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WHEN, in our December number, the last one for 1879, we wished our friends and patrons a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we little thought how the opening of that year would to us all be clouded with a great unhappiness. That one of the most loved and revered Professors in our University was invalid and afflicted with a disease from which he never expected to recover, we dimly knew but hardly realized. Our minds put the evil day far distant, nor would we anticipate any sudden severance of those ties which so strongly bound Professor MACKERRAS to every student. His continued activity up to the last days of the term naturally increased our certainty that, in spite of his attenuated frame, the wonderful energy which flashed from his eye and sounded from his voice, would ensure to him a much longer lease of life and usefulness. But this was not to be.

We returned from our vacation, enjoyed only as Christmas vacation can be enjoyed, to find that one of our teachers was absent; and to find him absent meant to those who knew him far more than would the absence of the majority of other men in like positions. We were told that he would return in a few weeks, but then there came to our minds with awful distinctness, the fragile frame, the almost transparent hand, the feebleness which the voice and ever active mind would never display, but which could be seen in all his movements, and we felt that we had seen for the last time the living form of him whose virtues and powers made him appear to those who were so fortunate as to be his pupils an ideal type of manhood. Only too soon were our fears realized. Classes opened on the sixth and on the morning of the ninth, "God's finger touched him and he slept." In the prime of manhood, a Christian scholar passed to his reward, and Professor MACKERRAS is now to us but a hallowed memory, true a memory ever present and strong to guide and direct, an ever living memory, but a memory still. The presence of the living man, inspiring us with his hope, reviving and invigorating us with his unflagging zeal and energy, is something which we have no more, and we know that a great gap has been made which even the wonder-worker Time will find it difficult to fill.

But we, his students, are not the only ones besides his bereaved family who miss him. Wherever our University is known