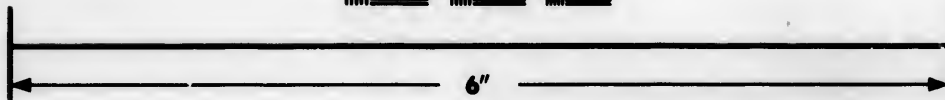
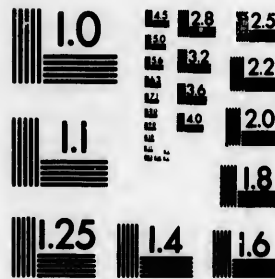


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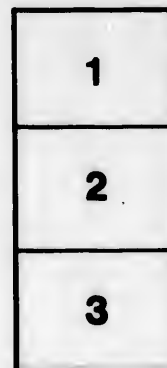
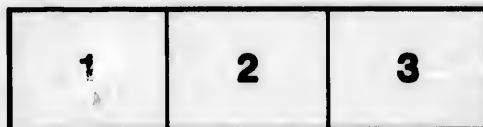
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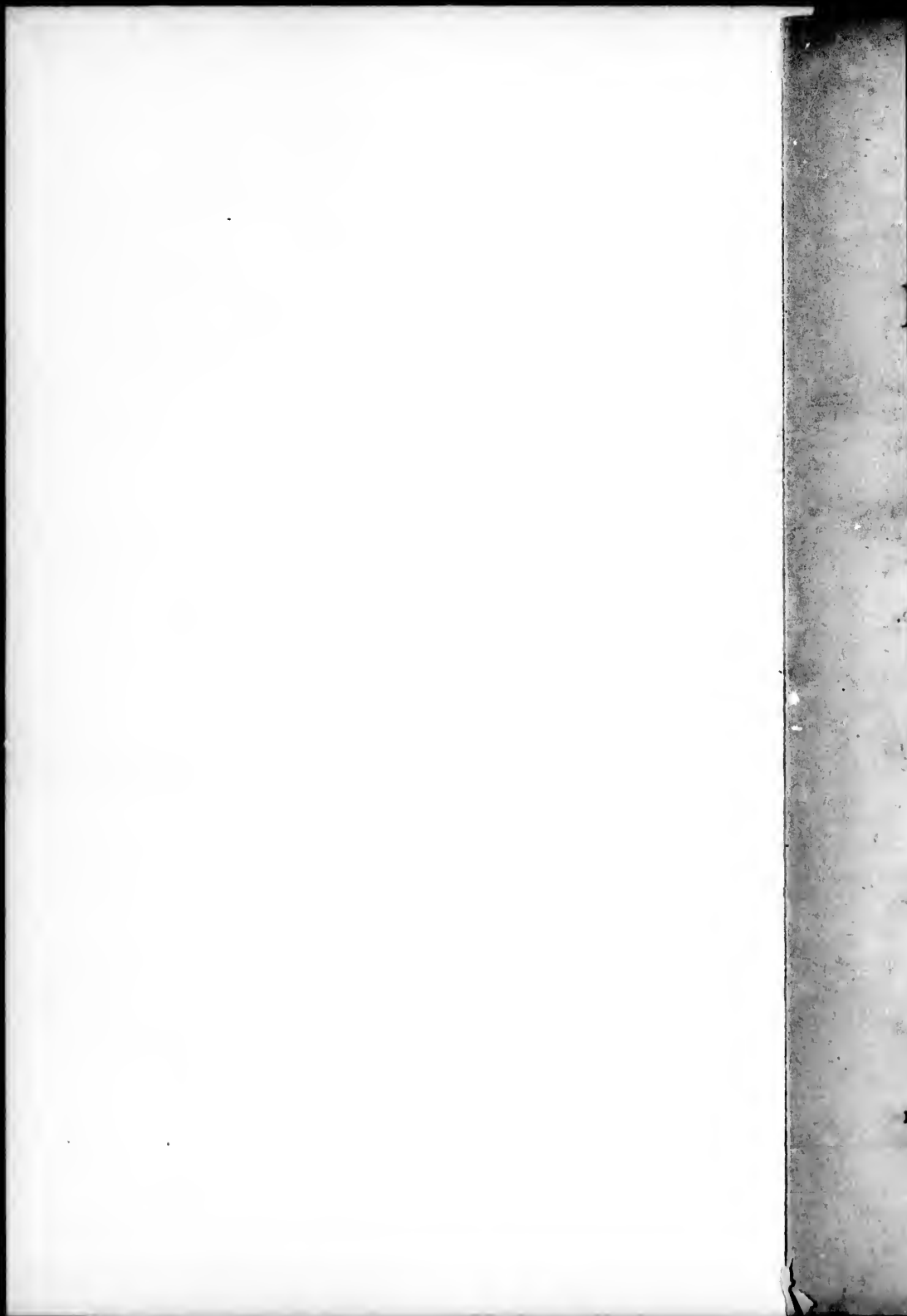
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MEMOIR

