

master sent to England for his parents. Cholera was epidemic in Canada; but they arrived safely and well. A comfortable cottage home was procured for them on the McCauley estate, on the corner of Edward and Yonge Streets, then an open country with a roadway little more than a cow path to the village of Yorkville. There the elder people lived out their days seated at the "King's table"; for the schoolmaster of years ago was now established in a lucrative business, and well able to supply all their needs until the end came, for they were now well up in years.

The closing of his mother's activity was in harmony with her life-work. On her way home after visiting a poor family that dwelt in the more northern part of the city, to whom she had taken some neighborhood food for their needs, she suddenly lost consciousness and was taken home to die. When partly restored, her son, at her husband's bid to her: "Mother, you'll *come* at at the 'King's table' in your glorified body, free from all pain and sorrow."

"My son," she faintly whispered, "all my life long I have been sitting there, for where ever love reigns, there is the 'King's table.'"

"And that which make this life so sweet,  
But renders heaven's joy complete."

And so, like a fine setting sun, growing richer in grace, she passed out of sight into the broader day and the fuller life.

The schoolmaster lived to be sixty-five years of age. Rebecca lived till her eightieth year. Both left an honored name, surrounded with plenty and to spare.

And now I pass on in this short account of my honored ancestry to write more especially of Ruth my grandmother, who with my grandfather celebrate this day their golden wedding. And in doing this I have to speak of myself and others very dear to me.

I am not only a student at Toronto University in my third year, but I assist my father in his business. I am his typewriter, his business correspondent and his stenographer. He has told me that my services