

PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

This rare old merry Greek Oracle, "Ultimus Scotorum," after far exceeding the ordinary age of mortals, has at long last gone over to the "silent majority." To him Greek was a divine tongue. His last thoughts were steeped in it. On his death-bed he ejaculated his favourite motto, ἀληθείων ἐν ἀγάπῃ. He scribbled this on the corner of every envelope he used, and scrawled it on scraps of paper. "Work out my motto in daily life and earth will grow into heaven." It was his one cure for all life's ills. It was the great social and religious revolutionary force. He had another special motto that he loved to rub into the thought and soul of young men: χαλεπὰ τὰ καλὰ. Like Carlyle, Blackie scorned the easy road to noble things.

The Scottish Athens will evermore seem strangely wanting without its "Blackie." His students, and where are they not found, the wide world over, and in every vocation? will all have a quiet tear to shed as they ponder auld lang syne and the big-souled, honest-breasted, eccentric and companionable old young man whom all young men loved right merrily and really. The memory of Blackie will always bring cheer to the heart and expansion and nobility to the soul. What a supreme and eloquent contempt he had for the critical book-worm, the common-place, and the modern Pharisee! Nor was he one of your sedate, arm-chair, and orthodox professors. He would come into his classroom with a stately stride, hold up his hands, and gloriously repeat the Lord's Prayer in his pet Greek. He never frittered away a class-hour, and yet he would think nothing of dashing off a joke or a song in the midst of the lecture. But somehow or other anything that Blackie did seemed to be out of the common, had an invigorating moral tone to it. He would often give the class his opinions in English on some important question or event, and then demand of them the rendering of it in the Greek. He loved to pun on names, and even the colour of a fellow's hair. He once had an Irish student with a fiery head of hair and pointed him out in the distance on a public occasion as "yonder beacon on the back form." He cordially respected the principle of "give and take;" he had sometimes the tables turned upon himself and none enjoyed the joke more heartily than himself.