OF

MR. JOHN BEATTY,

WHO

Died at Port Robinson, C. W.,

15TH FEBRUARY, 1861,

LECTURED BY THE REV. JOHN B. FULLER, D.D., D.C.L.

BY

REV. T. B. FULLER, D.D., D.C.L.

...

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MEMOIR.

It is not supposed that the reader of the following pages will meet with any thing that may not be found far better told in the memoirs of Christian worthies, both of ancient and modern times ; but it is hoped that the simple records of the life of one *amongst ourselves*, who rose from a very humble condition to one of great usefulness, respectability, and comfort, may be beneficial to some in *our own country*.

The subject of the following memoir was born on the 15th of February, 1809, in the parish of Kilscherry, county of Tyrone, Ireland. His mother, who was a pious churchwoman, died whilst he was young, though not till after having taught him "those things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." On the death of his mother he was taken by his mother's sister, a Mrs. Henderson, who seems to have been a very excellent woman. His elder brother and only sister came to America and settled in New York ; and in the course of a few years they were followed by Mr. Henderson and his family, who brought young Beatty with them. His father consented to this separation on condition that, in case John did not find himself comfortable in America, his son, who remained with him in Ireland, should at the end of a year cross the Atlantic and bring him home again ; but before the year had elapsed the father was laid beside the

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mother in the parish church yard. Instead of sailing for New York, as the Beattys had done, Mr. Henderson's family sailed for Quebec; and there, three weeks after their arrival, young Beatty lost his excellent aunt, Mrs. Henderson. It was then, (as he often said in after life,) that he for the first time fully realized the loss of his mother,—his aunt having so well supplied her place.

On Mrs. Henderson's death the family left Quebec, intending to settle in Upper Canada; and young Beatty, then in his *thirteenth year*, not wishing to be a burden to Mr. Henderson, who had a large family of his own, hired himself to a farmer near Quebec, who sent him into his fields to weed turnips. Having finished a row, he was so overcome by a sense of his desolate condition, —a stranger in a strange land; without a relative or friend within hundreds of miles,—that he burst out into tears, and, feeling faint and weary, he lay down between the rows of turnips, and at last cried himself to sleep. On awaking, he thought of a beautiful hymn that had been taught him by his sainted mother or aunt, perhaps whilst standing at her knee; and knowing how to sing a little he sang it, and felt encouraged. He then set to work again, and whenever he felt during the day overcome by a sense of his lonely condition, he sang his hymn and worked on with renewed energy. It is as follows:—

THE STRANGER.

While sinners strive with ceaseless strife
To heap up earthly treasure,
The Christian strives each day to gain
Of grace a fuller measure.

On earth the pilgrim has no home,
 His work is toil and danger;
 But glory is his constant aim,
 Although on earth a stranger.

Though far from home his God is nigh,
 His smiles his hopes still raises;
 He is travelling on to worlds on high,
 To join the saints in praises.
 Though foes unite, and he is frail,—
 Beset all around with danger,—
 His guardian guide still reigns on high,
 And He will not leave the stranger.

