

Generally speaking, he was a man of peace, but he did not shrink from war if opponents endeavored to injure him, or oppose his methods. He always had the courage of his convictions, and feared no man. When forced into anything like a contest he always supported his friends in a loyal way, and never used any but the most straightforward methods in hitting his opponents. In private practice he always exhibited singularly good judgment. He had faith in therapeutics, but was inclined to be conservative. He gained the confidence and love of his patients. He never boasted of his kindness to the worthy poor, but those who knew him best can testify to the many charitable acts which he performed in the most unostentatious manner. The inner side of Dr. McFarlane was singularly good; and that his intimate friends well knew. In social life, poor, dear "old Mack," as he was frequently called, was genial, overflowing with fun, and, at the same time, kindly and sympathetic. How much we will miss him none can tell. We can scarcely realize yet that he is gone. Of his lonely, childless widow I will say nothing, excepting that in the midst of the appalling circumstances connected with the great disaster of her life she had a very lively appreciation of the kindness shown by friends to her dying husband, and a very deep feeling of gratitude for the numerous and graceful tributes to his memory which have flowed in like a mighty river since his death.

He was fifty-six years, and had generally been healthy. In 1891 he received a compound fracture of his leg in New York on his return from an extended trip in Europe. There was considerable delay in union, and he was always lame, to some extent, afterwards. In 1892 he had a severe attack of la grippe, from which he never entirely recovered. Since that time he suffered during the winter months from occasional attacks of pains in his extremities, which he always called his "grippe pains." These were sometimes so severe during the past winter that he seriously contemplated spending the latter half of it in a warmer climate. His last illness (the particulars of which are given elsewhere) caused a profound sensation in Toronto. He himself and those in attendance appreciated the gravity of the case from the first appearance of symptoms, and a strong fight was made against the enemy. The contest, however, was a short one, and the enemy prevailed. His death brought out very prominently the fact that his friends were not confined to any class or school. The outside profession, the "school men," and the students of Trinity and Toronto alike, all united in honoring his memory. The great kindness and consideration of Trinity faculty and Trinity students were especially pleasing to those who loved McFarlane—including the students and members of his own faculty. In accordance with a general request, the remains were on view for a greater portion of the day on which the funeral took place. There was a constant stream of people passing in front of the house. I watched the procession for a long time with great interest, until I could bear no more of it. Old men and old women who could scarcely climb the steps—young men and young women—boys and girls—all sorts and conditions—came, not from idle curiosity, but evidently to say their last silent good-by. The tear of one, the sob of another, the sigh of another, the evident heartfelt grief of one and all, showed that each one felt that he or she had lost a good friend. As I gazed on that sorrowful crowd, most of whom were unknown to me, I wondered what