

lines! I know now why I was brought to England in mid-winter. I have had a mission here. His bereaved wife, when I returned to the home I had just left, sobbed out, "It was so good of you to come back. He loved you—he loved you!" I feel it to have been an unspeakable privilege to have been able to minister any comfort in his closing hours, to one whom we have all so delighted to honour. He said often during his illness, and with great tenderness, "You are such a comfort to us!" His closing hours were linked with holy memories of his joys and sorrows in Canada. I love to recall every word spoken during my stay with him, every pressure of the hand, every token of endearment, every glance from—

"The sweetest soul  
That ever looked through human eyes."

I give thanks to God that I have been permitted to call a man of so great, and noble, and royal a nature, *my friend*. And I know his friends in Canada who revered and loved him, and now mourn his irreparable loss, will take comfort in knowing that their sorrow was represented at the grave. As I look upon the casket in which is enshrined all that remains on earth of this "polished shaft," and weep my farewell, I desire to cling afresh and to God to the compassionate Christ. There is no hope for any of us but in Him.

I look upon the weeks spent with the great and gifted man, who has gone from the Church and from the companionship of friendship, as among the most privileged of my life. As I think of him now, summering high in bliss with God Himself, and remember our seasons of communion, his pantings after God, and his beautiful resignation and cheerful hope, his utter distrust of self and simple faith in God, I feel that the shadow of eternity was projected over his spirit. Oh, to have realized it! He playfully called me the chaplain, and treated me ever as a son. I loved him more than a friend—as a father. From the day he came to Canada, he took me to his heart, and has ever since been so true, so ready to counsel and assist, so full of gentle goodness and geniality of heart. In the familiarity with which he favoured me, I have been with him in his unsurpassed efforts—the very flood-tides of his resplendent career—yet such was his innate humility and unfailing modesty, that I never remember an instance in which he seemed other than unconscious of his mar-