



MARGARET HOPKINS COX



Margaret Hopkins Cox

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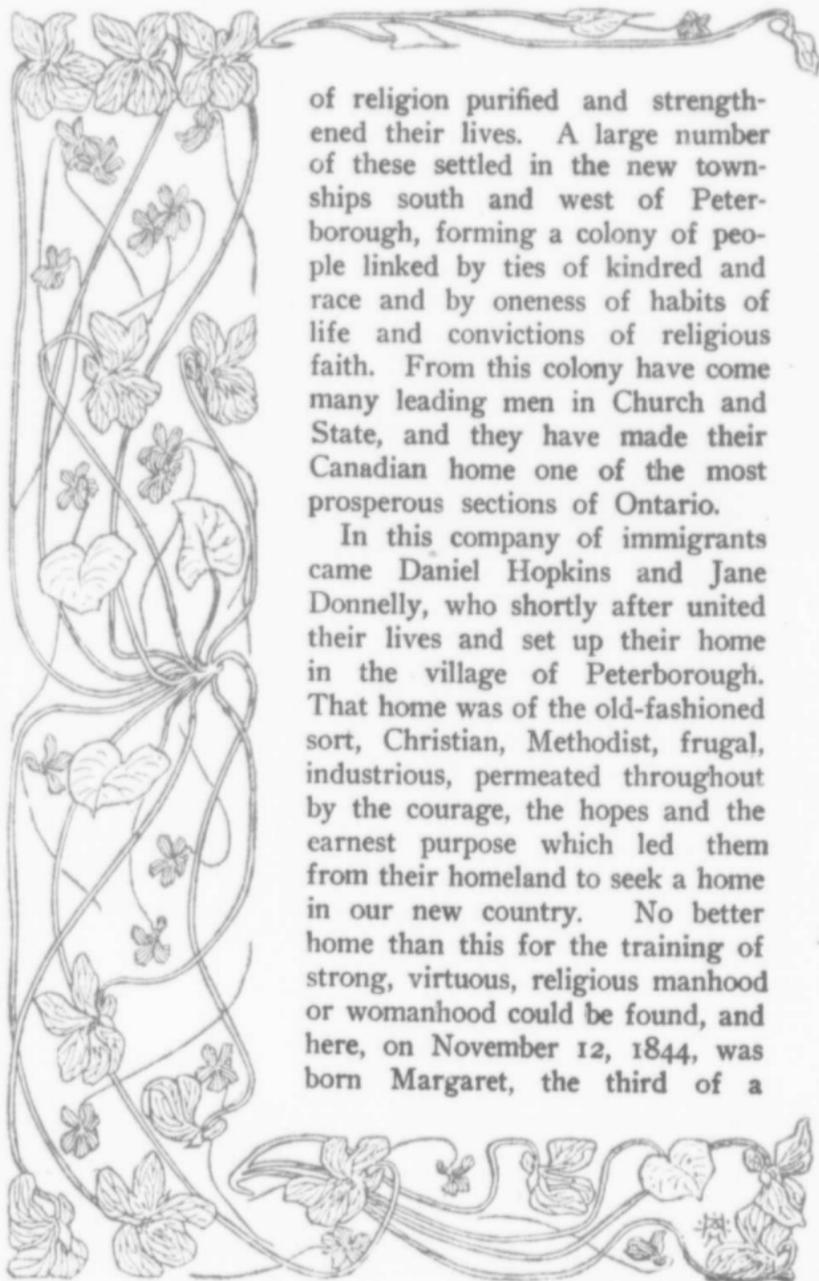


Margaret Hopkins Cox



IN the thirties of the last century there came to Canada from the North of Ireland a splendid band of settlers. The men were many of them tall, broad-shouldered and of imposing appearance, the women fine specimens of womanly beauty. They were generally intelligent and well educated, not a few well fitted to take their place as teachers in our public schools. The very fact of their emigration to Canada at this date proved that they were a people with ambition, not driven out by famine or poverty, but seeking a new home with the energetic resolve to better their fortunes. They were all members of the Church of England or Presbyterians or Methodists, and the principles





of religion purified and strengthened their lives. A large number of these settled in the new townships south and west of Peterborough, forming a colony of people linked by ties of kindred and race and by oneness of habits of life and convictions of religious faith. From this colony have come many leading men in Church and State, and they have made their Canadian home one of the most prosperous sections of Ontario.

In this company of immigrants came Daniel Hopkins and Jane Donnelly, who shortly after united their lives and set up their home in the village of Peterborough. That home was of the old-fashioned sort, Christian, Methodist, frugal, industrious, permeated throughout by the courage, the hopes and the earnest purpose which led them from their homeland to seek a home in our new country. No better home than this for the training of strong, virtuous, religious manhood or womanhood could be found, and here, on November 12, 1844, was born Margaret, the third of a

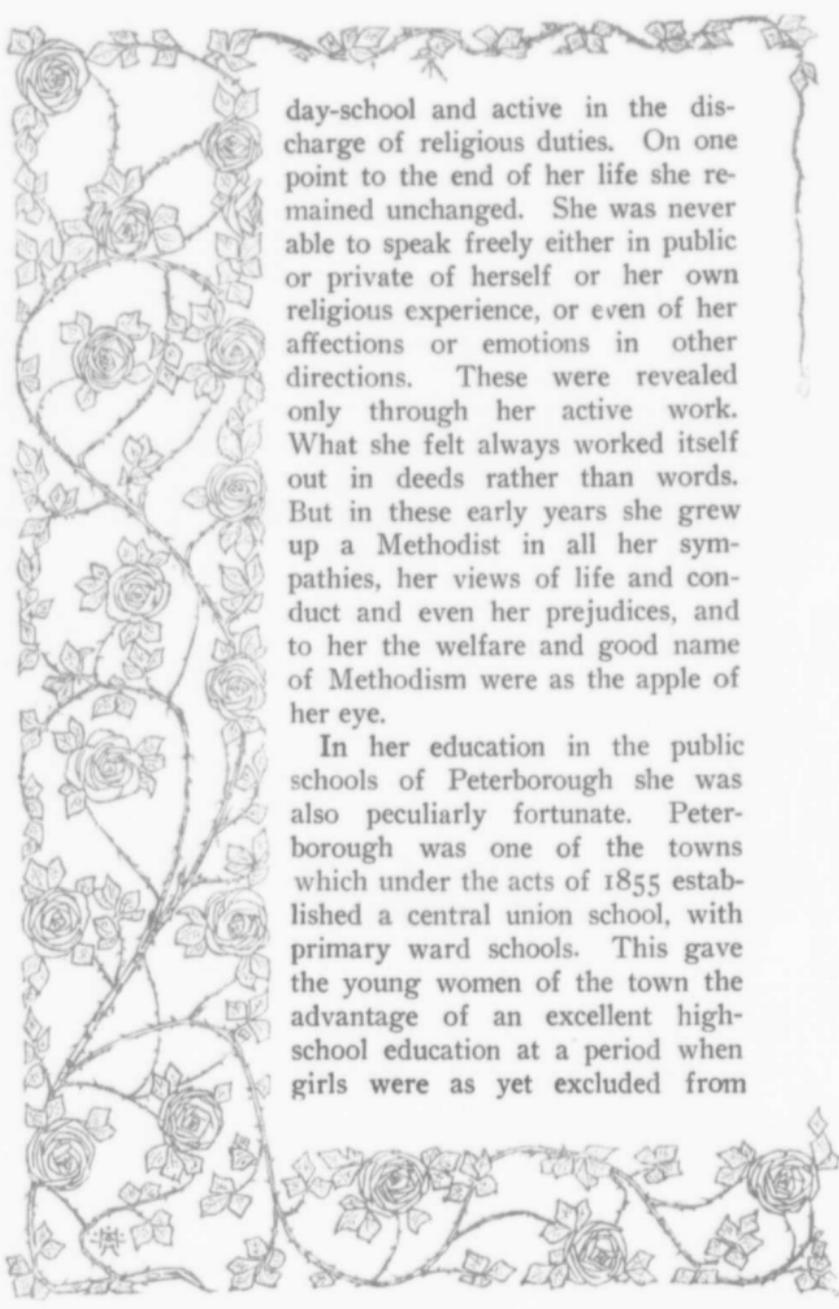


family of six sons and daughters, who have now all been gathered to the majority.

She proved to be a child of rare promise, beautiful in person, alert and strong in mind, deeply affectionate in disposition, winning in manners, and earnest and thoughtful as well as cheerful in character, and ready to profit to the fullest extent by the advantages of her home life as well as by her surrounding circumstances. In two directions these were unusually favorable.

The religious life of Peterborough Methodism was in the fifties vigorous and presented a high ideal of consecration. The old Methodist principles of denial of worldly amusements and devotion to a life according to Wesley's rules were rigidly upheld and impressed upon young and old. This ideal Miss Hopkins fully embraced and to it she firmly adhered to the end of her life. Of the circumstances of her conversion we have no record, but at sixteen we find her already a teacher in the Sun-





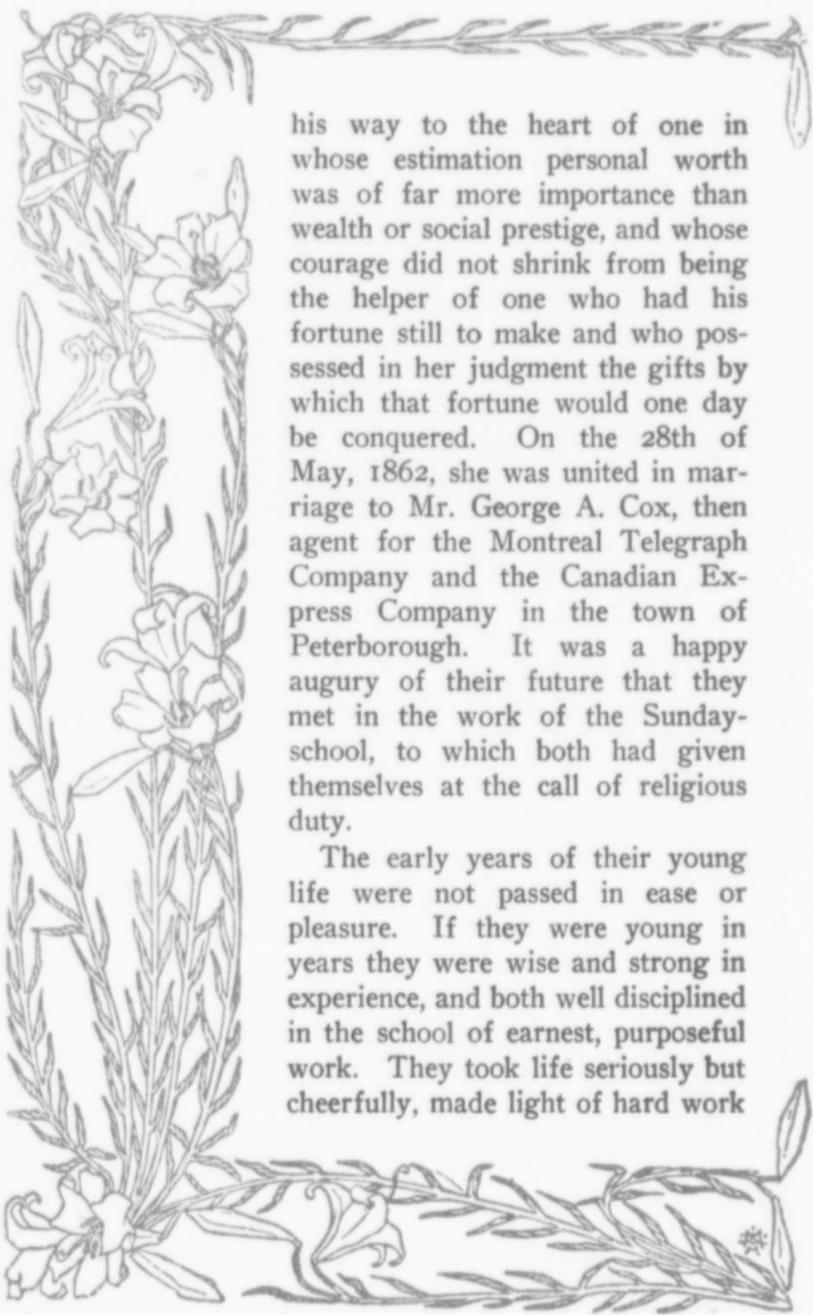
day-school and active in the discharge of religious duties. On one point to the end of her life she remained unchanged. She was never able to speak freely either in public or private of herself or her own religious experience, or even of her affections or emotions in other directions. These were revealed only through her active work. What she felt always worked itself out in deeds rather than words. But in these early years she grew up a Methodist in all her sympathies, her views of life and conduct and even her prejudices, and to her the welfare and good name of Methodism were as the apple of her eye.

In her education in the public schools of Peterborough she was also peculiarly fortunate. Peterborough was one of the towns which under the acts of 1855 established a central union school, with primary ward schools. This gave the young women of the town the advantage of an excellent high-school education at a period when girls were as yet excluded from



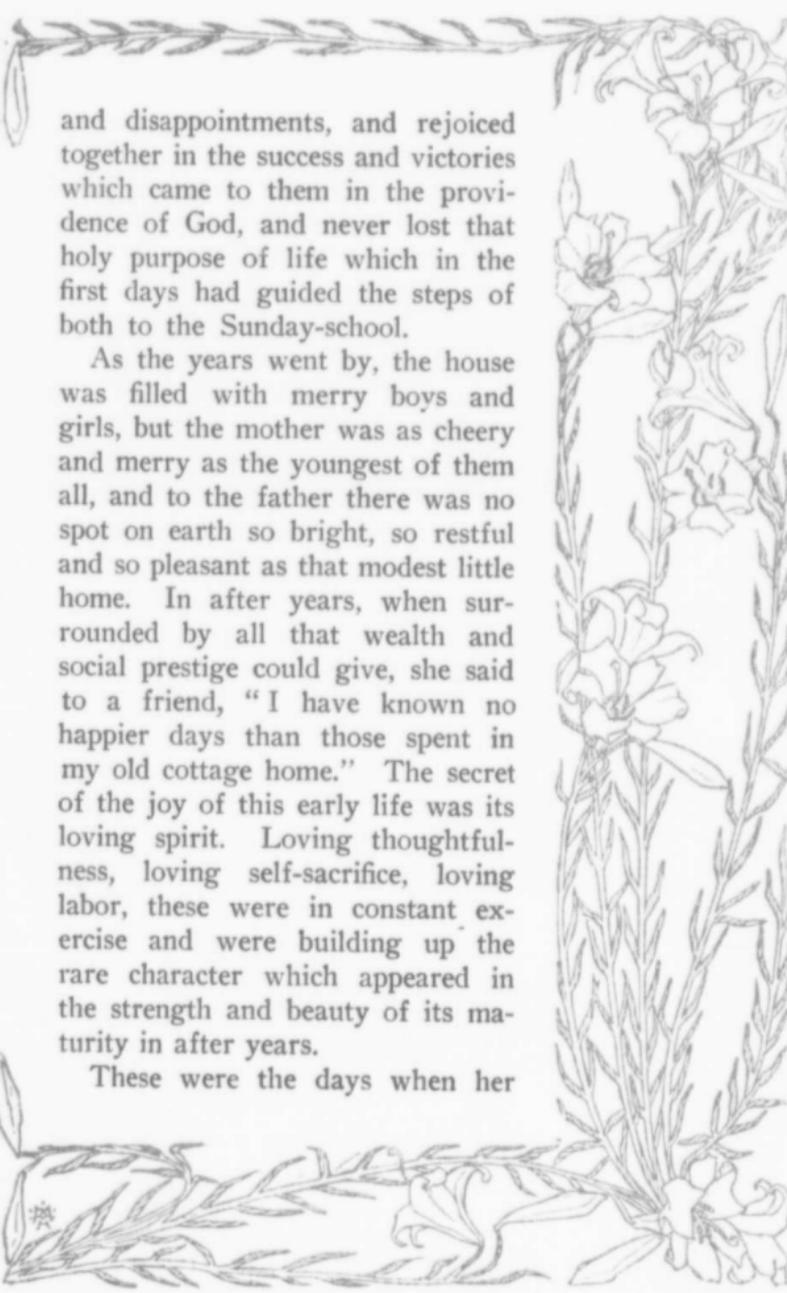
the public provision for secondary education, and Peterborough enjoyed at this time the services of a teacher, the late Dr. Tassie, whose reputation in after years was to extend to every part of the Dominion. There was thus opened up to the young women of Peterborough a wider curriculum than could be found in the ladies' schools of that day, as well as the most thorough training in their subjects of study. Thus Miss Hopkins' native gifts were developed by a good education in the best sense of the term, and the foundation was laid for that intelligent interest in education and especially in the education of women which was a marked characteristic of her future life.

