

On Wednesday, 19th February, he was laid upon a sick-bed under inflammation of the bowels and an affection of the liver. Neither his medical adviser nor his family anticipated a fatal issue of the trouble, although the impression had taken hold of his own mind that he would not recover. In his sickness he was resigned to the Divine will, frequently saying in conversation with his family and friends, and in letters sent to his brothers and sisters, that if spared he was willing to remain, if called away he was willing to depart, and that when the Lord's work by him was done, he would take him to himself. For some time he suffered considerably, but when his sufferings were greatest, he would reply to those who were expressing their sympathy with him, "God is good in the sending of pain as well as in the removing of it." Often did he put up the petition, "My God have mercy upon me," the language of distress and felt unworthiness, appropriate to the saint even when he is passing from grace into glory, as well as to the sinner," when the anguish of conviction has taken hold upon him; and the last words he was heard to utter were "My God," the beginning of the same petition, but it was answered before he could finish it. God took him to himself, away from pain and sickness, and infirmity. He breathed his last, gently falling asleep in Jesus, in the presence of his weeping widow and children, after an illness of four weeks. On the Friday following his death, his body was laid in the Union Cemetery at Guelph, to rest in the grave till Christ comes in the power and glory of the resurrection morn.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day."

He has gone to the grave. His eyes are closed in the long sleep of death. Affection weeps over the wound which marks the spot where his ashes slumber. But he, being dead, yet speaketh; to friends he calls "weep not for me, prepare to follow." To saints, "Do with all your might whatsoever your hand findeth, for there is no work nor wisdom in the grave." To those in the ministry, "Be instant in season, and out of season, that you may finish your course with joy, and the ministry you have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Mr. Holmes was a kind husband and father. As a minister of the Word he was bold, earnest, searching and instructive in his preaching not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God. He was of a meek and inoffensive spirit; patient in trouble, faithful in friendship, given to hospitality.

He was married on 13th October, 1846, to Miss Sarah McIlwaine, of Strabane, Ireland, who died 7th November 1858. On 6th October 1863, he married Sarah Lundy, of the township of Chinguacousy, Canada. Six children, all the issue of the first marriage, and his widow, remain to mourn his loss.

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