

tentions were sometimes sharp enough, never "departed asunder;" indeed they loved each other the longer the more.

Take him all in all, as a friend, as a gentleman, as a Christian, as a citizen, I never knew a man so thoroughly delightful as Dr. Heugh. Others had more of this or more of that, but there was a symmetry, a compactness, a sweetness, a true *delightfulness* about him, I can remember in no one else. No man, with so much temptation to be heady and high-minded, sarcastic, and manning, from his overflowing wit and talent, was ever more natural, more honest, or more considerate, indeed tender-hearted. He was full of animal spirits and of fun, and one of the best wits and jokers I ever knew; and such an asker of questions, of posers! We children had a pleasing dread of that nimble, sharp, exact man, who made us explain and name everything. Of Scotch stories he had as many original ones as would make a second volume for Dean Ramsay. How well I remember the very corner of the room in Biggar manse, forty years ago, when from him I got the first shock and relish of humour; became conscious of mental tickling; of a word being made to carry double, and being all the lighter of it. It is an old story now, but it was new then: a big, perspiring countryman rushed into the Black Bull coach-office, and holding the door, shouted, "Are yir insides a' oot?" This was my first tasting of the flavour of a joke.

Had Dr. Heugh, instead of being the admirable clergyman he was, devoted himself to public civil life, and gone into Parliament, he would have taken a high place as a debater, a practical statesman and patriot. He had many of the best qualities of Canning, and our own Premier, with purer and higher qualities than either. There is no one our Church should be more proud of than of this beloved and excellent man, the holiness and humility, the jealous, godly fear, in whose nature, was not known fully even to his friends, till he was gone, when his private daily self-searchings and prostrations before his Master and Judge were for the first time made known. There are few characters *both sides* of which are so unsullied, so pure, and without reproach.—*J. Brown, M.D.*

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## Obituary.

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THE REV. ADAM THOMSON, D.D.

Dr. Thomson, U. P. Minister at Coldstream, Scotland, died there on Saturday, 23rd February, in the 82nd year of his age, and 55th of his Ministry. With many other valuable qualities he possessed an unwearied activity, and long occupied a prominent position in public movements. To him chiefly belonged the honour of effecting that blessed achievement—the abolition of the monopoly of Bible-printing in Scotland. Immediately after the emancipation, a large printing establishment was instituted at Coldstream, and he was Secretary to the Company. But the result shewed, that if training for the ministry is, generally, expedient, training for business is equally so. Dr. T. was the author of several valuable works. A distinguished friend said of him that he resembled the great apostle of the Gentiles remarkably in two things—"in labours more abundant, in journeyings often." For a number of years he was greatly disabled by paralysis.

THE REV. JAMES FORSYTH.

This eminent Minister of the U. P. Church died at his Manse, Craighend, near Perth, Scotland, on Thursday, 28th Feby., after a very brief illness. He had almost completed the 35th year of his Ministry, having been ordained at Auchtermuchty, Fife, in April, 1826. He was a man of great natural acuteness, very well educated, and much beloved by his people, to whose best interests he zealously devoted his distinguished talents.