

institution, that when they go, the spirit which they typified seems to grow less intense, if not actually to change its nature. The loyalty of many a graduate grew weaker when Dr. Williamson passed away; to some of us Queen's will never be quite the same without Professor MacNaughton.

Born in central Perthshire in the early 60's, he was educated first at the Parish School, then at the Grammar School in Old Aberdeen (a famous foundation in its day, now extinct). Thence he passed to Aberdeen University, which he entered as First Bursar. He headed his class in Greek, Latin, English, and Philosophy, and was Simpson Greek prize man; after graduating he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, as Senior Scholar. At both institutions his work was sadly interfered with by the state of his eyes, which more than once laid him on the shelf for three months at a time. At Queen's he had attacks of the same malady, which he bore with his un-failing cheerfulness. After baffling the best oculists of Germany, it finally yielded two years ago to the skill of Dr. Buller of Montreal. So severe did it become at Cambridge that he left the University before graduating, and for three years studied Theology in Edinburgh under Prof. Flint. His brilliant work there is still remembered, and he has been chosen Croall Lecturer in his Alma Mater for 1906; an appointment which men like Flint and John Caird considered it an honour to obtain. On leaving Edinburgh he accepted a parish in the Highlands, as a minister of the Church of Scotland.

In the spring of 1889 the Trustees of Queen's decided to divide the work formerly done by the Professor of Classics. An advisory committee was appointed, of which the chief member was the Rev. Dr. Barclay of St. Paul's

Church, Montreal. A less quick eye than his might have discerned the genius which lay hidden in the young minister. His strong recommendation was unanimously adopted, and in the autumn of 1889 MacNaughton entered upon his career as Professor of Greek at Queen's. From the first his influence was felt. Its secret lay in a rare blending of mental and moral fervour, and in the ability to impart to others a touch of his own spirit. Between the two sides there was for him no divorce. Each was a different facet of the same diamond and he taught men to see that in the ardent search for intellectual truth there was a moral element, that the triumphs of the intellect over ignorance were triumphs of virtue no less than the triumphs of the will over passion. To him had been given at once the ardour and glow, and the winsome breadth of outlook of the true Hellene; insatiable curiosity in the pursuit of truth, and full confidence in his power of attaining to it.

The Highland fire of his nature sometimes burst forth with a vehemence which calcined rather than illumined the victim. On one occasion when his Honour class had been inattentive he suddenly broke out upon us for "A pack of sodden worms!" "Ghastly hash, Mr. G., ghastly and impossible hash," was once the verdict upon one of my own translations. But in spite of such outbursts, for which we loved him none the less, in all questions of importance he acted with un-failing keenness of insight, and subtlety of discrimination.

His fervour was neither the hot exuberance of youth, quickly dying away to ashes, nor the easy enthusiasm which scorns the plodding details of exact scholarship. At Oxford, it is said, they studied Plato to discover what he has to tell of the soul; at