

of his nearest student-friends went on with the relatives to Douglas, where the funeral took place on Sunday morning. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, assisted by Rev. Mr. Craw, resident pastor, conducted an impressive service at Zion Church. A memorial service was also held Sunday evening in Renfrew, where the deceased had many friends.

#### MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On Sunday afternoon a most impressive memorial service was held in Convocation Hall. A very large congregation of professors and students joined together in mourning the loss of their beloved fellow-student. A choir of students, assisted by a quartette from St. Andrew's Church, rendered appropriate music. The Principal's address was as follows :—

When a notice was put on the blackboard last Friday evening that James D. Stewart had died the night before, an electric thrill ran through the whole University, indicating how truly we are one body instinct with life, and not a mere aggregation of units, living in different parts of the city and meeting for instruction in different buildings. In this case, various causes contributed to evoke the spontaneous feeling. The fact that he had been here for four sessions; that his death occurred with startling suddenness; that he was President of the Missionary Association, and editor of the JOURNAL; that he had been appointed only a few days before by the divinity students to represent them in an inter-collegiate debate; that he was a University medalist, a remarkably strong thinker and speaker, a genial brotherly spirit with a fund of humour,—which, perhaps, more than any other endowment, indicates richness of nature,—all swelled the common tide of feeling. It was not, however, any one of his brilliant qualities, or all of them together, which impressed us so much. It was the character of the man, that indefinable essence we call personality, which is behind all manifestations and which determines the permanence of the impress that men make on their fellows, which so stirred us when it became known that no more on earth should we hear again his abrupt, cheery, deep voice, or his quick, whole-hearted laughter.

The sudden passing away of a man of such rare promise gives at first a shock to his friends. It looks as if chance, instead of a Divine purpose, presided over the world. His life, we say, is a mere broken column. Even were it so, better, surely, to be part of a column than a mere unshapen block. But what right have we to say that it was broken at all and not complete. The Master needs, for His great building of regenerated humanity, stones of all kinds and columns of various heights, the worth of

which no artist would estimate by the measuring line. Unreflecting people are apt to think that his studies were wasted because he had not actually entered on the work of the high calling to which he had given himself. That is to fancy that the work is greater than the worker. It is to fancy, too, that a man is not working when he is studying, when he is disciplining his powers, fighting against the insidious enemies which beset all students, and influencing others more powerfully than they are likely to be influenced at any after period of their lives.

Even if we put a future world altogether out of view, it was infinitely better for James Stewart himself, and for hundreds of his fellow-students, that he should have had the mental and spiritual training he received during seven college years, than that he should have contented himself at the outset with a lower plane of life. Better for himself. Every year he increased in mental stature. His outlook widened. His cup of life was fuller and richer. Every session was like a new birth to him. This year I noticed a distinct growth. The new in him, thoughts and ideas with which he had been wrestling for years, until he had grasped them so strongly that he thought they could be pictured with all the clear cut outlines of stones, these, he was beginning to see, were living things, and therefore he loved them more, and new dignity and power of character was the result.

Better for others, too. A university is an organism, and he was simply one of its members. He is not dead, then, even so far as his life on earth is concerned. He lives in all with whom he had communion of soul or who were influenced in any way by him. His death itself may do more for some of us than his life. So was it with Samson of old. So has it been again and again with men greater than Samson. The deepest law of the universe is that the race advances only through sacrifice. Men are so dull and unspiritual, so idle and listless and thoughtless, that it would seem they can be stirred in no other way. It may be asked how can his death be in any way called a sacrifice? We know not all the purposes of the Divine Master, but along one line, at any rate, we can see His purpose. This death is not normal. It is not intended that it should be the rule that a man, youthful and full of vitality, should be cut down as he was. Such a disaster must lead to fuller investigation of the cause of that sudden ebbing of life. And when the cause is discovered we are near the remedy. This is the way in which God stimulates the medical world in our day, when medicine is studied as a science, to lengthen the life and develop the full powers of the race. It should lead students to consult a wise physician as soon as they are aware of any unusual symptoms,