

life. There is something pathetic in the death of an old minister. So many of life's most sacred memories cluster about his work. But sometimes we are apt to forget his needs during his life. How much he can be made by his people. They know little of his sorrows and disappointments. They think little of how a word of cheer could help—how much it means when they enter into his work. How it encourages him when he sees them supporting him, and willing to enter enthusiastically into large things for God and his church.

(2) The best memorial to Dr. Fraser is to hold up the work he loved and carry it to still higher heights and make it capable of still greater achievements, to make it mean more to Hamilton and more to our lives. For while men fall the work goes on. There could be no grander monument erected to the departed leader than to dedicate this church to the strongest, most aggressive work, and the largest possible advance along every line of Christian activity.

(3) The leaders are falling one by one. Read the long list of departed workers in the Canadian Presbyterian Church during the past year. Who is to take up their labors? Who is to fill the vacancies? The standard of Christ must not fall. The call to young men to-day to enter the Christian ministry is loud and pressing. There is no greater work, no finer opportunity for capacity and mental ability, and consecration or longing to be of service.

(4) He has taught us life's real worth. In one sense he was not an old man. To human