

# INTRODUCTION.

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*(Editor of Presbyterian Witness.)*

Dr. Rand was a man of rare genius and high attainments. It would be a wrong to him, to the country, and to the Church of Christ to allow his name to pass into oblivion. I am grateful to Mr. Clark for his highly creditable effort to do some justice to the character and work of a truly good, devoted, brilliant and scholarly Christian man.

My own acquaintance with Silas Tertius Rand extended over a period of more than thirty years. He attracted my attention and admiration when I came to this city long ago, an eager student of books and men. Rand was then in his early prime, tall, erect, lithe; never well-dressed; always notable. His features were regular; his forehead was lofty; his eyes were steel-grey and keen, and his look very kindly. He had abundance of dark wavy hair. While speaking, his gestures were perfectly natural and graceful. He had a melodious voice, clear, easily modulated to any key, and easily reaching any audience. His sentences were rhythmic, and rose and fell on the delighted ear with fitting cadence. He was a born orator, though utterly unconscious of the fact. Indeed his unconsciousness was one of the charms of his praying, his preaching and his speaking. His mind was full of his subject and in complete sympathy with his audience, whom he usually held spell-bound.

I never thought of Dr. Rand as growing old, though the last time he spent half an hour with me his locks were thin and grey, his eyes were dim, his forehead deeply furrowed, and his speech less clear than of old, because the "grinders were few," and he had