School days were scarcely completed when there came to Peterborough a young man pushing his way in the world, but possessed of talents which would one day make him one of the leaders of his country. Tall and handsome in person, gentlemanly and attractive in manners, but most modest and sincere in character, he easily won



his way to the heart of one in whose estimation personal worth was of far more importance than wealth or social prestige, and whose courage did not shrink from being the helper of one who had his fortune still to make and who possessed in her judgment the gifts by which that fortune would one day be conquered. On the 28th of May, 1862, she was united in marriage to Mr. George A. Cox, then agent for the Montreal Telegraph Company and the Canadian Express Company in the town of Peterborough. It was a happy augury of their future that they met in the work of the Sunday-school, to which both had given themselves at the call of religious duty.

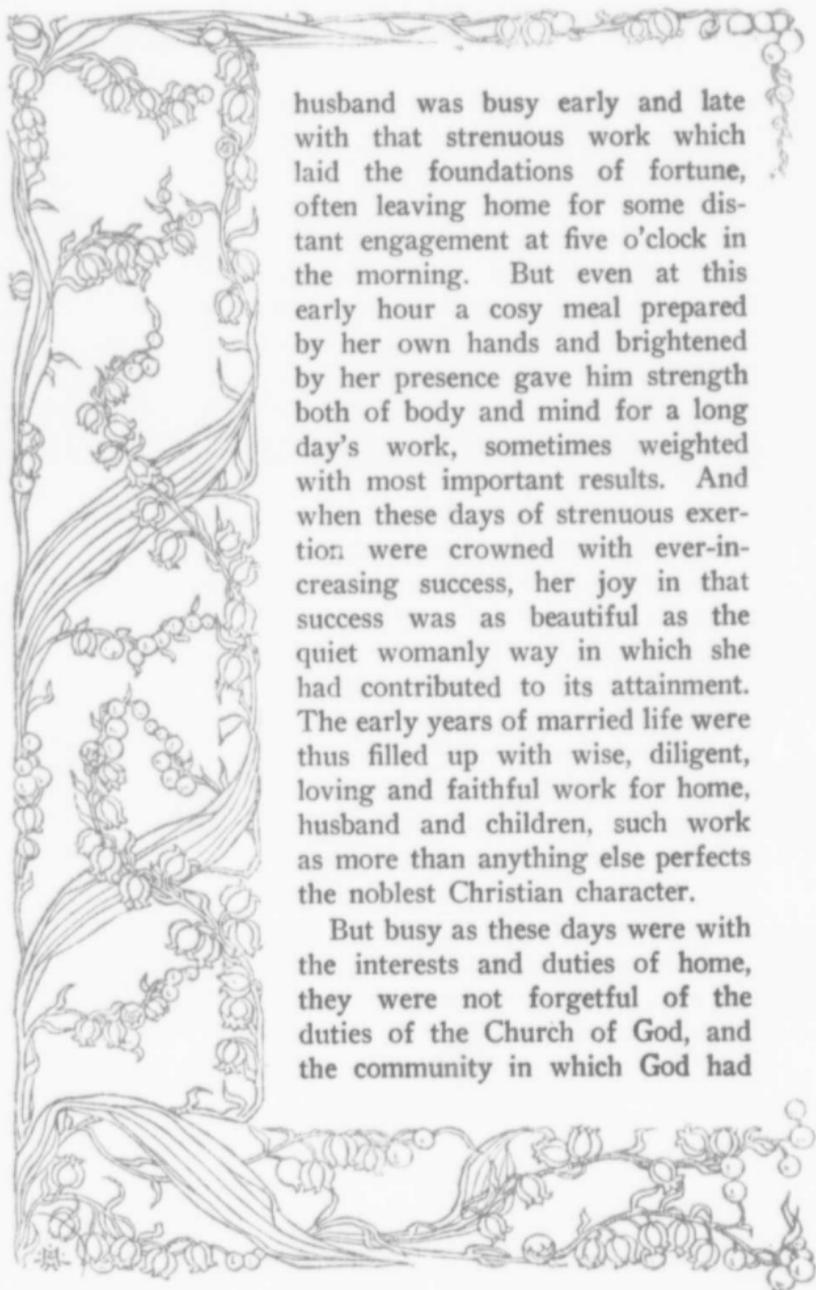
The early years of their young life were not passed in ease or pleasure. If they were young in years they were wise and strong in experience, and both well disciplined in the school of earnest, purposeful work. They took life seriously but cheerfully, made light of hard work

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and disappointments, and rejoiced together in the success and victories which came to them in the providence of God, and never lost that holy purpose of life which in the first days had guided the steps of both to the Sunday-school.

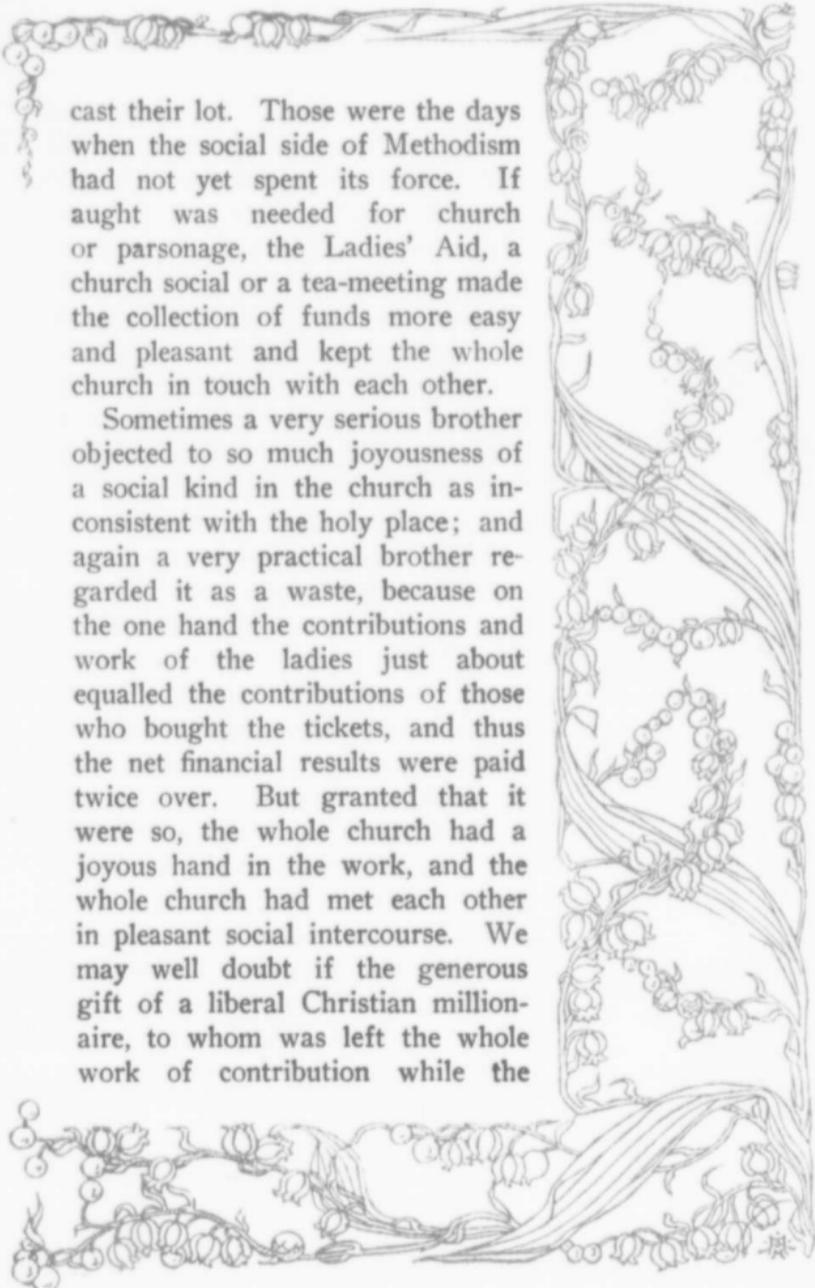
As the years went by, the house was filled with merry boys and girls, but the mother was as cheery and merry as the youngest of them all, and to the father there was no spot on earth so bright, so restful and so pleasant as that modest little home. In after years, when surrounded by all that wealth and social prestige could give, she said to a friend, "I have known no happier days than those spent in my old cottage home." The secret of the joy of this early life was its loving spirit. Loving thoughtfulness, loving self-sacrifice, loving labor, these were in constant exercise and were building up the rare character which appeared in the strength and beauty of its maturity in after years.

These were the days when her



husband was busy early and late with that strenuous work which laid the foundations of fortune, often leaving home for some distant engagement at five o'clock in the morning. But even at this early hour a cosy meal prepared by her own hands and brightened by her presence gave him strength both of body and mind for a long day's work, sometimes weighted with most important results. And when these days of strenuous exertion were crowned with ever-increasing success, her joy in that success was as beautiful as the quiet womanly way in which she had contributed to its attainment. The early years of married life were thus filled up with wise, diligent, loving and faithful work for home, husband and children, such work as more than anything else perfects the noblest Christian character.

But busy as these days were with the interests and duties of home, they were not forgetful of the duties of the Church of God, and the community in which God had



cast their lot. Those were the days when the social side of Methodism had not yet spent its force. If aught was needed for church or parsonage, the Ladies' Aid, a church social or a tea-meeting made the collection of funds more easy and pleasant and kept the whole church in touch with each other.

Sometimes a very serious brother objected to so much joyousness of a social kind in the church as inconsistent with the holy place; and again a very practical brother regarded it as a waste, because on the one hand the contributions and work of the ladies just about equalled the contributions of those who bought the tickets, and thus the net financial results were paid twice over. But granted that it were so, the whole church had a joyous hand in the work, and the whole church had met each other in pleasant social intercourse. We may well doubt if the generous gift of a liberal Christian millionaire, to whom was left the whole work of contribution while the



others looked on and applauded, would have done half as much good. It might, indeed, provide the organ for the Sunday-school or the carpet for the parsonage parlor; but it would not have so conferred a spiritual and social blessing on all the people. It could not have so united them in common interest and feeling of brotherly equality. One would be the great and good man, all the rest beneficiaries.

In this social work of the church Mrs. Cox was quickly acknowledged as the inspiring leader, gifted with a capacity, an enterprise and an energy that never failed of success. As old and young gathered around her and said: "Now we need this or that; you tell us what to do and set us all to work," her ready answer was: "Well, girls"—she was always a girl in spirit and made the oldest feel young with her youthful enthusiasm—"Now, girls, if there is any preaching or praying to be done, set some one else to do that;

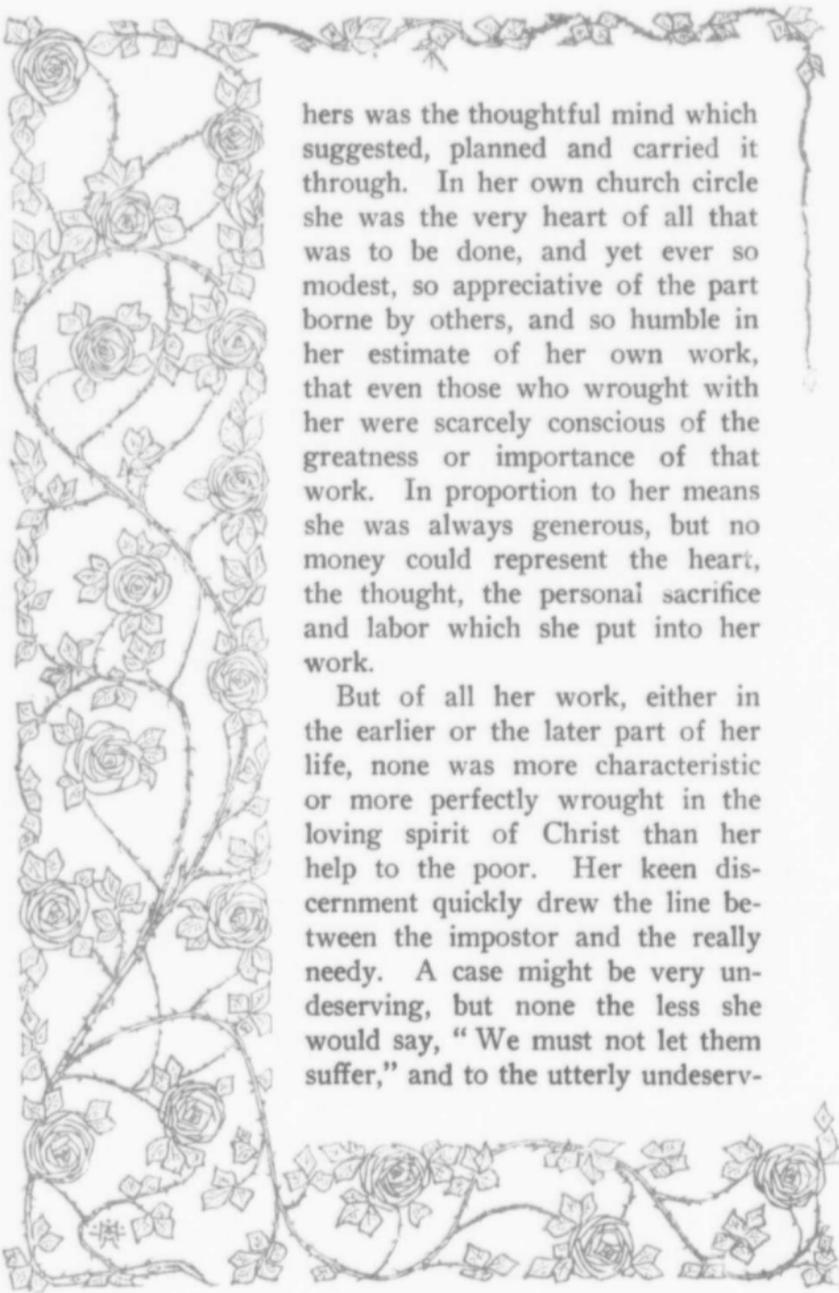




but if there is any work to do I can do that," and so, inspired by her example, all set to work and the thing was speedily and lovingly done. And so her skilful hand and no less skilful head were everywhere, working, directing, planning, and inspiring.

