

delicate, and ardent devotion to his scientific and professional pursuits, conspired to invite and hasten the inroads of disease; but, unwilling to abandon his cherished fields of usefulness and study, he held out to the last, and worked until the night had come. He then resigned himself meekly to the will of God. His sufferings at times were very severe; but he bore them with resignation; and his end was peace. He was a member of the Church of England; and was cheered by the prayers of its Priests, and received at their hands the Holy Communion shortly before his last hour came. He leaves behind him a young wife, to whom he had been married scarcely a year, and an infant daughter. It were vain in us to attempt to console them under their sad bereavement. But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The husband and the father is not lost, but gone before. He cannot return to us; but if we strive, and watch and pray, we shall assuredly go to him :—

“ 'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

“ Then pass ye mourners cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.”

Dr. Barnston's remains were interred on the Monday following his decease. The Principal, many of the Professors and Students of McGill College, the Dean and a large number of the Medical Faculty, and a great concourse of friends, followed him to the grave. He sleeps in a quiet nook in our new Cemetery—on the side of that Mountain he has so often traversed, in order to get fresh specimens of plants and flowers, to illustrate and adorn the science he loved so well.

A. N. R.

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