

wretched and miserable and blind and naked. In the light of his memory, do we not see the glory and the wealth of love? Contrasted with him, how poor and pitiful selfishness looks?

He is not dead. We shall not let him die. We shall keep his memory green in our hearts. He lives where life is full and free. He lives in the city that hath foundations. He lives here, in us. He lives, part of the life of that College in which his own intellectual life awaked, and which he loved with a love inexplicable to strangers and foreigners; part of the life of that church which represented to him the holiest memories of forefathers and the sacred inheritance of his children; part of the nation's life,—a nation and an age sadly in need of the inspiration of lives like his.

SOME OF THE TRIBUTES PAID TO HIS MEMORY.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS SISTER WRITTEN BY WM. KAY, M.A.,
OF GODERICH, HIS OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

Any contribution I could make for publication would not do justice to the memory of my beloved friend, and you may easily suppose the lapse of more than thirty years must make recollections of the boy somewhat dim.

I think it must have been in 1843 that your late father's family moved into Cornwall. At that time, John entered the Grammar School, and continued without interruption till he entered Queen's College. He very soon attracted my attention by his quickness of apprehension, his careful preparation of lessons, and his uniform good conduct; and no less from the respect I had for your father than affection for the son, I resolved to give him every advantage in my power, and forward his views to the best of my ability. The progress he made, both in classics and mathematics, particularly the former, came up to my most sanguine expectations; and, on leaving school for college, I gave him the highest recommendation I ever gave to any youth. The reputation he earned at school was abundantly sustained at college, and afforded the highest gratification to both his teacher and his friends. The bond of attachment between scholar and teacher was never broken, and owing no less to the manliness of his character than to the maturity of his mind and the amiableness of his disposition, was merged into that of friendship, which continued until the day of his death.

I shall never forget the delightful days we spent at Bowmanville together, and with what satisfaction I noticed the strong attachment subsisting between the young pastor and his people, and with what confidence even the oldest of them looked to him for counsel in all the affairs of life. You know with what joy I hailed his appointment to the classical chair, and no one was more gratified than myself at the success which crowned his work. Yes, I was proud of him, I respected him, and I loved him.

FROM REV. WM. BAIN, D.D., PERTH, ONT., HIS EARLIEST
FRIEND IN CANADA.

I have known our late dear and noble friend from his infancy, and his parents and family for a still longer period. I left him a mere child in his and my native town, in 1834. I found him, on his arrival in Canada with his family in 1838, developed into a happy, merry little boy, the pet of his family, and sparkling with intelligence.

I have watched his career ever since with a fond, I may say with an affectionate interest; and the gradual and ever-progressive unfolding of his intellectual and moral character has been to me matter of very pleasing and grateful admiration.

Our late dear friend was, in his beautiful character, and in his highly useful and honored consecrated life, a happy illustration, and, to parents, a very encouraging verification of the Scripture precept and promise: "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and, when he is old, he will not depart from it." His parents, both father and mother, were possessed of more than ordinary marked individuality and force of character, and their intelligence and moral worth were acknowledged by all who knew them. His father was, for many years, a respected elder in one of the congregations in Nairn, as were also his grandfathers on both father's and mother's side. The mother's family have also given to the ministry of the Church four clergymen: the Rev. William Grant, formerly minister of the Gaelic Church, Perth, Scotland, and now and for the last twenty-five years an active and influential minister at Shoalhaven, New South Wales, an uncle of our deceased friend; the late Rev. Duncan Grant, of Forres, Morayshire, and the late Rev. Alex. Clark, of Inverness, both cousins, and both of whom occupied distinguished and honored places among the ministers of their day; also, the late Rev. Daniel Clark, minister of Indian Lands, and brother of the late minister of Inverness.

Thus, in a measure, was our dear revered friend a son of the Church, and he was early and heartily devoted by his parents to the Lord. His father made it one of the special and fondest objects of his life to get both the mind and the heart of his much loved son imbued with a desire for, and a love of, the Christian Ministry. Generously possessed by this high purpose as a Christian, and loving father, and as a teacher, having been the instructor of his son during the first years of his school-boy life, we can easily understand that we are not a little indebted to his father's prayers and counsels and instructions for the beautiful and loveable character, the compacted and well-informed mind, the pure and lofty purpose which enabled our dear friend, in a life consecrated to his Saviour, moulded by His holy word, and directed by His spirit, to render services of so high and varied an order to the Church and to the University—a life, alas! we are ready to say, too brief to satisfy the affection of his friends, and for the requirements of the Church and College; but, though brief, filled up with faithful and useful services, rendered in humble gratitude and love to his divine Master, ample enough, we can cherish the fond assured hope, to have secured from Him the gracious commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

FROM THE REV. E. F. TORRANCE, PETERBORO.

At the conclusion of a most impressive discourse, delivered last Sabbath morning in St. Paul's Church, Peterboro, by the pastor, Rev. E. F. Torrance, from the text, Isaiah lvii, 1, 2: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness," the following graceful tribute was paid to the memory of the late Rev. Professor Mackerras, "a man greatly beloved" by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance in that town, as elsewhere:—

"My mind was directed to this subject, to-day, because a righteous and merciful man has lately been taken away from our midst. All of you knew him to whom I refer by