

Church was deep and abiding. Indeed, I have thought that her spiritual epochs were absorbed into his experimental life. Self-denying and active with the Methodists of Oxford, sweetly simple in his trustful confidence with the Moravian communities of Fetter Lane, his spirit evermore aspired to the consecrated life of Bristol, and the beatitude of that consummating love which makes Madeley a memory forever. Wherever were found those who walked with Christ in white, there was found our friend's chosen society, and there was he held in highest trust and honour.

I cannot omit reference to the instinctive nobility and warmth of his nature. King amongst men, gifted with the power of leadership, his tendency was all unconsciously autocratic. Standing, as we did, at the opposite poles, the conflicts of opinion relative to the economic arrangements of the Church were frequent and severe. Yet I could never discover, after the most diverse expression of views, that the warmth, the confidence, the tenderness of his friendship was in the least affected. No base personality no imputation of unworthy motives, no ill-disguised ambitions ever tarnished the lustre of his public record.

But we linger too long over memories that are dear to us and a friendship that has been a solace and a stay amid the rough tyrannies of life. Not when the spring-time comes and the bud opens responsive to the wooing of the sun; not when the hillsides are mantled with their leafy covering of green, is there the greatest beauty; but when the autumnal radiance rests upon the landscape, when every tint and every colouring that Nature can bring out of her laboratory is scattered with prodigal hand on the fluttering and dying leaves, there is the very crown of beauty. Beautiful was the departed in youth, when his was the rapture of a soul in its earliest love, as we have heard from his spiritual father, the venerable Mark Trafton; beautiful in the maturity of his manhood, with its aggressive power, its genial ministries, its glad companionships and fond affections that lightened the home; but when the softening influence of age had abated the positive and chastened the aggressive, when all-maturing grace had thrown its charms of loveliness over the imperial manhood, then did the radiance of the heavenly begin to rest upon him, all prophetic of a coming glory. Through the depth of unutterable pain he advanced with fortitude and unfaltering faith to meet the last enemy. The conflict was sharp but the victory assured. No *Jubilate* of exulting triumph was on his anguished lips; nor was it needed, for his life was one grand, sweet song, attuned to the notes of entire consecration to duty and to God. His work is done, his night of weeping is o'er, his morning of joy has come—its heavenly light has tipped his golden-spired apocalypse, its mystery is for him unfolded, the beatific vision revealed. Evergreen shall be his memory in the hearts of thousands who shared his fatherly care and wise and faithful counsels.

Ryerson,—colossal, majestic, throned by his deeds as an abiding power in ail the land.

Rice,—heroic, loyal and generous, faithful unto death.

From the former we received a solemn trust; to the latter it was transmitted and held with a martyr's fidelity. We stand between the sainted