

Tweed, all lent their highest charms to make our drive such as we may never again enjoy. If heaven be a place of mansions, bowers and silvery brooks of which these earthly ones are but a dim, imperfect shadow, what must its glories and its bliss be!

Finding himself once more upon the heaving waters of the Atlantic he wrote:

What a strange medley a sea voyage brings together from all parts of the world. In this respect what must the future world be, when they shall come from the East and the West, the North and the South, to sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.

Some one, playing pensively on the piano in the saloon of the steamer, sent his thoughts back through the years to the time when Jamie Caldwell, in his house at Guelph, used to sing, "O, why left I my hame?"

It is pleasing to recall that in his very last trip across the Atlantic in 1896, when accompanied by his wife and several members of his family, he spent about nine months in Scotland, England, Wales, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and enjoyed his first real and prolonged holiday to mark the completion of his twenty-fifth year of service as Professor in the College. Before his departure he had been made the recipient of congratulatory, illuminated addresses from the alumni, students and citizens, and gifts amounting to over four thousand dollars. When he returned