

and the readiness of those influenced to receive. Perhaps it often happens that what seems to us in our shortsightedness the tragic ending of a brilliant career, is the very circumstance which makes its lesson impressive. There are thousands of noble characters from whom we learn nothing, because their characters are so normal, and they live their lives to the finish and leave us unimpressed. Should one such give his life for his cause,—give us a last glance of him with his face turned toward his goal, and his very seeming defeat will inspire a thousand others to accomplish what he aspired to do and did not." In this connection Mr. Pidgeon drew illustrations from the experience of Captain Scott, Wellington and Wolfe, and recalled the battle-signal of Trafalgar.

"Now, may it not be that in the normal course of life our hearts are somewhat dull to the influence of God's saints, and that He must call upon them to sacrifice their lives that we might learn. Are our hearts not sensitive today to the impressions of noble christian character, beauty of soul, sweetness of temperament, loving devotion to home and duty, to an extent that a week ago we knew not? Then they were lost in the mass of impressions, but today they are focussed with tremendous power upon hearts which have become sensitive to their touch. I believe that these virtues which were so beautifully embodied, shall mean more to us in the coming days, because of the grief which has impressed them. I am not forgetting that this does not eliminate our grief. We cannot silence our soul's cry by logic, but we at least mourn not as those who have no hope when our God's dealings seem shot through with purpose."

"And to go one step farther. May it not be possible that when the completed plan is flashed upon us we shall see how beautifully these experiences have fitted into the whole? I do not think that faith leads us to what is absolutely unintelligible, but it does lead us to amplify our experience, and carry the principles which have served us here beyond our present application. Is it not true that many of the hardest hours of our past look different when viewed in the light of the knowledge which later years have brought? Things which meant so much to us under the glare of the present, are insignificant in their wider setting. Now grant us that this life is but 'probation space,' and that its fullest significance can be read only in the light of a higher, and all these bereavements are conceivably intelligible. Our life is rational only on the assumption that this life is the prelude to a life to come and this world part of a larger cosmos. A true faith, which is a rounding out of our partial knowledge, may enable us, through God's grace, to join the poet in his expression of belief:

Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep;

He hath awakened from the dream of life,

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep

With phantoms, an unprofitable strife."

The prayers offered by Rev. Dr. McLaren and Rev. J. A. Logan in St. John's church, were suggestive not only of the worth of the life that had passed, but of the inexpressible sense of loss sustained by the home and community represented at the service. Many of Mr. Logan's sentences in appeal were framed with a fitness which, to minds and hearts alert in sympathy, must have revealed the intimate friend exercised by a keen sympathetic sense of what the occasion meant to the bereaved ones.