

advance is found in a perpetual return toward childhood ; we are to become as little children. As J. Hudson Taylor says, " God's man moves toward the cradle ; it is the little ones that get the Divine fondling and are carried in the Father's arms."

Coleridge sagaciously hints that the highest accompaniment of genius, in the moral sphere, is the carrying forward of the feelings of childhood and youth into the period of manhood and age. Dr. Gordon, beyond almost any man I ever knew, while he put away childish things, kept the child-like traits to the last—nay, grew in childlikeness, so that, when most a man, he was also most a child. His whole life and speech, his habitual temper and disposition, incarnated the filial spirit ; he practised the presence of God, as Isaac Taylor would have phrased it, and his eyes were unto the Father, daily waiting for guidance. He had little need of bit or bridle to bring him to yielding submission : God's glances were all the reins he required.

Certain it is that he was " great in the eyes of the Lord." He had the higher genius of goodness. Such generosity and gentleness, such unconscious unselfishness, such suavity and courtesy, such humaneness and tenderness, are seldom combined in any man. And yet his goodness was never to the abatement of firmness in maintaining principle. His uprightness was inflexible, and, when need arose, intrepid. Here again he was like the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in London—that modern Joshua, whose hand could carry the grapes of Eshcol with a touch so dainty and delicate as not to disturb their bloom ; yet which same hand could, when occasion demanded, seize the sword of the Lord and utterly destroy the Anakim from before Him.

Whoever knew Dr. Gordon to shrink when conscience commanded him to testify ! And yet he was so gentle and genial, even in witnessing to unpopular truth, that one of his opponents confessed that he would rather hear Dr. Gordon speak what was not according to his mind than to hear any other man discourse what he liked and agreed with.

He died at fifty-eight, like Spurgeon before him ; but he was not cut off in the midst of his days, if such a phrase implies any disastrous failure of incompleteness. It grows upon us that his character and life had rounded out into singularly symmetrical and spherical perfection.

In the beauty of his Christian character, culture, conduct, nothing seems wanting. He had grown to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Even Patience, that last and ripest of graces, had her perfect work. The whole communion of believers can, perhaps, present no one man more mature in godliness and usefulness. He was a ripe fruit, which God simply reached down and plucked, as though He would have a closer taste of it at His own banquet board above. There was such a heavenly light on his face that it seemed like a transfiguration begun ; and as we beheld him sitting on the platform at his late twenty-fifth anniversary, one verse came irresistibly to mind ; " And all they that sat in