

The funeral of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff, took place on Feb. 18th, at Edinburgh, the burying-ground being the Grange Cemetery. The funeral was a public one, and was attended by the Lord Provost, the magistrates, and the town council, and the representatives of the various Protestant Churches and missionary Societies. The outer coffin, of polished oak, bore the following simple inscription:—"Alexander Duff, LL.D., born 25th April, 1806; died 12th February, 1878." The place of sepulture is on the south side of the main walk in the cemetery, in the tomb where the wife of the late Dr. Duff was interred in 1865. On the opposite side of the walk, about 100 yards westward, is the grave of Dr. Chalmers, and at the south end of the walk is the burial place of Dr. Guthrie. The graves of Dr. Finlayson and other eminent divines are within a radius of a few hundred yards. The *Edinburgh Daily Review* of Monday says that on Sunday there was scarcely a Protestant Church throughout Scotland in which allusion, more or less direct, was not made, either in the prayers or sermons, to the lamented death of the Rev. Dr. Duff, the "prince of missionaries." Dr. Horatius Bonar, in concluding his sermon on Sunday morning, said:—"One of the greatest of our great men has fallen; a standard-bearer; a general; one whose life has been no common life, for zeal and energy and self-denying love, whose death will make no common blank amongst us, and whose name has been and will be held in no common honour in all the Churches of God throughout the earth. God raised him up and fitted him for the doing of a work of no ordinary magnitude, both in India and in Scotland, a work extending over half a century in so far as the past is concerned, but stretching far beyond that in its effects upon the future of our world. With genius, mental force, unslacking fervour, far-ranging vision, administrative skill, overwhelming eloquence, and a fearlessness of nature which set all danger at defiance, he went forward in his missionary career as if saying what Rowland Hill is credited with answering when the question was put, "When do you intend to stop?" "Not till we have carried all before us!" A lover of his own land, he yet loved all lands. A lover of his own Church, he yet loved all Churches. The world was in his heart, and his heart was in the world, we may truly say in the highest sense. His intercessions went round and round the globe; and, if they rested on any land with peculiar longing, it was on India, or on any city with special earnestness, it was Calcutta. As one of Napoleon's soldiers said to the surgeon who was probing a chest-wound, "a little deeper and you'll find the Emperor;" so our missionary warrior now gone to be nearer his Captain, might have said, with his hand laid upon his breast, "a little deeper, and you'll find India;" or, more than this, "a little deeper still and you'll find Christ"—yes, Christ, whose love, whose cross, whose death were all to him in life and death. Self-denying, generous, loving, large-hearted, and utterly unworldly, he showed what a servant of Christ should be; the Christian and the missionary always, less than the Christian and the missionary never. He took his stand at the cross of Christ, the old cross of the Divine sin-bearer, and bore witness to its efficacy, its sufficiency, and its glory. He dreaded everything that would nullify that cross or obscure its splendour, as the one light of a dark world, the one hope for his much-loved India. He dreaded error in the Church of God, and often spoke of the Rationalistic and Infidel leaven that is now permeating all Churches, with a tone and a look of mingled alarm and melancholy, such as few voices and few faces save his own could give expression to. How much the present condition of the Free Church, in her exposure to Rationalistic contagion, weighed upon his mighty spirit, those well knew to whom he so often and so freely unbosomed himself on these momentous questions. But we cannot in a few sentences say what we might wish to do in regard to him, whom God for a season gave us in his love, and has now, in what seems to be the darkness of a mysterious Providence, taken away. One is perplexed at these great bereavements, and tries in vain to answer the question—What do they mean or portend? Is it night, or is it day, that they foretell? Does God mean to leave us and our children face to face with utter darkness? or is He saying, "be of good cheer, the day is coming up; I extinguish the lamps because the sun is rising." Yet we cannot help feeling that we are left poorer and weaker by the death of such men. For themselves, it is well. The righteous are taken away from the evil to come. They rest while we are left to labour. They go to be with Christ, which is far better, while we are kept here for a little longer amid strife, and error, and sorrow. But the Master is coming—sooner, perhaps, than we think—and the reward, which will more than compensate for all the trials through which we may have to pass, is sure and everlasting. The work to be done is not ours, but his, and He will provide the workmen. The truth to be maintained is the truth of which He Himself is the Alpha and the Omega, and He will see that the witnesses are raised up for asserting it in all its fulness.