

repute. Many of you knew him personally, and, in his death, you must feel that the Church and the world have sustained a great loss. Occupying, as he did, a most important position in the Church—a position for which he was peculiarly fitted by high intellectual endowments, rare beauties of character, and much of the spirit of his Master, we ought to lay his death to heart, and to consider why he has been taken away. God has a wise purpose in this stroke, though we may not be able to see what that purpose is. The eye of sense beholds stricken relatives, sorrowing friends, an important post unoccupied. The eye of faith beholds a perfected spirit before the throne, a good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord. Let us seek to follow this righteous and merciful man, even as he followed Christ, that when the messenger of death comes to us, we may not be unprepared, but ready to enter into peace."

FROM REV. JOHN JENKINS, D.D., LL.D., MONTREAL.

Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, closed his sermon on Sunday with the following tribute:

"I cannot close these services without a passing reference to the loss which the Presbyterian Church in Canada has lately sustained in the death of the late Rev. John Hugh Mackerras, M.A., one of the Clerks of the General Assembly, and Professor of Classics in the University of Queen's College. To some of you he was personally known; to most of you he was known by reputation. A man of rare natural endowments, he was also a man of large culture. Learned was he and eloquent, an accomplished scholar, an able and persuasive preacher; while his legal acumen and attainments in the ecclesiastical sphere have perhaps never been surpassed. *Certainly they have rarely been equalled.* All this the Presbyterian people and Church in Canada have known for the last twenty years. These were endowments that loomed before the public eye, but they were insignificant compared with his qualities as a man and his excellence as a Christian. Singularly gentle by nature, he became by Divine grace the humble, simple-hearted Christian sitting at the feet of Jesus, and, while learning from His words, drinking largely into His spirit. To those who knew him in private life, his grace and gentleness, his transparent honesty and truthfulness, his reverent spirit, his godly walk, were felt to give a charm and a brilliancy to his character which his more public qualities failed to impart. His was indeed the path of the just. His religious character grew, and Christian principle, as he passed on in life, deepened with his great nature. He advanced in Divine knowledge. In the love and grace of Christ he more and more abode. On an on he went, walking in the light of heaven while yet with us on earth. Such men rarely appear in the firmament of the Church. When they pass beyond to another sphere, a blank is left, which it takes generations to fill up. We shall never again hear his eloquent voice, never again shall we have the privilege of being guided by his wise counsels. But the Church in Heaven has received him unto her membership, and the eye of faith sees him to-day near the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the perfect unchanging day of heavenly joy."

FROM REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, M.A., B.D., TORONTO, PASTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

A wide circle is called to mourn the death of Prof. Mackerras, an able and faithful minister, and one of the most lovable of men. Some of you knew him only as a

man whose name was associated with Queen's College, or with meetings of Synod and Assembly. Others of you had often listened gladly to his voice both in this church and in the one in which you worshipped for many years. A few of us had the privilege of knowing him more intimately, and we know best how good and faithful, how genial and cheerful, how enthusiastic, how unselfish he was.

Warmly, even passionately, attached to his church and University, he served them both loyally, and in serving them served the Master whom he loved. His name will always be held in loving remembrance by the students and graduates of Queen's University in his efforts in connection with the Endowment movement begun in 1869, by which, indeed, his life was cut short. He lived to see a second Endowment Fund raised, and new buildings almost completed—enough done to place the University on a secure basis.

His work during the last two or three years has been done with the consciousness that he was a dying man. Yet it was with difficulty that he could be induced to forego any portion of his duties, whether as Classical Professor in Queen's, or as Clerk of the General Assembly. Nobly he stuck to his post, shirking no duty, always bright and cheerful, even when friends about him were fearful, considering his great weakness, of what a day might bring forth.

The Christmas holidays came, and he went with his family to Peterboro, and there he died. The whole city of Kingston was moved by the tidings of his death. I doubt if there was a man in Kingston so generally beloved by citizens of all classes and creeds. I know, too, that while there may be in the ranks of the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church men of more brilliant parts, there are few who could so ill be spared, and none more truly loved.

I cannot say from this place all that I feel. I have often thanked God for such a friend. I had none more dear in the whole circle of my acquaintance. Even as minister of this congregation, some of you know how much cause I have to hold Prof. Mackerras in affectionate and thankful remembrance, as I do.

And now, all too soon, as we think—but the Lord knows best—he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him. May the ministers of the church be stimulated by his worthy example to greater devotion. May we all be led to work more faithfully while it is day: "The night cometh, when no man can work."

LETTERS FROM EUROPE

TO HIS SISTER, WIFE OF REV. GEO. BLAIR, PRESCOTT.

During the Fall and Winter of 1874, Professor Mackerras, acting under medical advice, took a Continental trip, to revive his already fast-failing health. During his absence, he maintained a constant correspondence with his sister, through whose kindness we are enabled to publish some of his letters, which, containing in themselves much of interest, are doubly valuable to us, as from them many can learn more of the man:

LONDON, Eng., August 26, 1874.

MY DEAR SISTER,

You will have learned from my previous epistle to you, that the wish so earnestly expressed in yours has been gratified, and that, *volens volens*, I must rest until next summer. It has gone against the grain to have to abstain from my work * * * for so long a period; but I am