

the site of his casket; but imperishable memorials of a different nature fix the location of his fame.

George Douglas was not a remarkably profound thinker, nor is there much of philosophical or theological originality to be found in his public addresses or his sermons. In this respect he is not alone among the great orators of the world. For apart from Edmund Burke and a very few others the element of novelty has seldom been a characteristic of men, who, in the forum, on the platform, in the pulpit or in parliament, have poured the wealth of their imaginative or their argumentative eloquence before great gatherings of hostile or of according human beings. The Montaignes, the Bacons, the Carlyles, the Emersons, have not been orators, although, perhaps with a faint show of right, selections from their meditations have often appeared in collections of the masterpieces of the world's deathless eloquence. Eloquence may be passion flowing from the pen, but to constitute true oratory there must be the tones of a human voice behind the thought.

His voice, as has been intimated, was not only of great magnitude, it was also eminently unique in its tone. Most orators who have mastered the physical aspect of their art employ inflections in the voice, from tones which roll like thunder to whispers which like zephyrs soothe and sigh. Not so with this oratorical monarch of Montreal. His very opening sentences were delivered in tones which resounded among the arches, the pillars, the corridors of the building where he was speaking, and if it be not a mere fancy that oratory has made the foundations of auditoriums tremble then this giant master of the art of speech accomplished that reality. The remotest corners of the greatest buildings were literally stormed with the intensity and the magnitude of his tempest-rivalling voice. His closing utterances pealed

forth with the same stentorian resonance. And this apparently exhausting effort was performed with the most graceful ease, and left the trumpet toned speaker physically unwearied at the close of his most marvellous deliverances. Nor was the noise disagreeable even to sensitive listeners, who discerned delicate and acceptable musical cadences in his speech. The volume of voice was accompanied by a sweet music in the tone, a magnetism was in the utterance, thunderous though it rolled and swelled, and no one who heard the magic of his thrilling appeals ever felt a desire to withdraw from his presence until the last accent had fallen from the honeyed silver tongue.

In all his speeches he plumed his pinions from the pinnacles of the hills and soared directly for the skies. It is moderation to use superlatives when his masterly deliverances are under consideration.

Great, however, as was Douglas in the role of a Savonarola or a Luther, it is as a preacher that he commands the supreme attention of history. Here he was without a peer in Canada. He did not preach the modern superficial sensationalism, with which so many ministers of the gospel, in the absence of a true sense of their exalted mission, strive to fill their rapidly emptying churches in these excitement laden days. Nor were his sermons mere lectures upon current problems of the originality of a newspaper editorial, so common an experience in the pulpits of this rather exhausted generation. He stirred with the thunders of Isaiah; with the fervour of Paul; with the earnestness of a Wesley; with the magnetism of a Whitfield or a Talmage. And surely then to some extent because of his power a large share of the ministry "fired with the old enthusiasm of the ancient thundering legions" has swept on, to "carry the triumphal banner of the Church through coming generations".