

regretted by Officers and Men of the force of which he had been for some time a member, as also by a large circle of friends and acquaintances in his native land. In his early death we have another loud call to "set our house in order." In the midst of life we are in death.

"Our time is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh,
The moment that our lives begin,
We all begin to die."



We cannot forbear to append to this little Memoir the noble old Chant of "Mother dear, Jerusalem," not only because of its suitability to the subject, but because Annie McIntosh loved it above all other hymns and never wearied of repeating it.

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt or any sore;
There is no death or ugly sight,
But life for evermore.

No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No dull nor darksome night;