

would not have lived to the Jubilee year if I had not had. I was out in the open air a good deal and I think it was really the drive back and forth from church to church that kept me alive. How often have I driven through snowdrifts, and again how often have I enjoyed driving through the beautiful fields of King in the summer, when the landscape looked like a cloth of gold.

I did not get as large a salary as some of these men in the city had. If I did I should not have known how to spend it, and I couldn't have gone to sleep lest a burglar should come. I was always satisfied. I stuck to the old line of things; I never had any craving after the new. It never caused me any worry because I did not let it get into me. I suppose because I had been trained in my early days in the Confession of Faith, there was no room, because my brain is not exceedingly large, for new things, like the questions that disturb people now. During the recent celebrations in Montreal, I stopped for a moment to think what good had been effected for Christianity in general, but I could not see that anything had been done. I could not understand the elaborate preparations. If anything I would say to my brethren would have any effect, I would just say preach the Gospel, the good old Gospel from your mother's Bible, and it will tell. It never fails.

To-day, of course, fifty years ago comes back a little to me. I think of the old men who were around me then, strong men, who had crossed the sea and come out here, and just because they were strong and dogged Presbyterians and it had entered into their blood, they worked away here in the wilderness to make homes for themselves and homes for the generations who should come after them, and we are reaping the fruits of these men's labors. Be steady my friends, keep your eyes fixed on the recompense, on the goal, and you will leave your mark in the world wherever your lot may be.

I miss the old kindly faces, faces that never sulked nor soured, that never tried to work up any strife or division in the congregation. Sometime I shall sleep beside them, and when the great roll-call shall sound, I have no doubt I will pass with many of them through the Gates of Paradise to see the King in His