

FUNERAL OF THE REV. DR. MACLEOD.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Review.

The remains of the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod were interred in the family place of burial at Campsie, on the 20th ult. The funeral procession comprised clergymen belonging to all the Presbyterian churches of Glasgow, and distinguished ministers from a distance, who thus fitly recognized Dr. Macleod's catholicity of spirit, and his manifold services to his Church and country. Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales were represented by Dr. Robertson, of Balmoral; and the Hon. Elliot Yorke, of H. M. S. Galatea, attended the funeral on behalf of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. In the course of the day Mrs. Macleod received an autograph letter from the Queen. The letter extended to eight pages, and was couched in terms of true womanly sympathy. Other members of the Royal Family sent tokens of remembrance.

Shortly before noon, the private friends of Dr. Macleod met at the family residence, where devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Dundee. About half-past twelve, the coffin containing the body of Dr. Macleod, was placed in the hearse, and the procession, headed by three constables and four mutes, started for the Barony Church. The hearse was drawn by four black Belgian horses, with outrider, and the principal mourners followed in a carriage also drawn by four horses; while the other private friends followed in seven plain coaches.

In the course of the forenoon the members of the 1st Lanarkshire Artillery Volunteers, in obedience to orders issued from head-quarters, turned out to attend the funeral—Dr. Macleod having been honorary chaplain of the regiment. The men, to the number of 150, with the instructors of the Royal Artillery, the band of the regiment, and about 80 officers, met in the Court of the Old College, wearing church parade uniform. After being duly inspected, the men were marched up to the church, and were drawn up round the square. The band occupied the north-west corner of the square; and while the bells tolled, the band played the "Dead March" as the hearse passed on to the church, where it stopped.

In the Barony Church, the congregation was composed of several of the members of Dr. Macleod's family, and of the Barony and Barony Chapel congregations. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Dr. G. S. Burns, of the Cathedral; and the Rev. Dr. W. C. Smith, of Free Tron Church. Dr. Burns first engaged in prayer, and afterwards read portions of Psalm, chap. 89; 1st Corinthians, chap. 15; and Revelation, chap. 7. Dr. Smith closed the simple, yet solemn service by engaging in prayer. Referring to the calamity which had happened by the death of Dr. Macleod, he said:—

"In all our homes he was as a friend and as a brother. We felt that our lives were richer when he was with us. When contradiction and reproach and all strife of tongues were falling away from him, and we were beginning to understand and appreciate the good gift that God has bestowed upon us, and his worth and wisdom and manifold services, than he was called away, and we are bereaved. Thou, O God, hast taken from our hand one who loved it dearly, and from the universal Church one who was indeed a standard-bearer, and who loved all that loved the Lord Jesus—yea who reached out unto all men, striving to attain to the broad charity of God. Thou hast taken from this congregation a faithful pastor, who labored with all diligence to tend the flock of God and to fold them in Christ. Thou hast taken from some of us a beloved friend; with whom we held sweet communion, and were cheered in times of trouble by his sympathy, and strengthened by his wise counsel; and Thou hast taken from his household the very stay and staff of it. We all feel this day that a great light has gone out from our lives, and that our days will be darker hereafter than they have been in the past. Yet we would be still and murmur not, for Thou hast taken him, Thou art, and that he may behold Thy glory. We remember how he went in and out among the poor of the city, laboring that they might be instructed in all knowledge, wisdom, sobriety and frugality, and that their poverty might be rich indeed, as was the poverty of their Redeemer and Master. And for all these services we give Thee thanks, O God. We remember how his heart reached out with faithful pity for the heathen, yearning that they might know the Gospel of the Father and of the Kingdom and of Christ. We give Thee thanks, O God, for all his labors and his prayers on their behalf, whereby Thy Church was stirred up to a more faithful performance of the command to go and preach the Gospel to all nations under earth. While it deepeneth the sense of our loss this day, we call these things to mind. And, O God Almighty, help us to see the solemn lesson Thou

art reading us; help us more faithfully and more earnestly to walk in his footsteps, as he followed the Lord.

Thou hast been pleased to lay this great sorrow upon the household of Thy servant, and we desire especially to commend them to Thy tender care. He trusted that Thou wert his Father. O be Thou a Father unto them, and in the valley of the shadow of death let Thy rod and Thy staff comfort them."

