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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF REV. PROFESSOR JOHN H. MACKERRAS, M.A.

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WHEN, in our December number, the last one for 1879, we wished our friends and patrons a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we little thought how the opening of that year would to us all be clouded with a great unhappiness. That one of the most loved and revered Professors in our University was invalid and afflicted with a disease from which he never expected to recover, we dimly knew but hardly realized. Our minds put the evil day far distant, nor would we anticipate any sudden severance of those ties which so strongly bound Professor MACKERRAS to every student. His continued activity up to the last days of the term naturally increased our certainty that, in spite of his attenuated frame, the wonderful energy which flashed from his eye and sounded from his voice, would ensure to him a much longer lease of life and usefulness. But this was not to be.

We returned from our vacation, enjoyed only as Christmas vacation can be enjoyed, to find that one of our teachers was absent; and to find him absent meant to those who knew him far more than would the absence of the majority of other men in like positions. We were told that he would return in a few weeks, but then there came to our minds with awful distinctness, the fragile frame, the almost transparent hand, the feebleness which the voice and ever active mind would never display, but which could be seen in all his movements, and we felt that we had seen for the last time the living form of him whose virtues and powers made him appear to those who were so fortunate as to be his pupils an ideal type of manhood. Only too soon were our fears realized. Classes opened on the sixth and on the morning of the ninth, "God's finger touched him and he slept." In the prime of manhood, a Christian scholar passed to his reward, and Professor MACKERRAS is now to us but a hallowed memory, true a memory ever present and strong to guide and direct, an ever living memory, but a memory still. The presence of the living man, inspiring us with his hope, reviving and invigorating us with his unflagging zeal and energy, is something which we have no more, and we know that a great gap has been made which even the wonder-worker Time will find it difficult to fill.

But we, his students, are not the only ones besides his bereaved family who miss him. Wherever our University is known

his influence has extended, wherever there are to be found any who have known him, there are to be found those who have loved him and mourn him ; and to these, and those less fortunate who have known him only by repute, we offer this number of the JOURNAL which we have dedicated to his memory. At present we will say no more than what may be necessary for a preface. Abler hands than ours have sketched his life and character, and to those who have known him we would say that we hope what we here publish will be found not unworthy of the man whose life we commemorate, and to those who have not, that they will do well to read the sketch of the life of this man written by one of his earliest friends, and the sketch of his character given by the very Rev. Dr. Grant in the funeral sermon which we publish in full.

Besides those articles we have mentioned, we, through the kindness of friends, are enabled to present a beautiful memorial poem, and to all these we have added whatever else we have thought could be of interest and which in the short time at our disposal we were able to collect. With these also we present his portrait and autograph.

For all that makes this number valuable we must thank those friends of Professor MACKERRAS who have so kindly aided us.

Though as we said this is only a species of preface, we cannot conclude without referring to Professor MACKERRAS'S connection with the College Societies and with ourselves. For many years he was personally connected with the Alma Mater Society of which at one time he was the President, and though lately he has not taken any part in its deliberations, owing to want of time, he has ever had an active interest in all its operations. But that Society with which he was most peculiarly connected and to which he was most especially attached was the Elocution Association. Of this Society

he was for many years the principal stay, and during the time he occupied the position of President, its meetings were recognized as the most instructive and interesting of any that were held in the College Halls. While still holding the position of President he was forced from ill health to give up, for the time, his work and take a trip to more congenial climes, and in his absence communication was maintained between the society and its President in such a way as showed plainly the strong bonds of attachment that subsisted between them. On his return he was again, as in many previous years, unanimously elected President, but was compelled to give up active work for a time, a short time we all thought, little dreaming that it was for all time. Though since then the Society has had able Presidents, it has never prospered as it once did and now may be considered to be amalgamated with the senior A. M. S.

And as to ourselves. Here we will say little, for want of ability prevents our saying more. Always aiding us, with advice when it was most necessary, never given officiously, always given acceptably, with his pen whenever his time allowed ; he never was a harsh critic, nor expected too much. During the term of the present board of management his health has been so low that much of his work had to be given up, but we have ever found him willing and ready to assist whenever we applied to him, and the last time the writer of this article saw his living form was the occasion of an interview with him on behalf of the interests of our JOURNAL. How much we shall miss him we know, our predecessors know, and in dedicating this number to his memory we express but slightly our feelings at our loss. We publish much that is valuable, but we feel that it is very incomplete, and ask our friends to consider our difficulties, and accept our offering in the spirit in which it is given.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

John Hugh Mackerras, M.A., late Professor of Classics in Queen's University Kingston, was born at Nairn, in Scotland, on the 5th of June, 1832. His father, John Mackerras, born on May 7th, 1800, was a native of Forres, a small town about eleven miles from Nairn, rendered classical by Shakespeare in his tragedy of Macbeth. He removed in early life to Edinburgh, where, in 1823, he was married to Rose Grant, a native of the parish of Croy, near the town of Nairn. Two daughters were born to them in Edinburgh. In 1832 they removed to Nairn, where the subject of this memoir was born soon after their arrival.

John Mackerras, the father, came to Canada in 1837, and was followed by his family in 1838. He had friends at Cornwall by whom he was advised, in the then unsettled state of the country, to accept the offer of a school at Gray's Creek in that neighbourhood. In the fall of 1839 he removed to the public school at Williamstown, where he remained about three years and a half. In the spring of 1843 he returned to Cornwall to take charge of one of the public schools there, and to act at the same time as catechist to his kind and esteemed friend, Dr. Urquhart. Hitherto the education of his son, John Hugh, had been conducted entirely by himself both in the school-house and at home. The boy, who was now about 11 years of age, was already well advanced in the English branches, and had even acquired under his father's instruction a considerable knowledge of the rudiments of the Latin language. With a view to his further advancement in the Classics and in other branches, he was now sent by his father to the celebrated school at Cornwall, then known as the Eastern District School, at which so many of our most eminent men have been educated. This school was then under the charge of Mr. Kay, well known as an excellent classical scholar. Here he made rapid progress and continued, as he had done at Williamstown, to take the lead in almost every branch of study. Often for months together he carried the silver medals, which indicated the rank of dux in the school. His proficiency was the result not of any sudden or impulsive effort, but of the same steady perseverance which distinguished him in all that he undertook. He was scrupulously conscientious in the preparation of his lessons, from which he would allow nothing to detain him. He regularly wrote down in manuscript every line of his Latin and Greek translations—a work which necessarily occupied much time, but which tended in no small degree to form the habit of extreme accuracy which distinguished him in after life.

