

his public ministrations, he chiefly won their love and confidence in their homes. Knowing every man, woman and child of all degrees in the parish, his coming into their abodes was always welcomed, and the advent of sickness, or bereavement, or joy, into a family circle meant an immediate visit from the Rector,—to minister, or console, or congratulate.

Not a day passed without a record of pastoral visits, and to make time for this important duty he was wont to take the early morning hours for the preparation of sermons and study; and in the winter months, long before any of the household were astir, he would light his own fire that he might meditate and read before the daily outdoor work began.

In all times and kinds of sickness he was prompt and incessant in the exercise of his office, and his cheery presence came like a health-giving breeze into the chambers of the sick. It became to be well understood that no pain or ailment of his own would ever keep him from attendance on those who needed him, and so "dogged" was he in devotion to duty in time of sickness that he has been known to leave for a short interval a bedside where he was ministering until the paroxysm of his own sickness had passed, and then return to complete his interrupted ministrations.

In infectious disease he was absolutely fearless, and his courage in this respect was sharply tested in a virulent epidemic of small pox, when the improvised hospital on the common was filled with patients suffering from this disease. Every day, and often more than once a day, he ministered to these stricken people, and