

Gentle, he was not facile. Courteous and obliging to a degree in matters of mere convenience, he was firm as a rock in matters of principle. Take him altogether, he seemed one fitted by nature and by grace to fill with honour and with usefulness one of the most important spheres in the Church. In the ministry he would have won the hearts of the children and the young by his affability and sprightliness; he would have drawn to himself the weak, the suffering, the bereaved, by the tenderness and delicacy of his sympathies; he would have commanded the appreciation of the mature and of the most cultivated by the boldness and moderation and fervour of his presentations of truth; while he would have won the respect of all by the integrity and the nobleness of his life.

Still, I am very far from saying that it is all loss; that the life has been lived either to no purpose or to small purpose. If the poet could cherish and express the trust,

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;"

then we may confidently believe that the life which has just closed will have many both near and far-off issues of good. It is true, the departed did not preach many sermons, but then his life was a sermon to all who witnessed it. It was more; it was in a manner a poem, a picture. Such a life awakens in us the same kind of emotions which we feel when we look upon a beautiful flower, a fine painting, or some quiet but lovely scene in nature; or when we listen to a psalm or hymn, or to some grave, sweet melody; the