

not wholly because he thought a boy is better unborn than untaught, but because he made teaching the stepping-stone to other things. Hence we used the word avocation not vocation. The fruits of such work appear in greater self-mastery and an increase of enthusiasm in the work of self-culture. And so he entered Horton Academy in 1846, from which after close attention to study he was matriculated into Acadia College in 1865. Here we may pause for a moment to look at a few of the names of his classmates. There occurs the name of Albert E. Coldwell, for many years a valued professor of this University. With an intimate knowledge of the subjects he taught, of fine scholarly instincts and tastes, sociable and generous in imparting his stores of knowledge, he has done a work for education and for the world which we ought not to be slow to recognize. There also occurs the name of Rufus Sandford, a man filled with the humility of love and a great purpose—who does not appreciate and love him? He was born a missionary, on India's burning plains he is to-day lifting up his voice in behalf of the cause of that Master whose he is and whom he serves.

Judge McLeod was a hard student. Keen in perception, with a deep love of literature, thorough and painstaking in whatever he did, analytic and logical in his thinking, conversant with books of the higher type—books which contain the true pabulum—he founded and buttressed himself for the coming work of life. As is said in Boswell's Johnson, The desire of knowledge was his habitual feeling, and he was willing to give all that he had to get knowledge. He was conscious that the only jewel that will not decay is knowledge. With all thy getting, get knowledge. Of authors, Macaulay was a favorite, if not his favorite author. This was made evident from a conversation held with him near the close of his college course. Something of the flavor of Macaulay's style was manifest in an essay which he had prepared. Attention was called to this, and Mr. McLeod at once said that he read the works of "Omniscient" Tom" more largely than those of any other author. It was simply the aroma of style, that and nothing more. McLeod did no surreptitious work. There is a book lying on my shelf. It is a neat little copy of Terence's Plays. This was the gift of Mr. McLeod as he was leaving Acadia. Be sure this book is prized, and never is it seen without calling vividly to mind the giver. The giver may now have no remembrance of the fact.

After graduation we find Mr. McLeod in the law office of Palmer & McLeod of Charlottetown. In studying he exhibited the same joyousness in study, the same grasp of mind, the same clear, analytic thinking, but, above all, the same tireless industry and pluck. He loved the study of law, and the study which one loves is never irksome. When he chose Law for a profession, he united himself to it in indissoluble bonds. Law has ever been his master study. He was admitted to the Bar of P. E. Island in 1872. He became a partner of Edward J. Hodgson, now Judge of the Supreme Court and Chancellor