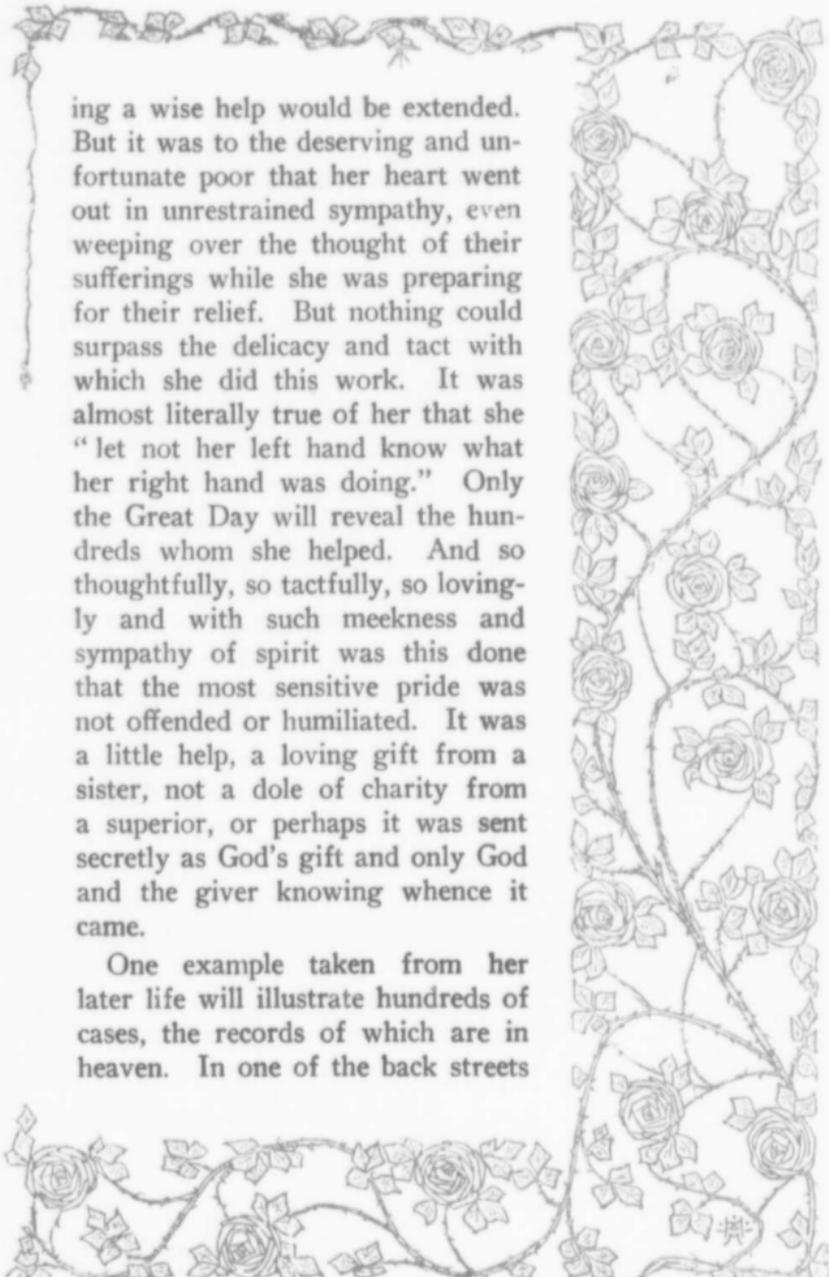
The Sunday-school, the loved field of her youthful activity, must have its picnic, and her motherly heart, full of kindness to all the little ones always made it a success. The old-time missionary meeting, with its Sabbath sermons and respectable deputation, and great week-evening gathering, demanded that the church should put on a more festive appearance, and she, with her band of willing workers, saw that this was done, and after all was over invited the deputation to a bountiful supper in her own home. If the Conference came to Peterborough some pleasant entertainment or excursion, at which all could meet and become acquainted and spend a pleasant social hour, was planned and carried out, and





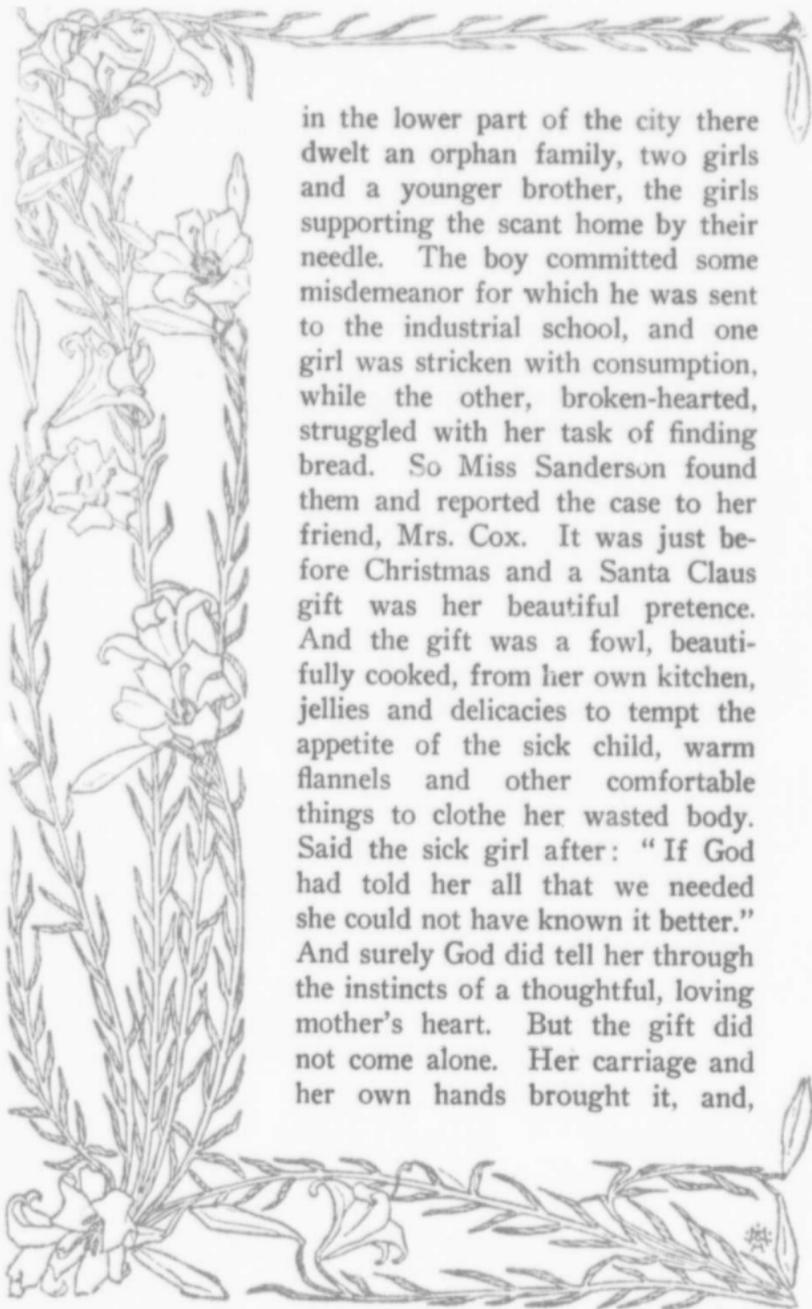
hers was the thoughtful mind which suggested, planned and carried it through. In her own church circle she was the very heart of all that was to be done, and yet ever so modest, so appreciative of the part borne by others, and so humble in her estimate of her own work, that even those who wrought with her were scarcely conscious of the greatness or importance of that work. In proportion to her means she was always generous, but no money could represent the heart, the thought, the personal sacrifice and labor which she put into her work.

But of all her work, either in the earlier or the later part of her life, none was more characteristic or more perfectly wrought in the loving spirit of Christ than her help to the poor. Her keen discernment quickly drew the line between the impostor and the really needy. A case might be very undeserving, but none the less she would say, "We must not let them suffer," and to the utterly undeserv-

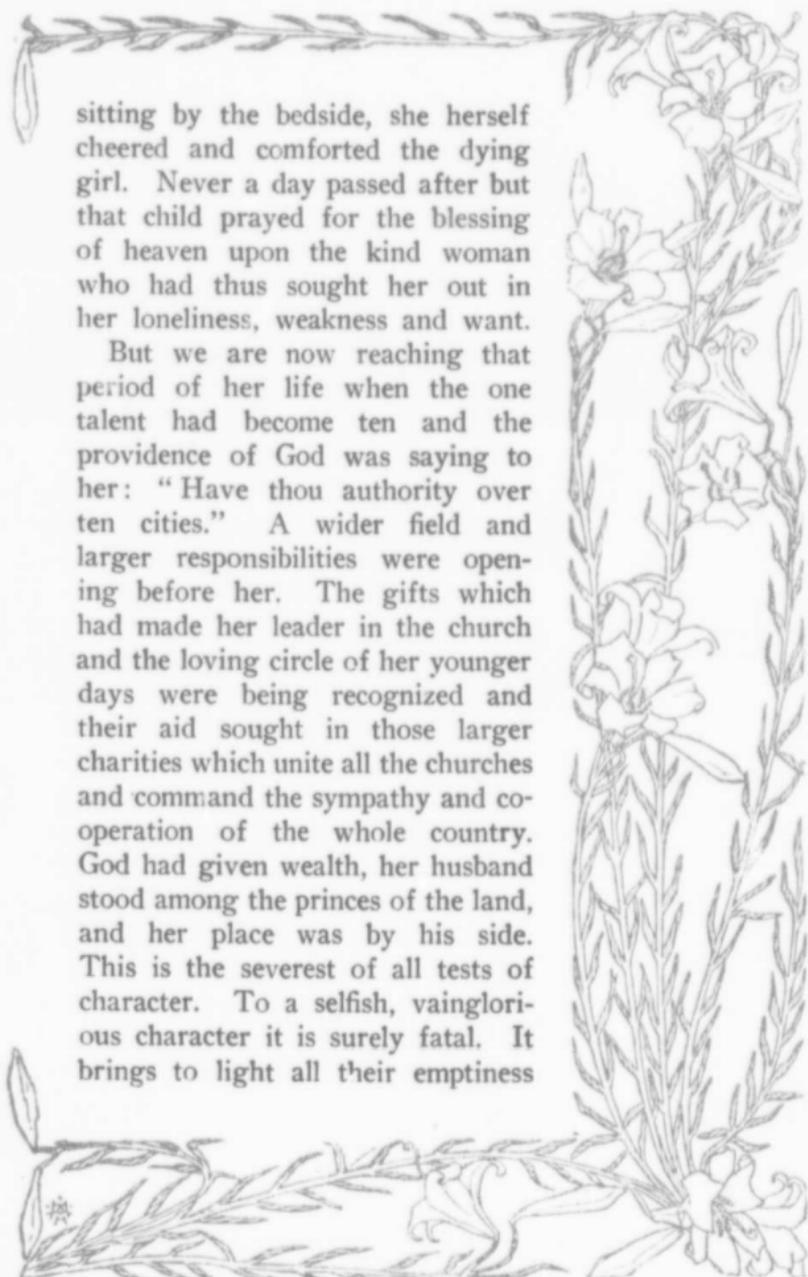


ing a wise help would be extended. But it was to the deserving and unfortunate poor that her heart went out in unrestrained sympathy, even weeping over the thought of their sufferings while she was preparing for their relief. But nothing could surpass the delicacy and tact with which she did this work. It was almost literally true of her that she "let not her left hand know what her right hand was doing." Only the Great Day will reveal the hundreds whom she helped. And so thoughtfully, so tactfully, so lovingly and with such meekness and sympathy of spirit was this done that the most sensitive pride was not offended or humiliated. It was a little help, a loving gift from a sister, not a dole of charity from a superior, or perhaps it was sent secretly as God's gift and only God and the giver knowing whence it came.

One example taken from her later life will illustrate hundreds of cases, the records of which are in heaven. In one of the back streets

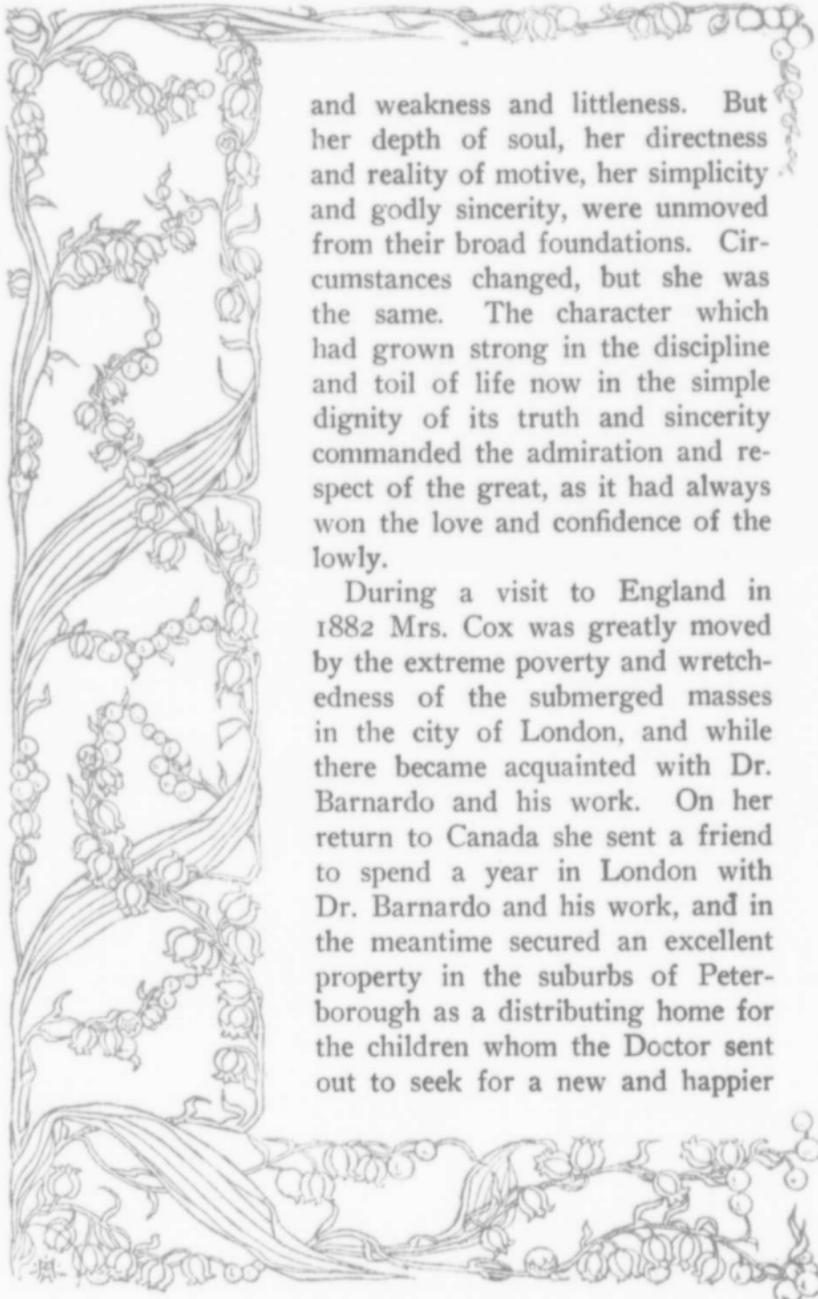


in the lower part of the city there dwelt an orphan family, two girls and a younger brother, the girls supporting the scant home by their needle. The boy committed some misdemeanor for which he was sent to the industrial school, and one girl was stricken with consumption, while the other, broken-hearted, struggled with her task of finding bread. So Miss Sanderson found them and reported the case to her friend, Mrs. Cox. It was just before Christmas and a Santa Claus gift was her beautiful pretence. And the gift was a fowl, beautifully cooked, from her own kitchen, jellies and delicacies to tempt the appetite of the sick child, warm flannels and other comfortable things to clothe her wasted body. Said the sick girl after: "If God had told her all that we needed she could not have known it better." And surely God did tell her through the instincts of a thoughtful, loving mother's heart. But the gift did not come alone. Her carriage and her own hands brought it, and,

