

look up through their tears scarce knowing what to say or what to think of Thy dealings with them, so sad seems the bereavement; but we pray Thee to help them to say: "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good;" and grant, we pray Thee, that those who feel most deeply their loss may, in their affliction, be drawn into closest sympathy with Thyself. Bless Thou the Institution over which our brother presided. Grant, we pray Thee, to bless those who have the care of that Institution; and may they be enabled to gather the holiest mantle of the prophet ascended and wrap it about them,—that mantle of devotion to the Master's service, of self-denying consecration to the good of his fellow-men; and we pray Thee that the Institution may, under Thy fostering care and blessing, still be preserved, and still go on as a mighty instrumentality for widespread and lasting good. We pray Thee to bless the denomination, O Father, look in mercy upon us we beseech Thee. "A prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel." The Lord help us by raising others to fill his place, knitting the hearts of Thy people more closely together in the Master's love and service, and in Thine own way repair the loss, and give us great success. We pray Thee to bless each and all of us. May we be enabled to follow in the steps of him who through faith and patience inherits the promises; and may we, by greater devotion to the Master, and more self-denying effort in His cause, so live that our death may be a loss, and yet leave behind lasting, precious deeds. Hear us, we beseech Thee; bless this service. Grant that all that is said and done may redound to Thy glory; and all we ask is in the Redeemer's name and for His sake. Amen.

Dr. Castle's Address.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN,—We are assembled here to-day under the shadow of a great calamity. There has been nothing for a long time which has come in tones so near and spoken so solemnly to many of us as the death of our beloved brother, the Rev. Dr. Fyfe. It was proper that his funeral cortege should halt on its way to the grave, and that we should bear him, with reverent hands, into this place, into the midst of the people whom he loved and guided in the past as counsellor and guide. Our hearts are sad, but we remember that God lives; that the workmen die, but God's work goes on. It is intended to make this service very informal, and a number of brethren have been appointed in very brief addresses to speak out their thoughts and feelings with reference to the departed, in the various relations in which he stood to us in his chequered, honorable and useful life. It therefore does not become me to speak many words. I will therefore simply call, one after another, upon those who are to-day to give voice to the deep emotions which fill all hearts. I will first call on Rev. Calvin Goodspeed to speak as the Pastor of our honored friend and brother.

Rev. Mr. Goodspeed's Address.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—To-day I feel under the shadow of a great cross. Dr. Castle has kindly alluded to me as the pastor of our reverend brother who has departed from among us. I occupied that position; but he was my pastor, as he was the pastor of all

young ministers in the denomination. I regret exceedingly that it was not my sad privilege to be near at hand to him in his last hours, but I understand that his last hours were,—as all his life,—happy. He seemed to be so much occupied with the Lord's work, even until the end, that he had very few thoughts to give to himself. The Saviour filled his whole life. I had only been his pastor for a little over four years, and yet I feel I have lost the dearest friend I ever had. During the four years that it has been my privilege to be the pastor of the Woodstock church, he has been my counsellor; he has been my loving friend; he has been almost more than a father. I shall never forget, when I have gone to him, knowing that he was pressed with many cares and many heavy burdens, and fearing lest I might be intruding, how he has received me. I shall never forget, dear friends, how, in times of deep anxiety and trouble, I have gone to him for sympathy, which he was ever ready to give me. I remember once particularly, on account of some trouble that all pastors know very well, how, when I came away, he put his hand upon my shoulder and said: "Brother Goodspeed, I want you to understand that you may come to me whenever you think I can be of assistance to you." I remember the times when, during the last year, he could not attend the regular prayer meeting or the meetings of the church, and whatever might be the policy adopted by the church he always carried out his own rule that it was better to fall in with the majority. I can feel this, that notwithstanding all the imperfections of my pastoral life in Woodstock, Dr. Fyfe always acted on the principle of making the best of a thing in order that it might be benefitted. He has gone; and though we say his life on earth is ended, his life on earth has only just begun. He has stamped his life on hundreds, and the influence of that life, that has been touching so many of our lives for a greater or lesser number of years, cannot be lost. The influence of his example will abide and produce its fruits throughout coming generations. God knows best what is the future of the College. It seems to us that he was never needed more than just at the present time; but God so ordered all His plans, and we know it is because he has higher, nobler and more important duties above that He has said to him who labored so long and toiled until his strength was all but exhausted: "Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." Brethren, let us follow onward, feeling that he followed in the footsteps of the Master; and may his life be an impulse to us in helping us to think more about others than about ourselves; and may that God on whom we trust lead us in the future into all truth.

Dr. CASTLE: These words from a pastor will be followed by words from a friend,—one who commenced the active work of life with our departed brother, and loved him all through and weeps for him to-day,—Rev. Dr. Cooper, of London.

Dr. Cooper's Address.

It is just thirty-five years next month since I entered the dwelling of my dear departed brother in Perth. I came to the country in 1843, in the month of October. In those days we had no acquaintances, and we had scarcely any idea of where we were going.

I came to Montreal, spent one Sabbath there, and I was making my way to Kingston for the next Sabbath, but it was told me there was a Baptist church in Perth, so I made my way there and landed in the house of my brother Fyfe. They were then just talking of getting him down to Montreal to take the place of Dr. Davies, who was going to England. He said to me: "At any rate, you will stay over one Sabbath;" but he did not tell me anything about the Montreal arrangement. I stayed over one Sabbath and he started for Montreal on Monday. It was then settled that he was to go to Montreal and it was also agreed that I was to stay at least for the winter,—the winter was just setting in,—and have the care of the church in Perth, for the winter at any rate. He left for Montreal on Saturday first. That was the farthest ever we were distant,—I in Perth and he in Montreal. From that day till this, we have been almost touching each other in our work. He was interested in all the denominational work, and I always found him, as you know, true to the work. He loved the cause; he loved the Saviour; and he loved all good men, and everything that tended for the good of the church and the glory of the Saviour. His heart was in it from that day till the last day of his life. In this regard he was the same, true and steady. One day, after a little general conversation that we had together, he brought in his hand a roll of paper and he said, "I have got an outline for a plan of a school here; I would like you to look at it; I think we can get up a building, and I think we can do something to get a school for our young men." We had talked about this generally,—and somewhat particularly too,—but now it was coming to a point. I looked at it; it seemed a huge undertaking. There was a great prejudice against educated ministers in those days, very deeply rooted in some of the dear brethren, good and true, too, who had themselves fought the battle without any education, only they thought things were always to be so. Well, the matter was settled, that the Institute was to be in Woodstock. I was then pastor of the church in Woodstock,—in 1850 or 1861,—and since that time we have been touching each other all through. The last conversation I had with our late dear brother,—we had a little quiet talk one day,—he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Brother Cooper, you and I are getting very near the top of the ladder now." I said: "Yes, brother, a few more steps will bring us into the higher regions." I saw his clothes hanging loosely, and I, my heart ached. I am somewhat his senior,—about five or six years,—but my heart ached. I saw the dark shadow looming up as the pall envelops us to-day; I saw it coming, and I asked myself, on whom will the mantle fall? and I thought to myself again: "The Lord will provide;" and I am satisfied, dear friends, the Lord will provide. Brother McPhail, dear, good servant of God, has gone home. There was another intimately associated with us in those early days, our dear brother, Dr. Boyd, who is laid upon his back with sickness for twelve years,—I believe lying still. I wrote to him the other day telling him that our brother Fyfe was gone. Brother Peter McDonald is now in London, and that is about all of our dear brother's companions. So we are getting