During the years which he spent at Williamstown and Cornwall, the amount of reading—especially of a religious character—which the young student accomplished, was something perfectly wonderful. In connection with St. John's Presbyterian Church, Cornwall, of which Dr. Urquhart was so long the minister, there existed an excellent congregational library which had been purchased in

Glasgow, and which contained almost all the standard religious works—controversial, historical and biographical. These works young Mackerras spent all his spare time in devouring. His appetite for such reading was insatiable. Every moment of his Sundays, when not in church or attending Sunday-school, was devoted to the eager perusal of books of a religious tendency, and his memory possessed a wonderful tenacity in retaining whatever he read.

In the fall of 1846, when not more than fourteen years of age, his standing and attainments in the different classes were such as would have fully justified him being sent to college, but his father, considering his comparative youth, and justly judging that another year would not be ill spent in further preparatory studies—especially in the mathematical branches—continued to send him to the Eastern District school until the fall of the year 1847 when he accompanied him to Kingston. There he had the pleasure of seeing his son pass with ease the Matriculation Examination, and—confiding him to the fatherly care of the Rev. Dr. Machar and Professor Williamson—he left him to pursue his studies in this new sphere and returned to his own duties at Cornwall.

With reference to his successful career at college it is unnecessary to add anything to what was so well stated by Dr. Williamson in addressing the large audience which assembled at St. Andrew's church to perform the last honor to his remains.

The summer of 1848, which was his first college vacation, he spent in further prosecuting his classical studies with Mr. Kay, and assisting him in the duties of the school. The next summer he spent as tutor in the family of the Hon. John Hamilton, and in the third he acted as assistant in the Preparatory School at Kingston. In the period between his taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1850 and graduating as Master of Arts in 1852 he conducted with great success the Grammar School at Gananoque, receiving at the close of his engagement as Master of that institution a very flattering testimonial.

His father having now removed with his family to Brockville—which was then included within the Bathurst Presbytery—it became his duty, in 1853, being then in the 21st year of his age, to apply to that Presbytery for license. This body on that occasion met at Perth, and after passing with credit the ordinary examinations, and receiving his license in due form, the young minister preached his first sermon in the pulpit of his old friend and fellow-townsmen, the Rev. Dr. Bain, of Perth. Little did he know while preaching that sermon, that one who held a still nearer relation to him was present as a hearer. It was not until the service was brought to a close, and he was descending the pulpit stair, that he recognized the presence of his father, who had quietly slipped out from Brockville by stage during the preceding night and had taken a position in the church where he could not be seen by the preacher.

The intensity of the father's feelings on this occasion may be the better understood when we state that even from

the birth of the son, to whose voice he now listened for the first time as a preacher of the gospel, he had dedicated that son to the ministry, and had watched and directed all his youthful studies with this object in view. His own ardent and sincere piety, manifested by his Sabbath school labours and by a constant and consistent christian walk which led him so often to visit the bed of sickness, was a lesson not lost on his son; and to this must be added his communion with so many christian ministers and missionaries, to whom his house was always a home. Many were the prayers offered at that family altar by such men as William Burns, the future missionary to China, and other servants of God, for the guidance and future success of the young student. The advice and paternal solicitude of the Rev. Dr. Urquhart and Mr. Kay, and the Rev. Dr. Bain of Perth, were also of valuable assistance in moulding his religious character; and to these favorable influences must be added the effect produced by the letters of a dear college companion whose sudden and unexpected conversion from a state of thoughtless indifference to deep religious conviction produced a most powerful and abiding effect on his mind.

After receiving his license Mr. Mackerras spent a couple of months in preaching for his ministerial friends in different parts of Canada, from Quebec to Toronto. In the following September he received two calls, one from Uxbridge and the other from Bowmanville. He accepted the latter, and being duly ordained and settled in that charge he continued in the diligent discharge of his duties as pastor of the congregation until he was appointed to the classical chair at Kingston in the year 1864. He was also, while minister at Bowmanville, appointed Clerk to the Synod; and in the midst of his multifarious duties, he still found time to devote unflinching attention to the study of the ancient languages.

In the year 1860, in the month of March, he was called on to mourn the loss of his fond father, then in his 60th year, who died suddenly while sitting in his chair conversing with his youngest daughter (Jane), who never perfectly recovered from so severe a shock, and she passed away in 1866.

Shortly after his assuming the classical professorship, he was united in marriage, in August, 1865, to the daughter of Judge Dennistoun, Peterboro, a lady who endeared herself to the students by many acts of kindness, and who now has their deep sympathy in her bereavement.

Of his college career and excellent character it is not necessary for us again to speak, as Dr. Williamson treated the former in a thorough manner, and Dr. Grant the latter. But we might add, as it is not otherwise mentioned, that he continued uninterruptedly at the college work, in which he delighted, for ten years, then he was advised to go, much against his will, in 1874, to Europe, accompanied by his wife. He sailed soon after the Ottawa meeting of the Synod, landing at Glasgow in July of that year. Remaining a few weeks in Scotland his mother land, he spent the month of August in London under the care of Dr. Mac-

kenzie, then returned again to Scotland and remained there till October, when he proceeded to the south of France and Italy. He returned home again just in time for the Union Meeting of the Assembly in Montreal in 1875, greatly revived by the tour.

Concerning his travels, all will remember the interesting account he furnished to the JOURNAL a few years ago; and we are now able through the kindness of his sister, to furnish selections from letters written to her while he was away on his European tour, which will be found deeply interesting. They are masterpieces of easy epistolary writing, and convey, we think, a better idea of his striking talent in that way than his contributions to the JOURNAL.

THE FUNERAL.