The Cathedral service was largely attended, every part of the large building being fully occupied. In front of the pulpit a number of the relatives of the deceased, including the Rev. Donald Macleod, Park Church; Rev. Norman Macleod, Blair-Athole; and Rev. John Macleod, Dunse, were accommodated; and behind them sat the representatives of Royalty—Dr. Robertson, Balmoral, and the Hon. Elliot Yorke—as well as Henry Glassford Bell, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, the Very Rev. Principal Barclay; Professors Dr. John Caird, Dr. Andrew Buchanan, Dr. Allen Thomson, Cowan, Berrie, Robertson, Weir, Rainy, Young, A. Dixon, and Ferguson. The members of the Glasgow Presbytery, the members of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, of the Elders' Association, and other public bodies, and the clergy belonging to other denominations, occupied seats on either side of the raised platform around the pulpit.

The church services being concluded, the funeral procession was formed. In front was a detachment of police followed by the city officers in scarlet uniform. Then came the magistrates and councillors. The professors followed, wearing their collegiate gowns, and in their rear came Sheriff Bell, with Dr. Robertson on his right, and the Hon. Elliot Yorke on his left hand. Next in order of procession were the clergymen, the members of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, &c., followed by the hearse containing the body of the deceased. Coming after it were the carriages in which were seated the relatives of Dr. Macleod; then the kirksession and congregations of the Barony Church and Barony Chapel, and other friends; the rear of the procession being brought up by the detachment of Artillery volunteers. In all, the procession numbered probably between 2000 and 3000 persons. The cortege was witnessed along the line of route by dense masses of spectators, who lined the roadways and crowded almost every window. In passing Castle Street, the mournful strains of the "Dead March" were again heard, the exeuntants being the band of the 90th Regiment, who attended in virtue of Macleod's position as one of the chaplains to Her Majesty. At the Sighthill Cemetery gate, after a brief delay, the hearse moved slowly onward, the spectators remaining uncovered the while. It may be mentioned that in addition to the ordinary wrappings of the grave, the body of Dr. Macleod was, by his own dying request enveloped in his shepherd's tartan plaid: The coffin bore the words on the outer plate:—"Rev. Norman Macleod, D. D. died June, 1872; aged 60 years." Before the grave was closed the remains of the eloquent divine, Dr. Robertson, in accordance with the instructions of her Majesty and the Royal family, placed mementoes on the coffin. The first, from the Queen bore the words, "A token of respect and friendship from Queen Victoria, the second, "A token of respect from Princess Beatrice;" and the third, "A token of respect from Prince Leopold."

During the day the Glasgow Presbytery met in the Chapter House of the Cathedral when Dr. Smith (the Clerk) proposed that a memorial expressive of their sense of their own great loss, and expressive of their sympathy with the bereaved family, be drawn up and submitted to the Presbytery at the next ordinary meeting. The Presbytery unanimously approved of the proposal, and appointed the Moderator and clerk to prepare the memorial.

On Sunday, the 23rd., the melancholy event was the subject of comment in many pulpits throughout the city. Dr. Watson of Dundee, who accompanied Dr. Norman Macleod on his Indian tour, and Dr. Taylor of Crathie, preached in the Barony Church, with special reference to the death of the late pastor of the congregation. In the course of his sermon Dr. Watson said:—

"It was to all of us a matter of amazement where he found time for all his work, and how he could set his face to tasks new and laborious as if he had nothing else on hand. Alas! the secret has come out; and it was no secret to those who knew him well, no secret to those who saw him at his desk, and saw with alarm how for him the day had no night, and the week no pause or rest. He carried within him the spirit of unending toil; and place him where you might, he found occupation. Amongst the hills, on the monotonous sea voyage, everywhere the instinct of work was true to itself; and if shut out from one door, he found another. Between midnight and morning I have known him again and again finish tasks which an ordinary man would regard as labour enough for days.

It has been truly said that he was too great a man to be limited to any single Church. He was too Catholic-minded to be an ecclesiastic in the narrow sense of the word; but he was with all this truly devoted to the Church of Scotland. He vindicated her place, he rejoiced in her growth, he consecrated his strength and his gifts to her honour. How he served his Church, how he was jealous of her, how he by word and influence warded off injuries, direct and indirect, we may come to learn and, perhaps, learn too late. But there can be nothing more sure than this, that his personal influence, which he might have yielded for interested ends, was exerted in ways which the people and clergy could little know to secure her welfare. And all this was done, not as a mere Churchman, but as a patriot; he had no wish to see the Church as an organized society separate herself and her interests from the people. The influence which Dr. Macleod exerted on the Church and on society was very great, and it will not pass away with his life. For many years his wise and generous will reprove the petty attempts of men to measure all things by their own miserable notions, and for many years the memory of his life shall stimulate and elevate the thoughts of his brethren. He has been taken away, not in an hour when he was arranging for the plan of life, but when its purpose was nearly completed. I have spoken freely of some points in the life and character of our friend. I have spoken with some sense of restraint, too, for I have felt that the spot where Dr. Macleod was known and loved, as nowhere else he could be known and loved, was at home. But into that inner sanctuary no strangers foot shall at this moment pass. It is enough for us to know that there his presence was a glory and a light, now dimmed forever—a joy and a power which few men can equal. Let us not part with empty regrets. We shall best honor him for whom our bitter tears are shed, by taking up the words and lessons of our life; nay, we shall honor him when we have learned to say over his grave, "Even so, Father." "Not that we will, but that Thou wilt."

