

The sorrow at the loss of Mr. Huston seems universal. The town showed its appreciation of his worth in its expressions of sympathy through the press, the tender words in the home of the bereaved and in the College, and by the vast crowd that followed the remains to the grave. The funeral service was held in the chapel room of the College. Rev. Mr. Dadson presided, and Rev. Mr. Barker, Prof. Bates, Dr. Rand, Mr. Carlyle, P.S.I., Prof. Farmer and Mr. Thomson took part in the exercises. All spoke of his power, his kindness, his devotion, his high ideals, and splendid qualifications for the work in which he was engaged. Mr. Dadson said that he was a man noted for modesty and power, and that the world, the College and the church, was to-day poorer because of his death.

Mr. Bates beautifully said that we had met to celebrate the coronation of him who now wears the crown. A devoted man, consistent in church work, and full of zeal in the interests of the College was called up higher. A man characterized by lofty ideals, broad sympathies, and a deep love for young men.

Dr. Rand spoke of his fitness for the work of a principal, his generous spirit and broad views. He besought young men to take up the life so well begun and complete it in theirs.

Mr. Carlyle had in Mr. Huston a warm, personal friend. He spoke of his sympathies for educational work outside of the College, and eulogized his patience, his perseverance and his heroism.

Prof. Farmer said that the life of Principal Huston was not broken off like a bar of steel. It had not ceased when removed from time. He believed that he had been called to a more exalted and fuller service. He thought he saw an illustration of his life in some of those high Alpine mountains where the base was visible but the summit, the crowning glory, was lost sight of in the mists that cut off our vision. The beginnings of Mr. Huston's life was seen here, but the glorious part of it was beyond our view.

Mr. Thomson closed his earnest and feeling remarks by urging on his hearers the seriousness of living. It was a more serious thing to live than to die. Death ended Mr. Huston's responsibilities, but with life ours yet remained.

The tender sympathy of friends could be seen in the rich and handsome floral offerings. The corpse seemed to sleep in a bed of flowers. The following made floral tributes: Moulton College Faculty, a book, Moulton students bunches of cream roses, sister of Principal Huston, a pillow, Master Allan, Calla lillies, A. C. White, a star, McMaster Faculty, a wreath, McMaster University Students, a pillow, Woodstock College Students, a pillow.

The funeral was the largest ever seen in Woodstock, excepting the burial of the victims of the St. George disaster. The procession was over a mile in length, while the streets were lined. The College, the Collegiate, and the Y.M.C.A., marched in bodies.

The pall bearers were Prof. Clarke and Prof. McKechnie, Dr. Rand and Dr. Goodspeed, H. H. Hurley and J. McCaw, students.

The remains were born to the Baptist burying ground, and laid to rest in hope of a glorious resurrection on the great day.

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