

Theology in his view was the science of the sciences, in which his mind loved to dwell continually and obtained its profoundest delight in fathoming into the deep things of God.

"I do not recall in my ministry a more princely burial than was given Dr. Craig from the Church in which he labored nearly twenty years. Every available space was occupied by the pressing multitude, while a great number could not be admitted. All walks in the life of the community were represented in the men and women and youths who had assembled in mournful honor of the familiar and venerable minister who had entered his heavenly reward, and in the pulpit were the local ministers and a number of his brethren of the Presbytery of Muncie, who spoke in high praise of his life and work. The day in early April was beautiful, even the elements seeming to conspire in rendering this silent anthem while the remains were borne to the crest of the hill of the tomb."

Some time in the seventies my father was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by his alma mater. He thoroughly believed in the missionary cause and was a liberal giver to all the Boards of the church. In his last bequest he gave \$1,600 to the different Boards—money that he had saved by the strictest economy and the most arduous labor.

My mother, Sydney Neil Houston, was the youngest of fourteen children of Major James Houston. Five of her sisters married preachers. She was a noble woman, of tender affec-