

of 1896. He continued his work and, with one leg in a plaster cast, got out and distributed the Annual Minutes of his Conference, of which he was the secretary. He was then in an important Church, and between that and Asbury Hospital, in Minneapolis, the year was passed, varied by a trip to Hot Springs, Ark. He took a lighter work in 1897—coming to crutches, meantime—and preached until he could stand in the pulpit no longer. By this time the disease had progressed so far that he could not hold in his arms the last infant he baptized. Thus it went on: another winter at Hot Springs, and the next in a private hospital in Toronto, which he left in February, 1900, pronounced an incurable. What this sentence meant to this earnest, consecrated man we will never know. Since that time, for more than seven years he has never been able to be dressed, except in a loose dressing gown, and he has not been able to lie in any position but