As arrangements were made for conveying the remains of the Rev. Prof. Mackerras to Kingston, the first funeral rites were conducted by the Revs. Torrance and Bell and Principal Grant at the residence of his father-in-law, Judge Dennistoun, of Peterboro, on Monday morning at 6 o'clock.

The brief, but impressive, services being over, the remains were at once conveyed to the Midland R.R. station, followed by a large number of friends and relatives who, notwithstanding the early hour, were anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded of paying a last tribute of respect to one whom they loved so dearly.

The body, accompanied by R. H. Dennistoun, J. F. Dennistoun, Principal Grant, G. M. Macdonnell and others, was conveyed from Peterboro to Kingston over the Midland and Grand Trunk R.R.'s, arriving at the latter place at about 2 o'clock P.M. Here they were met by an immense assemblage of friends, citizens and students, showing how deeply sensible all were of the sad fact that one of their greatest and best had been taken from among them. Feeling keenly his loss to city and college alike, they had assembled to do honor to his memory.

The funeral procession was then formed, D. M. McIntyre, B.A., President of the Alma Mater Society, acting as Grand Marshal, and proceeded from the depot to the city, in the following order:

- Pupils of Collegiate Institute.
- Medical Students with crape and memorial badges.
- Divinity Students and Arts' Students in academic costume with crape and memorial badges.
- Staff of Queen's College Journal.
- Clergy.
- The Very Rev. the Moderator of the General Assembly. Hearse.
- Palbearers:
- Principal Grant, Prof. Mowat, Prof. Dupuis, Drs. Fowler, Lovell and Sullivan.
- Mourners.
- Friends and relations of deceased.
- Professors of Queen's College.
- Staff of Military College.
- Professors of Royal College.
- Teachers of the Collegiate Institute.

University Council.
The Trustees of the College.
Kirk Session.
Alumni and Graduates.
General Public.
Carriages.

On arriving at St. Andrew's Church, the coffin was placed beside that of his aged mother who had died on the previous day. The ladies of the congregation placed a wreath of immortelles on the coffin of Mrs. Mackerras, and a floral cross on that of the Professor. The church, too, they had heavily draped, which added much to the solemnity of the scene. The centre pews were occupied by Professors, students and the relatives of the deceased. The rest of the ground floor and the galleries were filled to overflowing by the general public, and yet hundreds were unable to gain admission to the church. A solemn stillness pervaded the whole assembly as the Rev. T. G. Smith, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, a class-mate and for many years an esteemed friend of the late Professor, rose to open the service with prayer, and that impressive stillness deepened intensely as forth from the vast assembly pealed that grand old hymn--

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

The singing was conducted by a choir of students, and the music was quite in harmony with the occasion. The hymns selected were particularly suitable—the last being the well known 53rd paraphrase beginning

Take comfort, christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep,
Their better being never ends,
Why then dejected weep.

The scripture lessons were read by the Very Rev. Principal Grant amid visible emotion. The following address was then given by

REV. PROF. WILLIAMSON, LL.D., VICE-PRINCIPAL.

There is, I believe, no one in a position like that which he occupied whose death will be more generally deplored throughout the Dominion than is that of John Mackerras, and it seems as if I were now amid, not hundreds, but tens of thousands of mourners from Halifax to Manitoba, to whom his name is dear. While, therefore, I feel it a great privilege to speak of what my dearly loved brother was and did, when I was asked as one who, first as a teacher, and then as a colleague, had been long and intimately acquainted with our deceased friend, to say a few words on this sad occasion, I would rather have left the duty to another, sensible how imperfectly I can discharge it and give expression to the grounds of sorrow for his

loss. It relieves my mind, however, to think that these grounds are already more or less known and felt by all who hear me, and that they are, in truth, too deep for any words adequately to represent. I shall only simply touch on them and that mainly in connection with his College career. I first became acquainted with him when he entered the University in 1847. During his attendance there he was a student in my classes of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and also in the class of Logic and Rhetoric which I then taught for several years until the addition to our staff of the late Prof. Malcolm Smith. In these departments he took the highest place in each successive session, while he shone no less in other branches of study. Throughout the whole of his college course he was distinguished by the same quickness and clearness of apprehension, the same regular and thorough performance of work, the same exactness of information, and the same firm grasp of his various knowledge, which characterized him in every thing, whether great or small, in which he was engaged in maturer life. At the same time he was endeared to his fellow students by his bright and cheerful spirit. In 1850 he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1852, after a new and higher examination, that of Master of Arts. At the early age of 21 he was ordained (in 1853) a minister in Bowmanville, where he laboured faithfully for eleven years, amid general respect and esteem. In 1864 he was called from his field of usefulness there to fill a vacant chair of Classical Literature, to which he had been appointed by the Trustees of the University. His classical attainments, his well known ability and energy, and conscientious fulfilment of his duty, all pointed him out as eminently fitted for the position, and augured the happiest results from his efforts in this new sphere. And shall I not be borne out by all others who have had the opportunity of judging of the excellence of his professional work, as well as by the graduates and alumni who have had the benefit of his instruction, when I say that the choice of the Trustees has been more than justified by the success of his labors, and that if they had searched all Canada from east to west they could not have found a better man for the office. While he was strict in observance of the laws of the University, and set his face as a flint against everything dishonorable and mean, he was beloved by the students in a remarkable degree. One of his greatest pleasures on earth was in his work among them. In their societies for mutual improvement, as well as in their general welfare, he took a warm and sympathetic interest, while for their progress and advancement in their studies, he was concerned to the last day of his life. I shall only add in regard to his intercourse with his colleagues in the Senate, that his kind and genial manner and wisdom in counsels secured for him the greatest affection and respect of them all. Nor were these the only benefits which the College derived from his presence among us. Only nine years ago, in consequence of the failure of the Commercial Bank and the withdrawal of the Government grant, the finances of the University were at their lowest ebb, and the hearts of its friends were beginning to fail. Professor Mackerras threw himself with his whole soul into the movement which was made to avert the threatened crippling of its operations. In conjunction with Dr. Snodgrass he traversed almost every part of Canada, and by his stirring appeals, and at the sacrifice, alas, of his own precious health, essentially contributed to raise a lasting monument of their united endeavors in an addition of nearly \$100,000 to the funds of the College which he loved so well. Thus far I have spoken of him in connection with the College. A few words now respecting him as a man. Whether in the Pulpit or in the Church, of which he was one of the most influential members, or in Society, Professor Mackerras was peculiarly a loveable person. There was a magnetism about him which seemed

