

man whom we all esteemed so highly or loved so tenderly was raised up from among ourselves—a Canadian born—and though the Canadian may not have upon his face the ruddy glow of the dying past, yet around his brow gathers the golden halo of hope for a brighter, mightier future. Robert Fyfe played in our beautiful sunshine till his eyes caught the hue of the beautiful sky whence it came, and his boyish cheek was painted the color of its autumn leaves.

It was no detriment to his future career that Scottish blood ran through his veins; neither that his lot was cast where poverty laid her moulding hand upon a nature calculated to respond to and be profited by its healthiest lessons. A boyhood spent on a Quebec farm of half a century ago, turning up the rugged soil, breathing the clear, cold, crisp air of the St. Lawrence valley, reared in a Christian home where love and discipline in due proportion reigned—a few years in a country school, a few more clerking in a village store, were all fitting this well-knit frame of faultless build, this well-poised massive head, and this heart of warm and generous impulses for the great mission of life. After the grace of God had found him and thoroughly renewed him, and after his personal consecration to the service of his Master, it was part of the divine plan that he should turn his eyes to one of the few Christian schools of learning among the Baptists in America at the time—I refer to that at Hamilton in the State of New York. To reach it, he had, with few dollars in his pocket, to thread many a devious forest path and trudge on foot many a weary mile up the valley of the Ottawa—across through miles of virgin forest to the St. Lawrence and thence by stage or wagon to his destination. Footsore, weary, friendless, an alien in an alien land and almost penniless he faced, at *nineteen*, the great problem of life. If any of the young men here wishes to know the stuff of which the heroes of the past generation were made, let him buy and read the admirable life of Dr. Fyfe, by Prof. J. E. Wells, M.A.

In college we find him at first “giving no great indications of his future usefulness”—and still, Mr. McPhail, his school-mate, said—“Fyfe went to bed an hour earlier and got up an hour later and yet had his lessons as well prepared as any of us.” He is hard up in college; for we see him seated upon a shoemaker’s