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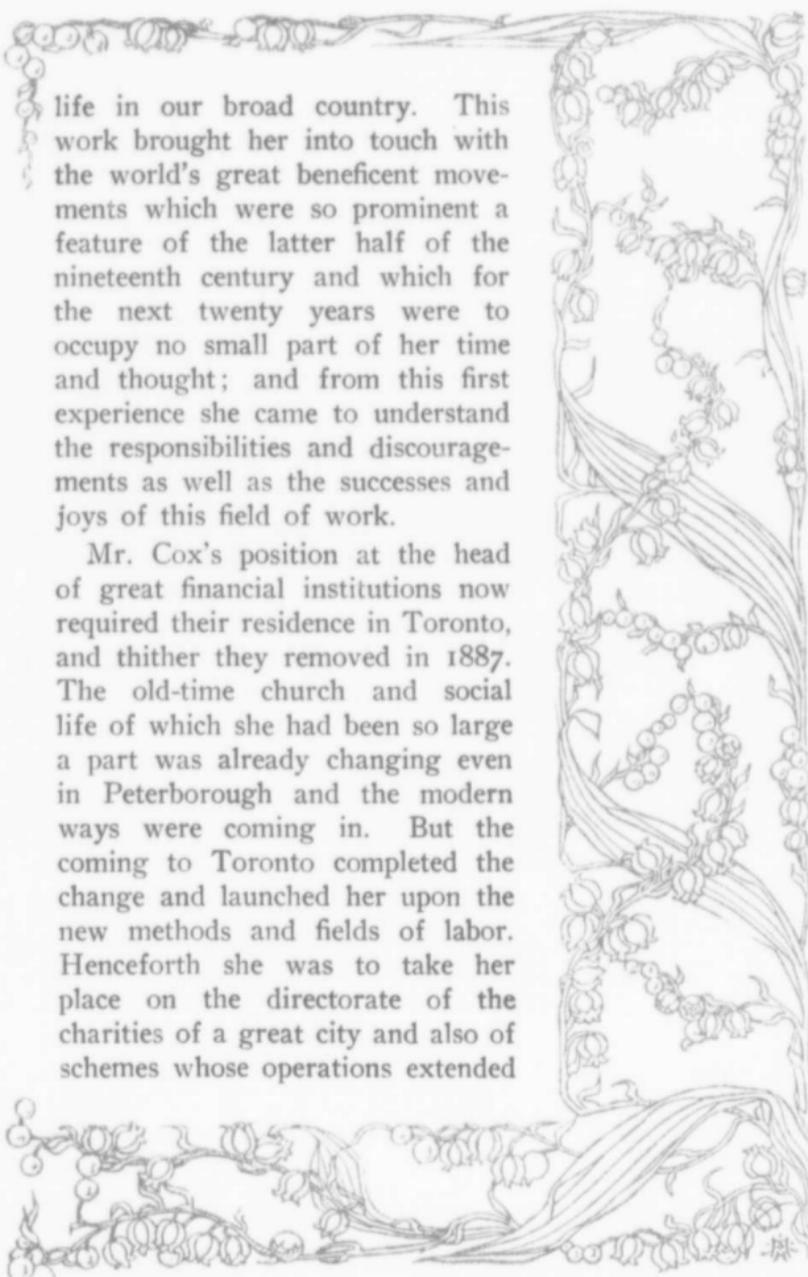
sitting by the bedside, she herself cheered and comforted the dying girl. Never a day passed after but that child prayed for the blessing of heaven upon the kind woman who had thus sought her out in her loneliness, weakness and want.

But we are now reaching that period of her life when the one talent had become ten and the providence of God was saying to her: "Have thou authority over ten cities." A wider field and larger responsibilities were opening before her. The gifts which had made her leader in the church and the loving circle of her younger days were being recognized and their aid sought in those larger charities which unite all the churches and command the sympathy and co-operation of the whole country. God had given wealth, her husband stood among the princes of the land, and her place was by his side. This is the severest of all tests of character. To a selfish, vainglorious character it is surely fatal. It brings to light all their emptiness



and weakness and littleness. But her depth of soul, her directness and reality of motive, her simplicity and godly sincerity, were unmoved from their broad foundations. Circumstances changed, but she was the same. The character which had grown strong in the discipline and toil of life now in the simple dignity of its truth and sincerity commanded the admiration and respect of the great, as it had always won the love and confidence of the lowly.

During a visit to England in 1882 Mrs. Cox was greatly moved by the extreme poverty and wretchedness of the submerged masses in the city of London, and while there became acquainted with Dr. Barnardo and his work. On her return to Canada she sent a friend to spend a year in London with Dr. Barnardo and his work, and in the meantime secured an excellent property in the suburbs of Peterborough as a distributing home for the children whom the Doctor sent out to seek for a new and happier



life in our broad country. This work brought her into touch with the world's great beneficent movements which were so prominent a feature of the latter half of the nineteenth century and which for the next twenty years were to occupy no small part of her time and thought; and from this first experience she came to understand the responsibilities and discouragements as well as the successes and joys of this field of work.

Mr. Cox's position at the head of great financial institutions now required their residence in Toronto, and thither they removed in 1887. The old-time church and social life of which she had been so large a part was already changing even in Peterborough and the modern ways were coming in. But the coming to Toronto completed the change and launched her upon the new methods and fields of labor. Henceforth she was to take her place on the directorate of the charities of a great city and also of schemes whose operations extended



over the whole country. Her first experience of these things was one of the trials of her life. She had, as we have seen, commenced public work in Peterborough. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association and the Barnardo Home and other forms of beneficence had engaged her sympathy and cooperation. But there the personal element was as yet predominant. Personal sympathy and personal influence were not obscured by organization. The souls of the individual workers were not merged into a soulless corporation, distributing charity by a cast-iron rule.

Against this the deep humaneness of her heart rebelled. She respected the feelings of the poor, even of those who through sin had fallen to the lowest depths. And into the organization and direction of the city charities she carried this divine element of personal human sympathy, often upsetting the cast-iron regulations which made charity a mechanical supply of material

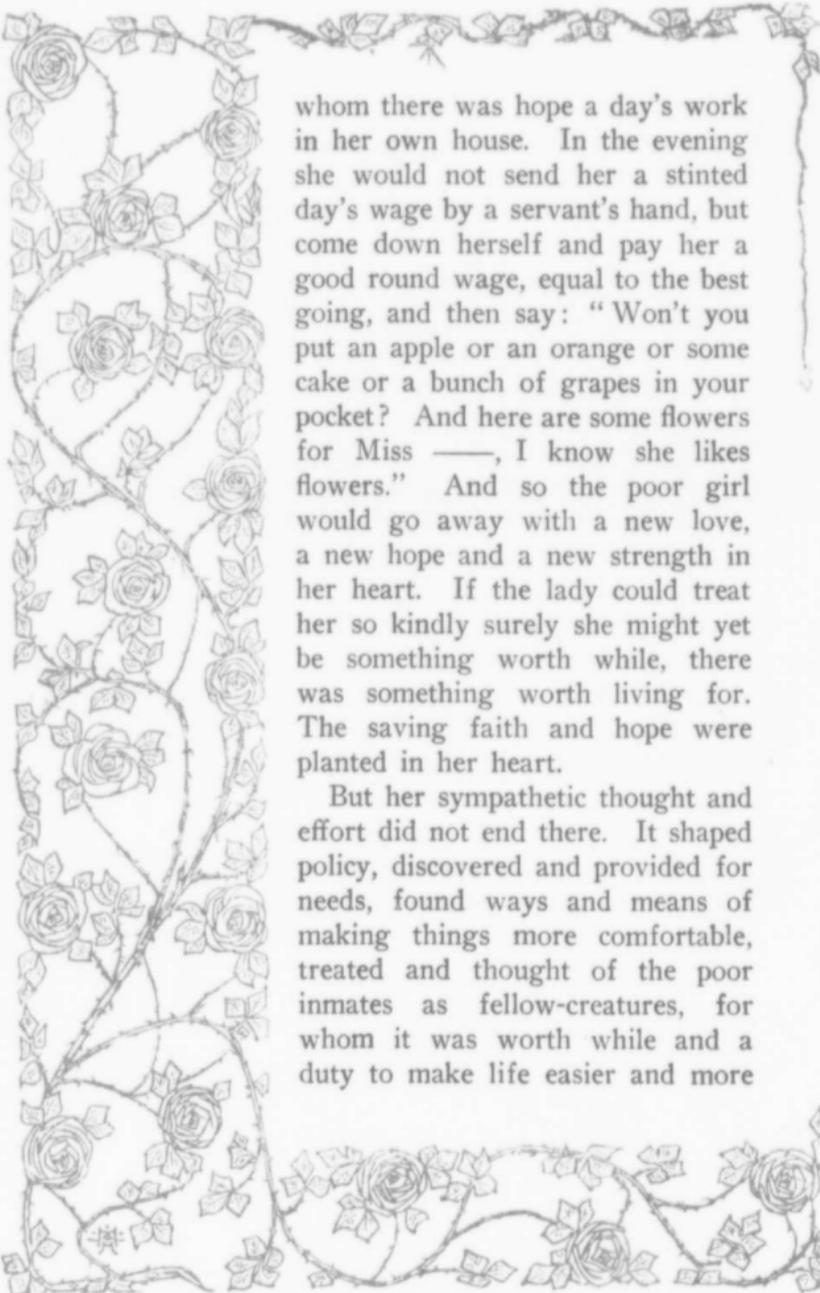




wants and converted the staff of a benevolent institution into instruments for enforcing a system of regulations such as might fit a prison.

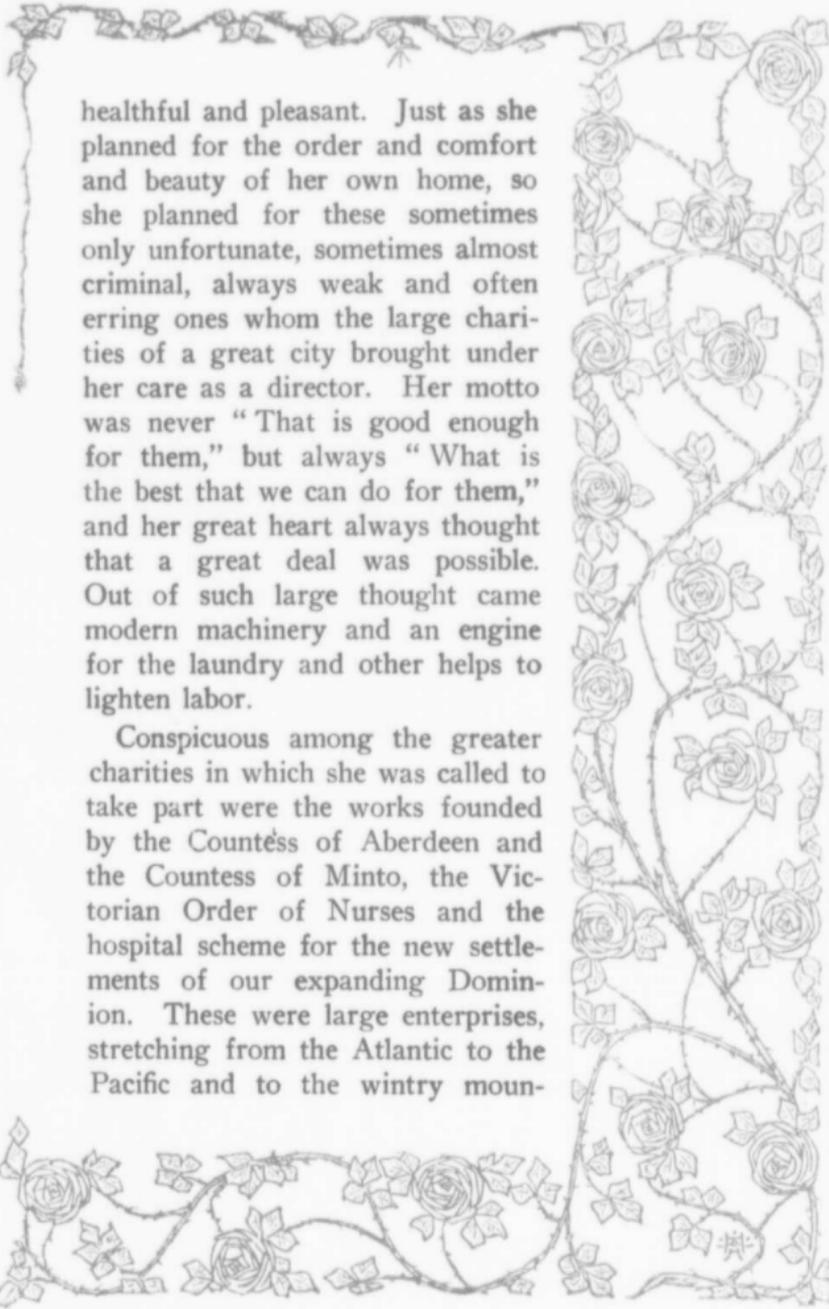
Her first ideal for these institutions was a staff of godly, intelligent workers, full of Christ-like, loving sympathy, and she knew where to find such helpers, for they were to be not paid servants but fellow-helpers in the work. Her next was personal touch with the people who were to be helped. Her ideal of help was to reach their hearts and so lift them up into a new life and help them to take courage to help themselves. And in this personal heart-to-heart work she herself led the way. Very few indeed could do it as well as she, for the sympathy of her great soul had in it a wonderful magnetic power. More than once while some suffering case was being revealed to her the great tears would roll down her cheeks while she was planning for relief. She would give even a poor outcast for





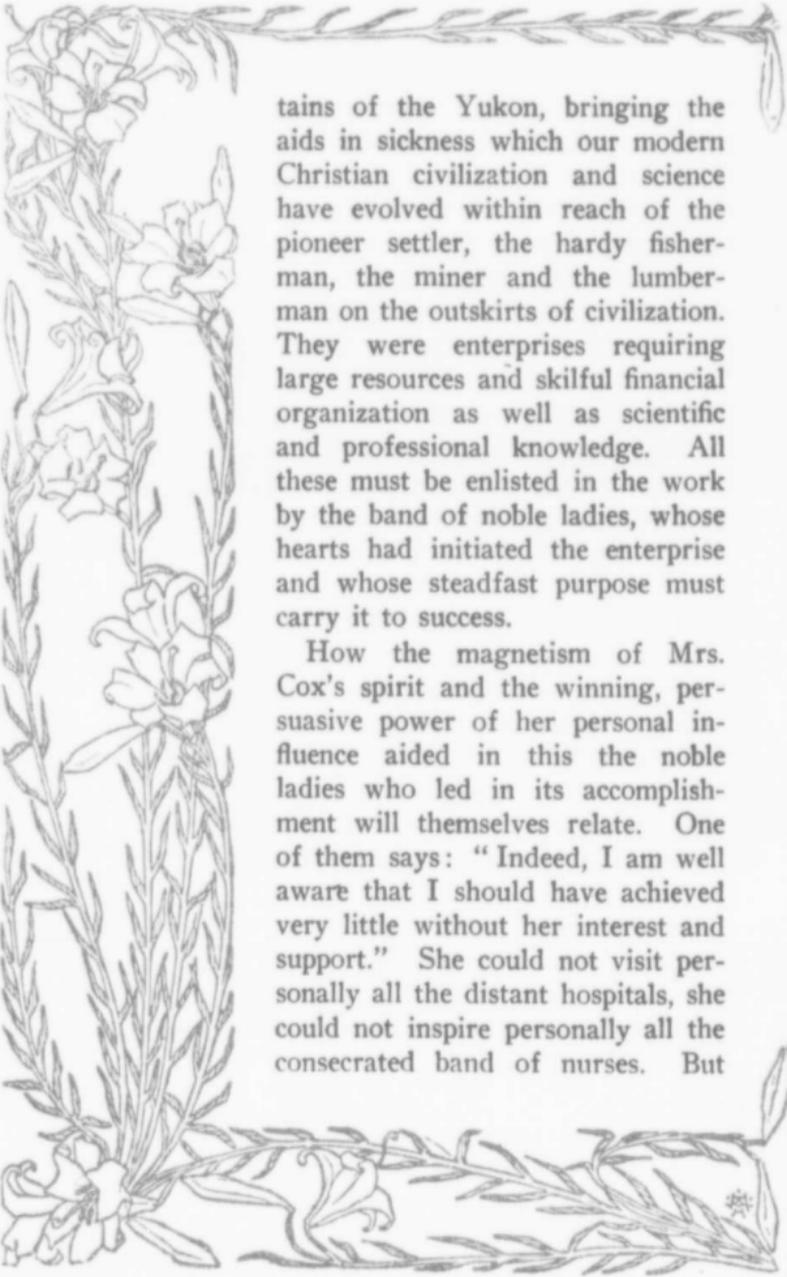
whom there was hope a day's work in her own house. In the evening she would not send her a stinted day's wage by a servant's hand, but come down herself and pay her a good round wage, equal to the best going, and then say: "Won't you put an apple or an orange or some cake or a bunch of grapes in your pocket? And here are some flowers for Miss —, I know she likes flowers." And so the poor girl would go away with a new love, a new hope and a new strength in her heart. If the lady could treat her so kindly surely she might yet be something worth while, there was something worth living for. The saving faith and hope were planted in her heart.

