

whom, and in their "Sabbath Morning Fellowship Meeting" and "Association," he was profoundly interested, often taking part in both. In connection with the latter he delivered numerous addresses, which were re-delivered—in many cases at much personal inconvenience—to similar Associations in different congregations of our Church, as well as to Societies of a more general kind all over the country.

It is needless to say almost anything more regarding Lord Ardmillan to those who knew him; and it is almost impossible to convey to those who did not know him anything like an idea of what the man really was in his daily life and conversation.

The elastic step, the cordial greeting, the cheerful voice, the warm hand-grasp, the genial face, the pure and elevated tone, who can describe? In all his feelings and sympathies he was youthful to the last—bright and humorous in due season—calm and impressive when circumstances or the subject in hand made this suitable—and always reliable—a man who never deceived or disappointed—the same at all times—a true and priceless friend.

He was so full of life and all its activities, that when it became known he was laid aside by an illness of which the issue was inevitably fatal, surprise and sorrow alike possessed all who knew him. To himself, no doubt, the surprise was great also, for the eye was not dim nor the natural force abated, and his happy and loving spirit had many ties to this life.

But there was no surprise arising from unreadiness; and to a friend who, in speaking of his favorite Twenty-third Psalm, quoted the words of the fourth verse, he said very beautifully,—“There is no shadow of death to me except the parting from wife and bairns and friends.” Early in his illness he had gently but firmly said, “My feet are on the Rock; I trust all to the Lord Jesus.”

For some weeks after he was laid aside he was able to receive many friends in his library, and was specially cheered by the visits, besides those of his pastor and friend Mr. Whyte, of ministers of his own and other Churches. Latterly he could only see one or two of his older and closer friends, of whom I shall ever regard it as one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been among the number.

To a man of his humility and meekness, it would have been distasteful that all the incidents of these closing days of much suffering borne with unshaken patience, and of growing weakness, should be unduly paraded. And yet no man would have been happier than he, had he thought that his experience of the preciousness of Christ in a dying hour could be made useful to comfort or encourage others.