

dead for ever speak, and speak for God and for man. Ah! how awfully solemn, and how thrillingly awful is the thought that your influence, the influence of your life, never dies! It will never be arrested in its endless progress! It will for ever tend down, downwards, to the lowest depths of endless woe, or up, upwards to the highest heavens, and the remotest ages of eternity. This is the true transmigration of souls, the indestructibility of deeds, and the imperishable nature of the good. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Now my Christian friends, I know that all of you who have been acquainted with the late Reverend Alexander Wallace, minister of this church, whose mortal remains were the other day laid in the cold and silent grave, amid expressions of deep and universal sorrow and of every token of regard from all classes in the community, will concur with me in saying that the term *just*, as thus exhibited and illustrated, may with singular propriety be applied to him, not only in its theological sense, but also in its more practical and vicarious meaning, for I need scarcely say, that he was singularly eminent in his deep desire to glorify God, and to serve and do good to his fellowmen, and we predict that his memory, like that of the worthy dead, will exert an influence for good that will never die, and for which many in this community will bless God. Were we to review his private and public life, and enter into his social and pastoral relationships, weigh his qualities of mind and heart, and examine his conduct, as a citizen and a minister of the Gospel, but more especially, and above all, as a Christian, as a man of faith and prayer, we would find that he was one of those whose real worth and goodness can only be understood and appreciated after they have left the scene of their labours. There are some men whose lives are commanding, attractive and captivating, and full of charm, on account of their abrupt brilliancy and the immediate successes of their lives. They are as meteors in a dark sky, or

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