

then another, and another, and another, till no one is left but ourselves and we ourselves are paralyzed with weakness, our strength is gone, our heart is overwhelmed. In such a condition of affairs people act in many ways. One is driven to despair, another assumes the port and demeanor of the Stoic, another cries to God, cries to his Father in Heaven, cries to Him in his distress, looks to Him when his heart is overwhelmed."

To an intelligent and sensitive child a mother's death is ever a great grief. In a sermon by Mr. McDowall on the words: "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come," Heb. xiii., 14, we recognize the feelings and the words of one who knew this grief from sad experience:—

"We must be taught that here we have no continuing city. And the first steps in that teaching seem often harsh and stern. For the mother at whose foot we sat, from whose familiar face beamed on us peace and love found nowhere else, in whose lap we cast ourselves in the wantonness of affection, or in the abandonment of some childish grief, and whose kindly hand we loved to feel around us,—that mother has been smitten by ruthless death, and we have seen her lie cold and pale, and when we cried she did not chide, nor did she smile when we looked into her face. And the cold clammy touch of her corpse started us like some electric shock and sent the blood back freezing cold into our hearts, and we then discovered that she who loved us is not there. Then, after a few days of strange fears, she was carried away from us, and the home, we loved so well, became empty and lonely, and now seems no longer *our* home. Thus we enter on life's journey, and thus we take our first of many lessons, that here we have no continuing city."

To these early sorrows was, probably, owing the sadness that underlay so deeply, the graceful humour that played on the surface of Mr. McDowall's character.

The grief that marks our dawning youth,
To memory ever clings;
And o'er the path of future years,
A lengthened shadow lings.
The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface.

In his sixteenth year, or sometime in 1841, he engaged himself, as an apprentice gardener. In this calling, he manifested for a period of seven or eight years, the diligence, and uprightness, of character that distinguished him in after life. He kept a journal of each day's work in the garden, began the study of Scientific Botany, persuaded his fellow-workmen to subscribe with him for the "Gardener's Chronicle," wrote some letters to this periodical, and interested himself in the wellbeing of the people around him. Certificates from various masters, and many acts of kindness shown him by such men as Mr. Stirling of Keir, attest the esteem in which he was held by his employers.

The particular period of his life when he made deliberate choice of Jesus Christ as his Lord and Master, and submitted himself and his ways to his supreme control, it is now impossible accurately to determine. On family matters and personal religion he was always