

needed, so that the partial loss of sight caused him but very little trouble or inconvenience.

The last sickness came in February, 1901. Having contracted a severe cold on Monday, February 18th he still persisted in going his usual rounds. On Tuesday, a bitterly cold wind was blowing, but he drove into the country, returning thoroughly chilled. During the afternoon he was weak and ill, and lay on the couch. Early in the evening he retired, and from that time kept his bed. There appeared to be but little change in his condition for two or three days, but he did not regain his strength, and could take but little nourishment. Dr. Digby was called in on Thursday, and ministered to him with the greatest care till the end. A decided change for the worse took place on Saturday, and it was apparent that the end was not far off. The doctor pronounced the trouble inflammation of the lungs, and the disease had evidently reached the acute stage. He was not a good patient. He had never placed himself unreservedly in the power of any one, had always been accustomed to have his own way, and to act upon his own judgment, and the ruling passion was strong till the last. Realizing that the hand of death was upon him, his attendants ceased giving remedies—nothing but stimulants or food was administered.

In response to his request, the members of the family living at a distance gathered at the home, and remained near by, until the end came. He had a kindly word for each of them, and appeared