

friends. Dr. Samuel Brown, Professor Edward Forbes, and Hugh Miller, have followed one another to the grave within a brief period, and ere the past year drew to a close, Dr. George Wilson was added to the number of those who live only in honored memory. Dying at the early age of forty-one, when a career full of rich promise appeared only opening before him, and his mind seemed to be ripening in many ways for a great life-work: those who knew his capacity and his genius regard all that he had accomplished as insignificant indeed when compared with what he would have done if spared to those years in which men chiefly fulfil the promises of youth. Yet what he did accomplish, amid many and sore impediments to progress, is neither poor nor of small amount. Nor is it a light thing now to remember that one whose years of public life have been so few, and even these encroached on by the ever increasing impediments of failing health, has been laid in his grave amid demonstrations of public sorrow such as have rarely indeed been accorded, in that native city of his, to Edinburgh's greatest men. This was due even more to the genial kindness and worth of a noble Christian man, than to the unwearied zeal of a popular public teacher, and an enthusiastic student of science. His loss to his university is great, but to his friends it is irreparable. In him the faith of science, and the nobler faith of the Christian, were blended into perfect harmony; for no doubt springing from half-revealed truths of science ever marred the serene joy of his faith while looking at the things which are not seen. Prejudice and falsehood, ignorance and vice, were felt by him to be the common foes of both; and pardon me, if I add, that no man I have ever known carried more genially and unobtrusively, yet more thoroughly, his earnest Christian faith into all the daily business and the duties of life.

When a man of such genuine kindness and worth is suddenly called away in his prime, with still so much of his life-work seemingly waiting its accomplishment, it is as when a brave vessel founders in mid-ocean. The wild eddy of the troubled waters gathers around the fatal gulf, and a cry of sympathetic sorrow rises up as the news is borne along to distant shores. But the ocean settles back to its wonted flow where that gallant bark went down, and the busy world soon returns to its old absorbing occupations. But there are those to whom that foundered bark has been the shipwreck of a life's hopes; and to me the loss of my life-long friend and brother will make life's future years wear a shadow they could never wear before.