Sometimes a sight his heart disturbs,
 And in his way he's weary,
 When sorrows press and strength is weak,
 And all around looks dreary.
 To Jesus then he turns his eyes,
 And views him in a manger,
 His sighs are hush'd, he's willing then
 To live on earth a stranger.

Like pilgrims then, we'll travel on,
 Nor murmur when we suffer;
 We'll go the way the prophets went,
 Although it was much rougher.
 The stormy road will lead us home,
 When freed from toil and danger
 We'll praise our God in endless song,
 And there will be no stranger.

He often said, that from the day he sang this hymn, and placed his implicit trust in God, he had been his unwavering friend, watching over, guiding, and helping him; and that whatsoever he put his hand to seemed to prosper.

Having received from the farmer near Quebec, his wages for the three months that he lived with him, amounting to six dollars, he made his way up to Lachine, in hopes of reaching New York, there to join his brother and sister. At Lachine, where he hired out at three dollars per month, he lived a year; and at the end of that time, hearing that the Hendersons had settled

near Lockport, N. Y., where public works were going on, he proceeded thither. Not being able to do heavy work, he engaged with one of the contractors at the Lockport locks, to carry water to his men whilst they were busy at their work. Here his wages were only \$7 per month, and out of that small sum he had to pay for his board and lodging; yet he worked on cheerfully, though barefooted, and suffering greatly from his feet being cut with the stones that abound there. In 1826, he came to this neighbourhood and obtained a similar situation under one of the contractors on the Welland canal, of the name of Hathaway. With him he remained a year, and then entered the service of Mr. John Donaldson, now of the Grand River, who at that time had a job on the canal. Mr. Donaldson, being struck with his intelligence, steadiness and attention to anything committed to him, placed him, at the early age of *seventeen*, as foreman over a party of men working for him. Here he saved a little money; and, before he was one and twenty, had become a small contractor on the canal. Having completed his contract, he was recommended by his old employer, Mr. Donaldson, to Mr. Merritt, who was desirous of obtaining a faithful and efficient person to fill an office of responsibility on the canal. Mr. Merritt at first had fears that young Beatty was not old enough to fill the situation; but on Mr. Donaldson's very strong recommendation, he gave him the situation on trial; and thus Mr. Beatty became an official on the Welland canal, and continued so to the day of his death, more than five and twenty years after-

wards. He always spoke in the very highest terms of Mr. Merritt's unwavering kindness; and said that he had ever been to him a true friend. During that long period he served the Welland Canal Company, and (after the sale of the canal) the government with a zeal and fidelity unsurpassed. His anxiety to discharge faithfully his public duties was often greater than his strength, for he was never a very robust man, and brought him to a comparatively speaking early grave. In the fall preceding his death his zeal led him to expose his valuable life far more than prudence dictated; and often was he engaged up and down the canal, when he ought to have been in his bed. And while he thus served his superiors, those placed under him were treated with all the care and tenderness of children. Many a tear trickled over the rough cheeks of those honest and hard working men who had laboured under him for years, when they at last were constrained to feel that they must loose "Johnny Beatty." Could prayers have saved him from the attack of death he would not now be lying in the dark and silent tomb: prayers offered up by high and low, by rich and poor, by Protestant and Roman Catholic alike.

I never heard an ill word spoken of our departed friend; and it was well said of him on the day after his death, by one who knew him intimately, when speaking of him to me: "No man ever died between these two lakes so universally regretted." This was high praise; and yet I think it was no more than what he justly deserved.