to draw to him irresistibly the affections of others, while his high principles of action rivetted their regards. The great secret of his beautiful character, however, perceived by all who knew him best, was this, that he was a simple, unostentatious, christian man, who walked with God, whose life was hid with Christ in God, and who earnestly sought the good of all around him. So earnest was he in this that not much more than a year ago, when he was little able, he, to my own knowledge, not unfrequently, amid all other avocations, visited the humble dwellings of the sick, to read to them the Scriptures, to pray for them and speak to them words of comfort. No wonder, then, that the College and the Church mourn his loss, for although he was comparatively young in years, a master spirit in Israel is gone from among us. The record of his Christian and most useful life will be the richest inheritance of his children, and is the best consolation which we can offer to the bereaved partner of his joys and sorrows, and his other relatives. They feel the sorrow which affection prompts, but they will not sorrow alone, for the tears and lamentations of many will mingle in sympathy with theirs. The example of the much-loved John Mackerras affords a parting lesson of exhortation to every one among us. "Being dead he yet speaketh." Idleness in work, whether spiritual or temporal, seemed for him a thing impossible; "Let us then be up and doing." Let it be the anxious prayer of us all that we may have grace so to follow in works of faith and labors of love our departed friend, whom God has taken to himself, that we may at last attain with him the blessedness of God's presence where sorrow and separation are unknown.

The Venerable Dr. was quite overcome at the close of his address.

The Very Rev. Dr. Reid, the Moderator of the General Assembly, who had come down from Toronto for the occasion, and who was joint Clerk of the Assembly with the late Professor, being called upon paid the following tribute to the memory of the deceased:

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I have been asked to say a few words on this occasion, and, although it may appear unnecessary to add anything to what has been so well said by Dr. Williamson, I shall endeavor to comply with the request, and to express, it may be in broken and disjointed sentences, the deep feelings of my heart when called upon to mourn with you the removal from amongst us of our dear friend and brother, the late Professor Mackerras. During the last five years I have had good opportunities of knowing Mr. Mackerras intimately, from the circumstance of our being colleagues as joint Clerks of the General Assembly. But my acquaintance with him began at an earlier period. While he was minister at Bowmanville I had opportunities from time to time of meeting with him, and from my first acquaintance with him I esteemed and loved him. There was something about him which, in a very remarkable degree, attracted the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and which converted at once an acquaintance into an attached and admiring friend. Of him it might be most truly said that to know him was to love him. His character by nature was amiable and attractive, and beautified with salvation it became peculiarly lovely. His candour, his gentleness, his utter unselfishness, his geniality, his sound judgment and varied information, conciliated the respect and esteem of all. In the presence of those who fill this church I need not speak of the extent and accuracy of his scholarship, his diligence as a student, his zeal and success as a teacher. To the members of our church in Kingston I need not speak of his pulpit discourses, so exquisitely composed and so impressively delivered. I need not refer

to his high christian character, which was known and read of all. I may, however, in a sentence or two, refer to his high qualifications for the important office which he filled in connection with the business of the Supreme Court of our church, and to the admirable manner in which he discharged all the duties of his office. I have had long experience in ecclesiastical business, and I can truly say that I have often been surprised at the manner in which he discharged his varied and often trying duties. His quickness of apprehension, his readiness in putting into form what was often crude and imperfectly expressed, his patience, perseverance and laboriousness in perfecting the minutes of each successive Sederunt, and his unflinching courtesy to all about him, were very remarkable. On no occasion was I more struck with these qualities of my departed colleague than at the last meeting of Assembly, when the work of the Court was more than usually heavy. Although at times suffering from exhaustion, he was always ready with his work. On that occasion I from time to time looked at him with alternating feelings of hope and fear. When I observed his attenuated frame and watched his thin, almost transparent hand, I feared that his days with us might not be many; but again when I saw the spirit of the man, how bravely he could do his work, how much he could go through, and with what quietness and unobtrusiveness he did it all, making less ado about it than many men would do about one fourth the amount of work, I thought that after all he might have more physical strength than we supposed, and that he might be spared for years to come. Such hopes have been disappointed. He has been taken from us. His removal is our unspeakable loss. Not to speak of the more private relations of life, he will be long missed among his brethren. In the University his colleagues and students will miss him; his brethren in the Presbytery of Kingston will miss him; the christian community of this city will miss him; the church at large will miss him. If spared to be present at the next meeting of the General Assembly I shall miss him more than I can express. But our loss is his gain. We bow with submission before God and say "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." May his bright example be blessed to us all—to his colleagues and students and brethren and friends! When we remember how faithfully and bravely he sought through divine grace to do his work, may we be stimulated and encouraged to be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Dear friends, it is an affecting spectacle that is presented before us in this place to-day. We see before us the remains of mother and son, to be laid together in the house appointed for all living. May we not rejoice in believing that there has been a happy reunion of mother and son, where disease of body and trouble of mind are alike unknown, and where all tears are wiped from every eye. May God comfort the bereaved mourners, making His grace sufficient for them, and fulfilling in their experience all His great and precious promises. And may this solemn dispensation be sanctified unto us all, and bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to the praise and glory of God.

A hymn was sung by the choir. Rev. Prof. Mowat, Registrar, then led in prayer. After the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. T. G. Smith, an opportunity was afforded to all who so desired of taking a last look at the features of the deceased.

