

what purpose is this waste?" But knowing that this life is but a preparation for the life to come, knowing that he who now sleeps in Jesus is not lost, but only gone before, knowing that the powers of mind and heart, employed so faithfully for the Master here, shall attain a fuller expansion, and be employed in a still higher service above, our sorrow is transformed into a solemn gladness, and we give "thanks unto God who always causeth us to triumph." Or if there is any emotion of sorrow, it is not for him who now rests from his labors, but for the family and the Church who have been bereaved: for the family, who in the removal of the loving husband and father, have suffered a loss which cannot be recompensed; and for the Church, because it mourns the loss of the godly minister, the able administrator, the wise counsellor, whose place cannot be easily filled. In view of his distinguished ability, his long and faithful service, and the influence which for forty years did so much to mould and develop the Methodism of this land, we may well say in the words of David, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel?"

Those who best knew our departed father in the Gospel, need not be told that he was of a singularly retiring disposition. Honor and office were never grasped by him as prizes, but were accepted as burdens. This, coupled with those growing infirmities inseparable from prolonged years, caused his partial retirement—for the last six years complete retirement—from the active scenes of church work; and as it is the fate of those who fall out of the ranks to be quickly forgotten, the rising generation of Methodists know comparatively little about the man and his work. Some brief biographical notes therefore will not be out of place.

Enoch Wood was born in Lincolnshire, England, on the 12th of January, 1804, and hence had just entered on his 85th year at the time of his death. Of his early religious experience we have no account, but the fact that he was accepted in 1826 by the English Missionary Committee for their foreign work, is sufficient guarantee that even at that early age his religious character was well matured. He spent two years in the West Indies, after which he was transferred to New Brunswick, where he spent eighteen years in the pastorate, serving part of that time as Chairman of District. In 1847, the year of the "second union" between the English and Canadian Conferences, he came to Upper Canada as Superintendent of Missions. In 1851 he became President of Conference, and by successive re-appointments filled the office for seven consecutive years. He was again made President in 1862, and yet again was President of the first Toronto Conference after the union of 1874. He held the office of Superintendent of Missions till 1869, when the designation was changed to that of General Secretary. In 1878 he became Honorary Secretary, and continued that relation till the time of his death. Some five years ago a severe attack of illness compelled him to retire from active duty at the Mission Rooms, and from that time until he calmly "fell on sleep," he rarely or never quitted his home. His illness, though at times causing the keenest suffering, was borne throughout with Christian patience, and the gathering shades of life's eventide were illumined by the light of a steadfast Christian faith and the abounding consolations of divine grace.

Dr. Wood was dowered by nature with an evenly balanced mind, and with a disposition singularly kind and gentle. To those who knew him only amid the cares of office and the restraints of official life, he sometimes appeared dignified even to the verge of austerity, yet was there a deep undercurrent of almost womanly tenderness that cleft its way through that seemingly rugged nature "like a rill from a mountain's heart." Though not fond of "society," in the ordinary sense of the term, and mingling but little in it,

especially of later years, no man prized the sweets of friendship more than he. When paying him a visit some two years ago, I expressed a feeling of sympathy for his enforced isolation. "I am never lonely," he promptly answered, "but,"—and his voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he said it,—"I do prize the visits of my brethren." This wealth of tenderness, repressed in society by a natural reserve, found free outlet in the home circle, where, in the relations of husband and father, he has left a memory that will be fragrant while a member of that home circle remains.

Dr. Wood's religious experience partook of the evenly balanced character of his mental constitution. In nothing was he a man of extremes. If he did not often walk in Beulah land, just as seldom did he descend into the valley of humiliation. If his normal religious state was not one of rapture, neither was it one of depression and gloom.

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
He held the even tenor of his way."

And while he made no boastful profession of superior attainments, he lived a life that was singularly free from blame, and was always ready to give a reason for the hope that was in him. Let it not be inferred, however, that his religious life was simply one of cold propriety. With him religion was of the heart as well as of the head, and his clear intellectual perceptions of truth and of the way of salvation were warmed by a heartfelt experience of the love of God that glowed in prayer and religious testimony, and became one of the elements of his power. Who that has listened to his words in class-meeting or love-feast does not remember the rush of emotion with which, at times, he would recount his experience of God's mercies, and tell of the hope that was growing brighter with every step of the way. Blessed be God for an experience that

"... is not too good
For human nature's daily food,"

and which, if it does not dazzle with its brilliance, does not disgust by its censoriousness, but kindles hope in the tired hearts of toiling men and women, and by its very humanness attracts those whom a fictitious standard of perfection would only discourage and repel.

As a preacher, Dr. Wood possessed gifts far above the average. His well-balanced judgment, richly furnished mind, and copious yet chaste diction, coupled with "a calmly fervent zeal," made his preaching such as Christians love to listen to, while it influenced the thoughtless and the careless as a message from the skies. His pulpit themes took in a fairly wide range, but the central theme of all—the love of God in Christ—was ever his delight. His style of discourse was expository and practical, rather than topical, and was peculiarly rich in apt scriptural quotations. Never indulging in mere flights of rhetoric, never straining after the sensational, but believing in his heart that the Gospel without adornment was "the power of God unto salvation," he was

"Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well."

But if there was one gift in which more than any other he did excel, it was the gift of prayer. In this respect he stood pre-eminent. A wonderful richness of utterance, a fervor of soul kindled at a heavenly altar, an unction that is given only to those in whom the Spirit maketh intercession, a childlike familiarity, born of a childlike trust, chastened by the solemn reverence of one who felt that he stood in the presence chamber of the King, all conspired to make the devotional services in which he led, "seasons of grace and sweet delight." More especially was this the