

Full of affability, there was yet a dignity and inborn stateliness, which made familiarity impossible except to his most intimate friends. A son of the hills, dowered with an indomitable will, he had nevertheless the tenderness of a child. He was "lord of a great heart." His home was a "holy of holies" in the beautiful affection which he cherished for his loved ones.

His great afflictions, particularly that of blindness, profoundly enriched his spiritual being. In the earlier years he wrestled with giant doubts concerning the future, and many a time he has interrogated me regarding the last utterances and deepest feelings of mutual friends, in the supreme moment of dissolution. But of later years he had passed through the "sunless gulfs of doubt," and reached the delectable land where "the sun shines always, and the Palace Beautiful is in sight." He was keenly sensitive to the things of God, dwelt in the presence of the Living Christ, looked up into His face, took Him by the hand, and felt the personal transforming of His indwelling life.

The Divine meaning of night is that the outward is shrouded, and the eyes are carried to the far distances and fixed on the great lights in the infinite abysses of space. So, as he walked in night, removed from the outer world, there was opened to his soul the visions of the unseen and the spiritual, and he "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." He had the inward eye, which is the "bliss of solitude," and this man who exercised, perhaps, the greatest, deepest and most beneficial influence on the Church, acquired his insight and power by a perpetual

absorption in the things that are invisible, and by having climbed those heights that are not sighted by ordinary experience. This is why his later utterances respecting political, social and ecclesiastical questions were often misunderstood. He saw with the seer's vision, and in the light that falls not upon sea or land. It was rather the prophet uttering his warnings with no faltering accent, but with sharp-cut and convincing speech.

Into the privacy of his daily life of suffering, which he bore as a hero, we must not intrude. He knew what crucifixion meant. He had his Gethsemane and his Calvary. He suffered with the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and by such discipline was brought into the glorious company of such ministers as Paul, with his thorn in the flesh, Robert Hall, with his excruciating pain, and Spurgeon with his life-long and intense sufferings.

Blessings, a thousand blessings, upon the Church for which he laboured so heroically and so faithfully! Blessings, a thousand blessings, upon the army of young ministers inspired by his teaching and example! Blessings, a thousand blessings, upon that sorrowing widow, that angel of mercy, through whose tender and self-sacrificing love and care he was able to furnish his herculean service to the Church; and upon those loving daughters, who were eyes and hands to him, and who returned his affection with a love unceasing and abiding!

And honour, all honour, to the memory of George Douglas, whose name will be forever embalmed in the traditions and annals of the Canadian Methodist Church!

"Thou, O most compassionate!
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain,—

"Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering, by its open door,
'Fear not! He hath gone before!'"

—Whittier.