

For sixteen years he labored in season and out, preaching, visiting, exhorting, warning, baptizing your children, marrying your sons and daughters, advising the young, cheering the aged, comforting the sorrowing, consoling the troubled and burying the dead. Not only among his own congregation but among strangers his services were sought. He never spared himself. Morning, noon and night, and often through the night, he was at the service of his brother man, often exhausting himself that others might be helped or strengthened. How many bed-sides felt his presence like the benediction of a father? How many little children felt his kindly touch upon their heads? How many of your homes feel sore to-day at his passing? How many speak yet of "the Doctor," as they loved to call him, with reverent tone and tearful eye? But it cost—weary moments, loss of rest, expenditure of thought, absorption of time, outlay of nervous power—and yet, he counted it not dear, for the Master's work it was, and following in His footsteps he went about doing good. And while he devoted himself to this exhausting task he never forgot that the Master demands that his laborers should be workmen that need not to be ashamed, and so while he prayed he studied, and while he bowed before God and rested on His Spirit's help he ceased not to burnish and polish the instrumentalities of thought with which God had endowed him.

He took his university degree and after devoting long periods to study he became a Doctor of Divinity. It was a busy life he led—