

lection of some in this presence, the feeling produced in the Conference at Montreal in 1859, when on the retirement of Dr. Wood from the presidency, some seventy young men—who had been ordained to the work of the ministry during the eight years of his incumbency as President—presented him with a copy of Bagster's Polyglot Bible as a mark of esteem and appreciation. To those of us who were intimate with him, more or less, for the forty years past, and were witnesses of his piety and judgment, his ability and industry, his kindness and faithfulness, are more conscious now of the blessings which God's providence has heaped upon us, and are now richer for them, even while we lament the loss of him through whom they were brought to us. So I think of Enoch Wood. As a ruler in the Church, a director of its energies, a leader in its enterprises, his active energy and natural vigor was maintained by a high faith within his heart, a venerated idea of duty and of God, and the fruit of it, a general trust in His fidelity and confidence in His judgment and purpose. This our dear friend secured throughout his active life in an eminent degree.

In the years in which I held pastorate in this city, and in which I was more familiar and intimate with him than I have been since, I was often touched with evidences of his kindness of heart and sympathy with the poor and the suffering; his beneficence seemed to carry a healing pity to the body and to the soul. I have stood and listened as he spoke to and advised the tempted, the fallen and the stricken with a pity and sympathy, and, with a mercy that can wait no more, relieved their necessities and breathed a prayer for their restoration to a better life. He never passed by on the other side.

In the various changes that have taken place in the polity of the Church, Dr. Wood followed after the things that make for peace. Although strong in his attachment to the polity of the Church of his first choice and early labor, he continued in the unity of the Spirit and in the bonds of peace to meet the obligations of his position, and to labor for the building up of the Church of God. His public record is before the Church and before the world—a record of which neither his children nor the Church are ashamed. I seem to look back over the way we have been led, and see him as he came to us, communicating knowledge, gaining confidence, winning affection, awakening interest, giving encouragement, kindling inspiration, adjusting difficulties, smoothing the rough places, enkindling zeal, promoting liberality. We had no man like him. Beloved in life, honored in death, his memory will be a lasting inspiration to those who knew him; and it will be long, long before the name of Dr. Enoch Wood drops out of grateful remembrance. I have had but few opportunities of seeing him since his retirement. When I have been permitted to see him, notwithstanding the pains of disease and the privations of infirmity, I found him trustful and hopeful, confiding in the merit and mercy of the world's Redeemer. Others must tell you of his work and worth in the special department of which he had supervision, of his decline and his passing away. My remembrances of him in the day of his power as a preacher are to me, and all of us who knew him, refreshing. Who that ever saw him conducting a service can forget his commanding presence in the pulpit, his manner of lining a hymn? His prayer—indeed, his gift of prayer—was remarkable. He seemed to cultivate the most elevated sense of the Divine presence and majesty. With a soul prevailed by a ceaseless apprehension of the things of God, chastened and softened by family affliction, of which he had a large share, there was a fullness, diversity, and directness of adaptation in the phraseology, a glow and vividness of feeling in the voice and intonations, producing a hushed and sacred calm-

ness in the worshippers, and an eminent preparation for the reception of the truth. At times there seemed to be a celestial flame kindled around him, and the lips glowed and burned with hallowed fire, and a deep sense of peace reigned around, like that felt so mysteriously amidst the noiseless silence and the holy calm of the lone chamber of death. Who that has heard Dr. Wood pray in the Conference prayer-meeting can ever forget it? It was always an inspiration, always a benediction. As a preacher, few of the preachers or the people of the last ten years knew him. No one could mistake him for other than a Methodist. His preaching bore the stamp of his denomination. In the doctrines he presented, in the fervor and force of his eloquence, and in the type of spiritual experience he held up, he was a genuine Methodist preacher. His sermons were spiritual, and uttered with an earnestness and pathos that carried them to the understanding and to the heart. There was in his preaching no studied cadences, no quaint antitheses, no straining after metaphors, no affected elegance, no abrupt transitions nor homely similitudes, but a chaste and manly plainness—that calmness and deliberation coupled with a warmth and holy fervor which intimated at once the prevalence of settled conviction and the solicitude of unaffected concern. In this way he sought, as a preacher, to lead on the Church in the work assigned to it; to cultivate the spirit of elevated devotion consisting both in the fellowship of the soul with God and its assimilation to him, not in a bare theoretic belief but of experienced certainty, by which it would be prepared to enter into his designs, to imbibe his counsels, to make his honor and his interests decisively its own. In his conception to this end was the Church originated, and in this it will find its consummation. So he being dead yet speaketh. He has passed from us as one of the great men of our country and of our time. He is gone to join the companions of other years, the wise and pious with whom he had hallowed association here, and in whose companionship and honorable achievements he was a sharer. We, too, are familiar with their names and memories: Wilkinson, Spencer, Stinson, Douse, the brothers Ryerson, Green, Rice—his early and bosom friend, and he who so lately passed from us,—they have gone into the ineffable glory. Brethren, let our present life be cheered by the connection we have with that unsewn world; let us allow our best, our deepest nature, to strike the estimate of life; let us be disciples not so much of argument as of love. What does our friend say to us to-day but this. The true life is not yet; there is a life richer, vaster, fuller in the reserved inheritance. Time is the empire of desolation and decay. Eternity is the reign of endless youth and beauty; there all that is great is imperishable; all that is lovely blooms without decay, redeemed through Jesus Christ. Let us aspire to a place in our Father's house; let us arise and follow those of our fathers and brethren who have gone before, till in the exercise of faith and hope, of patience and watchfulness, we, too, are prepared to partake of their enjoyment, and to mingle in their songs, there where their powers are ever active and their pleasures are ever new.

DR. SUTHERLAND'S ADDRESS.

We meet to-day to render loving tribute to the memory of one of the best and purest of men; to one who for forty years has gone in and out among us, and who, in varied relations of husband and father, pastor and preacher, con-nexional leader and administrator, has left a character that is without a stain, and a name that is above reproach. If, in contemplating the removal of such a man, there were nothing beyond the present life, we might well sorrow as those who have no hope, and ask in bitterness of soul, "To