

Cambridge to find his favourite uses of *αὐ* with the Optative. Professor MacNaughton was equally interested in both. He could paint glowing pictures of "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome," could show us the great statue of Athena on the Acropolis, on the bronze tip of whose spear the mariners as they rounded Cape Sunium could see the sunbeams flash, or could thrill us with the fierce dash of some Euboean or Thracian pirate upon the Athenian corn ships lumbering slowly down from the Euxine. He could rouse us to appreciation of the unstinted opulence of Pindar, could show the depth of thought underlying the chopped straw of Aristotle, and prove from Aeschylus that Greece as well as Israel had sent forth a great preacher of righteousness. But he could also trace in minutest detail the elaborate scheme underlying the apparently turbid grandeur of the Olympian Odes; or unravel the knottiest construction in the speeches of Thucydides. In the Logic of Aristotle it would be difficult to say in which he took the greater interest,—in the deep problems wherein logic and metaphysics meet in indissoluble harmony, or in the beautiful cognate accusative of *ῥαταται τὰ ἄμεσα*. To attend his class in Greek prose was to be roused to moral enthusiasm over the virtue of thoroughness in every detail. With what glow he showed the infinite difference between *τιδεναί* and *τιδεσθαι* or enlarged upon the subtle shades of meaning imparted to either by prefixing *ἀνά* or *κατά*. To me he often recalled Plato, who could be caught up to the third heaven of inspiration in the Phædo and the Apology, or could with equal delight revel in the minutiae of philology in the Cratylus, or the cosmogony of the Timæus.

In the later years of his service he turned to study the Old Testament Prophets and the Theology of the New Testament. To this he brought the same penetrating insight, the same ability to descend to minutiae or rise to the topmost pinnacle of the temple of thought, the same whole-hearted enthusiasm, transfusing the intellectual virtues with the glow of the moral, which had made his teaching such an inspiration to the students of classics. Principal Grant considered his articles in the "*Quarterly*" on "Paul's Gospel" and on "The Johannine Theology" the ablest which he had ever read, and looked eagerly forward to the day when each would expand into a volume. To all, even to those whose viewpoint was not his own, he was the gadfly which stung them into thought; to many he was as a beacon light in the darkness, and did hardly less than the Principal, to show that though the form changes and dies, the inner spirit is the same, and that the fullest acceptance of the methods and of the results of criticism is compatible with the deepest and tenderest faith. To his followers, and they were many, he was a pioneer of the new evangelicalism when mystic piety and critical sagacity shall go forth hand in hand, and give us a new synthesis of the warring facts of religious and philosophical experience.

"Last love may be sweet,
First love is sweeter yet,"

sings one of the gifted sons of Queen's, and though I yield to none in reverence for my English Alma Mater on the banks of Isis, yet for the good grey limestone buildings by Lake Ontario, my love is deeper and more personal. There as an undergraduate I studied under seven great men. Dupuis, Watson, Cappon, Dyde and Nicholson are left. Professor Fletcher, than whom no sweeter or more cultured