

"First, what is it to know?"

Pondering the answer which he was prepared to give his class, he sat waiting for the college bell to summon him to the lecture-room below. Instead a Higher Summons reached him from above; for "God touched him as he sat," and gently, without pain or "sadness of farewell," took him from the scene of his incessant toils to receive a fuller answer to his question than a life-time of hard study qualified him to give; for now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

Wrote Rev. W. D. Reid, B.A., B.D., in the Memorial Number of the *Presbyterian College Journal*: "As his sun neared the western horizon, his life seemed to mellow and become more beautiful. The sunset was a fitting climax to a glorious day. Not many sunsets leave behind them such a magnificent afterglow. There are sad hearts in many a manse to-day from Halifax to Vancouver, because our master has been taken from us. Our friend, counsellor and teacher is gone. . . . He went Home, well knowing that it had been his privilege to keep many feet from 'stumbling upon the dark mountains.' Already he has heard the 'Well done' of the Master whom he loved, and in the light of that eternal world, where the morn has dawned and the shadows have fled away, he is solving the mysterious questions with which he so often wrestled hard while here."