The procession was re-formed as before (except that Vice-Principal Williamson took the place of Prof. Dupuis as pall-bearer). The hearse containing the remains of

From out the dark of death, before the gates
Flung wide, that open into Paradise,
(More radiant than the white gates of the morn,)
A human soul, new-born,
Stood with glad wonder in its luminous eyes ;
For all the glory of that blessed place
Flowed thence, and made a halo round the face.
Gentle, and strong with the rapt faith that waits
And faints not,—sweet with hallowing pain
The face was, as a sunset after rain,
With a grave tender brightness. Now it turned
From the white splendours where God's glory burned,
And the long ranks of choiring cherubim,
Each with wing-shaded eyelids, near the throne,
Who sang and ceased not the adoring hymn
Of Holy, Holy !—while the cloud of smoke
Went up from the waved censers, with the prayers
Of saints, that wafted outward, blessing-freighted
broke

Around him standing at the gate alone.
All down the radiant slope of golden stairs
By which he climbed so late from earth to heaven,
It rolled impalpable, a fragrant cloud :—
And still, turned from the hallelujahs loud,—
Beyond the portal-guarding angels seven,
He listened earthward for a voice—a sound
Out of the dark that spread beneath, profound.
No wind of God stirred in that cloudy land,
That bordered all the river's thither side ;—
To his that called no voice responsive cried,
Or cleft the dark with flash of answering hand.
And soft the while, sheathed, as it were, within
The noise of heaven's rejoicing, to him stole
Beloved voices, long to earth a sole
Remembered sweetness only,—sacred kept,
As reliquaries are that guard from sin,
And wake the holy aim which else had slept.
How yearned his heart to those long-parted ones :—
The amaranth, and the sacred flower which grew

A saintly lily by the jasper wall,
Making light shadows on those wondrous stones,
Turned not to sunward more divinely true,
Than his most worshipping soul to that which made
The light of heaven. But now the nether shade
Grew luminous with white ascending wings,
And radiant arms of angels, who upbore
With tender hands another soul new-born,
Fairer than that last star, whose beaming flings
Another beauty on the brow of morn.
Nearer the lovely vision rose, and more
Aerial clear each moment to his eyes,
Who stood in ecstasy of glad surprise,
With welcoming hands outstretched, and bright hair
stirred

By wind of wings approaching. This I heard,
And only this,—“ O haste thee, spirit blest !
For thee and me remains at length the rest,—
The welcome end of life's long toilsome road
That leads us to our Father and our God.”
And.—“ O Beloved, is it thou indeed,
Hast reached before me these fair heavenly lands,
Who taught thine infant lips with earnest heed,
To say Our Father with small upraised hands ?
How lovely are thine eyes,—that have no pain,
And thy worn cheek, that keeps no travel stain,—
From mid noon labors called to thy reward :—
While I, at evening, a forgotten sheaf
Still left afeld,—in mingled trust and grief,
Waited the footsteps of our harvest Lord.”
I heard no more,—for wave succeeding wave,—
A sea of intermittent music swelled and grew,
And filled the dome of heaven, all sharply cut
With spires of glittering crystal ; all the land
Throbbled with the pulse of music keen which clave
A shining path before them, and the two
Went in together, and the gates were shut

KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.



J. MacKinnon

Mrs. Mackerras preceded the other, the pall-bearers being Messrs. John Creighton, Jas. Boyd, Andrew Davidson and John Carruthers; the latter two had sailed from Scotland to this country with the Mackerras family. At the cemetery the burial service was conducted by Rev. T. G. Smith.

FUNERAL SERMON.

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D.

On Sunday morning last, the 18th inst., the funeral sermon of the deceased Professor was preached by the Principal, in St. Andrew's Church, to a very large audience who intently listened to every syllable of the impressive discourse.

The hymns and psalms sung were all appropriate to the occasion.

The scripture lessons were the 21st Psalm and selections from Rev. xxi. and xxxi.

The following is the sermon *verbatim*:

Daniel x. 11.—“A man greatly beloved.”

A striking expression—three times used concerning Daniel. Greatly beloved! By whom and why? All love is of God. We must run love and life back to Him. Life begets life. There is no life unless there has been antecedent life. And as with life so with love. That a man loves God is the best proof that God loves him, and has in love begotten love in the heart of His child. And no man can love God unless he love his brother also; and if he love his brothers, they will love him. It may be objected that though Jesus loved men, they returned his love with hate. True; they did hate Him. But they hated Him because they did not know that He loved them. His love was too pure for their dull eyes to discern. They looked at it and called it hatred. What else could they do then but crucify Him? They did it through ignorance, says St. Peter. But in what case has love so completely begotten love as in His? Is He not drawing all men unto Himself? Are there not millions of men and women and children on the earth now whose hearts are filled with a love to Jesus that transcends all expression?

The lesson I wish to teach to-day, and to teach as scripture teaches—by the example of a life—is this: that love begets love; and that according to the kind of love in us will be the love that we evoke in others. There is law in love as well as in every other realm of God, and this is its supreme law. You will say that the purest love may fail, that it may be wasted on unworthy objects and bring forth no fruit. And what does that prove against the eternal law which I have stated? It proves nothing against love, it proves only our terrible degradation. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not; but that is the condemnation of the darkness. The good soil receiveth blessing from God; whereas the living seed is wasted on the desert. But the desert is therefore rejected and is nigh unto cursing. Love then is the only thing that will produce that which man values more than anything else. We cannot live without love. Without love we have no true life. And there is only one way of getting this precious thing. If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. He can get love only by loving. He then is the wisest man and the greatest man who loves most. He most resembles the great God.

Many a time do I hear the wisdom of selfishness extolled. Our lives prove that we think it wise to be selfish. But to-day I feel that I can speak to you of the wisdom

of love, and of the grandeur of that character whose innermost nature is love.

What kind of a man was he whom Scripture three times calls the greatly beloved? One of that class of men whom we gently style amiable? One with an overmastering emotional nature, but without intellectual strength or strength of will? One from whom we expect benevolence affection, self-suppression, and against whom no one has a word to say, but on whose presence we do not count in supreme crises, and whom we never think of stationing upon the high places of the field? Verily, such is not the picture given of Daniel. One of his cotemporaries thinks of him as the ideal wise man. To be wiser than Daniel is a thing not possible. The same prophet at another time classes him with Noah and Job as the highest earthly type of righteousness. And as we read the book called by his name, he comes before us as the embodiment of purity, dignity, and self-control; one whose piety was equally removed from ostentation and from cowardly concealment; who did not understand the word compromise; who swerved not by a hair's-breadth from the path he had marked out for himself to avoid a whole den of lions. A man pure as snow and strong as granite; yet—or rather therefore—“a man greatly beloved.” Beloved in his youth, in favour and tender love with his appointed guardian, the prince of the eunuchs. In his old age, the first of the three presidents of the world-empire, beloved by the king his master who could not sleep and who passed the night fasting because of the danger of his servant. Greatly beloved by his God, who sent to him alone of all men the personal assurance of salvation.

