

common Alma Mater, should thus gather close around her her students of other days. We hail with pleasure the good fortune of our former classmates, and we doubt not the era which dates from the opening of their new college will be even more prosperous than any that has gone before it. We wish them, professors and students, every success in their efforts to make it so.

We could wish that congratulations and good wishes were all required of us, but that cannot be.

The general joy over the opening of their new college building is mingled with sadness at the death of its late Principal, Canon Henderson. He was widely known and beloved for his noble Christian character. In this time of sorrow we who mourn him as true man, offer to those who knew him also as friend and teacher, our sincere sympathy.

He was a man of kindly, gentle, loving disposition. His life was sincere and earnest and simple, and above all, marked by a child-like trust in the Master whom he served. He gave his life to the advancement of his college and never doubted, in the darkest hour of its history, that it would become firmly established.

His hopes are realized to the utmost now, and there is a deep pathos in the thought that he, who worked so bravely and so well cannot taste the fruits of his labor. Yet if we see but truly, there is no disappointment in his death. God, whom throughout his beautiful life he had followed long and faithfully, stooped and whispered to him, "Come unto me—"; and he arose and passed into the glory of the life beyond, by the way which men unthinkingly have named "the valley of the shadow."

In his last hours he sent the message to his sorrowing friends, "I am a branch of the true vine, whose immortality is secured in the risen life of Him who now sits as a king upon His throne, and who has swallowed up death in victory." The words are full of comfort to the mourning and faint-hearted. Christianity owes much to men who, like him, prove in life and death the reality of faith.