

member of the bar, especially in criminal trials. In these he was indeed a terror to evil-doers. He could arraign guilt and extort the truth from unwilling witnesses as with an hypnotic spell. Probably no man in the Dominion ever represented the Crown in such important cases or rendered such valuable service in bringing guilt to its deserved punishment.

Both of these distinguished men are sons of the manse. A cheap sneer is often indulged at the expense of ministers' sons. We doubt if any class in the community contributes, in proportion to its numbers, as many distinguished and faithful public servants. The brother of Judge Rose is one of the foremost ministers of our own Church. The elder brother of Mr. Osler is Judge of the Court of Appeal of Ontario, the younger brother is a member of the Dominion Parliament and one of Canada's great financiers, still another is the head of the Medical Staff of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, one of the most eminent positions of the American Union.

We are reminded of another family of ministers' sons, the Field brothers. The Rev. David Dudley Field was a minister in a poor parish in New England, who never received above six hundred dollars a year. One of his sons became Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; another was Cyprus W. Field, of Atlantic Telegraph fame; another was the distinguished editor, who, in his eighties, still wields a vigorous pen; still another was an eminent financier and capitalist. Where will you find such a notable family as the seven sons and two daughters of old Lyman Beecher? Truly the training of a parsonage in thrift, in industry, in following noble ideals, is not a bad outfit for life.

Many Canadians have heard with profound personal grief of the death of the Rev. W. F. S. Marling, for many years the highly-esteemed pastor of the Bond Street Congregational Church of this city. He was a fine type of Canadian scholarship and ministerial character. He did much to promote the interdenominational good feeling which happily prevails. Twenty-five years ago he became pastor of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York, which pulpit he occupied for twelve years. He continued

to the end of his life exceedingly active in Presbyterian councils, and had reached the age of seventy-five when he died suddenly of heart disease in the street at Port Chester, New York, as he was proceeding to preach on "Some Lessons from the Life of Queen Victoria." He was a good man and greatly beloved.

Dr. Henry Foster, of Clifton Springs, is well known to many Canadian ministers and lay people. He was a profoundly religious man, a Methodist of the old type. Over fifty years ago he found Clifton Springs a dismal swamp. By his energy and enterprise he built up a great house of healing which, with its grounds, worth six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he has dedicated to become ultimately a free health-cure and resting-place for the sick. We have never had the pleasure of visiting the Springs, but it is spoken of as a "saint's rest" of delightful character. It has become the permanent meeting-place of the International Missionary Union. Dr. Foster passed to his rest on the 16th day of January, 1901. A great and good man has gone to his reward.

The Rev. Samuel Nelson McAdoo spent the early years of his life and ministry in Canada, but fourteen years ago went to the Western States and completed a useful ministry on December 1st, 1900, in his forty-fifth year. He was known as the poet-preacher, so lofty and beautiful were his discourses.

Rev. John O. Clubine, B.A., B.D., one of our younger ministers, died suddenly at the parsonage of the Laurel Circuit on January 29th. He was only thirty-one when his short ministry closed in triumph. He was a brilliant graduate in arts and theology of Victoria University, and gave promise during his short career of great usefulness.

We may not here speak of the personal bereavement which has cast its shadow over our heart and home. Yet there are beams of blessing amid the shadows. There are unfading stars of hope amid the darkness. There are lessons of love and faith which can be learned only amid bereavements like these. Thank God for the hopes reaching forward beyond this world, and laying hold on the eternal verities of the world that is to come.