

Dr. Ferrier was blessed in his parentage and honoured in his ancestry. His father, Dr. William Ferrier, of Paisley, was a very superior man, distinguished for intellectual power and literary taste, as well as for Christian graces and ministerial fidelity. And his mother, herself a noble woman, was descended from one of that little band of Scottish Christian heroes who, in 1733, dared, through divine grace, to raise the standard of sacred, saving truth, and to unfurl the flag of Christian liberty, which was being trampled under foot in the polluting gutter of State Churchism, by an unconsecrated Clergy and an Erastian Government. All who were acquainted with the lamented subject of this notice, will readily admit that he was every way worthy such parentage and such ancestry. He was not only eminently pious and mentally gifted, but a hero, even to semi-martyrdom, for Christ's Crown and the Heaven-chartered liberties of Christ's people. Indeed, his services and sufferings in this behalf merit far other record than can be awarded them in this present writing.

Among Dr. Ferrier's papers have been found certain manuscripts, forming a sort of autobiography, "written," as he states, "for his children." We have been favoured with a few extracts from these interesting records, and shall use them freely, as far as they go, in the following rapid sketch of the life of our much revered ministerial father and greatly esteemed friend. We regret, especially for the sake of our readers, that these documents are not before us entire, as, in addition to accuracy in regard to facts and dates, the Doctor's beautiful, clear, simple Anglo-Saxon would have given attractions to this memorial paper which it is not in our power to impart.

"I was born," writes the Doctor, "on the 7th of March, 1793. When an infant, I was specially devoted to the Lord by my maternal grandmother (Mrs. Muckersie, wife of the Rev. William Muckersie, of Kinkell, and daughter of the Rev. William Wilson, of Perth, one of the four brethren founders of the Secession Church) and my own pious mother.

"Of my mother," he says, "I remember little, for she died before I was nine years of age. I have, however, a faint recollection of her fine features and delicate form; and still more distinctly can I recall the incessant care she bestowed in forming my mind to receive and know divine truth, and my heart to love God and believe in Jesus."

This allusion to his amiable and pious mother is quite in keeping with what we knew and often admired in the Doctor. It is altogether worthy of him and honouring to her. We can well conceive with what affectionate tenderness he would cherish the memory of her who gave him birth, and whose holy solitudes watched over and blessed his infancy and early years; for his loving, sensitive heart was singularly susceptible of kindness, and responded instinctively and strongly to its manifestation, especially on the part of the