

learned leisure, those undisturbed hours among books that form the scholar. He had to fight for the existence of his *Alma Mater*; to spend years explaining with painful iteration to every man he met in the city and village and backwoods the meaning of the words College and University, the history of Queen's, its importance to the country and the church, and all the reasons why he was seeking the aid of the people. That he knew was the duty to which he was called, simply because it was the duty that lay nearest him. That duty he did with all his might. Had there been more intelligence, more liberality, or more spontaneity in the people, had there been in the Church more community of sentiment and willingness to share the burden, his life might have been spared. But though stricken down in the midst of his days he uttered no word, he thought not one thought of reproach. His sacrifice was complete, because free, independent, and ungrudged. But while such work made him acquainted as few men are with Canadian life and modes of thinking, it prevented that higher culture which is the fruit of intellectual concentration and long continued study of the best models. Hence that almost boyish superabundance of rhetoric that characterized his most carefully prepared lectures and sermons, disappointing to those who knew the genuine intellectual power and refined taste that was in him. Latterly his style became simpler, and then the truthfulness and earnestness of his spirit came out in that unadorned beauty which alone satisfies a severe taste, while his logical precision gave coherence and point to everything he said. Perhaps his best speech was one made to the General Assembly that met in Halifax. The hour was a critical one for a new born church to pass through. The occasion called forth all that was in him, for he loved his church, and though some who seldom doubt then doubted he had faith in its future. He saw that the only safety was in recalling the church from the fatal course into which she was being hurried back to the strict observance of her own time-honored forms which are the safeguards of minorities and individuals. He summoned his whole strength, and welded an exact knowledge of church order, of fitting precedents, and an analysis of the case before the Court into a speech the blended logic and suppressed passion of which was simply irresistible. The most eminent lawyers in the Province were present, and they declared it to be an absolutely faultless specimen of forensic eloquence. And who listened unmoved to his last address in this church? He had risen beyond rhetoric and become eloquent. But there have been many men infinitely his superiors in scholarship and oratory, who could not be described as "greatly beloved."

Students spoke of him as a model Professor. He was a born teacher. On no parade ground was better order observed than in his class-room. The students would as soon have thought of rebelling against laws of nature as of disregarding word or look from him. But the commanding officer in the class-room was the friend—a veritable elder brother—in his own home or in their rooms. Ministering to them when ill, ever ready with thoughtful counsel or ready purse as one or the other was needed, was to him part of his duty. But a man may be a kind and true Professor, and yet no one describe him as "a man greatly beloved."

Women were invariably attracted to him, for he was, in the grand old sense of the word, a gentleman. They speak of his patience, of his sweet and unfailing courtesy. The same qualities attracted men, and bound them to him by somewhat of the sentiment by which man is bound to woman. Few men *love* men, but many men loved Mackerras, or "dear John" as staid, respectable and thoroughly unemotional men were wont to call him. Possessing such a character, it is little wonder that he

passed through life without making a single enemy so far as I know. Yet how seldom is such a lot possible for a public man! It is scarcely possible for human nature to do justice to an opponent, and a public man cannot avoid having opponents. But verily those who entertained enmity or hatred towards Mackerras must have been of the baser sort. The women, however, who were intimately acquainted with him appreciated him most truly. With their unerring instinct they divined his rare excellence. They knew that here was a man, who—test or try or tempt him as you liked—would always ring true; who could be trusted always even unto death; who honored womanhood, and in his pureness understood purity. By women he was "a man greatly beloved."

While the magnetism of his gentleness and strength attracted women, men felt that they could trust to his blended wisdom and strength. Those who took counsel with him on important confidential subjects speak of the judicial temper of his mind, that equipoise of faculties that enabled him always to see the actual facts of the case, and therefore to judge righteous judgment, even against his own friends and his own desires. Few know themselves and others well enough to know how rare a temper this is. It is not always found among lawyers—the men who of necessity cultivate it most. It is not always found even on the bench. It requires the possession of sound judgment, inflexible love of truth, and the subjugation of the lower parts of our nature to the higher. Most men see what they wish to see, and decide and act accordingly. They give advice also to suit their interests or the desires of their friends, and consequently they err frequently. I never knew him err in judgment. The decision of every case on which he was consulted was what he said beforehand it would be. It would have been better for all concerned, had his advice been always taken. His value as a councillor in delicate affairs—public or private—was incalculable. Already I feel the loss the College has sustained in this respect; and I know that I shall feel it daily for years. But a man may be wise as Daniel, and not "a man greatly beloved."

I have spoken of him as a judge. Most of his friends thought of him rather as a knight without fear and without reproach. And no wonder. The fire of chivalry burned not more brightly in medieval Bayard or more modern Latour d'Auvergne than in this Canadian Professor. He was a Highland gentleman; true to his party, true to any one he considered his chief, true to the memories of his fatherland, careless of personal ease or gain, sensitive regarding the honor of all with whom he had ever been associated. He fought and gained for many who will never know all that they owe to him. For whether he lost or won, he kept silence. But he might have had those splendid qualities, and yet not have been "a man greatly beloved."

One who understood him told me that the word that came to her mind as she thought of him was, "God loveth a cheerful giver." But of his liberality as of his chivalry, I may not give details. He, I feel, would have it so. And why should details of either be needed! He gave himself. Is not that enough for the dullest to know?

My brothers, what then was the centre of this man's nature? What the secret force that bound into graceful living unity all the moral opposites of his character? Why was he greatly beloved? Why? Because his nature was based not on selfishness but on love. He loved much, and therefore was much loved. In order to understand how the various qualities to which I have referred harmoniously gathered in one man, we must see and have the heart to understand the centre from which they all radiated, the centre in which they all had their root. The pole-star of his life seemed to men to be duty. But duty was rooted in love too deep and sacred for the common eye