

physician, rare tact, profound knowledge, prudent zeal and persuasive eloquence, were simply invaluable. Born at Cooper Angus in 1761, the youngest child of Donald Buchanan, a prosperous Highland farmer, he came of goodly stock. His father, left a widower with ten children, for his second wife, married Catharine Menzies, who belonged to a family noted for its high character, intelligence and thrift. She bore him a daughter and a son, the latter George. The baby of the household, Donald Buchanan, traced his lineage through a worthy ancestry back to the days of Wallace and Bruce. The celebrated George Buchanan, one of the Scots Worthies and tutor of King James, sprang from the same stem. Claudius Buchanan, the distinguished writer and missionary to India, and the late Hon. Isaac Buchanan, the Canadian statesman and merchant prince, were our kinsmen.

His parents trained George carefully in Christian faith and Presbyterian doctrine. Most of his boyhood was spent at school, with a view to fit him for college and a profession. Graduating with honor from Edinburgh University, where the illustrious Dugald Stewart instructed him in metaphysics, he received his diploma as doctor and his license to preach. He ranked with the foremost scholars in classical attainments. Gaelic and English, his native tongues, he spoke with equal readiness, while scarcely less familiar with Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Earnest and impressive in the pulpit, he excelled in apt illustrations, and never hesitated for words to express his ideas clearly and pointedly. Of medium height and compact build, vigorous in mind and body, brisk in movement, and pleasing in address, he greatly resembled the venerable Dr. Robert Burns, a leader in the Disruption, and for many years pastor of Knox Church, Toronto. When preaching he used appropriate gestures and faultless language, his dark eyes sparkled, and his strong, intellectual face beamed with animation. Tenderness tempered his severest reproofs, for he preferred the gentle pleadings of Calvary to the fierce thunders of Sinai. He gloried in the cross, and loved to tell "the old, old story" of free grace and infinite