It is now more than eighteen years since I first

became acquainted with Mr. Beatty, and during that time I have noticed a steady growth in every thing that was of good report. He told his wife that he could not recollect the time when he did not love God; and that though "he had done many things which he ought not to have done, and had left undone many things which he ought to have done," yet it had been the end and aim of his whole life to serve God. He seems to have grown up from his baptismal birth as "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." And, surely, this is what we should *seek for all our children*, when we dedicate them as tender infants in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and pledge them to be wholly theirs. Nor is his case a singular one in the annals of this parish. My excellent friend, the late George Keefer, Esq., could look, with great *thankfulness, over upwards of seventy years, during which he had served with more or less faithfulness the very best of masters.* And in looking over my parish register, I find under the head of "remarks," the following entry: "About 7 o'clock of the evening of April 30th, 1849, the lightning struck the chimney of Mr. George Gardner's house, Port Robinson, descended by the stove pipe, breaking it in several places, overturned the stove, tore up the floor in some twenty places, broke a chair into three pieces, destroyed all the glass in the room, passed through a partition to a pantry, where pots and kettles were kept, broke several of them, passed into the shop, turned the counter out of its place, destroyed numerous things, and passed out at the window. In com-

ing down the stove pipe into the room, where the family, nine in number, were assembled, it prostrated them all; and in passing to the pantry it struck the oldest girl, aged eight, so that she died of the injury on the 3rd of May. Mr. Gardiner was obliged to keep his bed till the 7th of May; but thanks be to God none of the others were seriously injured"!!!—Lamentations, 3d ch. 22 vs. Catherine had been accustomed from her childhood to read her Bible; and when her mother was busy about her household duties she used to take the younger children up stairs, read the Bible to them, pray with them and teach them to pray. When struck by lightning and prostrated by the blow, she found her clothes on fire, and being unable to move or cry, she prayed to God (as she afterwards told her friends) to send some one to rescue her, which was immediately done. She told her mother, who doated on her, not to grieve, as she was going to her dear Saviour, and reasoned with her saying: "How graciously God had dealt with them, in taking her instead of her mother, without whom the other five children would be left helpless." Whenever she saw her mother approaching her couch of intense suffering she ceased moaning, as she perceived that it gave her great pain. Persons who had good opportunities of knowing her, told me that she had from her infancy—from her baptismal birth—appeared different from most other children, that she seemed too heavenly for earth, and was always noted for being a very good child.

That there are not many more such children is to be attributed to the failure of parents and spon-

sors in regard to the discharge of their important duties. And here I think it well to introduce a very admirable illustration, which I have met with in the works of that very able living writer and preacher, the Reverend Henry Melville, B.D., of the blessing that may be anticipated by parents and sponsors, who will, in dependence on God's assistance, endeavour to discharge their duties to the children, whom they have dedicated to God's service. Speaking of the absolute necessity for nourishing and cherishing by the use of the appointed means, the life that is begun in baptism, Mr. Mellville says—"We believe, in accordance with the doctrine of our church, a doctrine of whose agreement with scripture we are thoroughly persuaded, that every baptized person has entered, in virtue of his baptism, on a condition so different from his natural, become entitled to such privileges, and endowed with such grace, that he may be described as regenerate, or born again from above. He may fail to be finally advantaged by this adoption into God's visible family. He may not be trained up as a member of that family should be trained; there may be no attempt at making use of his privileges, none at acquiring or cherishing the dispositions which should characterize God's children, none at consolidating or perpetuating that membership which was derived to him by his initiation into the church. But this is only saying, that, having been made a child of God, he may fail at last to be an heir of the kingdom, through failing to conform himself to the known will, and improve the offered mercies of his Father in heaven. Let us

pause for a moment, and endeavour to explain how it comes to pass that there is so little visible efficacy in the sacrament of baptism. We would illustrate this from the account of the restoration of the daughter of Jairus; Christ raised her from the dead by miracle, but immediately commanded that means should be used for sustaining the life thus supernaturally communicated. 'And her life came again, and He straightway commanded to give her meat.' By command of the great Physician were children sprinkled with the waters of baptism, and thus made members of His church and heirs of His kingdom. *There* was a miracle—the child of wrath became a child of God, the guilt of original sin was removed, and a right acquired to all those gracious privileges through which, diligently used, the life may be preserved which is imparted in baptism. We believe of these baptized children, that, had they died ere they were old enough to be morally accountable, they would have been admitted into heaven, and therefore do we also believe that they passed, at baptism, from death unto life, so that in their case, baptism was instrumental to the recovery of the immortality forfeited in Adam. But when Christ had thus wrought a miracle, wrought it through the energies of the spirit brooding on the waters, He issued the *same command* as to Jairus, and desired that *meat should be given to those whom He had quickened*. So long as the children were too young to take care of themselves, this command implied that their parents or guardians were to be diligent in instilling into their minds the principles of righteousness, instructing them

