

ing power of the hills, of the zest and freshness which the spirit feels in life so large and untrammelled,' one has the feeling that he would like to fling himself into such a crusade, and would count a selfish and finical civilization well lost for the larger joy of ministry."

At the outset of the 'long white road' journey Dr. Grenfell strongly realised that men who work only at the level of the times are absolutely incapable of doing anything to promote the moral advance of the time, hence his loftier note and higher level, from which by being able to grasp the world by a downward reach, he has been in a position to lift it a little out of its traditional rut and animate it with the impulse and nobility of a larger experience hitherto unknown.

Drawing together the strands of his noble Englishman's story we cannot do otherwise than regard admiringly or even reverently a career such as that which has been for so many years weaving its golden threads into the tissues of human life, and we might say, without exaggeration, into the tissue of the world's life.

Enough that thousands of men and women who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue on both sides of the Atlantic have "learned his great language, caught his clear accents;" one whose example will shine through the coming years, one whose name will ever be murmured with accompanying benediction.

In Britain's oldest Colony—the "Land of the Cod and Caribou," the humblest sea-farer has proclaimed his admiration of the lifelong work and lofty aims of Grenfell, one of the noblest characters in that country's history, to whom indeed, on those distant shores, Wordsworth's lines find fitting application:—

" There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."