

down with paralysis, apparently the result of an injury received months previous while handling a heavy piano. Oh, those long and weary autumn and winter days, alternating between hope and despair! Oh, those hallowed and consecrated days! The lessons that were learned at his bedside are an inspiration and a benediction still. The desire for life was strong within him for the sake of his work and his loved ones; but he was as submissive and trustful as a child. Well does the writer remember him saying one day, "I had far rather lie here as I am and know that God is dealing with me than to be well and strong and not be conscious of His presence." How brave he was! And how he hoped against hope. Never was he more the Christian nobleman than during those last months. Like another Samson he manifested even more strength in his death than in his life. I may not dwell upon the closing scenes. Suffice it to say that everything possible was done to restore health or prolong life. The Board of Governors brought a specialist from New York to see him. Then he went to New York hospital. But it was not to be, and on April 25th, 1890, he went from us. His body was brought to the chapel of the College which he loved so well. There tender and appreciative words were spoken over his coffin before it was laid away in Mount Pleasant cemetery.

It would seem fitting that brief mention should be made of other relationships in which Mr. McGregor stood, and of other services which he rendered. In 1881 he was married to Miss Augusta Hull, of Princeton. As might well be imagined he was a most thoughtful, tender, and devoted husband. What a happy home was that of the Stratford pastor and his wife! Many friends and strangers too were blessed with its delightful hospitality. It was indeed a treat to meet Mr. McGregor at his own table, and to listen to the most entertaining, sparkling, or profound table-talk. He was a model host. And when children brightened that home, new qualities, as eminent and captivating as any seen before, shone forth in the father. With what tenderness he loved his children was shown in a special manner when his bright and only boy died. It was a considerable time before he could trust himself to speak at all calmly of his great loss. And it is impossible to read without tears those deeply tender and