In the afternoon Dr. Taylor concluded a very touching discourse with the words:—"He was a Scotchman of the Scots—a man in whom the poorest in the city found a brother, and whom the highest in the land called a friend."

In the forenoon, the Rev. Mr. Grant, of St. Mary's, Patrick, preached in the Barony Chapel, on Revelations xiv., 13. The Rev. David Morrison, of Dumblane, preached in the same place in the afternoon. Both referred in touching terms to the late Doctor.

References were also made to the death of Dr. Macleod by the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, Moderator of the General Assembly, who preached in the Park Church in the afternoon. He also read a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, expressing regret at the death of Dr. Macleod. "So zealous, large-hearted, and gifted a pastor," says the Archbishop, "could ill be spared at any time by the Christian Church."

The event was alluded to in the Cathedral by the Rev. Dr. Burns, by the Rev. Dr. Fadie and other. Dr. Cunningham made one of his sermons turn on the same subject. He spoke of the latitudinarianism belonging to the class of Christians who were more religious than theological; more poetical than metaphysical; a man who, like all others, had his faults, but at the same time had merits which made him a good friend to his fellow men, and whose loss would be felt for many a day to come.

WAIT.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household responsibilities as your mother did. She is doing her best; and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home, late, weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night; he has wrestled hand in hand with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let him be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world when he can find peace, find quiet, and perfect love.

An English Spiritualist journal having explained "that spirits out of the body are wise or foolish, truthful or untruthful, just the same as spirits in the body," the *Tribune* rejoices in the explanation, as being satisfactory as far as it goes, but wants to know how it is that beings who were wise in this world should become inconceivably foolish in the next?

THE SCOTCH PULPIT.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

[The writer of the following notice little dreamt that before his words could reach the printer, Dr. Macleod would be no more. This remarkable pulpit orator, better known in the country as editor of *Good Words*, died suddenly on the 10th ult.—Ed. Interior.]

Close by the Glasgow Cathedral stands the "Old Barony Church," and thither go to hear Dr. Macleod. An usher, with a politeness of manner which some American churches would do well to enjoin upon their ushers, shows us into a pew, the length of which is surprising, and we look about to see if all the pews in the church were intended for large families. No; some are only half the length of the one in which we sit, some are box-pews with seats all round and a table in the middle. What an old-fashioned place. A square room or nearly so, cut up into a very labyrinth of different sized pews and boxes; a gallery in which the seats afford scant view of night except the preacher as he stands in the high pulpit; the bare timbers and braces of the roof, evidently intended for utility and not artistic effect; the almost entire absence of ornament, these are not what the fine outward appearance led us to expect. I am glad, on the whole, the modern church builders in imitating antique styles, don't extend the imitation to the inside finishing and furnishing.

By the time we have made these observations, the handle opens the pulpit-door and, when the preacher has entered, closes it, and the audience compose themselves for the service. Presently Dr. Macleod rises and announces the hymn, giving out also the tune and where it may be found. What a rich, strong voice; though its best tones do not appear till later in the service. His accent is strongly Scotch, but there is none of the Scotch dialect. Here, as in the Cathedral, the "band" sitting close in front of the pulpit, lead the singing. I do admire, the Scotch singing. It seems very much in keeping with the idea of public worship: "Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee." The introductory services over, the sermon begins. The text is Matt. xiv. 27.

In almost conversational tones the speaker begins, talking about one and another of the apostles till we become familiarized with the circumstances of the text, and seem to be standing by and hearing the conversation between the disciples and their Master. We find that we understand the motives with which Simon Peter asked the question. We see clearly that was but with a meagre conception of Christ's kingdom that the apostle spoke as he did. And in the same familiar, easy way the speaker turns to the circumstances of the manner in which men now-a-days indulge and express their sentiments. Now come out the full tones of his voice, though he is by no means speaking loudly. The strength and earnestness of his manner, which is forcible, though somewhat peculiar gesture chains our attention. Here is what not only interests us but reaches our own hearts experience. It is plain language—that which any one could understand. The illustrations are short and numerous, and taken from what is familiar.

