

conflict with the equally settled and conscientious convictions of others who disagreed with him. But no one ever found him other than a magnanimous and chivalrous opponent, and there were few who did not admire the man and the gentleman in the knight with whom they tilted in the lists.

The severest wrench to his life came in 1852, when, his own sun now approaching the west, his wife fell under Death's sickle. For his remaining seventeen years his heart responded to the winds of life as the pensive strings of an Aeolian harp to the breezes that sigh through them, so keenly did he feel the "bitter constraint and sad occasion dear." But even now he found solace in the tender care of his dutiful son and daughter-in-law, and in the dawning and developing intelligence of his growing grandchildren.

In the trees around his window, that opened to the sun and the air and a wide commanding view, the robins were piping their welcome to the spring one May morning in 1869, when the soul of John Gilmour went to hear another song that welcomed him to his Father's home. His body was buried in the cemetery at Peterborough, and it still lies where it was laid to rest. And the red leaves fall quietly on his grave every autumn and the green buds of hope shoot forth every spring on the trees that shade it, until that great consummation comes for which every soul longs that has a desire after holiness.

While the incidents of Mr. Gilmour's outward life were interesting because of their variety, those of his spiritual life were not less so. Few people who saw his calm and even bearing would imagine that he gained all his victories at the point of the sword. But up to the very end he had to war a constant warfare. Personally he was determined, prompt, reliable, high spirited and courageous. He had a keen sense of honor and great intensity. What he could not do with all his heart he left alone. He was a hard student, and his reading was varied and thorough. He had great buoyancy of spirits and yet, at the same time, a strain of Shakespearian melancholy. He was a gentleman in all his instincts, and had distinguished manners and an attractive appearance. These combined qualities gave him great influence with men of superior tastes and intellect. He had also what, for want of a better name, we call personal