

doubtful any longer why they trusted him and supported him while living, and mourned him when dead. Is it any wonder that the savor of his name still lingers in the Ottawa valley and that the spiritual influences of those early days are still reproducing themselves in that region?—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Thus passed the youth and early days of him over whose memory we linger lovingly and tenderly to-day.

His was a goodly form to look upon—a king among men. He was not a giant; but he had a pose, a presence, a dignity of mien, and a proportion of physical parts which perfectly satisfied the most critical taste. Some of us can still hear his quick, firm, measured tread along the halls of this dear old building, well nigh thirty years ago.

It may not be expected of me to-day to speak much of his mental endowments, his comprehensive grasp of truth, his metaphysical acuteness, his logical clearness, his versatility, his fertility of resource, his readiness of apprehension and his precision of statement, but we who had the inestimable privilege of sitting at his feet in yonder class-room cannot so dismiss him. We still feel the glow of the long ago hours as we felt the grip of the master mind upon the theme under discussion. As the great heart swelled and the beautiful eyes sparkled, as he handled some of the mighty problems concerning God and man, or sin, or salvation, how the dark became light and the obscure plain, the crooked straight and the intricate simple, and the doubtful sure! How the *cul-de-sac* in theology broadened out into a plain path and the labyrinth in philosophy dissolved into a plain at his touch! He loved to dig deeply and anchor his conclusions to the rock principles of eternal truth, whether scientific or revealed. He taught no limping creed or doubting philosophy, nor had unfaith or misfaith for him that subtle charm which lures away so many of the teachers of the present day. Into the secrets of the divine will he had no desire to penetrate, but the things which are revealed he called his own, and fearlessly he explored them. But when he reached the boundary line of human sensibility, and intellect, and will, he called a halt, and believed where he could neither hear, nor see, nor reason.

He did not keep his heart open for the inspection of the public, neither did his emotions lie on the surface, but he had a