A man like unto Daniel, “a man greatly beloved,” has been living among us, and God has taken him to rest and to stand in his lot. Let us learn the secret of his power if we can. Not for the sake of eulogizing him. He never cared for that. He has passed far beyond all that now. But for our own sakes. “Next to the Bible,” said Norman McLeod, “Christian biography is most profitable. In as far as it is true, it is a revelation of the living God through His living Church.” “What books would you advise me to read?” a Kingston minister asked of the godly Muller of Bristol. “I have had little time for some years past to read any book except the Bible, but what time I have I give chiefly to Christian biography,” was the answer. And what is the Bible itself but a collection of the most marvellously told biographies, lives of men pointing forward or looking back to the most wonderful life lived upon our earth, the life that combined perfect righteousness and perfect love. And if it is profitable to read the life of a good man, how much more profitable to have known him personally, to have come in contact with him for years in daily life, to have felt the very beatings of his heart, to have learned his true nature not by words, not through the medium of another mind, but by the glances and the resting of his own eyes, the tones of his voice, his counsels, his steadfast purpose and heroic life? Thus were we privileged who knew John Mackerras.

Ask half a dozen different persons why they liked Professor Mackerras, and in all probability you would get as many different answers. One would dilate upon his eloquence and his scholarship. But he had not time to cultivate either eloquence or scholarship. Coming to college when a boy and leaving it at the age of twenty-one, he had to plunge at once into all the details of parish and Church work,—exhausting enough in any country when faithfully performed, doubly exhausting in a new country where the foundations of the Church have to be laid and its framework constructed, and where individualism almost instinctively rebels against the most modest exercise of ecclesiastical authority. When appointed Professor, he was not permitted to enjoy that

learned leisure, those undisturbed hours among books that form the scholar. He had to fight for the existence of his *Alma Mater*; to spend years explaining with painful iteration to every man he met in the city and village and backwoods the meaning of the words College and University, the history of Queen's, its importance to the country and the church, and all the reasons why he was seeking the aid of the people. That he knew was the duty to which he was called, simply because it was the duty that lay nearest him. That duty he did with all his might. Had there been more intelligence, more liberality, or more spontaneity in the people, had there been in the Church more community of sentiment and willingness to share the burden, his life might have been spared. But though stricken down in the midst of his days he uttered no word, he thought not one thought of reproach. His sacrifice was complete, because free, independent, and ungrudged. But while such work made him acquainted as few men are with Canadian life and modes of thinking, it prevented that higher culture which is the fruit of intellectual concentration and long continued study of the best models. Hence that almost boyish superabundance of rhetoric that characterized his most carefully prepared lectures and sermons, disappointing to those who knew the genuine intellectual power and refined taste that was in him. Latterly his style became simpler, and then the truthfulness and earnestness of his spirit came out in that unadorned beauty which alone satisfies a severe taste, while his logical precision gave coherence and point to everything he said. Perhaps his best speech was one made to the General Assembly that met in Halifax. The hour was a critical one for a new born church to pass through. The occasion called forth all that was in him, for he loved his church, and though some who seldom doubt then doubted he had faith in its future. He saw that the only safety was in recalling the church from the fatal course into which she was being hurried back to the strict observance of her own time-honored forms which are the safeguards of minorities and individuals. He summoned his whole strength, and welded an exact knowledge of church order, of fitting precedents, and an analysis of the case before the Court into a speech the blended logic and suppressed passion of which was simply irresistible. The most eminent lawyers in the Province were present, and they declared it to be an absolutely faultless specimen of forensic eloquence. And who listened unmoved to his last address in this church? He had risen beyond rhetoric and become eloquent. But there have been many men infinitely his superiors in scholarship and oratory, who could not be described as "greatly beloved."

Students spoke of him as a model Professor. He was a born teacher. On no parade ground was better order observed than in his class-room. The students would as soon have thought of rebelling against laws of nature as of disregarding word or look from him. But the commanding officer in the class-room was the friend—a veritable elder brother—in his own home or in their rooms. Ministering to them when ill, ever ready with thoughtful counsel or ready purse as one or the other was needed, was to him part of his duty. But a man may be a kind and true Professor, and yet no one describe him as "a man greatly beloved."

Women were invariably attracted to him, for he was, in the grand old sense of the word, a gentleman. They speak of his patience, of his sweet and unflinching courtesy. The same qualities attracted men, and bound them to him by somewhat of the sentiment by which man is bound to woman. Few men *love* men, but many men loved Mackerras, or "dear John" as staid, respectable and thoroughly unemotional men were wont to call him. Possessing such a character, it is little wonder that he

passed through life without making a single enemy so far as I know. Yet how seldom is such a lot possible for a public man! It is scarcely possible for human nature to do justice to an opponent, and a public man cannot avoid having opponents. But verily those who entertained enmity or hatred towards Mackerras must have been of the baser sort. The women, however, who were intimately acquainted with him appreciated him most truly. With their unerring instinct they divined his rare excellence. They knew that here was a man, who—test or try or tempt him as you liked—would always ring true; who could be trusted always even unto death; who honored womanhood, and in his pureness understood purity. By women he was "a man greatly beloved."

