

was required to undergo the severest tests before being sent forth to do its work. No paint to cover defects. No putty to fill holes. No shams of any kind were ever allowed, with his knowledge, to pass from the workshop. All such things were an abomination to him. Every man connected with the establishment clearly understood his wishes in this respect. The best of everything, best machinery, best material, best and most conscientious work. His ambition was that the name of The Massey Manufacturing Company stamped upon any article should be a name to conjure with—should bear with it a guaranty of excellence unquestioned and unquestionable. This, of course, is not the place to recount the results of such a policy, and we only touch upon this portion of the subject at all to illustrate the fact that his conscience entered into all his work, that it was to him a thing of reverence, a monitor whose perceptions were perfect, a counsellor whose lightest word was law.

It may sound like a paradox to say that, with all his energy, his restiveness under restraint, and his general go-aheaditiveness, if we may use the term, his self-command and calmness of temper were almost perfect. Many men of excellent parts are constantly being wrecked on the rocks of impulsiveness, irritability or impatience with the faults of those around them. Few men, perhaps none, inherit this desirable possession, and it is only to be acquired by long and patient discipline of self, by a continual warfare with the natural passions and infirmities which are the heritage of humanity. But to him who has conquered, who can present a calm exterior under the most trying circumstances, who can still be patient when patience has almost ceased to be a virtue, there would seem to be no difficulty insurmountable.

Our lamented friend was a noble example of such a man. Though of an extremely sensitive nature, and keenly alive to the many small annoyances which are often more intolerable than larger troubles, he had so schooled himself that his temper was proof against the most galling assaults, and though sorely tried at times, it had become proverbial among his workmen, his friends, and all who had business intercourse with him, that no loud word ever fell from his lips, no frown ever darkened his brow. There can be no victory more noble than one such as this. To overcome in the conflict with our passions and evil propensities, to feel that we hold them one and all in subjection to our will, is a triumph more to be desired than gold.

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