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DANIEL ARTHUR MCGREGOR.

At the mention of the name of D. A. McGregor, what memories come crowding to the mind! And all of them are sweet and inspiring. I have yet to meet the man who knew him well who did not honor and love him. It is indeed fitting that his face and memory should be kept fresh in our minds.

Up and down through our land, in the pulpits and other spheres of life, there are many who were fellow-students of McGregor, and all speak of him with sincerest admiration. When he came to Woodstock College (then the C. L. I.), many at first wondered at the sturdy, ruddy young man from the country. He had a strong and expressive face which bespoke a noble soul within, but he was so exceedingly and really modest that he could scarcely trust himself to express his opinions with any freedom. But shortly he began to feel more at home in his new surroundings, and then his native strength of mind, and solid and accurate information, the result of careful reading in the Osgoode home, gained for him first the respect, and then the admiration, of all. And as the real spirit of the man became more fully known, he was greatly beloved.

As a student his life was of the choicest character. In his studies he was painstaking and accurate. In the literary societies he easily led the van, especially excelling as a brilliant