

Dickson and Dr. Stewart, a medical faculty was established in Queen's, and Dr. Williamson for some time filled the chair of chemistry. In 1855 he succeeded in getting an observatory erected in the City park, which was deeded to the University in 1861. Dr. Williamson, who has had the management of it during its whole existence, has devoted a great deal of time, and has spent much money in perfecting the apparatus of the observatory, in particular in getting the stone bases for the instruments made perfectly secure and stable; a matter of much importance for the usefulness and correctness of observations made both by the large Greenwich telescope and the transit instrument.

He was married in 1845 to Margaret Gilchrist, daughter of John Gilchrist, Editor of the *Evening Courant*, of Edinburgh, who died in 1847, leaving one son. In 1852 he married Margaret Macdonald, sister of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, LL.D. She died in 1870, leaving a memory which will ever be fondly cherished by all who were privileged with her acquaintance. Thereafter her sister, Miss Louisa Macdonald, so well known and pleasantly remembered by many, made her home with him, until her death a few years ago.

In addition to his numerous and varied duties at the University, Dr. Williamson was ever ready to aid in other work. As a minister of the Church of Scotland he was ever ready to undertake pulpit duty when it was required. He was well known to the members of St. Andrew's Church and his sermons were much enjoyed for their beauty of construction, clearness of teaching and logical force. During a protracted vacancy in that church some years ago, he did good service as Moderator of Session. He always took a deep interest in the prosperity of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and did a good share of work in its several church courts.

For one so well known little need be said about his personal characteristics. But it may not be amiss to mention his gentle, loving nature; his suavity of manner; his untiring efforts to impart information and help all who were seeking it; his kindness and hospitality; his profuse liberality, considering the smallness of his income, and the quiet and unostentatious way in which he spent money for the wants of the college, the church and other interests. His close contact with the students for fifty-three years has exerted a power for good, the results of which will endure far beyond the limit of his extended life.

Dr. Williamson retained an uncommon amount of both bodily and mental vigour almost to the last. On two occasions, during the last few years, he met with accidents which laid him up for a few days.

But even then he was not to be repressed; he would rise from his bed and be taken to the observatory to assure himself that nothing was going wrong. Although he had been ailing for several weeks and suffering severe pain, he was, on several occasions, out of the house to within a week of the end, which came on the night of the 26th September, when he went to sleep as does a child in its mother's arms. We speak of such an event as death. Was it truly death, or not rather the awakening from the troubled dream of mortal life to a more real, purer, fuller, higher life? The funeral took place on October 1st, the procession consisting of all members of the university who could attend, senate, trustees, council, graduates and students, while thousands lined the streets and looked on with respectful interest. As the solemn anthem, "Blessed Are the Dead, etc.," was sung by the choir in the church there was full sympathy among the crowded assembly with the words so appropriate to the occasion, "Blessed are the dead who died in the Lord; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

THE PRINCIPAL'S TRIBUTE TO DR. WILLIAMSON

Being the concluding part of his Sunday afternoon talk, in Convocation Hall, October 6; based on 1 Thess. v. 23.

Why should not every university student be as truly a saint as that great student, St. Paul? Why should not every medical student be as truly a saint as his beloved physician, St. Luke?

I propose to give you, during this session, sketches of some of the saints I have met in my own day, and of others of former days whose names are inscribed in the Valhalla of humanity.

I begin with him whose body we carried from this hall, last Tuesday, to its resting place in Cataragui churchyard. For, James Williamson was a saint; a saint of the apostolic, not of the mediæval type; of the sane, not of the hysterical type; so truly a saint, that we thought of him only as a singularly healthy, pure-minded, sweet-natured, widely-cultured, God-fearing man. But to be all that was to be a saint. In the innermost depths of our natures, divine grace and free-will are united into one indivisible whole.

I am not going to give the details of his life. These have been given in the newspapers; and besides, his life was singularly uneventful. The stream of life ran in a deep, calm channel, without noise or murmur, till it flowed out over the bar into the infinite ocean, when he saw face to face the Pilot who, unseen, had guided him all his life long.

Think what an "entire" man, to use the Apostle's phrase, he was. Was there one of us so physically strong? Hair scarcely tinged with gray; hand