

of his lecture to the class in Moral Philosophy on February 12. Though prepared for his class alone, Dr. Murray has kindly consented to let us publish it.

#### DR. MURRAY'S TRIBUTE.

Before closing the lecture of to-day, it seems appropriate, especially in the class of Moral Philosophy, to dwell for a moment on the loss which the University has sustained since we last met, by one of the affiliated colleges being deprived of its Head. It may indeed be said with truth, that the higher intellectual and moral life of all Canada is poorer to-day by the voice of Dr. Douglas being now silent for ever. That was a voice that never uttered an uncertain sound. The clear intellectual force with which it rang always commanded respect, even when it did not secure assent. At times his words fell upon an audience like a thunderbolt, shivering to pieces the sham supports that are sometimes erected to defend a dominant wrong, and throwing a lurid light down into the abyss of iniquity, out of which such shams arise, and into which they were hurled back. In power of denunciation his language could be compared, perhaps most fitly, with that of the great masterpiece of indignant exposure,—the Provincial Letters of Pascal. There were occasions when his blows smote heavily upon individuals. Such occasions, however, were extremely rare, and they were never directed to an individual, except when he was conceived to be the embodiment of an evil principle, and the denunciation was directed so clearly against the principle involved, that one often lost sight of the individual, and felt indignation turned rather against the evil which he was supposed to represent. If he was mistaken at times, and spoke a word that was unjust to any human being, no one was capable of regretting it more sincerely than himself. Of mere personal or mere sectarian animosity, I believe, he had not a taint; and though I could not claim to be ranked among his more intimate friends, I scarcely ever came into contact with him without being struck by the singular generosity of his mind. If therefore at any time the lightning-flash of his indignation swerved aside from the object at which it was directly aimed, and left a scar upon the innocent, such a mistake was certainly due to that imperfection which is the common attribute of all human intelligence; and it shall not prevent us from honoring in grateful memory the unflinching sincerity and the righteous power of that voice

"That never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."

The whole life of Principal Douglas was full of noble lessons. Working amid great physical obstacles from paralysis of muscular vigor and of eyesight, he stood in his varied activities a living reproof to those of us who are obliged to confess with shame, that even with normal health and strength we accomplish so very little after all. The passing away of such a man cannot fail to flash into the minds of us who are left a fresh gleam of light upon the eternal purport of our existence. For most of you, in the ordinary course of nature, the final transition is likely to be an event still

comparatively distant in time. But events in the life of the spirit are not indicated by the dates of earthly history, as they are not bound to localities on the surface of the earth. And therefore there are moments, such as the vanishing of a great soul beyond the limits of space and time, when these limits seem to vanish for our souls too, and with quickened spiritual perception we can almost hear the panting of the steeds of the Dawn, as they bring the Immortal Sunrise up towards the horizon of our own lives. For, in the infinite world of the spirit as in the finite world of our little earth, the solemn glories which gather on the Western heavens around the parting day are strangely like the more cheerful splendors which the rosy fingers of the Dawn sprinkle over the Eastern sky; and therefore in both worlds—the spiritual as well as the material—the daylight, fading amid the solemnities of its gloaming, sends our thoughts forward to the new daylight that is soon to gleam upon our life.

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.  
But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,  
Too deep for sound or foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark;  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.  
For though from out the bounds of time and place  
The tide may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar."

#### THE CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

We do not think that THE FORTNIGHTLY is going beyond its province as an exponent of University life and thought in referring to the work of the Canadian National League, which has been brought prominently before the public during the past week. The objects of the League are: "To advance and maintain our national unity and integrity, to disseminate a spirit of patriotism, to promote an interest in citizenship, its duties and rights, to spread a knowledge of Canadian history and resources." McGill has already produced many men who have borne a conspicuous part in the making of Canada. Her future graduates will doubtless have an equally large share in guiding its destinies. In addition, she is sending to every corner of the Dominion professional men whose potential influence as leaders of thought in their respective communities is beyond calculation. It would be difficult indeed to overestimate the power of this University, if rightly applied, in forwarding the ends which the promoters of the Canadian National League have in view.

Overburdened as we already are with college societies, there seems, nevertheless, to be room for yet another organization, designed to bring together all from among both professors and students who take an