A bran new truth is not brought before us, but the windows of our vision are made clearer so that we see old truth as we had not seen it before; we discern its relation to us as we had not discerned it till now. We even forget that we are hearing Norman Macleod, American though our ears are, the broad Scotch tones fall unnoticed upon our hearing. We are discovering that there is many a Peter in these times of ours, saying, "What shall we have?"—nay that we ourselves are not without blame, and that there are many circumstances, by which we are likely to be surrounded, which will, unless we take care, call the same question to our lips. And so we listen on, and when forty-five minutes are past we are sorry to have the speaker stop. The closing exercises done, we leave the old church determining that if we spend another Sabbath in Glasgow, we will hear Dr. Macleod again. Said a gray headed doctor of divinity to me, as we walked away from the church together: "That sermon was such as I could gain something from for my own life." It is good and most cheering when the strong men, those of acknowledged rank in the world of mind, use their strength for the plain preaching of the truth. God bless Norman Macleod.

I would rather confess to Him than to the best friend I ever had, I am so sure that He will make every excuse for me; and a friend can't always do that. He can't know all about it, and you can't tell him all, because you don't know all. He does.

"A finished life, a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the great Designer. Surely this is worth living for? It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath, pure as he gave it. Nor will he forget it when he counteth up his jewels.—Miss Mitchell.

BE CORDIAL.

The necessity of cordiality in a Church is thus set forth by Dr. Hall in the *Christian Intelligencer*:

"You enter a church on the Sabbath forenoon with a timid, hesitating step; are gravely, civilly scrutinized by the sexton, who you feel is taking your measure, and estimating your social position. The worshippers pass you as if you were a post. They do not jostle you; they are not rude, but they severely let you alone. You sit in the pew near other worshippers in body, but remote enough from them as far as sympathy is concerned. One or two children scan you furtively, and a casual adult glance may, perhaps, suggest to you the propriety of explaining how you came to be there, but you are no further noticed; and when the minister pronounces the blessing you do not feel as if you had any right to appropriate any part of it to yourself.

"Many quite respectable Churches have this spirit. It is hard to say who is responsible for it, or for correcting it. But it is no help. It chills those who had a little warmth; and it keeps out those who are altogether cold. It is as effective against the approach of the poor as a notice against trespassers. And while persons who value the Church as a social elevator may go and help to work the refrigerating machine, some 'respectable' persons who want a little religion, as such, will keep away. For the sake of every lawful purpose of a Church, all men should keep this spirit out.

"The sexton should look pleasant, and find a stranger a seat, as if he expected him. Bibles and hymn-books should be handed by the nearest worshippers. There would be no harm in the minister praying for those friends who have turned in to worship; and if a pleasant nod came as the hymn-book is returned, as much as to say, 'Glad to see you hope you'll come again,' it would do even a poor sermon, and send the 'casual' away with a good impression. A Church may have a spirit that welcomes or a spirit that repels the people, and surely the Bride is to say, 'Come.'"

[Presbyterians in Canada have much to learn in this connection. There is generally far too much stiffness in our treatment of strangers.—Ed. B. A. P.]

FAITH IN GOD.

If a man pray as he should, it is "the prayer of faith." If a man obey as he should, it is the obedience of faith. If a man war in the Church militant, it is "the fight of faith." If a man live as a Christian and holy man, he "liveth by faith." Nay, shall I say yet more; if he die as he ought, he "dieth by faith." "These all die in faith." What is that? The power of faith that directed and ordered them in the cause of their death, furnished them with grounds and principles of assurance of the love of God, made them carry themselves patiently in death. I can say no more, but with the apostle, "Examine yourselves whether you be in faith." Why does not the apostle say, "Examine whether faith be in you; but 'whether you be in the faith.' His meaning is, that as a man is said to be in drink, or to be in love, or to be in passion, that is, under the command of drink, or love, or passion; so the whole man must be under the command of faith, (as you shall see more afterwards). If he pray, faith must indite his prayer; if he obey, faith must work; if he live, it is faith that must quicken him; and if he die, it is faith that must order him in death. And wheresoever faith is, it will do wonders in the soul of that man where it is; it cannot be idle; it will have footsteps, it sets the whole man on work, it moveth feet and hands, and eyes, and all parts of the body. Mark how the apostle disputeth: "We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak." The faith of the apostle, which he had in his heart, set his tongue agoing. If a man have faith within, it will break forth at his mouth.—*Thomas Hooker.*

A CHEERFUL HEART.

I once heard a young lady say to another: "Your countenance to me, is like the shining of the sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or a cheerful countenance was one of the things Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some who spend their lives as if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is dark, gloomy and forbidding. They mourn from day to day that they have so little, and are in constant fear lest what little they have will escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good of the present, for fear of the evil that is to come. This is not piety. True religion makes the heart glad, and when its noble principles are felt and exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves.