

APPENDIX.

DURING the closing years of his life Mr. Croil enjoyed the quiet and restfulness of a christian home. The frequent visitor was always sure of a Highland welcome and a pleasant "crack." While deeply interested in the activities and enterprises of the Church he was no longer able to do more than attend an occasional service, but as long as he could safely venture forth from his home, he took his place at the communion service as senior elder and performed his usual part of uncovering the elements and serving the minister and other members of session. His hearing became so defective, latterly, that he could not follow the sermon, but during the season of praise and prayer, he joined with heart and mind in the act of devotion. On one occasion being asked if he heard Dr. Barclay to-day he replied—"I never heard one word but I can trust him." At the age of ninety-four he made his last appearance at the Lord's Supper, and though weak in body was strong in spirit, and as he looked across to the further shore he cherished ever more fondly the truths which he learned in childhood, and which were indeed the verities that sustained and strengthened him for his final passage across the bar. In all these declining years he was attended by his faithful daughter Jean—who became his eyes to read, his ears to hear and his staff to walk. A more constant and unselfish devotion no daughter could have rendered a worthy father. But her reward was with her all the while, for it was the service of filial devotion and that sweetened and sanctified her every act. After his departure men began to make estimate of his worth as a citizen and his influence as a christian man.