

thirty-two years of which were passed in active and pleasant service under him.

As the head of a Department, he had the rare gift of attaching to himself all of those who served under him. He differed also from many other heads of Departments, in that, (metaphorically speaking,) he never assumed to be such a Colossus in power and strength, or such a Solon in wisdom and foresight, as to have achieved all the success which marked his administration. He took pride in "rendering to all their dues," and especially, "honour to whom honour." He was not a man to be absorbed in details. He felt that his place was on the watch-tower of observation, so as to be able to survey the whole educational field; and whatever he saw was good and excellent elsewhere, to incorporate it in our school system. Hence, it is to-day composite in its character, and embodies in its structure most of what is valuable in other systems. It therefore rests upon a broad and solid foundation; and in its main features it is destined to last for many years as the pride and glory of this young country.

I have spoken of Dr. Ryerson's desire for engaging in his old work. After his last return from England, however, he spoke but seldom on that subject, and then only with a feeling of regret, for he knew that it could never be. Finally, he would but rarely allow me to speak of his old life-work, as it was now in other hands. It was only when he thought that events affected me in any way, that he would refer to the subject; and then his face would light up and he would express himself as though we were once more together in the Department. As time went on, I could see that he was failing, and that "the strong man was bowed down," and that he began to droop. I often tried, by referring to active and pleasant incidents in the past, to cheer the noble old man; but, as I did so, I felt an overwhelming sadness, for the old time fire and interest in them were gone, and the end was slowly, but surely, coming. Then indeed, "the joy of the Lord," as of old, was his strength, and he even rejoiced that the end was near.

At length, on one quiet Sunday morning in February, 1882, as I and others sat at his bedside, he peacefully passed away; and nothing remained to us then but the silent form of one of Canada's noblest sons and one of the greatest of her children.