

his long life in the death of his youngest son, Donald, in whom inhered many of his own best qualities—intellectual and spiritual. In the midst of this grief he applied to himself the words he so often quoted those of his flock in sorrow,—

“ Take comfort Christians when your friends  
In Jesus fall asleep  
Their better being never ends;  
Why then dejected weep?”

The years rolled past, the evening shadows began to fall, and as they lengthened, he felt the necessity for retirement from active duties. In 1872, he resigned and became pastor emeritus. Soon afterward he removed to Ingersoll, where the evening of life was bright and calm for twelve years. In 1884 he was gathered to his fathers. His life was action; his death was peace; his last message to family and flock was triumph,—“Neither death, nor life—can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord.”

As this dying message fell from his lips,

“ God’s finger touched him and he slept.”