In conclusion, we would implore the young to bethink themselves—to take a model from the godly youth whose untimely death has led us into these reflections, and serve the Lord in their early days, that their latter end may be peace; for, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

We now subjoin the extract with which we have been kindly favoured, in which we think we can perceive the trembling hand of a friend, fearful of permitting his feelings to betray the sacred functions of his holy office. His is no idle panegyric. He has written from the heart the language of truth and soberness. He was fully warranted in giving full flow to his feelings, for, making allowance for the imperfections of humanity, he could hardly in the present instance have overstepped the boundaries of strict propriety; and we confidently give our testimony to the accuracy and entire truthfulness of the portraiture it presents, of one whose death was, we firmly believe, "swallowed up in victory;" and who, there is every reason to trust, when the waters of Jordan rolled up about him, was enabled to