

liberal culture kept him *au courant* with every topic of the time. Unfortunately, he did not take up a profession, but drifted into literature, and for years sought its shrines with eager but unwise *abandon*. His good fellowship, fine abilities, and quiet humour drew him into circles which, though congenial, slackened ambition, and, with his constitutional diffidence of manner, for a period made him careless of the future. But his pen was ever busy and every literary enterprise of importance for the last quarter of a century was enriched by his work. The summary of "Current Events" in the *Canadian Monthly* for a number of years came from his pen, together with many reviews of books in contemporary literature and the monthly abstracts of the English magazines. He was also a valued contributor to the *Nation*, and of late years was one of the chief writers on the *Toronto Mail*.

Aside from his labours on the *Scot in British North America*, it was in the *Toronto Mail* that he did his best work. His writings in that journal have given it much of its high character, for he wrote with point and polish, and on political and controversial subjects with admirable restraint. His Saturday articles on ethical and religious topics have been greatly appreciated for their candour and catholicity, as well as for their ability and spiritual insight. His writings were ever eminently healthful, and in dealing with ecclesiastical matters his critical faculty was always tempered by his historical sympathy and by a singular dispassionateness and largeness of nature. On social and political questions his point of view was that of the conservative yet liberal writer, and his treatment of topics bespoke a comprehensive mind and a rare judgment. He wrote nothing for effect, and his work always bore the mark of his character—a genuine simplicity and

kindliness of nature, with a true and honest heart.

Mr. Rattray took intense interest in the religious topics of the time, and watched with a keen eye the discoveries of science and the trend of rationalistic thought. His faith nothing could shake; and his one delight was to deal critically with the changing phases of religious belief, and to bring them reverently before the secular press. To the destructive philosophy of the day he was a sincere yet kindly enemy; and, though the spiritual elements of his life seemed to overcome the combative, his critical faculty and fidelity to right never failed of their duty. One of his last requests to us was to procure for him the reading of M. Janet's notable book on "Final Causes," and until recently, when his health began to fail him, he indulged the hope that he would leave behind him a *magnum opus*, embodying some mature thought on the Christian Evidences, and a restatement of Theistic arguments. No little service might be done, in these days of flippant infidelity, by the re-publication of his Saturday articles in the *Toronto Mail*, and we commend the suggestion to its proprietors and the Christian public. For their writer, the religious, as well as the literary, world of Canada may well mourn. The press has lost one of its chief ornaments, his wife a loving husband, and the country a true friend.

On wings of deeds the soul must mount!
When God shall call us, from afar,
Ourselves, and not our words, will count—
Not what we said, but what we are!

Ah, be it mine, or soon or late,
In that great day, in that bright land,
With him as now to take my fate,
Heart answering heart, hand clasped in
hand!"

G. MERCER ADAM.