

smile, yet during the last years of his life he seemed to be fond of being much alone with God. When roused to interest himself in some great question, his friends were often surprised at the wide range of his knowledge, and the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. When finally enfeebled somewhat by age, but a great deal more by frequent attacks of sickness, Mr. Roussy very reluctantly surrendered the pastorship of the Grande-Ligne church where he had returned after his pastorate at Ste. Marie. He was succeeded there by Rev. A. L. Therrien, whom he loved as one of his boys, and in whom he placed a well deserved implicit confidence.

The last twenty years of his life were spent at Grande-Ligne, as pastor, missionary, and religious teacher. He also gave a great deal of his time in acting as a homeopathic physician, and as such did not spare himself for both Catholics and Protestants. This place was to him sacred ground, and very beautiful, as Mount Zion was to the Israelites. This mission to which he had consecrated his life was the constant object of his thoughts and of his love. Nearly thirteen years before he had received a great shock in the death of Madame Feller, who was to him and indeed to many others the personification of that mission.

When in 1880 a wing to the old building had been completed, Mr. Roussy was still living, but already much enfeebled by sickness. It was a good and blessed holiday in which our old missionary joined us with all his soul. But like all our festivities here below it had a sad feature. It was with a faltering step and a very pale countenance which clearly predicted a near end, that he who was once so robust, came into the large lecture room to join us in the service of dedication. One building was up and the other was going down, a house made with hands and the other a marvellous structure, mysteriously raised to be the temple of the living God, now decaying, but to be raised again by the eternal spirit in a more aerial form for a more spiritual sphere. It is nevertheless sad to contemplate that ruin, so long the sanctuary of the living God, and the vessel to carry salvation to others. Our brother fell asleep in the Lord in the month of November, at the age of 68, the same age as that of our great missionary to whom he was as a devoted son, a fond admirer, and a zealous helper at all hours.