

and his own mission, with his hand in his Master's and his eyes on the future he plodded on. And it did become the star of hope to many young men and women. Here they met and mingled in class-room and in hall—they spoke from the same rostrum and prayed together in the same room sacred with a thousand blessed memories. And, thank God, here hundreds of them found the pearl of great price. Hence they issued at vacation or at the end of their course, their hearts knit together with mutual love and esteem, carrying with them the benedictions of peace and good will to the divided churches.

For seven long months in each of eighteen years how he labored, how he prayed—what weighty burdens he bore! From 8.30 in the morning till 4.30 in the evening he sat in the class room. Listen to the list of subjects he handled and handled well—Systematic Theology, Pastoral Theology, Homiletics, New Testament Greek and Exegesis, Hebrew, three classes, Old Testament Exegesis, Harmony of Gospels, Pastoral Epistles, Mental and Moral Science and Butler's Analogy. Besides this, councils, dedications, ordinations, board meetings, conferences, etc., without number, claimed his energies and time. Then during the summer vacation in rail car or steamboat, or carriage, he travelled night and day from one end of the land to the other, preaching, praying, pleading with rich and poor alike, for money. Money to pay teacher's salaries; money to put up new buildings, aye, and money to pay the poor pittance which was paid to him for these arduous toils. Thank God he toiled not alone—a small but noble band stood by him. Some of them are with him in glory, others are still tarrying in this vale of tears, and some of them are with us to-day. Among the former, reverently we mention the names of McMaster and Lloyd, Tucker and Davidson, and Archibald Burtch. "*And the last shall be first.*" This is the man who *mortgaged* the roof over his head for Woodstock College. The list of the living is too long to be given here, but we cannot forbear the names of T. James Claxton, of Montreal, and the father of him to whose skilful hand we are indebted for this beautiful work of art, John Hatch, of Woodstock. His memorials, "my boys," as he fondly called them, are in every land. In England, in India, in China, and all over the continent of America. In New York and Brooklyn, in Rochester and