While the magnetism of his gentleness and strength attracted women, men felt that they could trust to his blended wisdom and strength. Those who took counsel with him on important confidential subjects speak of the judicial temper of his mind, that equipoise of faculties that enabled him always to see the actual facts of the case, and therefore to judge righteous judgment, even against his own friends and his own desires. Few know themselves and others well enough to know how rare a temper this is. It is not always found among lawyers—the men who of necessity cultivate it most. It is not always found even on the bench. It requires the possession of sound judgment, inflexible love of truth, and the subjugation of the lower parts of our nature to the higher. Most men see what they wish to see, and decide and act accordingly. They give advice also to suit their interests or the desires of their friends, and consequently they err frequently. I never knew him err in judgment. The decision of every case on which he was consulted was what he said beforehand it would be. It would have been better for all concerned, had his advice been always taken. His value as a councillor in delicate affairs—public or private—was incalculable. Already I feel the loss the College has sustained in this respect; and I know that I shall feel it daily for years. But a man may be wise as Daniel, and not "a man greatly beloved."

I have spoken of him as a judge. Most of his friends thought of him rather as a knight without fear and without reproach. And no wonder. The fire of chivalry burned not more brightly in medieval Bayard or more modern Latour d'Auvergne than in this Canadian Professor. He was a Highland gentleman; true to his party, true to any one he considered his chief, true to the memories of his fatherland, careless of personal ease or gain, sensitive regarding the honor of all with whom he had ever been associated. He fought and gained for many who will never know all that they owe to him. For whether he lost or won, he kept silence. But he might have had those splendid qualities, and yet not have been "a man greatly beloved."

One who understood him told me that the word that came to her mind as she thought of him was, "God loveth a cheerful giver." But of his liberality as of his chivalry, I may not give details. He, I feel, would have it so. And why should details of either be needed! He gave himself. Is not that enough for the dullest to know?

My brothers, what then was the centre of this man's nature? What the secret force that bound into graceful living unity all the moral opposites of his character? Why was he greatly beloved? Why? Because his nature was based not on selfishness but on love. He loved much, and therefore was much loved. In order to understand how the various qualities to which I have referred harmoniously gathered in one man, we must see and have the heart to understand the centre from which they all radiated, the centre in which they all had their root. The pole-star of his life seemed to men to be duty. But duty was rooted in love too deep and sacred for the common eye

to see. He did not speak of his religious experience. I never heard him refer to a time when he was converted. He never knew a time when he did not love. Existence was inconceivable to him apart from relationship to the Father of his spirit. And he was never false to any man because he was true to his faith in God. To him, life here and life hereafter were one and the same. As Death drew near, he faced him as he had long faced sickness, not with a bravado of welcome, but very calmly, knowing that it was all right, and knowing Him who through death had destroyed him that had the power of death. He wrote me thirty-six hours before the end in these words: "The conclusion is forcing itself upon me that ere spring I shall be an occupant of Cataraquei Cemetery. I let you know, that you may think over a plan for supplying my classes for the rest of the session. I enclose results of last examinations for seniors. The juniors I hope to send in two or three days. In life or death believe me ever yours." Could any man write more calmly concerning every day duty? He walked quietly from his work to his grave. He dreaded prolonged pain, lest he should be unmanned. He was spared that: for when the struggle came it found the last strand of life worn to a thread by the strain of duty that he had continued to the end, undeterred by pain and daily failing strength. He slept all night. The last thread quietly gave way. And in the morning he awaked, satisfied with the likeness of Him in whose likeness he had grown more beautiful through suffering.

I cannot express our feelings better than in lines sent me by one of our number.

Long had we trembled for the life,
That to our prayers was given,
And looked with reverence on a face
Touched with the glow of Heaven.

The radiance of the better land
Seemed in those clear eyes shining,
So pure the spirit's light burned through,
The fragile form enshrining.

We sought to cheat foreboding hearts
With hopes to fears replying,—
For, listening to those cheery tones,
We could not think him *dying!*

And so, as sudden seems the end,
As heavy seems the sorrow,
As though strong health had promised fair
For many a bright to-morrow!

We little dreamed the parting year,
With solemn, still transition,
Had borne the long familiar form
Forever from our vision.

And tears unbidden have their way
From eyes unused to weeping,
For life looks darker for the loss
Of him—"not dead but sleeping."

And yet, it seems to us who mourn,—
E'en to the heaviest hearted,—
That set to music is the life
Of him who is departed;—

The music of a noble heart
That beat with quick vibration
To every true and earnest call
To serve its generation,—

With noble deeds that knew no stint,
With all ungrudging labour,
Glad, while life lasted, to be spent,
For God and for his neighbor.

We may not grudge the shortened years,
So full of truest living,—
We may not grudge the health and strength
He gave,—with "*cheerful giving.*"

True life runs not by earthly suns,
But by the spirit's growing,
And his are the eternal years
Where endless life is flowing.

One of God's noble ones is gone,
Yet hope smiles through our sorrow;
The Resurrection and the Life
Points to a glorious morrow.

And while we feel with clearer sense
That Presence brooding o'er us,
We fain would follow in the path
Our friend has trod before us.

That life divine, whose endless joy,
Transcends our poor expressing;
The "walk with God"—he knoweth *now*
The fullness of its blessing.

Lift up your heads then and be glad, O ye sorrowing ones. It is not death but victory that is before us. Let no one mourn. Let every one be inspired with his spirit and by his triumph. He has left to each of us a perpetual inheritance. We are the richer for having known him, and that treasure which we have in him no power can take from us. And all that he gave to us enriched himself. No need had he to hate life or to hate all the labour that he had taken under the sun, from not knowing whether the man that came after him to inherit it should be a wise man or a fool. He knew that he had given his strength to that which would endure. He rejoiced in a re-united church, a church that had had the strength to cast behind its back the factious strifes about words that had long crippled it, a church that he believed would cherish its inheritance as national, historical, apostolical, and that would at the same time adapt itself to the actual needs of the present day and the necessities of a new continent. He rejoiced in his University, modelled on those ancient and ever young fountains of learning, intellectual life, and spiritual force that have blessed and are blessing our Fatherland. The day he left our city to return no more, he drove round the new buildings that he rejoiced in as the beautiful emblem of its growing power and the pledge of its permanence. He bade the man drive very slowly. He took in every feature from every point of view, and came back with glowing happy face. "It is a picture that I carry with me," he half murmured to me. He would not have exchanged his lot then with the richest of those poor men who think themselves rich, whereas they are poor and

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

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

becoming reconciled to the inevitable, when I take into account the many advantages likely to flow from this enforced period of rest and travel.

