

JOHN SANDERSON THE FIRST.

communion table was a large, lovely bouquet, while at each end was a sheaf of ripened wheat. Above these appropriate texts of Scripture were placed.

In Dr. Harper's obituary notice, published in the *Christian Guardian* some weeks later, I find these words: "In the ranks of the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada, with an unsullied record, and 'in labors more abundant,' Father Sanderson nobly stood until his failing health and strength convinced him and his brethren that his active work was done. In his circuits he was beloved by his people, and respected by the community at large. His last days were associated with much physical suffering, which he bore with true Christian fortitude and resignation. He had no transports of joy, but solid comfort and abiding peace, the results of his unshaken trust in the merits of his Divine Redeemer."

Father's dislike of the custom of "going into mourning" was so great, that he made us girls promise not to wear black clothes as tokens of our grief for him. It was a hard thing to do, but we kept our promise out of respect for his wishes.

Just twenty years later mother followed him home, and we laid her to rest beside him in beautiful Little Lake Cemetery at Peterborough. If we, who are left, live as they lived, we shall do well.