

I had a little visit with the old Professor once in his own Edinburgh home. Somehow or other it was impossible to feel shy or anything but at home in his presence. "Poor devils," he pleasantly and sympathetically exclaimed, when talking on the Irish question, which was hot at the time. Blackie didn't think the world would either fall or stand on Home Rule. It is needless to say that I saw a fine home. One little corner holds his own books, great and small, and amongst these might be noted his volumes on Homer, the Highlands, and Self-Culture. Few houses can boast the same number of distinguished photographs, all autographed: Cardinal Newman, Emperor of Germany, von Moltke, Gladstone, Morley, Sir John Millais, Henry Irving, Browning, Dr. Guthrie, Norman McLeod, Duke of Argyle, Shaftesbury, John Bright, Kingsley, Rosebery, Ruskin, and many more. I saw so many diverse walking-sticks in the hall that I thought the Old Oracle might have opened shop for the sale of sticks! He was in free-and-easy dress, and looked at peace with himself and all the world, in his blue dressing-gown and scarlet sash and the Panama straw hat, with his mighty white locks in glorious disorder over his shoulders. He loved a turn at backgammon with Mrs. Blackie at night, usually turned in for the night after eleven, and breakfasted at 7.30. Every hour had its specific duty, and Blackie, to the last, lived and preached the gospel of a busy and a cheerful and a clean life. On the streets he was distinguished from the multitude; and the literary world, at least, is familiar with the figure in the black frock coat, the ever-present plaid slung around him, the big broad-brimmed black felt hat, the small inquisitive neighbourly twinkling eyes, and the hair floating on the winds! That figure now is "mouldering in the clay, but his soul goes marching on."

D. P. MCPHERSON.