

him, the captain of the guard came to ask for the day's watchword. *Æquanimitas*, replied the dying Emperor and turned his eyes away towards the slowly unfolding portals. If asked to name the central stem, the trunk-virtue in the character of President Patterson, one could hardly do better than to repeat the imperial watchword, *equanimity*. Like the great Governor General of India whose more excellent qualities he measurably reproduced he has never been disturbed in this noble even-mindedness by any extreme or caprice of fortune. Had anything been able to ruffle this majestic calm, it would have been the untimely separation (in 1895) from his son. Wm. Andrew Patterson, a youth of extraordinary promise. The devotion of President Patterson to his brilliant boy went far beyond the wide limits within which even a father's affection is wont to move and was a lovely and beautiful thing to behold. Since that so premature bereavement President Patterson has walked as beholding the invisible. But though a heavy and unlifting shadow has fallen on their path, yet neither he nor his most fit and admirable helpmeet has thereby been saddened into gloom or moroseness. The ancestral religion not less than so many ancestral qualities of body and of mind, of intellect and of temperament, has descended upon President Patterson with the constraining insistence of inheritance. Not all his wide wanderings in the realm of science both physical and metaphysical, both geological and biological, not all his rich gleanings in the fields of philology both ancient and modern, not all his deep researches in transmigration of peoples and