

said of his personal relations with his students, and his immediate circle of friends, and yet those who knew him only in his official and public character knew but half. A man of widest interests, which embraced all that concerned the welfare of the country and the University, his practical sympathy was at all times at the service of each individual student. Which among the thousands of young men who have been brought into relationship with him can ever remember a rebuff when they went to him for help or counsel, however pressed with business or personal care he might have been? How ready he ever was to lay aside for the time all his own concerns, and give his undivided attention to the matter laid before him. How many has he helped in straitened circumstances, or in times of special necessity, and always with the same prompt and generous readiness that characterized all his gifts—gifts so ungrudging and spontaneous as never to appear in the light of charity. His own student days at Glasgow University, never forgotten by him, made him ever sympathetic for the struggling student in his efforts for academic training. To them his house was always open, the old gray stone house that had the same kindly welcome for rich and poor alike, hallowed to us now too by the memory of another presence, dear to all who have ever come within its gentle influence. Who can tell how much of the Principal's strength and courage was due to the calm and restful atmosphere of the home of which Mrs. Grant was the support and mainstay. Those who were privileged to be admitted to the inner circle of her friends, a place perhaps somewhat hard to gain, but once gained never lost, who knew the depth

and steadfastness of her affection, the rare culture and delicacy of her mind, and the strength and clearness of her judgment, can realize by their own sorrow something of what she had been to the Principal and what the loss was to him when the long years of suffering and ill-health ended on the 1st of January, 1901. Certain it is that from that time his health failed steadily, and when the illness of the following autumn came he had no force to withstand it. To the last his courage never left him, no word of complaint during the trying winter of successive hopes and disappointments ever broke from him. He went on calmly with his plans for the future as if many years were before him. He knew that if he fell before his work was completed other hands would take it up, and to the last his confidence was undisturbed. He was a man in every sense of the word, a man fitted to shine, as he assuredly did, in whatever situation he was called to fill. A brilliant conversationalist, an eloquent speaker, he was equally at home in the society of princes and working men, and was everywhere a welcome guest. Everywhere and always the impression made by him on those who saw him constantly was the same, of unwearied energy through pain, fatigue and stress of business, of cheerfulness and courage, of infinite resource and clear judgment, of unerring tact in difficult situations, and of an absolute unselfishness in giving his best for his work. For this he thought it little to give freely time, money, strength, talents, health and life itself. Is it possible that all this should cease? We cannot believe it.