

was worsted; and when the young fellows put on their oldest clothes to walk the swaying pole over an abyss of water, deepening rapidly from twenty feet to something like infinity so far as our trolling lines could fathom it, who but he appeared, similarly arrayed, and insisting on diving with the rest! Keen and earnest in everything he undertook, it was a rare sight to see him land a big fish in a boat or on the shore, to witness his pleased excitement as the wind filled the sails of our primitive yacht and sent her rushing through the waves, and on pic-nics to distant islands and wooded points on the main, to watch him carry the baskets up the rocky steep with all the alacrity of a boy. He was the life of the camp-fire. Many a time when he has lingered out on the waters in the moonlight, thinking and talking to others of the great world that is beyond our ken, it has been said: "We must wait for the chaplain, the camp-fire is nothing without him." And when he came his reflections were all over, his spirits high, his mind keenly alive to the enjoyment of the hour. His was the voice that called for songs, that told short amusing stories, that was quick at repartee. He loved music, and best of all the music of women's voices singing a German *lied* or an old Scotch ballad. Devoid of musical powers himself, he highly appreciated them in others. On one occasion, there were three other members of the school whose musical gifts were on a par with his own, and a prize for the worst singing was offered among them. The Professor sang and lost the prize; indeed he came out last of the four, and was hailed as a rising musician. It speaks well for his memory and for his generally youthful associates, that this generous and joyous *abandon* for the sake of his company only served to raise him in their estimation and reverence. Once in the words of another great man he had to say, "We must be grave, for I see a fool coming." When the mirth was ended, and house and tents invited to repose, his voice joined devoutly in the evening hymn and invoked the divine blessing on the watches of the night.

It is too early yet, ere tears are dried away, to recall the many incidents associated with his memory in the northern wilds; the amusing rivalry between himself and his curate under the old regime; his coat of armour, composed of *Globes* and other newspapers, in which he went to do battle with mosquitoes and black flies; his presidency in a court of justice to try two malefactors, and the encomiums he won from the opposing counsel, Judge Maclellan and Mr. George Murray, and Messrs. King of Berlin and Ewart of Winnipeg. At a later time, when the Lake School had come to an end, and I became its heir, Professor Young was busy studying the relation between physiology and psychology. My eldest boy, then an infant, large for his age, had been nicknamed in consequence Bliaph, after the hero so called in Helen's Babies. The Professor wished to verify some statement as to the relative kicking out of the right and left feet, and the propulsion of the body by the simultaneous motion of the two, and with crooked forefinger beckoned Goliath, as he termed the child, who was crawling in baby-fashion on the verandah, until he had his subject under control and found that the so called observations were, like many others, "all stuff and nonsense." He had no patience with pretentious people, or with the memory of those for whom enthusiastic friends sought to establish a great reputation without any real foundation for it. Being bored about one of the latter whom he had known intimately, he, in a moment of annoyance, termed him "a perfect idiot." But it grieved his kind heart often afterwards, when saucy juniors, disparaging one another, said, "You remind me of the late Dr. So and so, or of Professor Young's former friend," and he took pains to remove the impression caused by his hasty yet not by any means groundless utterance.

I may close these few statements by remarking that Professor Young was a very generous man. This he was in his judgment of others, for he had well cultivated the charity that thinketh no evil. What has been written shows that he was such in his social relations, striving with all his heart for the general good and the happiness of all. But he was generous with his purse, as from my relations with him in church life I had the best means of judging, since on several occasions he made me the almoner of his bounty and always spontaneously and unsolicited. It was only necessary to mention a case of privation to enlist his warm sympathies and draw forth his liberality. Few people understood the heart of the scholarly

recluse, simple and free from guile as that of a child, full of a devotion that no intellectual aberrations were able to affect, and beating in sympathy with every genuine effort for the amelioration of the world and for the relief of want and suffering at its door. If he had left no line by which to be remembered in the annals of science, his life would still not have been in vain, for its genial influences remain, not alone as green and fragrant spots in the memory, but as impressions on the controlling powers of action of many with whom he had come into contact. These are not noisy men, nor self-assertive, hardly the stuff to make courtiers or politicians out of, but men in whom there dwells a grand conscientiousness and earnestness of purpose, who are striving after a larger charity, and his own shiveringly expressed abhorrence of all underhand dealing and pettiness of soul. The moral weight of the Chair of Metaphysics has ever been the strongest in University College. Many a student has been the better man for the rigid conscientiousness and unbending integrity of Dr. Bevan, that awoke within him a sense of something higher in life than knowledge attained and position won; and the same, with far more of external geniality and kindness, in the late Dr. Young, have kindled a flame of enthusiasm on behalf of truth and right in the hearts of his men, that cannot fail, in many cases, to consume those lower motives with their emotions through which baseness and corruption reign.

JOHN CAMPBELL, S.T.P.

Presbyterian College, Montreal.

TO A. H.

I wandered to the rocky cliff, to stand
And hear the wavelets breaking on the shore—
The shadows deepened o'er the misty land,
Whose sunset glories faded more and more;
When, walking to the radiant west,
I thought I saw approach, by paths of gold,
That angel whom the sons of men call "rest,"
Light-winged, and bearing evening in her fold.
And I, with heavy heart and puzzled brain,
Wearied of themes that thinkers try to grasp,
Took comfort at this phantom of the mind,
And went my way in perfect peace again.
So nature soothes us when we bubbles clasp,
In pity comforts us where we are blind.

C. E. K. V.

LETTER LEGACIES.

(Continued).

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

You are enthusiastic, if not patriotic in your political prophecies for the future of Canada. Myself, I do not agree with you. You think that annexation to the States is our only possible salvation. I believe that the union is impracticable, or at all events that it would be consummated only to be dissolved. You must remember that to unify two nations, it is not simply necessary to pull up the stakes of an imaginary boundary and alter the maps in the school geographies, but the two peoples must become one in spirit, mutual in esteem, and co-inheritors of the same traditions. Now, each of these essentials is an obstacle in the road to annexation. We did not fight with the Americans for independence, nor have we ever stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the physical sympathy of any struggle: neither country has a friendly part in the history of the other. We are the weaker nation, and as such would ever be taunted with having sought the protection of the stronger. We are distinct in character, manner and custom.

The Utopian dream of a Continental Republic has the glitter of gold at a distance, but I fear that on the approach of realization it would be found to be the tinsel scheme of wordy demagogues. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the thing came to pass, and that all the manifold and multiform