

In his intercourse with others he was marked by a surface sparkle of wit. They did not always discern the depths of thought and seriousness that lay beneath. Looking at the outer man they might easily have been deceived; they saw his jaunty step, and heard his frequent play with words, but when they looked at his work they could not fail to see that he was not a man of wit only, but also a man of weight. One secret of his character I long ago discovered, and my intercourse with him was guided by the discovery. Many could see the readiness with which he passed from grave to gay, but not so many seemed to know that he passed with even greater readiness from gay to grave, and that the fountain of his laughter was hard by the source of tears. His sympathy with the sorrow and pain of others was intense and constant. This fact was always sure to transpire in his prayers. Men who had for the time forgotten their sorrows, had them brought to mind again as they heard him plead with God to sustain and comfort and help those in just such sorrow as theirs.

Of words he was very sparing when he spoke of things of tender personal and spiritual concern; but he could say much in few words. I know how the young man, exposed to the temptations of foreign travel and residence, would receive with very few but well chosen words a gift of "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," as counsellor and friend; and I know, too, how the aged and the dying, and the humble poor were comforted and strengthened by his human sympathy and Christian charity and faith.

It is in his death, however, that the true character sometimes stands out more clearly than in life, "As darkness shows us words of light, we never see by day." And what was it that shone so clearly in his death? This it was, that the deep and unchangeable and undying in his spirit were love, faith and hope.

The love in his home is too sacred a thing to be depicted even in this memorial notice. It may be said, however, that the last few days of his life have shown again that in the wasting of disease, and under the weight of sorrow and of years, there may be a serenity and glory of love that youth, and beauty, and joy, can hardly know. God has done well to crown it with His smile, and to use it as the mirror in which to reflect His own glory—calling Himself the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow.

Of his love to his students I may speak more freely, and all the more so, because it will reveal at the same time his faith