

prayer. The membership of the church is *pure*, and its spirit *loving*. I feel greatly cheered by the short experience I have had of labour in Aurora. My installation will take place as soon as possible, but I cannot state the day."

The Canadian brotherhood would be glad to hear occasionally from other members of the band of exiler. Some "shady-side" experiences perhaps could be told, and would be of service, for the above description is enough to make many of us pack up our carpet-bags and take the first train for the West.

Obituary Notice.

MR. JOHN ANDREW.

The subject of this notice, Mr. John Andrew, was born at Keith, Scotland, in 1805, and died at Guelph, February 20, 1866. He became a Christian and a member of a Congregational Church in early manhood, and continued to the close of life, holding fast his confidence in Christ, and clinging to the principles he had espoused. He emigrated to this country in 1842, and settled in Brockville, where he became a member of the Congregational Church under the pastorate of the Rev. Jas. Drummond. After residing in Brockville some nine years, he removed to Ouiseau on the Ottawa or Deep river, where he embarked unsuccessfully in the lumber trade. He ultimately gave up lumber-making and removed to Toronto, where after unsuccessfully trying the grocery business, he returned to his original trade, that of a tailor. In 1862 he removed to Guelph. His health was feeble for some years, and his last illness may be said to have commenced in June last. One Sabbath in July he seemed very near his end. He was however, in a measure restored for a time, but had a relapse in November which terminated fatally. Throughout his long sickness he was patient and submissive, though in the early part of it he greatly desired to be spared for a season for the sake of his family, that he might retrieve his financial circumstances, and that he might do something more for the cause of God. But the privilege of living to accomplish all that was in his heart was denied him, and when the will of God was manifest, he yielded without a murmur. In his dying experience there was nothing ecstatic or remarkable. There was a growing confidence in Christ, a visible increasing sense of the preciousness of the promises and invitations of the gospel—a gradual weaning from earth and ripening for heaven—and an earnestness of prayer that was renewed day by day, as the outward man perished. His end was emphatically *peace*. A quiet and apparently painless exit was given him. He was conscious to the last, and died calmly yet firmly resting on the Rock of Ages as his everlasting trust.

John Andrew was no common man. He was keenly intelligent, clear-sighted, well read, had an opinion of his own on all subjects, and could give a reason for it. His opinion too, was usually *right*. He was a man of large and liberal views, and abominated all that was mean, contracted and unjust. He was a red-hot reformer in politics and in every thing. The temperance and anti-slavery causes never had a warmer friend. Congregationalism never had a more earnest advocate. The last active labour in which he engaged was the sale of Wardlaw's book on Congregational Independency, republished in this country by Mr. Andrew Hamilton of Toronto. The appearance of this work greatly delighted him, and had he been spared, it was one of his cherished schemes of usefulness, to do what he could to secure for it a wide circulation. Yet he was no bigot, his soul was too large for that. With a conscientious and intelligent zeal for his own principles, he blended a hearty love to all Christ's people of every name. One or other of three pre-requisites would have enabled him to accomplish great things. Early mental culture would have made a minister or public character of him. With money at command he would have been a most princely giver. With health, he would have been an effective worker in some sphere. Well, he has all now, scope to work, and every requisite to work with; and, thankful for the legacy of his example and life-work, we bid him adieu till the great reunion day!

W. F. C.