But her sympathetic thought and effort did not end there. It shaped policy, discovered and provided for needs, found ways and means of making things more comfortable, treated and thought of the poor inmates as fellow-creatures, for whom it was worth while and a duty to make life easier and more



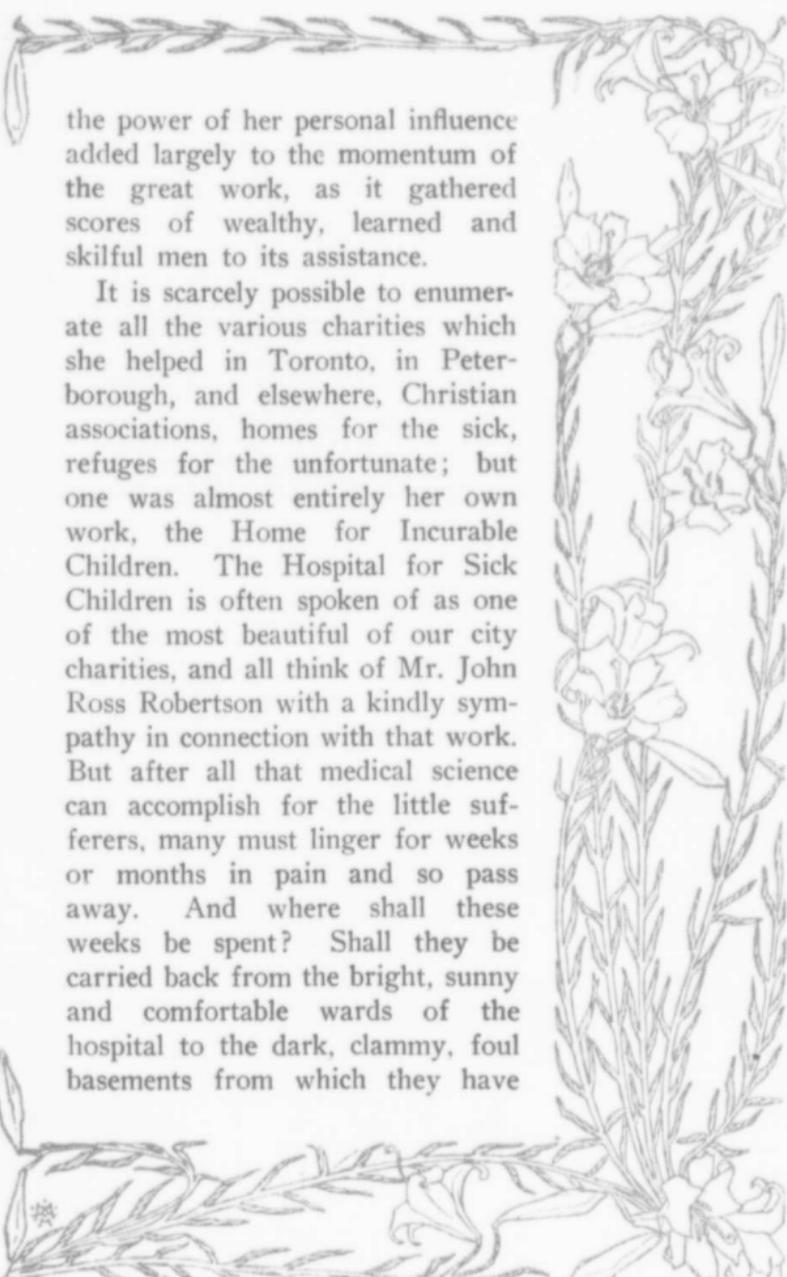
healthful and pleasant. Just as she planned for the order and comfort and beauty of her own home, so she planned for these sometimes only unfortunate, sometimes almost criminal, always weak and often erring ones whom the large charities of a great city brought under her care as a director. Her motto was never "That is good enough for them," but always "What is the best that we can do for them," and her great heart always thought that a great deal was possible. Out of such large thought came modern machinery and an engine for the laundry and other helps to lighten labor.

Conspicuous among the greater charities in which she was called to take part were the works founded by the Countess of Aberdeen and the Countess of Minto, the Victorian Order of Nurses and the hospital scheme for the new settlements of our expanding Dominion. These were large enterprises, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to the wintry moun-

A decorative floral border in a black and white line-art style. It features a central vertical stem with several large, five-petaled flowers and smaller buds. The stem is flanked by leafy branches that curve outwards at the top and bottom. The entire border is composed of fine, detailed lines.

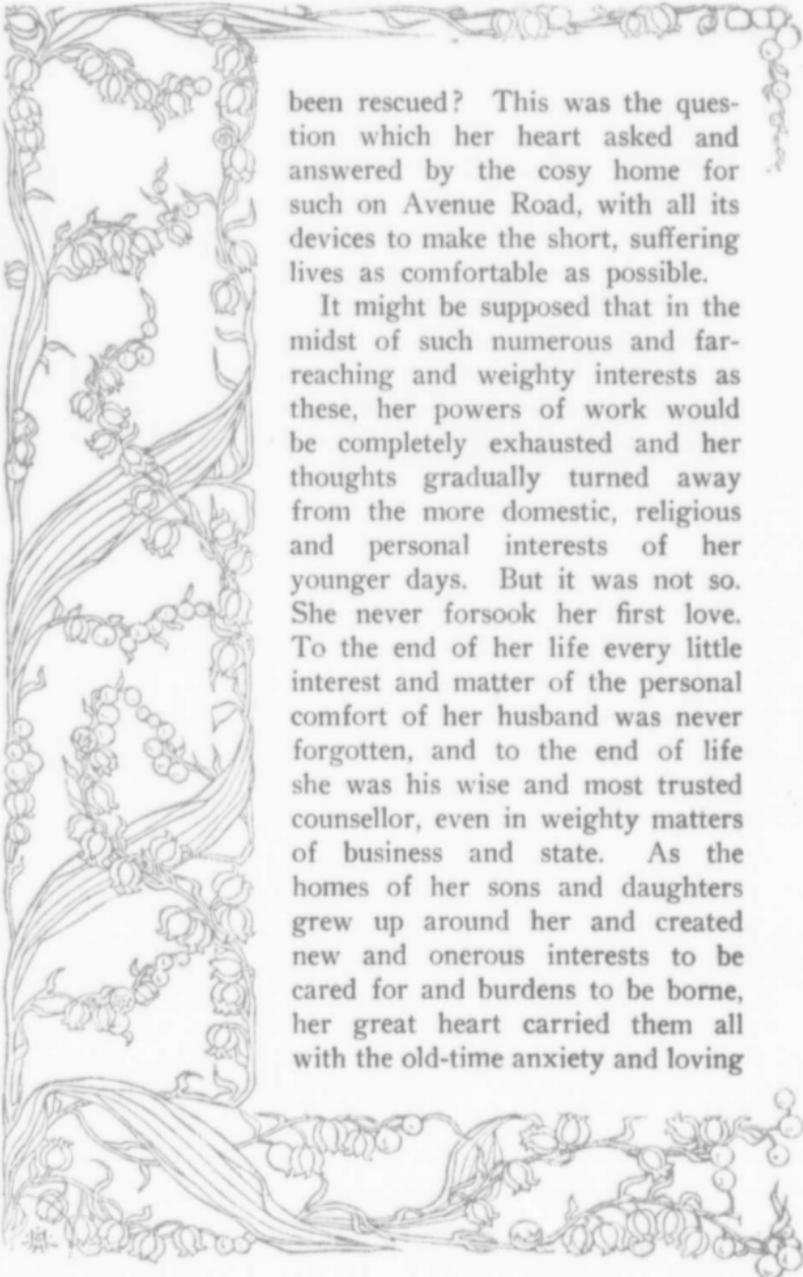
tains of the Yukon, bringing the aids in sickness which our modern Christian civilization and science have evolved within reach of the pioneer settler, the hardy fisherman, the miner and the lumberman on the outskirts of civilization. They were enterprises requiring large resources and skilful financial organization as well as scientific and professional knowledge. All these must be enlisted in the work by the band of noble ladies, whose hearts had initiated the enterprise and whose steadfast purpose must carry it to success.

How the magnetism of Mrs. Cox's spirit and the winning, persuasive power of her personal influence aided in this the noble ladies who led in its accomplishment will themselves relate. One of them says: "Indeed, I am well aware that I should have achieved very little without her interest and support." She could not visit personally all the distant hospitals, she could not inspire personally all the consecrated band of nurses. But

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves runs along the top, right, and bottom edges of the page. The flowers are simple line drawings with several petals, and the leaves are elongated and pointed. The border is most dense on the right side, where it forms a vertical column.

the power of her personal influence added largely to the momentum of the great work, as it gathered scores of wealthy, learned and skilful men to its assistance.

It is scarcely possible to enumerate all the various charities which she helped in Toronto, in Peterborough, and elsewhere, Christian associations, homes for the sick, refuges for the unfortunate; but one was almost entirely her own work, the Home for Incurable Children. The Hospital for Sick Children is often spoken of as one of the most beautiful of our city charities, and all think of Mr. John Ross Robertson with a kindly sympathy in connection with that work. But after all that medical science can accomplish for the little sufferers, many must linger for weeks or months in pain and so pass away. And where shall these weeks be spent? Shall they be carried back from the bright, sunny and comfortable wards of the hospital to the dark, clammy, foul basements from which they have

A decorative border of intricate line art surrounds the text. It features a mix of floral motifs, including what appear to be pansies and other blossoms, intertwined with long, flowing, leaf-like shapes that resemble lily pads or broad leaves. The border is composed of repeating patterns that frame the central text area.

been rescued? This was the question which her heart asked and answered by the cosy home for such on Avenue Road, with all its devices to make the short, suffering lives as comfortable as possible.

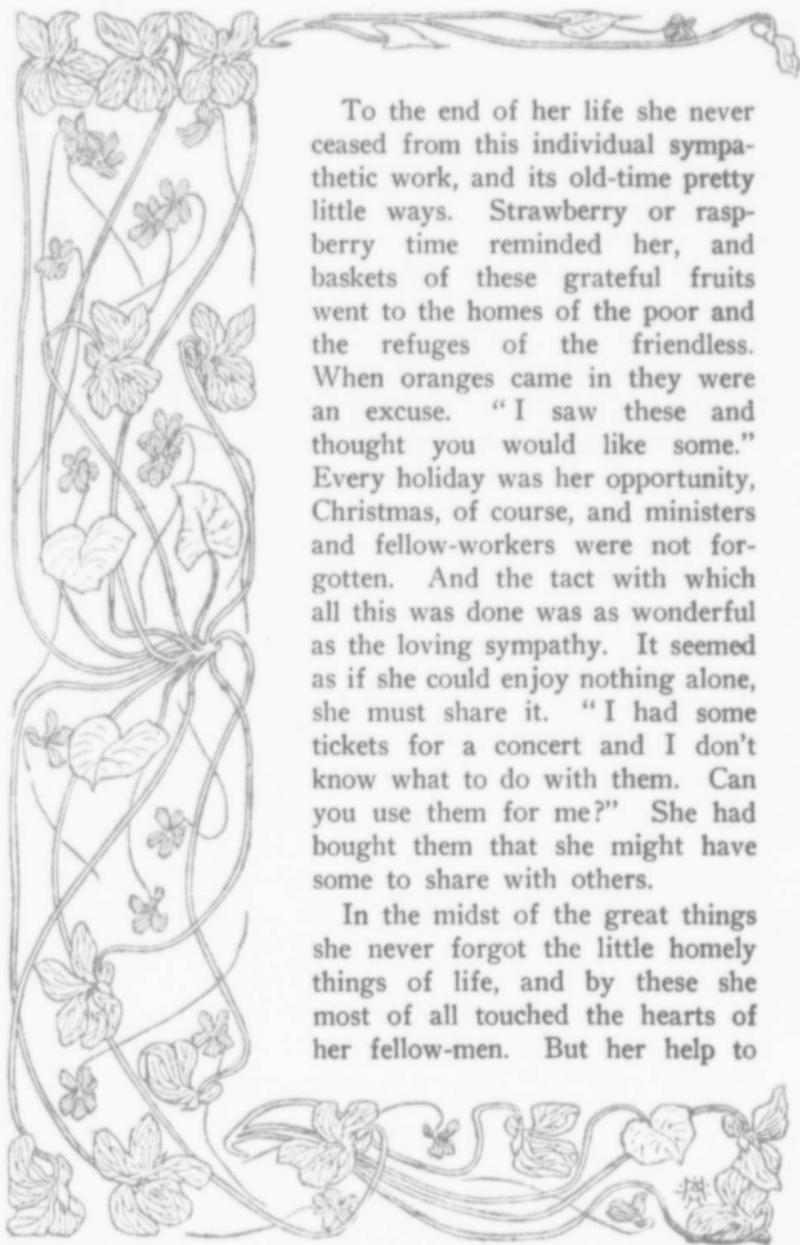
It might be supposed that in the midst of such numerous and far-reaching and weighty interests as these, her powers of work would be completely exhausted and her thoughts gradually turned away from the more domestic, religious and personal interests of her younger days. But it was not so. She never forsook her first love. To the end of her life every little interest and matter of the personal comfort of her husband was never forgotten, and to the end of life she was his wise and most trusted counsellor, even in weighty matters of business and state. As the homes of her sons and daughters grew up around her and created new and onerous interests to be cared for and burdens to be borne, her great heart carried them all with the old-time anxiety and loving



prayer, as well as unbounded self-sacrifice of work. Mother's hands still did things which no one else could do as well.

And the friends of her youth were never forgotten. Some of them were not fortunate and needed a helping hand, and the helping hand did not wait to be asked, but sought them out. Of others who had shared her good work in days gone by she knew the worth and gathered them round her to help her in the wider field. Said one of them to her one day, "It is a blessed thing to have such a friend as you to come to to get help for all these poor people." "And," she replied, "it is a blessed thing to have such a friend as you to hunt them up for me." And so they obeyed the injunction of the apostle, "in honor preferring one another." It was as these cases were gathered before her that she said, "Oh, I don't know whether I am glad or sorry to see you. You tear me all to pieces telling these things," and then she wept over her poor.





