

the christian was the highest style of man. And he is gone; the great, bright, burly, sunny-faced, royal-hearted one whom we all lovingly called "Norman," is gone from us, and we are bereaved.

Are these words meant to be "a tribute to his memory," or to "make parade of pain?" No, no; far otherwise. I do but write because I must. The wound is too fresh to allow me coldly to recapitulate all that he was, all his claims to the gratitude of church and country and mankind, to estimate his character and to measure out an eulogy. He was my friend; and in this world few men ever find a friend, and fewer still find more than one. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," said St. Peter, in a tone that kings might envy. And verily it was more than silver or gold that Norman McLeod gave to scores of young men. They delighted in his fun and humour, in his "household fountains" of songs and affluent talk. They loved him for his insight, and his ready sympathy with every mood; for an unsuspecting cordiality that no one could resist; they loved him because he was generous and noble, worthy of being loved. They honored and followed him, not only for his imperial mind, but for the authority with which he spake, the prophet-like force with which he impressed his teaching on them. They followed him, but he never formed a party. He was too great, too clear, too wide, to condescend to partizanship. He was meant for mankind, and he gave himself freely to those who loved and to those who hated him. And though he felt the poison in the shafts that his enemies shot at him, he was too strong to be overcome of them. He passed on, still blessing and benefitting all, and now he has passed beyond them. He has reached the high light he loved, and the serene

atmosphere where his friends, Maurice and holy John Campbell, have just gone before him. Well for him; well for them; but for us—alas, sorrow and tears and a great void. G. M. G.

THE LATE MR JOHN CROALL OF EDINBURGH.

THE *Courant* of 11th June devotes two full columns to an obituary notice of the late Mr. John Croall, and, considering that he took no share in the public business of the country, questions if there was any man whose name was better known throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. A man of singular energy and indomitable perseverance, he rose from obscurity to eminence, and, although beginning life penniless, was, at the time of his death, a comparatively wealthy man. The great feature in his life was that of developing stage-coaching in Scotland,—an occupation in which many and vexing obstacles continually tried his patience as well as his business capacities. However, by determination, punctuality in all his arrangements, correctness of habit, and upright principles, his business operations finally embraced the whole of Scotland and the North of England, extended to Ireland, and even brought him under the notice, and for a while into the active service, of the Russian Government.

As an Elder of Tron Church, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. McGregor, his natural qualities of mind and heart were equally conspicuous; and the Church of Scotland had few warmer friends, and its Schemes few more liberal supporters, than he. He also took a lively interest in all the parochial and local charities, and his purse was ever open to assist the deserving poor. As he increased in wealth, so did his charities expand; and his munificent bequests attest to his sympathy in every good work. Before his death he performed an act which will cause his name to be held in grateful remembrance by every lover of our Church. On the very day that he was laid aside by illness, he had signed a codicil to his will, establishing a theological lectureship in connection with the University, which will prove a blessing to Scotland; and gave away close on to £20,000 for the glory of God. This is the first lectureship established in Scotland, and was founded by Mr. Croall in the interests of pure and undefiled religion, out of love to his Master, and out of regard for the Presbyterian principles in which he had been trained. "*The memory of the just is blessed.*"