as to the vows which had been made, and the privileges to which they had been admitted at baptism. So soon as the children had reached riper years, the command implied that they should use, with all earnestness, the appointed means of grace; and especially that they should feed, through the receiving of another sacrament, on that body and blood which are the sustenance of a lost world. And we quite believe, that whensoever *the command is faithfully obeyed*, the life communicated in baptism, will be preserved as the infant advances in maturity; but unhappily, in a majority of instances the command is altogether disobeyed. Even religious parents are often to blame in this matter, for, not duly mindful of the virtues of baptism, *they address their children as though they were heathens, in place of admonishing them as members of Christ, to take heed how they let slip the grace they received.*

“When, therefore, we are told that notwithstanding the use of the sacrament of baptism, the great mass of men have evidently undergone no renewal of nature; and when it is argued from this that there cannot necessarily be any regeneration in baptism, our answer is simply, that *God works by means as well as miracles*; the means are to sustain what miracle implants, and that, therefore, the same appearance will be finally presented, if means be neglected, as if a miracle were not wrought.”—Sermons by Rev. R. H. Mellvill, B.D., vol. II., p. 240, 242.

I would apologise for this long article from Mr. Mellvill's writings, did I not think it well calculated to throw much light on a doc-

trine of our church, and one which has been much confounded by modern dissenters with the terms "conversion" and "renovation."—Our church teaches most emphatically, (and her ministers cannot too often enforce that solemn teaching,) that "we are saved by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Following in the steps of her Divine Head, who tells us, that "except we be born of water and of the spirit, we cannot enter the kingdom of God." She dares not "put asunder what God had joined together"; but whilst she teaches her children, that in holy baptism they are "made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven," she, at the same time and place, teaches them, that it is "by God's help" alone that they can "believe and do, as their godfathers and godmothers promised for them;" and that having been "called to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour," they are bound to "pray unto God to give them his grace, that they may continue in the same unto their life's end." This was Mr. Beatty's feeling, and it was one which he carried out into practice. He felt that though God had mercifully bestowed upon him most inestimable blessings, it was his bounden duty to nourish and cherish whatever graces God had vouchsafed him. Accordingly he was faithful in the use of the means of grace, diligent in the use of private family and public prayer, in the reading of God's word, and of that book which he esteemed as second only to the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and in partaking of the chris-

tian's highest privilege and richest means of grace, the blessed sacrament of Christ's body broken, and his blood shed for him. He was one of those sensible men, who felt that as his body needed its daily food, so did his soul require to be strengthened and refreshed by the due use of the means of grace God had put within his reach.

Mr. Beatty's whole life seemed to me to be a "growth in grace," "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." He never thought that "he had attained, or was perfect," but "this one thing he did, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which were before, he pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And all the dispensations of God's providence seemed to work together for his soul's good. In referring to my parish register, I find that I have buried four children and the first wife of my departed friend and brother. These afflictions (as he assured me on his death-bed) were mercies in disguise. For though he had been growing in grace from his childhood, "first the blade, then the ear," it was the loss of his wife and children and especially of his darling eldest daughter, (the apple of his eye,) that through God's grace brought forth "the full corn in the ear." The loss of her who had died a most peaceful happy death, was his heaviest trial, as he assured me the Monday before he died; but then it was, as he told me at the same time, his greatest spiritual blessing. He had leaned much on this darling child, who was a young creature of great promise; but when she

