

His life should serve as an inspiration to the young men of the church. Beginning life when conditions were less favourable than now, by faith and perseverance he overcame and left an honoured record. Anyone attempting great service will face real difficulties, but the record of this life should stand as an inspiration to go forward.

It was his great desire to welcome the Synod to Sydney. He extended the invitation at Pictou and anticipated the happy time when he could show his old friends the progress of his adopted city. It will be a keen disappointment to many to meet in Sydney without his kindly welcome, but they will wend their way to Hardwood Hill Cemetery to the sacred plot where his mortal ashes rest, and feel that though he has gone to his rest and reward, that his work remains and his memory is lovingly cherished by the loyal-hearted people in whose interests he toiled and with whom he died.

To experience the loss of a fellow-worker and true friend arouses within us the eager cry of the soul, "Man dieth, and where is he?" Can it be that he has ceased to be who meant so much to so many? Can it be that the last word has been spoken, the last fellowship enjoyed, the last welcome heard? The human heart rebels against such a philosophy of the universe and life. The contrast between the human soul, so buoyant and free, and the mechanical world of matter suggests the supremacy of the former. It is according to the genius of Christianity to believe that death means the entrance into a large life which is "far better." And now that he has finished his course and was glad when the invitation came to go home, we leave him in peace and hope, waiting only the day when the whole plan of God will be unfolded, and faith pass into glorious open reality.

For ever and for ever
The changeless oceans roar ;
And dash their thundering surges
Upon the sounding shore ;
Yet this keen soul, this lightning will,
Shall these, while they roll on, be still ?