

of you than your most regular speech or your most punctilious deed. It is thus each one purifies or poisons the spiritual atmosphere in which he dwells. Not one of us liveth to himself.

I believe that the best kind of epistle, the most home-coming word that God has for us is just the living epistle that can be read of all men, the good man whose walk and conversation witnesses in the best way to the best life. Truth is mediated through true men, and abstract principles, however commanding, only become vital and effective when associated with and embodied in a person. A divine brilliancy illumines some men's faces, a holy message issues from their eyes.

But if I become didactic in these words of parting, you will perhaps suspect that I am insincere.

Carlyle says in effect: "It's a wise man who knows his master and follows him!"

I well remember the first occasion on which I met the worthy Principal of Westminster Hall. My estimate of that past hour I have had no reason to revise, though even if it were revalued it would only serve to show you how respect had grown into love, and regard deepened to devotion. He and his colleagues of the Faculty have, out of and above their academic and scholastic attainments, an indefinable something that counts for more with young men than perhaps, they even reckon on—it is the subtle charm of personal power, personal influence. The first question a young fellow asks is—Are they men, real men? Then, secondly, and subordinately, are they masters of their art? And I want to say this to you here assembled tonight that the city of Vancouver and the province need to attract, encourage and hold men of Dr. MacKay's character and calibre, and that they may never do, if with the work and difficulties he faces and is willing to face, they do not support his hands with every means that lie in their power. I wish to thank him, publicly associated as I have been as a scholar and tutor at Westminster Hall, for the influence he has exercised on my own life; for the fresh currents of thought, the wider outlook, insight and sympathy with men and affairs he has inspired. We are fondly wont to claim that he belongs almost as much to the
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood
Land of the mountain and the flood