

noble tribute to the great souls from whom have descended to us some of the sublimest memorials of human genius.

As a Christian minister, Professor Mackerras' warm sympathy went out to the whole Church of Christ, while he was a deeply attached and most honoured member of the particular branch of it to which he belonged, in whose recent reunion he much rejoiced. He had long acted as clerk of its Supreme Court, in which capacity his exact accuracy, and his thorough acquaintance with Church law and forms of procedure, were invaluable. The influence of his personal character, clear exposition, and persuasive eloquence, made him a power

in church courts and ecclesiastical debates, whose loss will long be sadly felt by his brethren. As a preacher, he was always able and eloquent; but the deepening spirituality and fervour of his growing religious life were apparent, in his later preaching, to any attentive hearer. The root of his noble and beautiful and unselfish character lay in "the life hid with Christ in God," to which, both as a professor and preacher,—by his precepts, but still more by his example,—he ever pointed as the only true source of the higher life of humanity, its salvation from sin, its mainstay in weakness and suffering, and its blessed hope for an unknown future,—in the proved "power of an endless life."

FIDELIS.

CRUISING.

WHAT are the days but islands,
So many little islands,
And sleep the sea of silence
That flows around them all?
Then, when the moon is risen,
The peaceful waters glisten;
But yonder plashing,—listen!
It is the souls that fall.

The little boats are skimming,
The wind-led boats are skimming,
Each in its silver rimming,
Apart from the fleet and shore.
There not an oar is dipping,—
With just a cable's slipping
Glides out the phantom shipping
That wanders evermore.

Every day's an island,
A green or barren island,
A lowland or a highland,
That looks upon the sea.
There fruitful groves are crowning,
There barren cliffs are frowning,
And rocky channels drowning
The little boats that flee.

How many are the islands,
The teeming, talking islands,
That in the sea of silence
The roving vessels find!
Their number no man knoweth:
Their way the current showeth;
The tide returnless floweth
As each is left behind.

The sailors long to tarry,—
For rest they long to tarry,—
When as some isle of faery
They touch and go ashore,
With songs of wistful pleading
They follow fate unheeding,
And with the tide's receding
Are drifting as before.

But sometime, in the sailing,
The blind and endless sailing,
They pass beyond the hailing
Of land upon the lee;
The lowlands and the highlands,
And all beyond the islands,
Behold the sea of silence,
Behold the great white sea.

—Carl Spencer.