

warm affection. I ever entertained, I may say, an enthusiastic admiration of his character. Although we could not often meet, I always knew where I could find a staff on which I could lean when weary; I always knew where that fresh fountain was, of tenderest sympathy and love. I could drink from it when I was weary; I always knew where that fire was burning from which I could get light and life to kindle my embers when they were dying out; and now, when I put forth the hand, I find the staff no longer there; when I look around the state of my Church and of my country, I miss him. Truly, before Him that sees the heart, I mourn with a sincere grief. I never in all my life knew a man who had greater faith, greater truth, greater love, than Dr. Robertson. He was a man of singular faith. Oh, how he believed in God, and how he believed there was a Government in the world! It was his constant motto to trust in the living God, and to do good, and not to fret himself for evil-doers; but to fear no man. Let him only know of the one thing, and that was the only thing that he desired above all other things to know. Tell him only what was right; in the greatest darkness let him only see the path of right, and he steered onwards. I never knew a man with more truth, more free from everything like deceit, double-dealing, unfairness, crooked policy, meanness, everything belonging to the lie, every shadow of the darkness. His soul was "like a star, and dwelt apart—pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free." (Applause.) In the deepest confidence of the fireside, and in the dark hours of night when breathing into the ear his inmost thoughts, he was the same pure and transparent man as when he spoke on the platform, and before the world. Always free, always real, in every thought and every word—(applause)—I never knew a man of more genuine, sincere, child-like life. He loved his Church; he loved his fellow-men. Oh! it was a godsend to one's heart to hear in private the excuses that that man would make for what to others appeared wrongdoing or unworthy doing towards himself—the excuses that he would frame—the ample mantle of charity with which he covered whole multitudes of sins. Never did I see realized in any man more of the true and genuine love that seeketh not her own, that is not easily provoked, that beareth all things, hopeth all things; that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. He had a true love for his Church; he never swerved for one moment in his devoted attachment to her; whatever sins belonging to the infirmities of man may have been on his spirit when he was going to meet in peace his God, I am sure of this, that it was not darkened for one moment by the thought that he passed from earth to heaven as a minister of the Established Church of Scotland. While he had this love of his Church as an institution, it

was not idolatry. There was something he loved more; he loved the Church because he recognised the Church, with other instrumentalities, as one of the grand means, under God, of blessing his country. That country he loved on this side of idolatry; to see his country great and noble, to see her have the righteousness that can alone exalt a nation; to see the working classes elevated and becoming wise and Christian men, that was his dream day and night—that was the passion of his soul. While he loved his country, he loved all Christians with a devoted love. He was not a man to forbid others casting out devils because they followed not with him, but was a man to pray that God might be with them, and every man that did good and helped in the cause of his Redeemer. He had none of that Church bigotry which was but another name for intense selfishness, clothed with the garment of religion. I believe if he only saw the good done by any man he had as hearty a sympathy and as great a joy in it as if it had been done by a fellow-Churchman, or as if it had been done by himself. He loved his Church more than himself; he loved his country more than his Church, because he loved Christ most of all. (Applause.) [Here Dr. N. read extracts from his letters.]

I might read extract after extract to illustrate the few points of his character I have touched on—to show how he believed, and therefore spoke—to show how true a man he was—to show what a man of genuine love he was to all Christians and fellow-men. And as for his soul, I need not here speak of that. He has left us; where in our Church can we find such a combination of head, and heart, and hands! (Applause.) He is gone; I feel his loss in my heart of hearts! I feel it is a very sore and very solemn affliction for the Church of Scotland—a greater loss than she knows, and a loss to this country which I don't think the country realises. He is gone, and what monument are we to raise to his memory? High monuments have been raised to smaller men. I know not what more fitting monument we could raise to his memory than to seek to share his spirit and carry on his work. It has been said that "the evil men do lives after them, and that the good is oft interred with their bones." I do not believe that good is interred with their bones. I do not believe that good men ever die. Their spirit, in some form or other, lives and moves through the earth till the resurrection morning. Good men shine aloft like stars and add to the galaxy of Heaven, and combine together to shed a mild radiance over, and scatter the midnight darkness through the world. As long as we live, we who have ever known him, and come into contact with that heart—we who have had the honor and privilege of knowing the man—his spirit, I take it, will influence us as long as we live. I do not say that the exis-