

of a full and faithful report of speeches, etc., it was usual to say, "We must get young Bredin to do the work." Nor did his skill in this art desert him in Canada, for he was the first one to report fully for the newly established dailies the proceedings of Conference, while as Journal Secretary he had no peer in the beauty of his penmanship. But if we are to attempt description of his powers of pulpit oratory much thought is required, for his style and manner were unique, and his delivery peculiar in its steady, deliberate power. His diction was forcible and elegant, and to the purest Saxon language he united a keen, clear and concise mode of thought, and, though no idea was left undeveloped, yet no unnecessary word was used. His texts were never mere mottoes, which might be used "to point a moral or adorn a tale," but were always some fundamental truth of religion, affecting man's welfare in time and in eternity. His eloquence—for he was most eloquent—was of a clear, brilliant order, and grew to lightning vividness, *but never scorched*, for he was not emotional in his discourses. He appealed to the heart and conscience through the reason, and drove home the truths he spoke with unerring skill. Few orators have his power of interesting an audience, even when the subject might be trivial. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the gift of making common-place things and ideas seem delightful, for his imagination was of the finest and purest order, and out of it grew imagery that entranced, and thoughts that thrilled the soul with their grandeur. But while his descriptive eloquence was great, yet it was in direct appeal to the understanding and in absolute power of reason that his strongest nature shone. His whole soul poured out its treasure of experience, and the lofty intellect gave its full measure of wisdom, in thoughts that convinced and ideas that compelled belief. To listen to Dr. Bredin was always to be enlightened, and his words carried to his hearers conviction of his own belief and faith, and helped weak or wavering souls to regain strength and stability.

Personally, the Doctor was a man slightly above medium height, spare in habit, with a fair, florid complexion, shrewd, yet kindly blue eyes, over which the fine perceptive faculties were emphasized by well arched brows, which, with his hair and whiskers, were silvery white, giving him a most reverend appearance; and combining with simple dignity of carriage, suave, courteous manners, and exceptional neatness in dress, made a citizen whom all respected, and many regarded with strong affection.

His conversation was always most interesting, invariably inclined to philosophic habits of thought and expression. Slightly didactic, yet he was willing to receive a suggestion if reason pointed to it, and ever and always careful and deliberate in speech or action. Dr. Bredin was not only strong mentally, but physically was blessed with continuous good health and bodily strength up to the winter of 1890, when he was seized with la grippe, from which he never entirely recovered. Yet he was able to do more or less pulpit work till five or six weeks before his death, when erysipelas attacked him, from the effects of which he finally succumbed, and his labors and experience on earth were ended. He suffered little pain and met the last foe calmly, courageously, fully assured of victory through Him who loved him. And yet it was a singular departure, no transport of joy—as in his life, so in death—the emotional contracted by the mental, yet, when speechless, though fully conscious, when the writer quoted, "The Lord of hosts is with you, and the God of Jacob is your refuge!" he moved his head twice in assent; and so it was when asked, "Is Christ precious to you?" the same token of assent was given. In him there was no shrinking from the cold hand of death. He had the victory without its shout, the conquest without its song. "Sure the last end of the good man is peace."

"Summer dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire more soft."

He died on the 30th of May, and his remains were borne to Baltimore cemetery, near Cobourg, and interred beside those of wife and children who preceded him. Dr. Bredin was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Storm, of Toronto, whom the writer did not know, and who was the mother of nine children, five of whom lie with their parents in Baltimore cemetery. His second wife, who survives him, was the widow of Dr. Landon, of Farmersville, a devoted wife and mother, and an estimable Christian lady, whose life and character are beyond praise, whose gentle, kindly nature and simple goodness of heart have endeared her to all who know her and see her blameless life. She has one son. She was Dr. Bredin's faithful wife for nearly thirty years.