

Dr. Baird, the conchologist, assisting him in classifying his fine collection of shells. He returned to India in 1851 and served through the Burmese war, which commenced soon after his arrival. Boat work in the rivers soon laid him up with fever; he had to leave his ship and live on shore. While an invalid at Rangrove he made a large collection of moths and butterflies. His health was so thoroughly shaken by the climate that he was not fit for active service, and in 1854 he returned to England and retired on half pay. His wife and family were then living in Wales. Here he was a most devoted and successful salmon fisher; with rod and sketch-book he spent days enjoying the lovely scenery of the beautiful Welsh rivers. His garden was a great delight, and with the enthusiasm of a true florist, he raised flowers of great beauty and perfection.

In 1866 he decided to emigrate to Canada, thinking there would there be a better opening in life for his sons. After he bought Glen Lawrence he turned his attention to fruit growing, and entered into it with all his constitutional enthusiasm, it became a perfect passion. He never was so happy as among his fruit trees and vines. When almost dying he spoke of them with tenderness, leaving them to the special care of his son.

To the Fruit Growers' Association, of which he was a member in 1871, he attributed much of his success in fruit growing. He always spoke of his connection with the society with great satisfaction and earnestness, for he thought that the information imparted by means of its reports would prove a blessing to those settling in Canada, and save them from the disappointments he had suffered in starting.

At the annual meeting, in London, in 1877, he was chosen to represent the third Agricultural Division on the board of Directors of the Fruit Growers' Association, which position he filled with great acceptance, constantly seeking to present to his constituents the advantages it afforded to its members. Before his term had expired his seat has become vacant, but he leaves the memory of an unblemished character, both in public service and in private life. Thus we pass on, one after another, in the hope "that the culture, training and sorrows of earth shall culminate in the purity, perfection, and bliss of heaven,

"Where Gilead's balm in its freshness shall flow,
O'er the wounds which the pruning knife gave us below."