
THE MACKENZIE MEMORIAL EULOGY.

a man whose mould was struck in granite, but imbedded in its bosom were gems of richest lustre and of transcendent worth. He possessed in rare combination those qualities which are most admired in manhood, and which another Scotchman has delineated in immortal verse—

“A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a’ that ;
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa’ that.”

The best that can be said of any man who is to act his part amid the realities of an eternal future is that he is a Christian. This lifts him into unison with God and with the higher laws of the spiritual universe, and gives a perpetuity and value to all that was noble in his earthly living that even death cannot invalidate. “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.” Death is not the end of the good man’s life ; it is really the beginning. We must die to live. This is our period of pupilage ; death is our graduation into a higher sphere of usefulness and enjoyment. This is the root life ; the blossoming and the unfolding come when death opens the golden portals of the everlasting summer. Here there is limitation and bondage—our capabilities are circumscribed. We have room to move about in a laborious sort of way, but we cannot go very far nor very swiftly ; but death