

labors of the Church below, to the higher service of the Church above. He is gone from us. The "polished shaft" is broken, the bright and shining light of the Church is quenched. Palsied is the eloquent tongue; that voice of marvellous modulation and startling emphasis we shall hear no more, no more. "But he being dead, yet speaketh;" his testimony is his life, and that testimony calls us to a higher consecration and a fuller development of all the energies of mind and heart to the service of the Redeemer. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! I little thought when I started on my journey Eastward that it was on a mission of loving service to one whom the whole Church of Christ delighted to honor. His closing hours were linked with holy memories of his joys and sorrows in Canada; and his name is embalmed in many Canadian hearts, in a deep and undying affection.

How I love to recall every word spoken, every pressure of the hand, every token of endearment, every glance from

"The sweetest soul
That ever looked through human eyes."

There are memories too sacred and precious to be placed in a book, but are claimed for the heart, and such are the memories that I shall ever cherish of that great and noble and kingly man whom I have been permitted to call my friend. It has seemed to me that this record of the scenes and incidents of my