
T H E T R I B U T E S O F F R I E N D S

enough to show me what a fine type of man he was. What a pity the world doesn't contain more of his stamp!" I think that expresses the views of friends who knew him.

I cannot myself realize that Mr. Ryrie is gone. When last evening I was driving along with Mr. Wood, he said, "I suppose you will go down to the memorial service to-morrow afternoon?" I said, "Yes, I will," and the thought came to me that instant, "I must call up Mr. Ryrie and see if he will go down with me." I have not been able to get that feeling out of my mind. However, I feel satisfied that he has gone, but he has not gone and he is not dead if we endeavor to copy the outstanding characteristics of his life.