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*THE MACKENZIE MEMORIAL EULOGY.*

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introduces us into a realm where we shall know no hampering limitations, where we shall have the elasticity and celerity of thought, where we shall be clothed in light as with a garment, and in our thought, aspiration and activity keep everlasting chime with the rhythm of God's eternal purpose.

Alexander Mackenzie lives. For lo ! these years he has been imprisoned, his eager spirit often beating impatiently against the bars that held him captive. But the time of his emancipation has come at length and he is free. The old body that had lost its cunning and its strength has ceased to encumber his activities. He has begun to work again in the presence of the Eternal, in the Parliament of Worlds. He has heard methinks ere this the gracious welcome of the King of saints, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you. Ye have been faithful over a few things; I will make you ruler over many things."

God's work is one eternal sphere,  
Our work a segment of His work,  
And He whose spirit eye is clear.  
Whose ready will no load would shirk,  
May read His name divinely writ  
Upon the work for him most fit,  
Assigned to him for each new year.  
And so no true work comes to naught,  
But with God's endless work is wrought  
And with eternal value fraught.