

could I speak of Dr. Douglas in the social aspects of his character better than in Montreal? All Canada claimed him, but he belonged to this city most of all. Standing here, at the heart of Montreal Methodism, where many are who knew and loved Dr. Douglas from the days of childhood, I find it difficult to say anything that will be strange or new to you. The love you bore to him was reciprocated to the full. Beyond any pastor of this city, he was identified with your personal and family history, and in times of trouble you found in him a throbbing heart of sympathy. The old Montrealers who have joined the ranks of the general assembly and Church of the first-born were proud of his position in the Church and of the distinguished service he rendered to the cause of God. It is equally true of you who revere his memory to-night. You think of his peerless career of eminent service to the Church, and you glorify God in him. Many are the reminiscences of him which shall never fade from your hearts.

I, too, have precious memories of my beloved friend. It is forty years save one since I first saw his face, and felt the strange power of his grand, solemn, highly intellectual, yet deeply spiritual ministry. It was on a Sunday in the July of 1855, in Sydenham Street Methodist Church, Kingston, that I found myself one of his hearers. While his unusual pulpit oratory fascinated me, his faithful presentation of truth impressed me as no preacher had ever done before. The ministry of Dr. Douglas made sin to be exceedingly sinful, and deep down in my heart I felt that he faithfully warned me to flee from the wrath to come. Although I was not converted under his preaching, I was powerfully awakened to think of the claims of God upon the homage and service of my life. Then an acquaintance was formed, which, in the course of years, ripened into a most confidential friendship, which continued down to his latest breath. I owe much to Dr. Douglas for advice in the early part of my ministry, and for sympathy and counsel all through my public life. While I admired the eloquent preacher, the gifted debater, the mighty man in the councils of the Church, I loved the Dr. Douglas of his own home and study, where we often met and exchanged views upon all manner of subjects, and where we never forgot the higher fellowship of Christian discipleship. Rarely, if ever, was I allowed to leave him without some tender spiritual hint calculated to help me in my ministry and in my own spiritual life. In this respect he was more like Dr. Myerson than any minister I have ever known.

I saw him on what proved to be his death-bed, and then he