

where he held the reputation of being a successful and painstaking instructor. This same year his marriage to Miss Glines, of Beverly, Mass., took place. About this time Mr. Stubbert decided that he could do his life's work best as a minister of the Gospel, and with this purpose he entered Newton Theological Seminary. Here he won for himself the name of a hard student and an earnest seeker after the best that is known and thought in the world.

In the autumn of last year, in addition to carrying on his studies at Newton, he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Penacook, N. H., and in this position won the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. But it was not ordained that he should fulfil long the duties of this station. Weakened by hard work and enervated by long burnings of the midnight oil, his frame could not bear the ravages of typhoid fever and now rests locked in that sleep which is "of all sleeps the sweetest."

It is hard for one to appreciate correctly such a man as Stubbert. He was not one to heed what others thought of him, but cared only for the approval of his own conscience. To those who were not his intimate friends he presented a somewhat harsh and rugged exterior, and by this exterior alone he was often judged; but those who were honoured by his friendship knew that his feelings were warm and kindly, that his hand was as ready to help as his heart to suggest that help, and that his character was of that kind in which the best qualities lie hidden from casual observers. He was not suave, polished; though a diamond in the rough, he was, nevertheless, a true diamond.

Perseverance was one of his dominant characteristics. He was not one to turn his back, but ever marched breast forward; Antæus-like he was cast down only to arise the stronger; baffled he fought the better.

In the game of life he was none of your half-hearted players, but strenuous, enduring, purposeful. If genius is the taking of infinite pains, Stubbert was certainly a genius. He mastered each step as he went along and would accept no conclusion without knowing, and knowing thoroughly, the processes by which it was reached. To convince him of certain facts was often a hard task, but once let him grasp those facts and they were his forever. How many of us remember that characteristic head-shake of his, indicating doubt as to the truth of certain points which the instructor was trying to make clear? As long