

in increasing feebleness to continue to the end the work he loved.

It is well known that Prof. Young, among his multifarious duties in Knox College, gave instruction in Hebrew and the Old Testament, and his old pupils say they never knew such a Hebrew teacher, he had such a power of clear and vivid presentation. I have never been able to induce him to speak at any length on this department of his former work. He so entirely repudiated the idea of his being a critical Oriental scholar that the subject seemed almost unwelcome to him. But it is certain that he studied the Hebrew Scriptures lovingly and profoundly, and also published an original work upon a portion of them. This treatise, with others, he since did his best to recall, so that now it is very hard to find a copy.

Though he ceased many years ago to make these matters an object of special study, I cannot but think that they left a deep impress on his intellectual and spiritual character. There was much about Dr. Young that suggests a comparison with the great prophets of ancient Israel—his mien betokening habitual converse with the highest themes, his unworldliness, his profound seriousness, his enthusiasm for truth and justice, his reach of mental and moral vision. I doubt not that we must reckon them as chief among the masters that had a part in the forming of that many-sided mind, and in the inspiring of that large and strenuous heart. Yet in most beautiful and captivating harmony with these qualities were just as conspicuous traits of the New Testament type—gentleness, humility, patience, tolerance, sympathy, "sweet reasonableness," showing that he had yielded himself to the sway and guidance of a Master greater and more potent still.

Others will analyse much better than I can do his intellectual character. If I may venture to note one general impression, I would say that no scholar that I have ever met seemed to me to possess more quick and sure *intelligence*. His faculty of getting at the essence of a doctrine, of tracing the history of an opinion, of grasping the details of a system, no matter how foreign to his own views and predilections, and of at once bringing them into relation with his already acquired knowledge or settled convictions, was nothing short of marvellous. Along with this quality was another no less remarkable—his power and habit of bringing under general laws all that he learned or observed. When we reckon with this his natural and cultivated judicial temper it becomes easier to understand his constant largeness of view, his impartiality, his "unsyllogistic rationality." So his richly-stored memory was rather a topical than a verbal index. Life and nature were present to him not as single concrete parts, but as large abstract symbols, while others were groping through the alphabet of truth or working slowly along with the grammar and dictionary of objective facts, he was feeling and living through the deepest problems of co-ordination and final interpretation.

These qualities go a long way to explain how Dr. Young was so great a *liberalizer* of men's minds and opinions. He was in this respect a force altogether unique. Young men and older men have learned from his life as well as from his teachings that truth is a very large as well as a very precious thing, that none can grasp it all, and that all do not grasp the same part of it, that a search for truth, and not a blind adoption of formulas to represent it, is an essential condition of its real appropriation, and that this method uses the heart and conscience as well as the intellect. If Dr. Young's life and work mean anything practical to his and the coming generation this is their teaching. And that the lesson has been and is being learned, witness the pulpits and schools of Ontario, witness the converging tribute of homage, love and reverence paid to this man by men of all creeds and of all shades of religious and philosophic opinion.

Of his more purely moral endowments the one that has impressed me most strongly is his *reverence*. This quality, so often missing from the make-up of scholars and thinkers of the second rank, was in him a natural corollary to wide and growing knowledge. It was, moreover, the key to what was most lovable in him—his simplicity, his tenderness and his magnanimity—since his reverence was felt for all that was good and pure and honest and lovely. It may not be out of the way for me to refer in this connection to his habits in the way for me to refer in this connection to his habits in connection with public worship. During the greater part of the latest years of his life he was never absent during the

morning service from St. Andrew's Church, in this city, always walking to and from the distance of over two miles from his residence. It was an actual help to devotion to see that grand old head and face with that countenance of wise humility bowed with the reverence of simple child-like faith before the God and Father of all. But he neither found his religiousness in church nor did he leave it there. His devoutness was not of his life a thing apart; it was with him everywhere and under all conditions. He wore the aspect of one who was always worshipping, and so he helped others to worship what he himself loved and revered. This was in fact the highest and finest outcome of his life, the choicest result of the years that bring the philosophic mind. The sense of the being and presence of God was in him one with the sense of reality, potency, and urgency of truth and goodness. His scholarship and his philosophy had this for their groundwork and issue, and his sure and ample faith in what he thus sought and found shall perpetually remind us that in this way too, *the pure in heart shall see God*.

J. F. McCURDY.

Univ. College.

## THE FUNERAL.

At half-past two on Friday afternoon Convocation Hall and the adjoining corridors were thronged with University men and others, who had assembled to render the last tokens of respect to the great man who has passed away from our midst. A great hush pervaded the hall while the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell offered up the opening prayer of the funeral service, which was followed by prayer by the Rev. Dr. Milligan. The Rev. Dr. Caven read solemn portions of the Old and New Testaments, when the whole congregation joined in the beautiful hymn, "O God, our help in ages past."

Sir Daniel Wilson, in a few simple and impressive words, referred to the irreparable loss which had befallen the University in the removal of one who had been so earnest in the pursuit of truth. The hymn of consolation, "Rock of Ages," was rendered with earnest feeling, whereupon the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell strove, in heartfelt prayer, to imprint on his hearers the lessons which such a life and death should bear for all who witness it.

After the benediction had been pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Reid, the students filed out and formed in line down the carriage drive while the coffin was being borne forth. The procession, more than a quarter of a mile long, marched slowly along St. Alban St. and up Yonge St. to the C. P. R. railway crossing, where the students formed in open line and allowed the hearse and carriages to pass through and on to Mount Pleasant Cemetery where the last sad rites were performed.

Sir Daniel Wilson, the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. Gregg, Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. Justice McLennan, and the Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, acted as pallbearers.

## GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG.

The day goes down upon a life as fair  
As ever looked unblinded on the sun  
With eagle eyes, and bright with laurels won  
Of love, renown and reverence, meet to bear.  
We mourn thee not with passion of despair  
As one death-stricken ere his work be done,  
Thou mad'st ambition and achievement one,  
The fame that is, one with the dreams that were.

Calm, steadfast sorrow doth our hearts control  
For thee, in whom were grace and virtue met.  
For faintless flight adown the years that roll  
Beyond our sight on whom thy star hath set  
Furled are the pinions of thy stainless soul,  
But spread the wings of memory and regret.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

Univ. Coll., Feb. 27th.