was taken from him to a better world, he was mercifully led to lean more entirely on "the rock of ages," which he felt assured would never be taken from him. From that time forth we find him more constant even than he had been before in the use of the means of grace; a more devout worshipper in God's house, a more earnest student of the Bible and of the Prayer-book; the zealous promoter of every good work in the congregation of St. Paul's church; the efficient churchwarden; the faithful painstaking superintendent of our Sunday school; and the regular and humble, yet faithful participant in the highest ordinance of the christian religion, the blessed sacrament of the Lord's supper. Soon after that time he placed in my hands a sum of money, and requested me to procure for the communion-table suitable "fine linen," and proper vessels for the due administration of the Lord's Supper. Next year, feeling that a good bell in the tower of the church would tend, with God's blessing, to insure a better attendance on the ordinances of our holy religion, he undertook to raise funds for the purchase of the excellent bell, whose music was always most delightful to his ear; and though the funds he raised amongst his fellow-parishioners and friends, fell short of the cost of a good bell, he yet requested me to order as heavy a one as the tower could bear, and he paid the balance out of his own pocket, in addition to his own handsome subscription. In the last good work undertaken by the congregation, the erection of an excellent shed, he took a deep interest, although he never expected to put a horse or car-

riage in it, living, as he did, within a stone's throw thereof; but he hoped that it would secure a better attendance on the ordinances of religion of those living at a distance. He took upon himself the special duty of seeing that the stall for my horse and carriage was fitted up for their reception. He laboured at the ground approaching to it with his own hands, the last manual labour he ever performed; he had a rack fitted up and a chamber over it for hay, and hay provided for my horse; and after he was taken sick he told me that his purpose had been to have it enclosed with doors. He was most faithful in the discharge of his duties, as the superintendent of our Sunday School, though always diffident of his abilities adequately to discharge its important duties. Mrs. Beatty tells me that nothing could detain him at home after the bell calling the teachers and children to Sunday-school had ceased ringing. During his illness he was always glad to see his beloved Sunday-school children, and when they called to see him he never failed to give them good advice, and to encourage them to do what God required from them. He had a peculiar care for those children, for whom he had stood sponsor at the baptismal font, gave them special advice, and offered up special prayers for their soul's health. He presented each of them with a *Prayer-book*, as the most appropriate memento of his regard for them.

At the beginning of his sickness, he had his suspicions that it was to be for death; but that did not alarm him in the least. He felt confident that his gracious God and Saviour would do what

would be for the best, and with that he trusted he could be perfectly content. He felt it to be his duty to use what means God placed within his reach to preserve his valuable life, though he had little confidence that the attempt would be successful; and accordingly he called in his family physician, strictly followed his advice, except, perhaps, when his zeal for the discharge of his public duties carried him out at a time when he ought to have been in his bed. Soon after he was confined to the house I spoke to him about making his will. He had made one some years before, but the altered circumstances of his family, having attained to comparative affluence, rendered it necessary for him to make another. When he had, in accordance with my suggestions, settled his worldly business, he felt relieved of a heavy burden and was much more able to give his undivided attention to better things than those of this world. As his spiritual adviser, I had little to do during the last illness of this good man but to help him on to heaven. I often thought that I derived more benefit from my visits to his sick room than I imparted; and this was also the feeling of my excellent friend and brother, the Rev. J. Stannage, who kindly took charge of my sick during a fortnight's absence in January last. He had for years been preparing for the approach of death, and he was found ready, when his last sickness came upon him. His confidence was well placed; for it was on the rock, Jesus Christ. He felt that, whilst he had no merits of his own, on which he could rely, he could yet trust with unwavering confidence to the rich merits of Christ for the salvation of his soul.

When all hopes of his recovering were abandoned, I remarked to him one day that his task was not yet finished; that though he had done many a good day's work in his life—yet he could do a *better* work than perhaps he had ever yet performed. He expressed some surprise at my remark; but, when I told him that he might do great good to the numbers, who came to visit him from all parts, by testifying to them the value of the Gospel—that five words spoken from his bed of death, would, with God's blessing, be of more worth than a hundred words spoken from the pulpit, he seemed pleased that he could yet do some good, and he promised to act upon my suggestion; and scores, whom he addressed in regard to their soul's salvation, can testify how faithfully he discharged this duty. It is to be hoped that they will treasure up in their inmost soul, those words spoken by him from the bottom of a loving heart; and, when no eye sees them but that of God, let them be encouraged to do, as he exhorted them to do. Let them frequently think of that peaceful, happy, rejoicing christian, addressing them from his bed of death; and let them resolve that they will repent them of their sins past, close with the gracious offer of acceptance through the merits of their crucified Redeemer; enter into a covenant with him never to be broken, and strive for the future to serve God in the Gospel of His dear Son. Let them faithfully use the means of grace placed within their reach, as he used them; and, though they shall see him no more on earth, they will see him at God's right hand in the highest heavens.

