

richly fruitful in results; from which church, however, he ultimately withdrew, and formed no other church connection until some four years ago. About that time he began to attend occasionally, with his family, at the Presbyterian mission, Davenport Road. But since the opening of the new church building on Avenue Road, so long as his health permitted, his attendance here was regular, reverent, worshipful and generous. With the teaching from this pulpit and the method of conducting services, he often expressed himself as being in fullest accord. He, however, withheld himself from official connection, feeling that his failing health would not permit him to discharge such duties in the congregation as might reasonably be expected of him, should he so do; and delicately shrinking from making any statement regarding himself which might require to be made public.

His business, his home, his social life, his life in the service of the Master, were all alike marked by one striking feature—*fidelity*. As an affectionate husband and father, a loving brother, a consistent Christian, and a considerate friend, his Christian light shone for over 57 years in undimmed brightness. No shadow ever darkened the home, no harsh or unkind word ever passed the lips of him who lived to make it happy. Nothing but most pleasing memories hallow the associations that cluster around every step of his every walk in life. Of him it may be truly said: "The memory of the just is blessed."

For over three years he suffered from increasing bodily infirmity, though he shrank from naming it, even to the near circle of his loved ones, lest he should thereby give them pain. The summons came at last suddenly, and, in its form at least, unexpectedly. The loved and devoted