

A calm life is not an idle life. Idleness would have killed him long ago. Whatever task awaited him, he gave himself to it with uncommon earnestness. So diligent was he in business, so intelligent and reliable in the discharge of it, that in the early days of this city he did more than people appreciate to build up Canadian credit in the old-world centres, where he was known. And, with all his heavy responsibilities in the financial and commercial world, he yet found time to ally himself actively with several of our city's philanthropies and to devote his powers without reserve to the interests of the Church he loved. His long life is the record of "a fight well won, a race well run, a work well done," and even the natural waning of physical powers in his later days could scarcely curb his nimble mind and his eager spirit.

But in the midst of many activities he was always calm and peaceful, master of himself and always self-possessed and quiet.

The life of a business man is never free from troublesome problems and harsh alarms; he was unmoved in the midst of these things, fearless and unafraid. If he concentrated his powers on the solving of the problem and on the averting of the danger, he could detach himself at will from all his business concerns, and in the quiet restfulness of his best-loved authors, his favorite pastimes, or of childlike sleep, recreate his powers for the next day's task. The theatre and the newest novel made no appeal to him—he cultivated rather the simple things—he sought not the thrill of things exciting, with that sincere and beautiful spirit of his he sought rather the simple pleasures of life.\* He loved the country and the things of nature—

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\*I have sometimes thought that this tendency was strengthened in him by his early acquaintance with some really great men, and especially by his friendship with Rev. Dr. Paterson, of Glasgow. Dr. Paterson had been the minister at Galashiels and there had a fine garden—"the Manse Garden"—which he had sedulously cultivated. His knowledge of botany and his love of flowers he had communicated to his young friend. They were often together on fishing excursions, and Mr. Baikie could well remember occasions when the worthy doctor would forget his fishing and be found on his knees examining something he had discovered. "Oh, this is a rare plant; I've got it at last."