Seldom is it the privilege of the ministers of God to meet with a more heavenly minded christian character than was exhibited by our departed friend and brother. I was told by one of my parishioners last winter, that a friend of Mr. Beatty, who does not belong to our communion expressed himself to her as very much struck with this peculiarity in his friend. It was very striking and very lovely. One of his friends speaking to him of his many afflictions, he replied with a beautiful smile, "I have no afflictions; they are all **MERCIES.**" On one occasion when a person passed on the verandah towards which his bed-room looked he asked his sister-in-law if it was the doctor; on her answering that it was not, he remarked that he had not been in for some days; but that "no earthly physician could do him any good." He then continued, "There is balm in Gilead, a physician there: *that* is the physician, who has done more for me than any earthly physician ever could." "He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay; and set my feet upon the rock and ordered my goings." Yes! repeating the words with a sweet smile, "he has set my feet upon a rock and ordered my goings!" uttering the word rock with great emphasis. Mrs. Beatty says that she was often struck by the remarkable language in which he expressed himself on religious subjects, knowing that his early education had been very deficient; that his expressions when giving utterance to his feelings on such subjects were far above his ordinary mode of expression, and showed a clearness, force and vivacity, that he did not exhibit at other times. I can

account for this only in the way in which a churchman once answered a dissenter who expressed his surprise at the beauty of the language, in which churchmen, when they pray extemporaneously, clothe their feelings. He remarked that they drew this from the inimitable language of the Prayer-book, which they generally used. So I can account for the beauty of the language employed by Mr. Beatty, when speaking on religious subjects, only by attributing it to his great acquaintance with his Bible and his Prayer-book. Being much surprised at the uncommon readiness with which he quoted scripture, I remarked to him one day not long before he died,—you seem to be well acquainted with God's word! "Yes," said he, hardly able to speak plainly, "I think I know it all from the beginning of"—and not being able to complete his sentence, I said "from the beginning of Genesis?" "Oh no," replied he, "that is too hard for me; but from the beginning of St. Matthew's Gospel to the end of Revelations." And when using the Prayer-book in his sick room I found him as well acquainted with it, as he was with his Bible. This knowledge was more remarkable, inasmuch as it was obtained in the evenings after being out on the canal all day, and on Sundays. From these inimitable books he drew spiritual food day by day. From these he learned to live, and from these he learned to die. He asked one of his friends one day, "if she knew the way to come to God with acceptance?" and, on being asked what he thought the best way, he replied, "you should go to the root of the matter: you should go back, as far as your memory will

carry you, and overhaul all your sins that you can recollect, and confess them before God ; and ask him, for Christ's sake to forgive you them, and if you thus carry them before God you will succeed."

Speaking to his sister-in-law on one occasion, in reference to his son and his daughter, whom he felt that he should soon be called to leave, he said, that he had no fears on their account, that he firmly believed that the gracious God, who had watched over and taken such care of him all his life long, would care for them, and that therefore, he could resign them into His hands with implicit confidence. On a Sunday, soon after he was confined to the house, one of his family noticing that he could eat nothing at breakfast or dinner, prepared a little corn cake, of which he was particularly fond, in hopes of inducing him to take something at tea. Perceiving it, he asked Mrs. Beatty what it was, and whether it had been baked that day. On her replying that it was only a little corn cake that had been prepared for him, as they had seen that he had eaten nothing, he replied, that it looked very *tempting* ; but that he could not relish it ; that he had not to his knowledge ever eaten any bread baked on the Sabbath day, and that he certainly should not begin to do so then.