To the end of her life she never ceased from this individual sympathetic work, and its old-time pretty little ways. Strawberry or raspberry time reminded her, and baskets of these grateful fruits went to the homes of the poor and the refuges of the friendless. When oranges came in they were an excuse. "I saw these and thought you would like some." Every holiday was her opportunity, Christmas, of course, and ministers and fellow-workers were not forgotten. And the tact with which all this was done was as wonderful as the loving sympathy. It seemed as if she could enjoy nothing alone, she must share it. "I had some tickets for a concert and I don't know what to do with them. Can you use them for me?" She had bought them that she might have some to share with others.

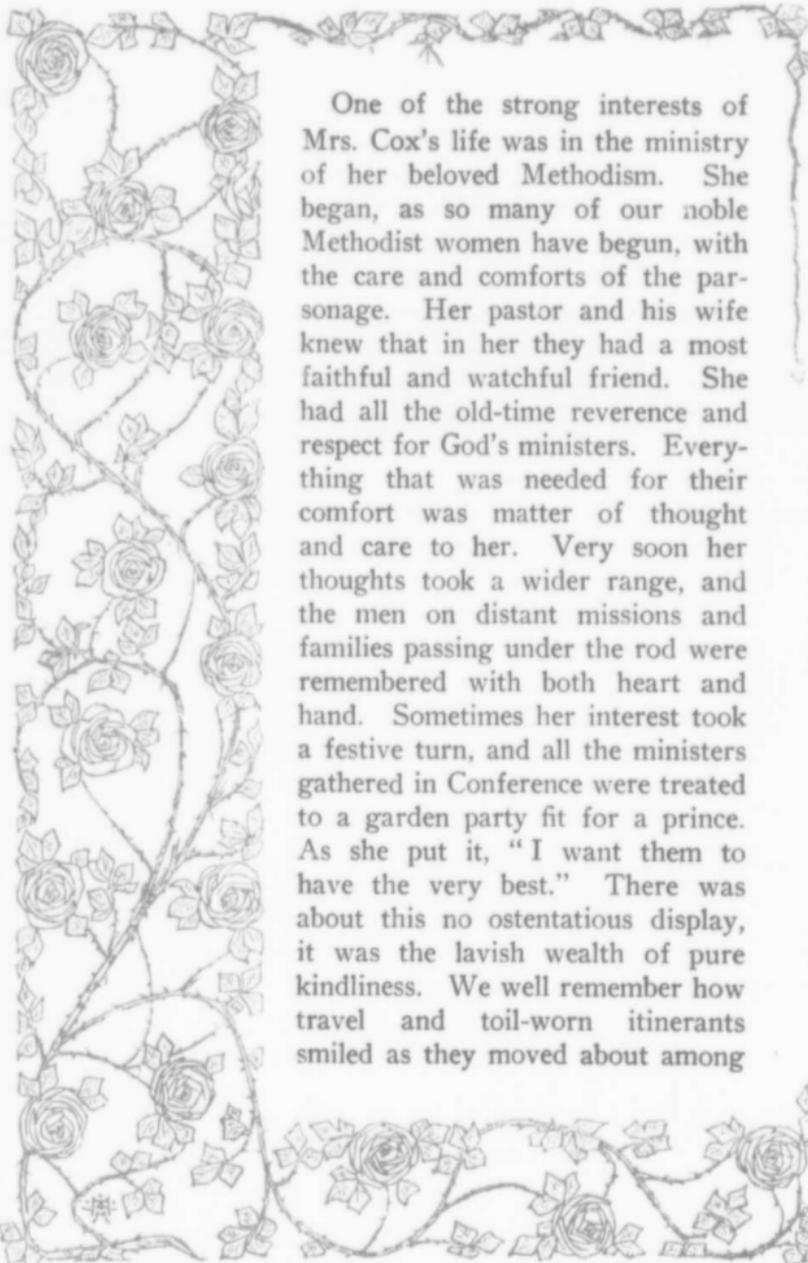
In the midst of the great things she never forgot the little homely things of life, and by these she most of all touched the hearts of her fellow-men. But her help to



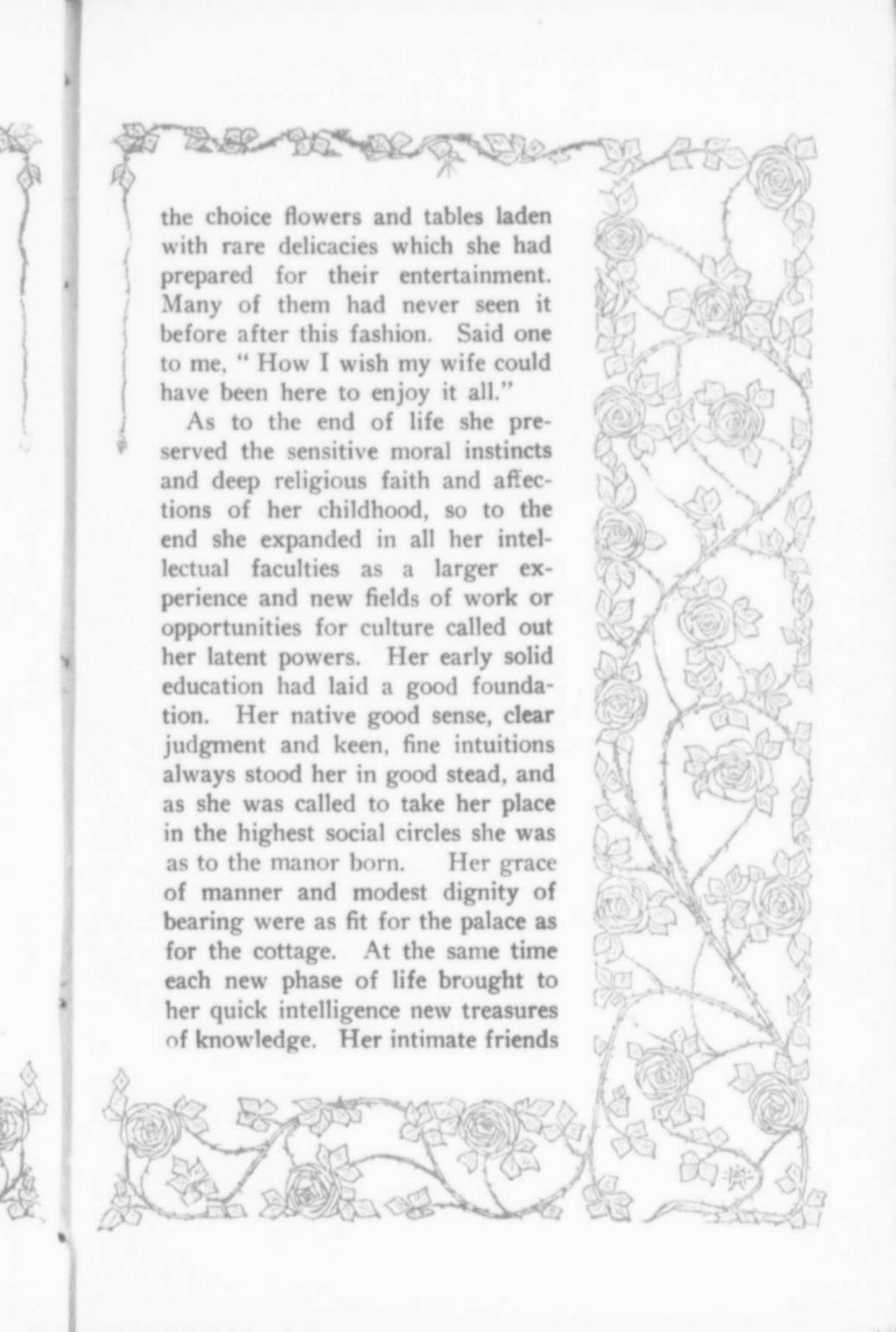
the individual was by no means confined to little things. A cheque for five hundred or a thousand dollars to give a friend who was not rich a chance for life when struggling with disease was not a thing at which she hesitated. A thousand dollars quietly put in the bank to the credit of a young man studying for the ministry was one of her ways of doing good. She rather avoided large subscriptions blazoned before the world and delighted to do large as well as small things seen by God alone. After she was gone many of them were brought to light as a grateful tribute to her memory.

We doubt if ever she has been excelled in her skill in helping without degrading or causing humiliation. No one ever said to her, "Curse your charity; we want work." She would create work or some excuse, so that there might be no sting. And her last resort was that of the Corinthians with St. Paul, praying them with much entreaty to accept the help of a sister.



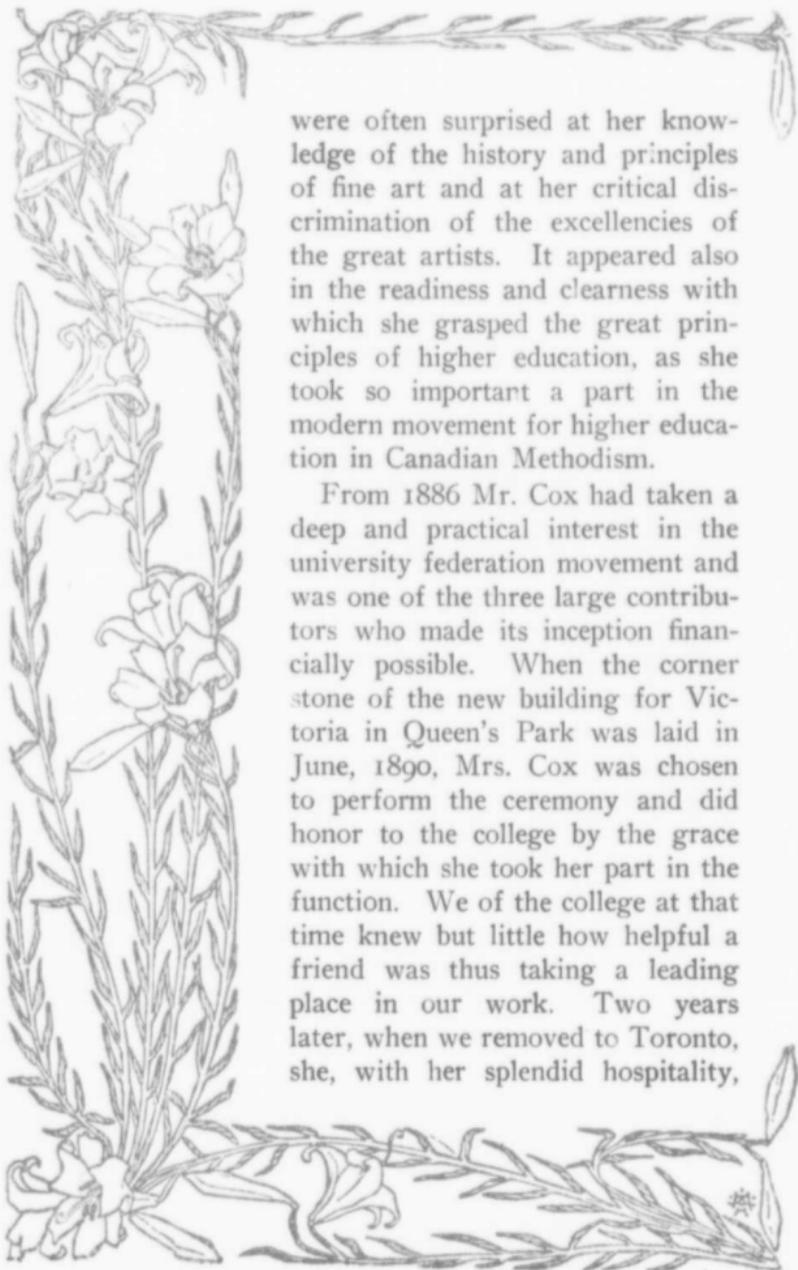


One of the strong interests of Mrs. Cox's life was in the ministry of her beloved Methodism. She began, as so many of our noble Methodist women have begun, with the care and comforts of the parsonage. Her pastor and his wife knew that in her they had a most faithful and watchful friend. She had all the old-time reverence and respect for God's ministers. Everything that was needed for their comfort was matter of thought and care to her. Very soon her thoughts took a wider range, and the men on distant missions and families passing under the rod were remembered with both heart and hand. Sometimes her interest took a festive turn, and all the ministers gathered in Conference were treated to a garden party fit for a prince. As she put it, "I want them to have the very best." There was about this no ostentatious display, it was the lavish wealth of pure kindness. We well remember how travel and toil-worn itinerants smiled as they moved about among

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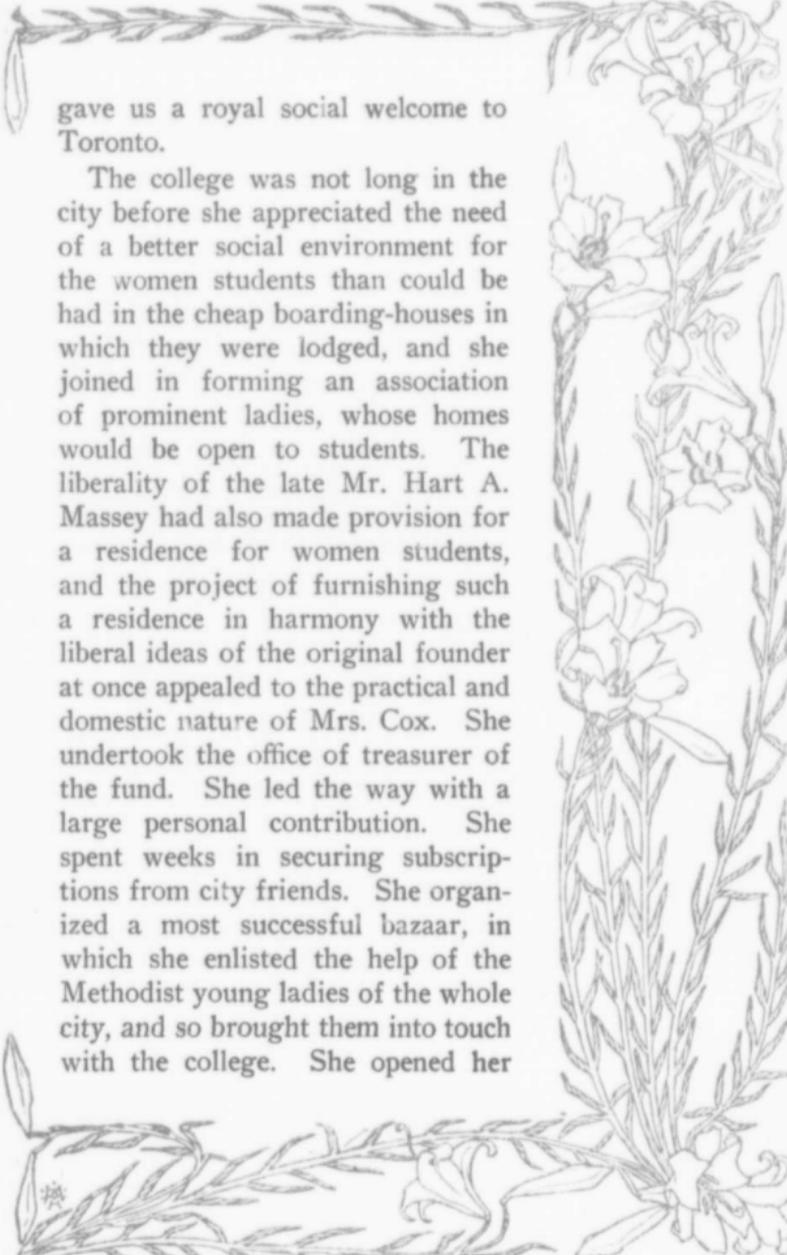
the choice flowers and tables laden with rare delicacies which she had prepared for their entertainment. Many of them had never seen it before after this fashion. Said one to me, "How I wish my wife could have been here to enjoy it all."

