

than elegant. While not eloquent, he was always pungent and cutting. He possessed great industry, and had a remarkable faculty for prying into the secrets of his opponents. Naturally suspicious, nothing seemed to escape his vigilant and inquisitive mind. He was ubiquitous and audacious in his methods of ascertaining the plans and secrets of his enemies, and would have made an ideal reporter for a Chicago paper. He was vindictive towards an opponent and sometimes unscrupulous in the means he employed to squelch him. And yet he was generous and open-handed, and, when out of the editorial chair, one of the most entertaining and agreeable of companions. If he had only one loaf of bread in the world he would divide it with a friend, and perhaps with an enemy. The more you got acquainted with the man the better you liked him. He was a genuine Scotchman and possessed many of the generous and noble traits of that splendid race.

When the Liberal party came into power in Canada, Mr. Currie was appointed Collector of Customs for Charlottetown. He made an upright and competent official, and I believe won the esteem and confidence of all parties. His early death was regretted by no one more than by the writer. I trust that when he fell

" He fell with all his weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope from darkness up to God."

