

## THE OLD LOYALIST

Their frequent visits to the Clinton home, of which Gertrude was the beautiful, genial mistress, continued to be the custom, as it ever had been in the past, and they were always given a hearty welcome.

An occasional visit from his former pastor, Rev. Charles Picton, always brought Sir George much comfort. The missionary would always halt for a day or two on his hurried trips back and forth over a vast extent of country, where he was constantly advising and directing his numerous assistants in his great mission field; and at the same time personally proclaiming and exhorting whenever and wherever an opportunity presented itself. At such times Sir George would earnestly discuss plans with the missionary for the expansion of the work, and the utilizing of the money set apart for the purpose to the very best advantage. Then the old Loyalist would turn the conversation toward the future world. He would tell of all his bright anticipations when, with a great heavenly multitude, he would walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, in the presence of his adorable Saviour. There was no doubt, no fear; but a calm, firm belief that immediately he quit this world the Master, whom he had feebly endeavored to serve, would say to him, as he had said to others who had proven true to their trust: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

One day the old Loyalist came in from the post with his daily paper in his hand, his face as pale as ashes, and his step somewhat unsteady. When questioned as to the cause of his feebleness, Sir George held up his paper and pointed to the startling large headlines: "A mighty man has fallen! Canada to-day mourns the loss of her great-