As to the end of life she preserved the sensitive moral instincts and deep religious faith and affections of her childhood, so to the end she expanded in all her intellectual faculties as a larger experience and new fields of work or opportunities for culture called out her latent powers. Her early solid education had laid a good foundation. Her native good sense, clear judgment and keen, fine intuitions always stood her in good stead, and as she was called to take her place in the highest social circles she was as to the manor born. Her grace of manner and modest dignity of bearing were as fit for the palace as for the cottage. At the same time each new phase of life brought to her quick intelligence new treasures of knowledge. Her intimate friends



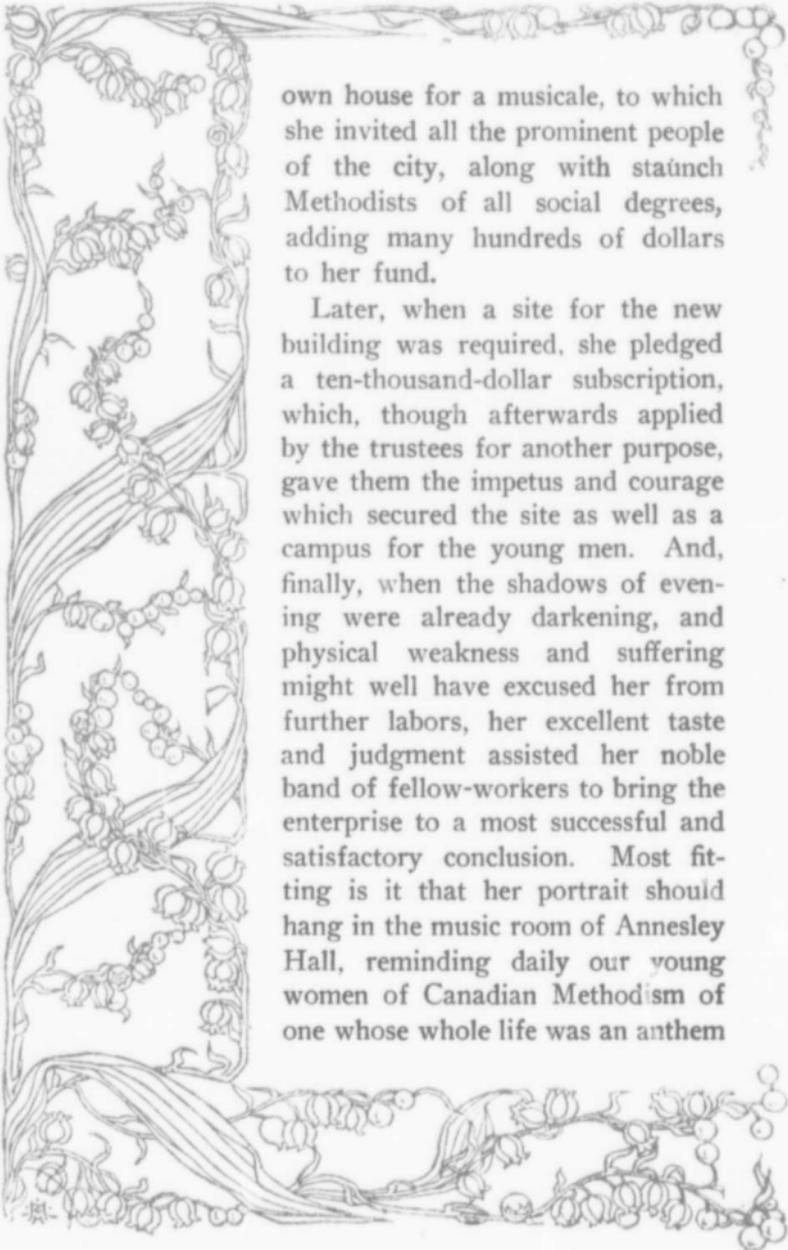
were often surprised at her knowledge of the history and principles of fine art and at her critical discrimination of the excellencies of the great artists. It appeared also in the readiness and clearness with which she grasped the great principles of higher education, as she took so important a part in the modern movement for higher education in Canadian Methodism.

From 1886 Mr. Cox had taken a deep and practical interest in the university federation movement and was one of the three large contributors who made its inception financially possible. When the corner stone of the new building for Victoria in Queen's Park was laid in June, 1890, Mrs. Cox was chosen to perform the ceremony and did honor to the college by the grace with which she took her part in the function. We of the college at that time knew but little how helpful a friend was thus taking a leading place in our work. Two years later, when we removed to Toronto, she, with her splendid hospitality,

A decorative floral border runs along the top, right, and bottom edges of the page. It features a central vertical stem with several large, five-petaled flowers and smaller buds, flanked by leafy branches and smaller flowers. The style is a detailed line drawing.

gave us a royal social welcome to Toronto.

The college was not long in the city before she appreciated the need of a better social environment for the women students than could be had in the cheap boarding-houses in which they were lodged, and she joined in forming an association of prominent ladies, whose homes would be open to students. The liberality of the late Mr. Hart A. Massey had also made provision for a residence for women students, and the project of furnishing such a residence in harmony with the liberal ideas of the original founder at once appealed to the practical and domestic nature of Mrs. Cox. She undertook the office of treasurer of the fund. She led the way with a large personal contribution. She spent weeks in securing subscriptions from city friends. She organized a most successful bazaar, in which she enlisted the help of the Methodist young ladies of the whole city, and so brought them into touch with the college. She opened her



own house for a musicale, to which she invited all the prominent people of the city, along with staunch Methodists of all social degrees, adding many hundreds of dollars to her fund.

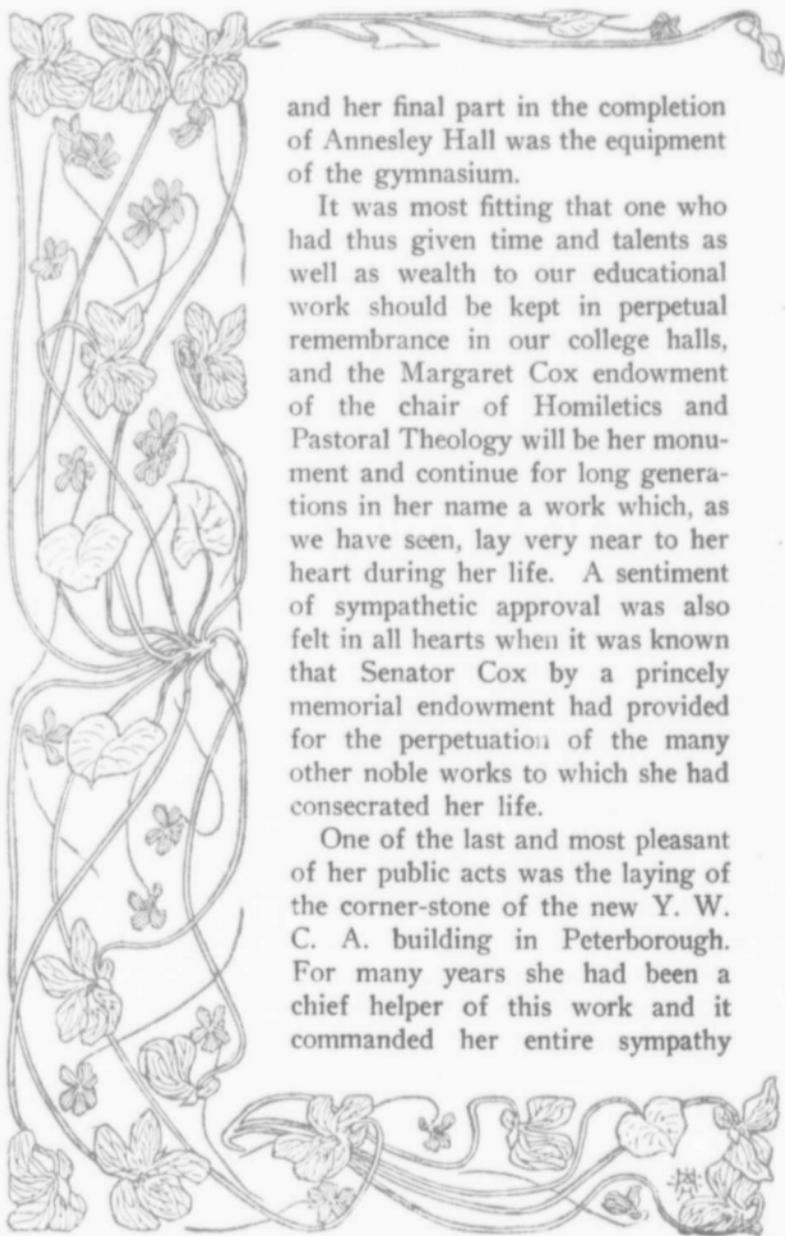
Later, when a site for the new building was required, she pledged a ten-thousand-dollar subscription, which, though afterwards applied by the trustees for another purpose, gave them the impetus and courage which secured the site as well as a campus for the young men. And, finally, when the shadows of evening were already darkening, and physical weakness and suffering might well have excused her from further labors, her excellent taste and judgment assisted her noble band of fellow-workers to bring the enterprise to a most successful and satisfactory conclusion. Most fitting is it that her portrait should hang in the music room of Annesley Hall, reminding daily our young women of Canadian Methodism of one whose whole life was an anthem



of gladness, a praise to God, and a delight to all people.

In these university young women of Methodism she saw the future hope of our Church. It was indeed a joy to her to know that the highest intellectual culture and the most ample treasures of learning were now so freely and so easily within their reach, and her one aim was to add to the intellectual advantages that depth of religious affection and that refinement of taste and of manners, and that elevation of character which would perfect their crown of womanly grace and beauty, making them indeed "as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." But this work, like all else that she did, sprang from a mother's heart. It was not a fad for intellectual culture or a phase of woman's rights, or a desire to be associated with a popular movement. She loved the young people with a mother's love that made her quick to see their wants, and the physical was not forgotten in the intellectual and social,





and her final part in the completion of Annesley Hall was the equipment of the gymnasium.

It was most fitting that one who had thus given time and talents as well as wealth to our educational work should be kept in perpetual remembrance in our college halls, and the Margaret Cox endowment of the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology will be her monument and continue for long generations in her name a work which, as we have seen, lay very near to her heart during her life. A sentiment of sympathetic approval was also felt in all hearts when it was known that Senator Cox by a princely memorial endowment had provided for the perpetuation of the many other noble works to which she had consecrated her life.

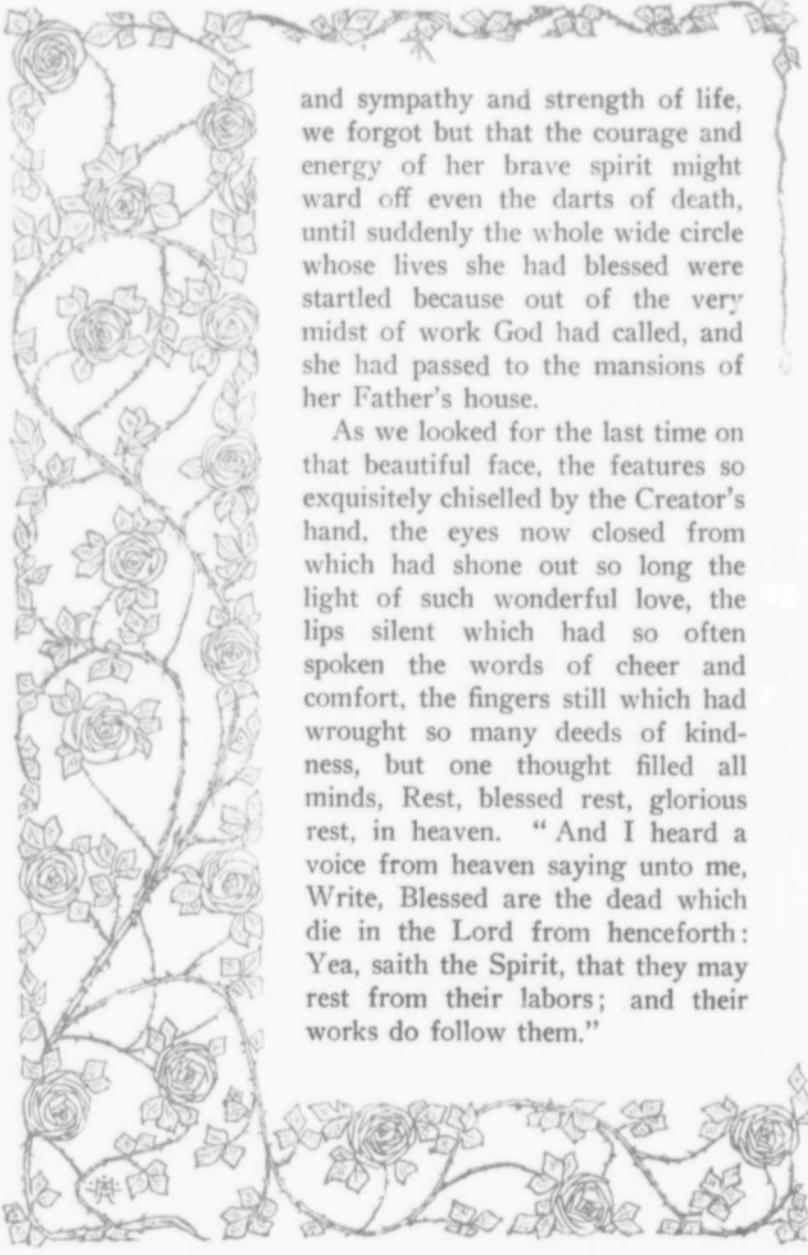
One of the last and most pleasant of her public acts was the laying of the corner-stone of the new Y. W. C. A. building in Peterborough. For many years she had been a chief helper of this work and it commanded her entire sympathy



and confidence. When a new building was needed her large but quiet gift made its attainment possible, and her final aid was the complete equipment of the gymnasium, a work faithfully completed after her death.

