

struggle and effort, he lived immeasurably beyond his years. "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." Measured by that highest test he did not fail.

"But all the world's coarse thumb
And fingers failed to plumb,
So passed in making of the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount;
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God."

We shall treasure his memory not merely for what he was, but for the promise that was in him, and with Browning again will venture to believe:

"There shall never be one lost good: what was shall live
as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with for evil, so much
good more;
On earth the broken arcs; in heaven a perfect round."

J. H. TURNBULL,
Bank Street Church.

Ottawa, March, 1913.