To-day, I paid my fifteenth visit to Dr. Mackenzie. He says that I am improving, and that we may leave London at the end of the present week. I had some conversation with the Doctor last Monday about our future movements. We are likely to spend September and October in Scotland, and afterwards to spread our wings and fly to the Sunny South. The Doctor says that the Mediterranean is so different from all other waters, we need not be afraid of it. So we will move about along its shores, commencing with a few weeks at Mentone or San Remo, in the neighborhood of Nice, then at Florence, and next at Rome.

Last Sabbath, we heard Dean Stanley in the morning, and Archbishop Manning in the evening. I was anxious to hear both, as the former is likely to be next Archbishop of Canterbury, and the latter successor to Pio Nono. The Dean we heard imperfectly. He read, closely and without warmth, an able sermon. The Archbishop delivered a powerful discourse, without notes, for an hour and ten minutes.

MENTONE, FRANCE, NOV. 21, 1874.

I know that you will be anxious to hear of our prosperity in this far-off land. Let me give you a brief summary of our progress since I wrote you from Helensburgh, immediately before we left Scotland.

Throughout our whole journey we were highly favoured with the weather. We saw not one drop of rain from the time we left Scotia until we had been some days in this place. Bright skies, balmy days, nights not cold, accompanied us all the way. We had a very comfortable ride from Edinburgh to London. There we rested over the Sabbath. Dr. Mackenzie was away from home, and had been so for three weeks. He was off for his holidays. I saw his assistant three times. To the inhalation which I have been regularly taking for three months, he added lozenges, to be gradually dissolved in the mouth every four hours. He also gave me a preparation of sulphate of zinc. I think, wherewith to touch daily the larynx and adjacent vocal organs.

On the Sabbath we heard Dr. Parker, author of "Ecce Deus," and a distinguished minister of the Congregational Church. He gave us an admirable lecture on the Centurion who built a synagogue for the Jewish nation, and who came to invoke Christ's healing powers in behalf of his servant. He rivetted an audience of about 2,500 by the vivid, graphic manner in which he presented practical views of Gospel truth. One thing I have learned from the men I have heard, and I have listened to some of the foremost preachers of the day, is the importance of *manner*. Demosthenes was almost right in his axiom about the all-important element of "action" in the qualifications of an orator.

We left London at 8 o'clock, p.m., on the Monday, and crossed the Channel from Newhaven to Dieppe. This is a longer sea-route than from Dover to Calais, but very much cheaper. Fortunately, the sea was perfectly calm; scarce a ripple stirred the surface; hence, we had a pleasant passage, and suffered nothing from sea-sickness. A railway journey of 125 miles through Normandy, reminding us in many aspects of Lower Canada, brought us to Paris at four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday. After dinner at the table d'hôte of the London and New York Hotel, at which about forty persons sat down, and where

nothing but English could be heard, we sallied out to see Paris by lamplight. We sauntered down to the Church of the Madeleine, a magnificent building in the style of a Greek Temple, and thence strolled leisurely down the Boulevards de Capucines and des Italiens. Feeling tired, I said to Maggie: "Let us sit down on the pavement in front of this splendid Cafe, take tea, and gaze out on Parisian life as it streams past. What need we care for observation; nobody knows us here." We had scarce begun to sip our tea when a gentleman sat down in front of us and called for cigars. At first, I got a glimpse merely of his side-face; but as he turned round more fully, I found it to be John Redpath, my fellow-fisher at Labrador last summer. He was as amazed as we were at the meeting. We saw a very little more of the place next forenoon. It is a magnificent city. That afternoon (Wednesday), we left the capital of France for the South, intending to rest at Dijon. When we reached that town at midnight, we shrank from going out into the cold in a strange town, and resolved to go right on to Lyons. When we arrived at this city at breakfast time, we thought it an unseemly hour to go to bed, so the word was, "On to Marseilles." We stuck to our train and continued our journey. All day we skirted the banks of the Rhone, and every glimpse from the window convinced us that we were at last in the land of the olive and vine. At dark, we found ourselves in a comfortable hotel in Marseilles. We were tired by our continuous rail journey of 537 miles from Paris. So we rested all next day (Friday) in the commercial capital of France. On Saturday morning, we again packed up our traps and started for this place, 155 miles distant. What a glorious day it was overhead! What a feast of enjoyment all through! On our right were the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean, so richly blue. On our left, orchards of olives, and figs, and oranges, and lemons, and ranges of vineyard. As the Maritime Alps began to throw out their grey limestone arms to the sea, tunnels became frequent. In and out—then a charming peep at the ever-varying sea. In again and out—then a picturesque view of the rugged coast-line, with its numerous indentations. It was a "white day," a day never to be forgotten!

We reached Mentone in the afternoon, and remained over Sabbath at the Grande Bretagne Hotel. On Monday, aided by a letter to the wife of the French pastor here, kindly procured for us by Miss Logie, now of Edinburgh, formerly of Kingston, we sallied out in search of a boarding-house, here called "Pension." We were soon successful. We made terms with the lady who keeps the "Pension Suedoise" (Swedish boarding-house.) She is a Mademoiselle Tellin. Her father was chaplain to the King of Sweden. She is a Protestant, and I regard her as a good Christian woman. We find her kind. We have a comfortable, though not large, room on the second floor. It has a southeren exposure, and gets the benefit of the sun nearly all the day long. This is the great recommendation here. We pay eighteen francs (\$3.60) per day, exclusive of candles which cost us about nine francs per month, and wood for which we pay two francs per basket. We have just finished our first basket. It lasted us five evenings; but as the weather becomes colder, two evenings will despatch a basket. These terms are considered very reasonable, and are cheaper than such of our acquaintances, whom we have made, pay. At present the sun rises about seven o'clock and passes over the Western hills at four o'clock. It is not safe for invalids to be out after that hour. We get a snack in the morning—coffee, bread and butter—then dejeuner or luncheon at noon and the great meal of the day is table d'hôte at half-past five o'clock. A cup of tea at eight, p.m., forms the last meal in the day. The food is not so different from that to which we have been accustomed as we expected to find it in France.