On my return home, after an absence of a fortnight in January last, attending Missionary meetings in the county of Simcoe, I went to see him, and he warmly expressed his gratitude to Almighty God for having spared him to see his beloved parson once more in the flesh ; and on that occasion he used an expression, which he often repeated

—that if he “had ten thousand worlds in his gift he would gladly part with them for the unspeakable happiness he was privileged to enjoy on his bed of death.” His manner was very remarkable, and will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. He often appeared lifted up above the world, and with a radiant smile upon his countenance gave expression of thankfulness to God for the unspeakable gift of His dear Son; referring especially to him as “*the Rock of ages* ;” which expression he never repeated without a smile of heartfelt thankfulness. On the Monday before his death I had a long conversation with him; and on my enumerating the fruits of the spirit to him, as given by St. Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, and questioning him as to the possession of each, he answered me with a sweet smile “Yes, I trust that I have this: love, yes, love to God, and love to my fellow creatures too. Joy, yes; joy in the Holy Ghost: thank God, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Peace, yes; a peace which passeth understanding: such as this world can neither give nor take away;” and so on. His love for his fellow creatures was strikingly manifest during his whole sickness. His heart appeared to yearn for their salvation; and any thing which he could do for them, he readily did. I have mentioned how he acted on my suggestion, to speak to those who visited him of the blessings he enjoyed on his bed of death; and how he urged them to seek the same unspeakable blessing. I must add that in order to do this, for some of his friends, he sent long distances, sometimes twenty miles, to bring to his house.

On the Sunday before his death I administered to him, his family, and a few friends the blessed sacrament of the Lord's supper; and truly it was to him and others a heavenly feast, a spiritual banquet. He appeared much refreshed thereby; and on my leaving, expressed to me his gratitude for the unspeakable privilege afforded him. I scarcely ever left his sick bed without his expressing thankfulness for my poor services, and he generally offered up a prayer, that God's blessing might rest upon me and my ministry. Mrs. Beatty tells me that his habit on communion Sundays was to spend some time in his chamber in private prayer, both before and after the reception of the Holy Communion. A fortnight before his own funeral his friend Mrs. Timms, whom he had known and respected for upwards of thirty years, and who, like him, died a most happy triumphant death, was buried. They had walked together to God's house the last time either of them were there alive; and he was anxious to see her remains pass his house on their way to their last earthly resting place. He accordingly was removed from his bed room, and propped up in a bed, so that he could see the funeral pass, perfectly assured that ere long he should follow her and meet her there, where they would be parted no more. He sometimes expressed to me a wish to "depart and be for ever present with his Lord;" but on being reminded that he must "wait the Lord's leisure," he would remark with a sweet smile, "Oh yes! He knows best." The last time I saw him alive was on Ash-Wednesday, after divine service. Feeling that his end

was nigh, I questioned him as to his faith; and found that it had not been shaken in the least; that the great enemy of his soul had not been permitted to gain any advantage over him; but that he could rely implicitly and most joyfully on his beloved "Rock." His end was in full keeping with his life. As his friends saw his death approaching his children were called in; and on his son kneeling at his bed side, by his directions, he laid his hand on his head and gave him his paternal blessing. One of his friends then offering up a short prayer, he joined earnestly in it; and while those present sang Bishop Kean's beautiful evening hymn, he united with them in singing the first two verses. During the third verse his voice failed to give expression to his feelings; but after it failed his lips still moved, and when they too ceased, he turned his eye upwards as to heaven; and with a beautiful smile on his countenance, slept so sweetly away, that his friends, though watching him most closely, hardly knew when his spirit took its flight from the body.

Thus lived and thus died, on the fifty-second anniversary of his birthday, one, of whom a friend who was present at his death-bed, and who belongs not to our communion, said: "If ever a man died a happy, peaceful, Christian death, that man was John Beatty."

It only remains for me, to express the earnest hope, that those who read this memoir, may be led to strive, through God's grace, to live as he lived, and then most assuredly they may hope to die as he died.

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