

McGill University, Montreal.

Dec. 14th. 1907

My Dear Mr. Harrington,

In obedience to his wishes, I write to you in the name of the Faculty of Arts of McGill University to express - and I am conscious how imperfectly - the sense of loss brought to it by Dr. Harrington's death and the sympathy it feels for you and your family in the bereavement it is called on to share with you. You will, I am sure, let me speak in an informal way. I tried to set forth in a more formal manner the feelings and reflections of Corporation, realizing as I did so how ineffective human words are to deal with the great issues of life and death.

It is hardly possible to declare in a phrase what made Dr. Harrington so much respected and beloved by us. He had so much in him of that rare human quality which goes by the name of personal magnetism that he attracted us to himself in many

ways and for many reasons. His kindness to everybody
rides first in my own thoughts as I reflect on him, and the
same is true of others of us. That life is made up of little
things was one of his convictions. He got to know that
academic life even is made up of little things. To us
he seemed to be inspired by the truth that the one lesson
which life, whether long or short, academic or otherwise,
teaches, is to be kind in little things. And that is a
strong and simple foundation to build on!

You know he often spoke of himself as
belonging to the "old guard." He would sometimes
allude to me as belonging to the same company
of which, alas, I am now through his death the only
survivor on the Faculty. The best of his powers and
a large part of his life he devoted to the University -
working for it and defending it like a campaigner.
Nothing expresses him better than his own
figure of speech - he became in the course of years
the veteran of the "old guard." And so it is not
strange that we all saw in him what he regarded as
the primal duties of life, converging toward the
University. As I write I think of other words than

mine in which primal duties are spoken of as shining
above a man like the stars - always there, always giving
a clue to the right path, always guiding. He followed
them and they led him to the home of his activity - his
university.

In the Faculty and in all the ways of life he
impressed us by his absolute candour. What he said he
felt and what he did, lay bare. We knew him as one
who avoided mystery in dealing with his fellow-men on
principle. I remember his telling me in one of our talks
that "dodges in thought and action" were his especial
"abomination." So his life proved. And speaking of "action"
reminds me of his professional work. Those of us
who were more closely associated with him in it
have often spoken to me of the care and solicitude
he showed in the management of the countless details
relating to his Department and its Building. All this is
of a piece with his character.

It must give you and your family
true comfort and consolation when you think of
such a character and its influence on the multitude
of persons brought within its reach - and more
especially on the thousands of young men who

Knew Dr. Harrington at the University. I will not touch
on your feelings further - a bereaved home is sacred in
the eyes of most men - and sacred to silence. But I hope
I have reflected our thoughts about Dr. Harrington in
some measure. If "to live in hearts we leave behind is
not to die" then Dr. Harrington's memory will long be
a vivifying influence to us who remain to work in
the interests of a country that counts him and his
scientific work among her best. With the deep
personal regards of myself and my colleagues in the
Faculty to you and your family,

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

Chas. S. Myers,

(Hans)