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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

THE funeral procession which wound through some of the streets of Toronto on the 20th of April last was in some respects remarkable. Its unusual length, the grave faces and respectful mien of the thousands who paused to gaze upon it from the windows and sidewalks along its whole course, the reverential silence which everywhere prevailed, all showed that the occasion was one that touched the hearts of the people. But there was one feature of the gathering which could hardly fail to strike the eye of the most careless observer. This was the unusual number of grey heads among those who followed the bier, and occupied the seats in the church during the service. These heads, hoary with the frosts of many a Canadian winter, proclaimed with mute eloquence that here was an assemblage of veterans met to pay the last tribute of respect to a departed veteran. True, Alexander Mackenzie had barely passed the allotted limit of three score and ten. But the period during which he had been one of the most potent forces in shaping the political history and institutions of Canada had covered stirring events. It had witnessed struggles which had tested the mettle of many of the best men whom the country has yet produced. The departed soldier had fought in the foremost ranks of the men who, coming to the front at a critical period as reserves, had finished the