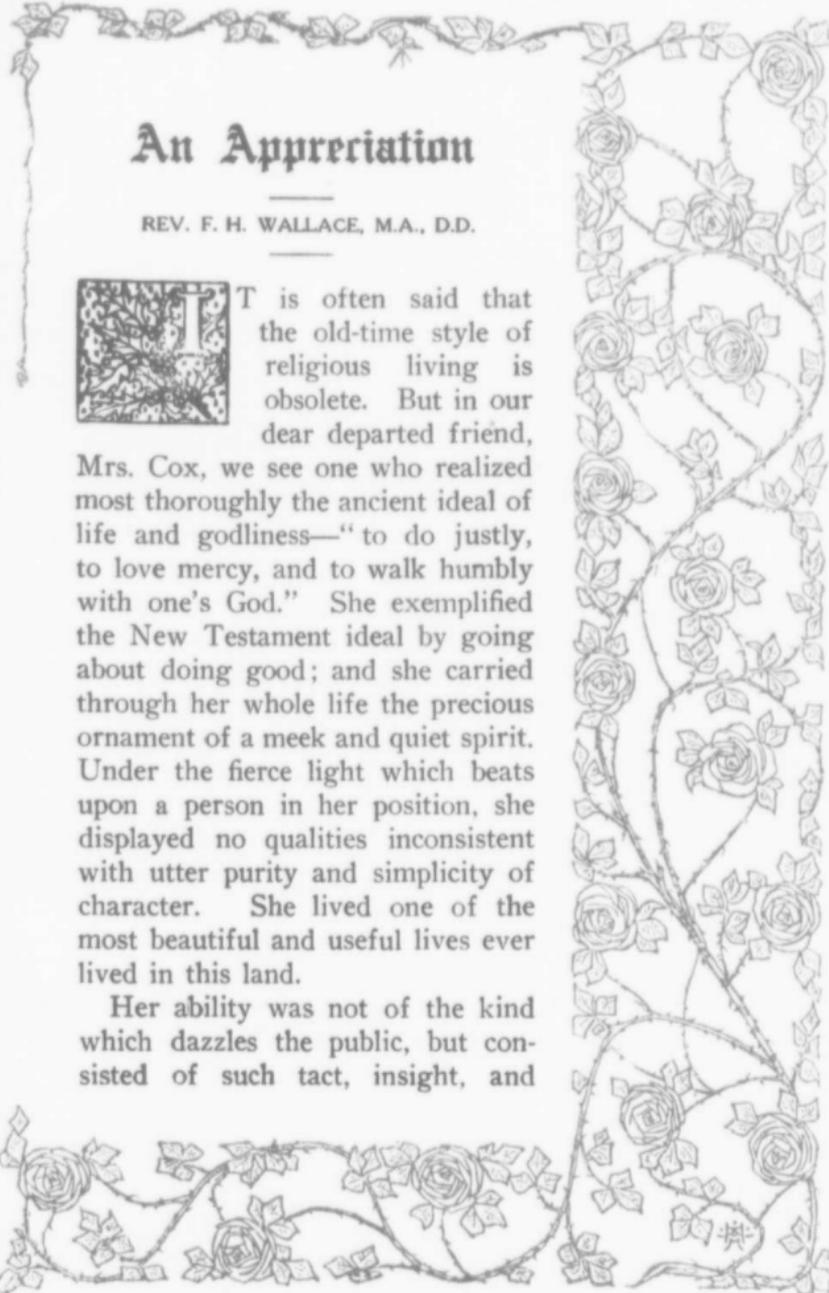
The last years of Mrs. Cox's life were passed in suffering, but it was the suffering which, patiently endured, leads to the final perfection. It but served to make more conspicuous the courage of her brave heart as we saw her battling with weakness, but standing at her post, responding with a loving heart which forgot herself to every call of duty and literally in labors abundant to the very end. It is not easy to describe the pained anxiety that passed through many hearts when a few years ago it was whispered among friends that she was suffering from serious, and perhaps fatal, disease. But when, after a time our dull vision had grown too familiar with the traces of pain upon that face which had been so radiant with the gladness





and sympathy and strength of life, we forgot but that the courage and energy of her brave spirit might ward off even the darts of death, until suddenly the whole wide circle whose lives she had blessed were startled because out of the very midst of work God had called, and she had passed to the mansions of her Father's house.

As we looked for the last time on that beautiful face, the features so exquisitely chiselled by the Creator's hand, the eyes now closed from which had shone out so long the light of such wonderful love, the lips silent which had so often spoken the words of cheer and comfort, the fingers still which had wrought so many deeds of kindness, but one thought filled all minds, Rest, blessed rest, glorious rest, in heaven. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."



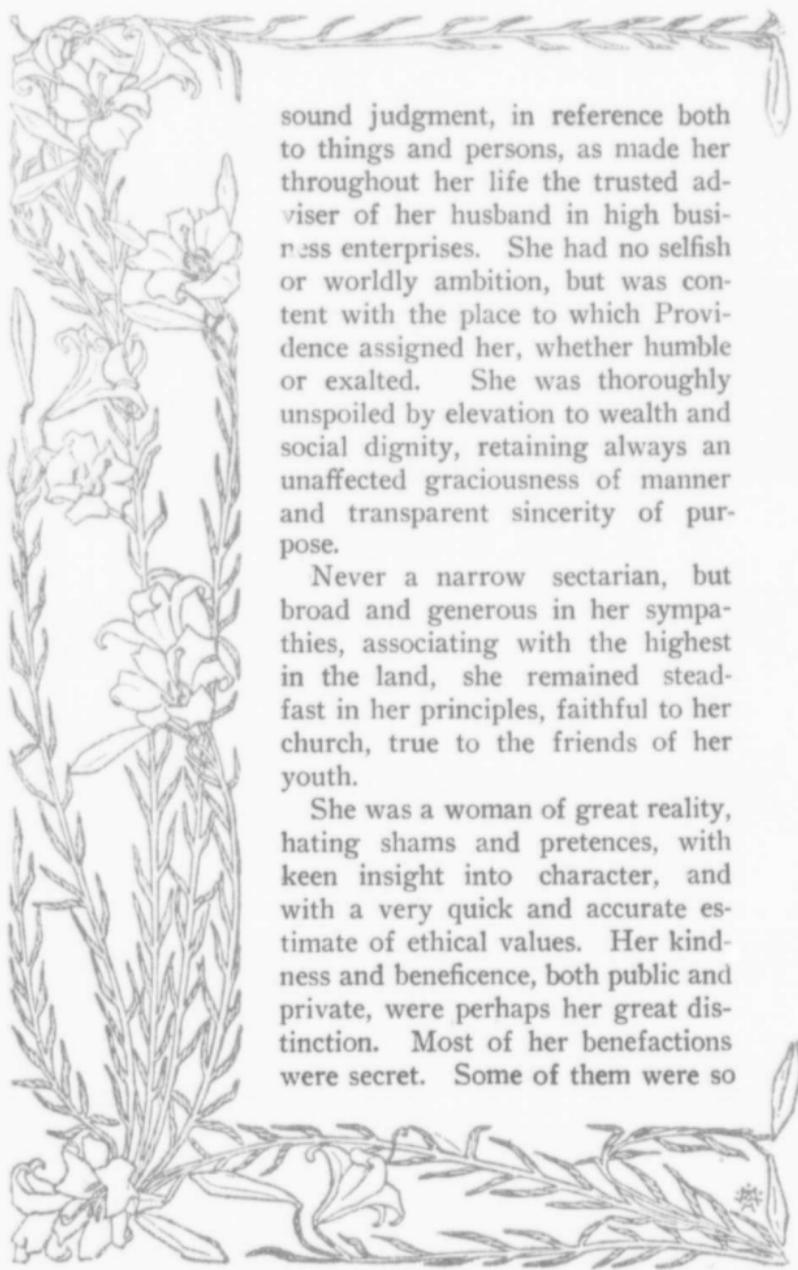
An Appreciation

REV. F. H. WALLACE, M.A., D.D.



It is often said that the old-time style of religious living is obsolete. But in our dear departed friend, Mrs. Cox, we see one who realized most thoroughly the ancient ideal of life and godliness—"to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with one's God." She exemplified the New Testament ideal by going about doing good; and she carried through her whole life the precious ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Under the fierce light which beats upon a person in her position, she displayed no qualities inconsistent with utter purity and simplicity of character. She lived one of the most beautiful and useful lives ever lived in this land.

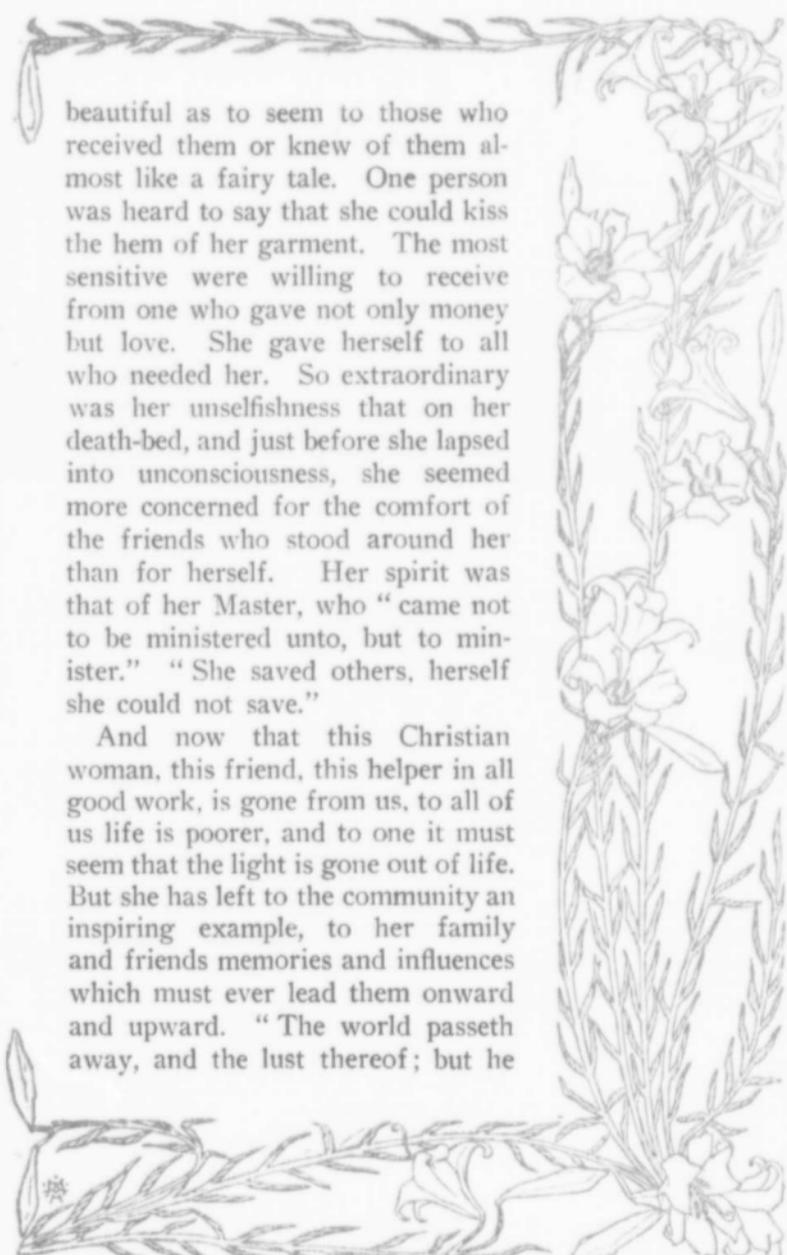
Her ability was not of the kind which dazzles the public, but consisted of such tact, insight, and



sound judgment, in reference both to things and persons, as made her throughout her life the trusted adviser of her husband in high business enterprises. She had no selfish or worldly ambition, but was content with the place to which Providence assigned her, whether humble or exalted. She was thoroughly unspoiled by elevation to wealth and social dignity, retaining always an unaffected graciousness of manner and transparent sincerity of purpose.

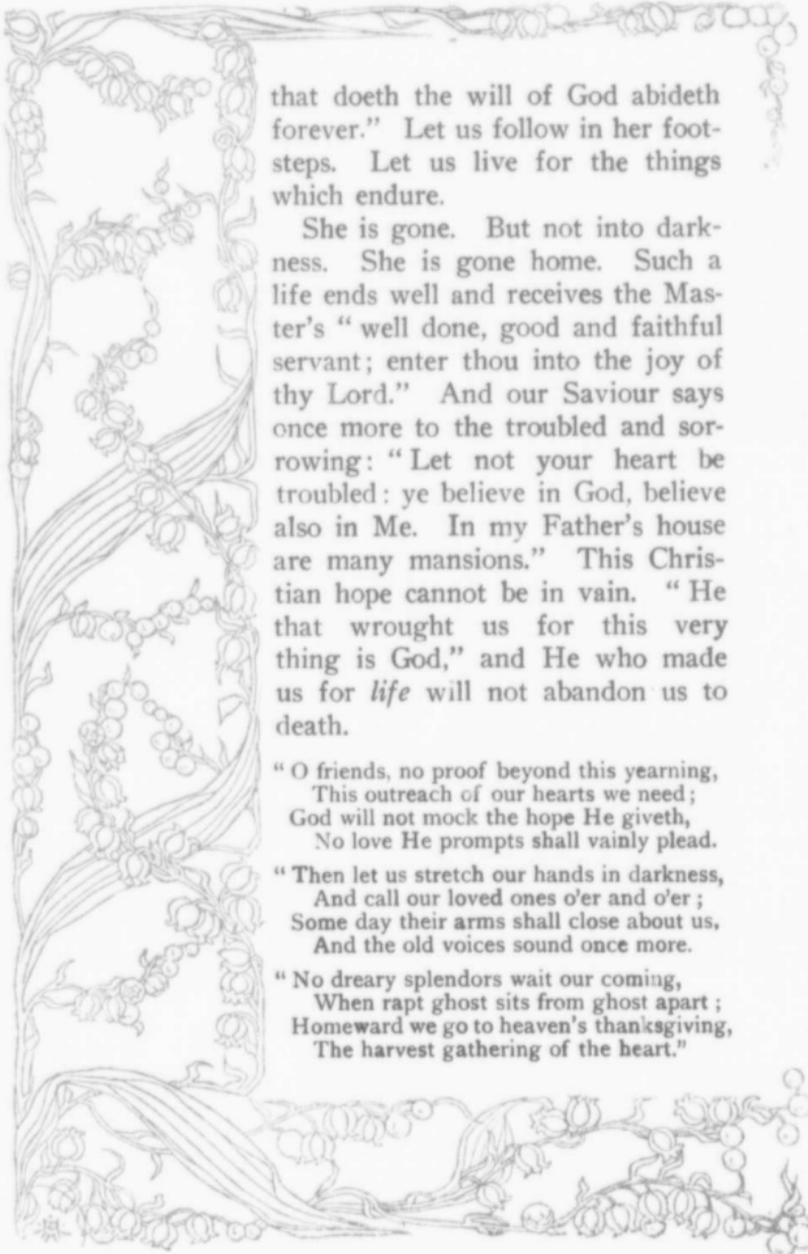
Never a narrow sectarian, but broad and generous in her sympathies, associating with the highest in the land, she remained steadfast in her principles, faithful to her church, true to the friends of her youth.

She was a woman of great reality, hating shams and pretences, with keen insight into character, and with a very quick and accurate estimate of ethical values. Her kindness and beneficence, both public and private, were perhaps her great distinction. Most of her benefactions were secret. Some of them were so

A decorative floral border surrounds the text. It features a horizontal vine with leaves at the top, a vertical vine with leaves and flowers on the right, and a horizontal vine with leaves and flowers at the bottom. The flowers are stylized, resembling lilies or similar bell-shaped blooms.

beautiful as to seem to those who received them or knew of them almost like a fairy tale. One person was heard to say that she could kiss the hem of her garment. The most sensitive were willing to receive from one who gave not only money but love. She gave herself to all who needed her. So extraordinary was her unselfishness that on her death-bed, and just before she lapsed into unconsciousness, she seemed more concerned for the comfort of the friends who stood around her than for herself. Her spirit was that of her Master, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." "She saved others, herself she could not save."

And now that this Christian woman, this friend, this helper in all good work, is gone from us, to all of us life is poorer, and to one it must seem that the light is gone out of life. But she has left to the community an inspiring example, to her family and friends memories and influences which must ever lead them onward and upward. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he

A decorative border of grapevines with clusters of grapes and leaves frames the text on the page. The border is drawn in a simple, line-art style.

that doeth the will of God abideth forever." Let us follow in her footsteps. Let us live for the things which endure.

She is gone. But not into darkness. She is gone home. Such a life ends well and receives the Master's "well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And our Saviour says once more to the troubled and sorrowing: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions." This Christian hope cannot be in vain. "He that wrought us for this very thing is God," and He who made us for *life* will not abandon us to death.

"O friends, no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our hearts we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

"Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices sound once more.

"No dreary splendors wait our coming,
When rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;
Homeward we go to heaven's thanksgiving,
The harvest gathering of the heart."