

As as Elder Mr D. will be long remembered for the spirituality of his conversation and for his efforts to do good as he had opportunity. He walked with God and was faithful in his warnings and exhortations particularly to the young to choose the better part. He was particularly attentive in the house of mourning. Here he showed himself a son of consolation. His unaffected kindness and sympathy—his scriptural exhortations and directions—and his fervency in prayer, in which he possessed a gift rarely equalled, often, often during those sixty years of service, cheered the dying and soothed the sorrows of the bereaved. The ministers with whom he successively served, all found him a zealous helper and faithful co-worker and often had reason to rejoice in him as an Aaron or a Hur to hold up the hands ready to sink under the weight of ministerial toil. And when the congregation to which he belonged was vacant, he regularly visited pastorally the families in the section in which he resided, advising, exhorting and praying with them.

In him was fulfilled the promise, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing." It was not the writer's privilege to know him in the days of his strength, but scarcely ever has he known a finer specimen of a christian old age. Were we to assert that he had been free from the faults of youth—that he had attained his position without many struggles and without any falls, he would have been the first to reprove us as using improper flattery. But we know that during these later years of his life, he exhibited a picture of ripened christian character described by our Saviour as "the full corn in the ear." (Mark iv. 28.) With few bodily infirmities, with much of that personal beauty, which sometimes marks the aged—his was emphatically what the scriptures call "a good old age." His memory was stored with incidents of the past, and it was his delight to tell of the first generation of ministers and private christians in the County of Picton. From his conversation his pastor was led to prepare the memoir of Dr. McGregor, and to no man was he more indebted in the preparation of that work than to Mr. D.—His activity in the service of his Master continued to the last. He continued his visits to the house of affliction till the commencement of his last illness. The Sabbath school (which is intermitted in winter) he attended till its close last autumn, and during the last summer declared his intention of continuing to attend it as long as he was able. The prayer-meeting in his neighbourhood, which with various interruptions, he had maintained for half a century, he attended to the last, and took part in the exercises of the last meeting before his death. And never did we hear from him more pointed, more

appropriate, and more earnest prayers, than during the present winter. Though for some time his faculties were so impaired, that he often did not recognize old friends, yet such was the weight of his christian character—such the ripeness of his christian spirit—such the spirituality of his daily converse, indicating one on the verge of heaven—all rendered more impressive by his venerable appearance—and such the universal respect that he had won by a long life of consistency and usefulness—and such the influence which he thus exercised for good that we believe that at the time of his death, viewing him, even in this light alone, there was not a more useful man in the community.

The disease which ultimately proved fatal commenced some weeks before his death. But for some time it excited no alarm, so that he was able to join in the communion in Salem Church on the 22nd March. This was the last time he was permitted to attend the sanctuary. Having, however, one day near the commencement of his sickness fallen asleep on his chair, he awoke saying that he had had a very pleasant dream—that he thought he was dead and going to heaven and that Dr. McGregor and Dr. McCulloch were coming to meet him. Was it all a dream? May not the veil that conceals the future world be lifted from before the eyes of God's servants as they draw near. Certain it is that just such dreams are sometimes vouchsafed to them, when near the end of their journey, though they may be at the time in good health. For only a few days was he dangerously ill, and during the most of that time his speech was affected so that he could not communicate freely. But he could tell enough to show that the Saviour was with him to the end, and that the promises of God's word were his unfailling support. During the last few hours his sufferings were very severe—the strong constitution yielding to the last foe only after a painful struggle; but the uplifted hand, and the words which could be occasionally heard, such as "heavenly father" "O for patience" "Christ's kingdom" told that his mind was in earnest prayer. Thus he passed away on the 27th April in the 89th year of his age, leaving a memory which will long be fragrant wherever he was known. On the day following his decease devout men carried him to his burial, and though the notice was short and the roads scarcely passable, yet scarcely ever in the country have we seen so large a funeral. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."