

tution. In the days of his fathers, and upon his ancestral hills, at the circling of the fiery cross he would have been the first to seize claymore and targe, to haste to the appointed gathering place, and the readiest to strike for the honour of chief or clan.

This showed itself in private in his readiness to do battle in good humoured argument with every comer or in the sallies with which he assailed the cherished convictions of those with whom he came in contact. Entertaining strong convictions, and perhaps extreme opinions, on most subjects, whether political, social or religious, on which he had thought, he was always ready for discussion and seemed to court an encounter of wits, where he met with those who held different views. He was a most agreeable companion, but much of the spice of his conversation arose from the curious mixture of the combative and the comic in his nature. Not unfrequently the first salutation might be a sally against one of your favourite notions, which left you for the moment uncertain whether to bristle up and do battle for your hobby, or to laugh at the absurd light in which he had placed it.

It appeared again in the controversies, which were often forced upon him, particularly in the early periods of his ministry. He was brought into contact with sectaries who, while there were plenty of places around, entirely destitute of spiritual light, spent their energies in endeavouring to entice persons out of the Presbyterian fold,—what John Angel James called “spiritual kidnapping,” or what a father in Synod still more plainly designated sheep stealing; and for this purpose “compassing sea and land to make one proselyte,”—and resorting to every mean art, as he used frequently to represent them, in the words of inspiration, “creeping into houses, and leading captive silly women,” and all this frequently under pretence of love and friendship. Holding strongly the truths which he possessed, and scorning everything like underhand dealing, his whole nature was roused. In dealing with such we need not wonder that hard knocks were his rule. He was no gentle knight, wielding a polished weapon amid a profusion of chivalric courtesies. We should rather say that he was a Shamgar, the son of Anath, peacefully engaged in tilling his fields but assailed by prowling enemies, seizing his oxgoad, a weapon intended for the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, but wielded by a powerful arm, capable of doing great execution, and with it making no small slaughter among the Philistines. At all events he was a most effective controversialist, and that principally from the gift which he possessed of presenting the truth in a plain and simple manner, using so much the language of

common life, as to render it obvious to the common understanding.

In the controversies of his early ministry, he might have appeared to some to fail in Christian Charity. And those who saw him in the quiet close of life, when, his controversies were over, and he received old opponents with christian cordiality, were apt to imagine, that an entire change had passed over him. That he grew in catholicity of spirit may be admitted, but we know, that the vehemence which he manifested in his early combats, was very far from bigotry. From his firm hold of the truths for which he was contending, from his strong abhorrence of the arts to which we have referred (arts to which he would not have stooped to convert into Presbyterians all the other denominations in the Province) and from his warm earnest nature, he was led to speak strongly. But even then his heart was with all who loved the Lord and he rejoiced in goodness wherever it was found.

But in his whole work he manifested much of the stout warrior. He had little of the spirit of those, who, as it has been said, in building up a temple for God, desire to give as little offence to the Devil as possible. Hence, “though the furthest possible from being contentious, for he was a most peace-loving man,” he carried in his whole mien the spirit of a christian soldier, contending with Satan and all his works. Hence in the pulpit and private, he was the stern reprover of sin, and, in whatever form evil raised his head, he dealt his blows with vigor and impartiality.

A MAN OF TENDER HEART.

But in him, as not unfrequently happens, this warrior spirit was conjoined with warm affections and deep tenderness of heart. The man who was a Lion in the field was a Lamb in the fold. His going out and coming in among his people, was in the spirit of kindness itself. He might have said, “I was gentle among you, even as a nurse cherished her children.”

Still he manifested a faithfulness and plainness in dealing with every form of wrong, which, but for his unaffected kindness of heart, would have often given offence. An instance may be given, a man who had been residing near him, and had been for some time living in the neglect of religious ordinances, was taken sick, and for a time it was thought, would die. But his disease took a favorable turn, and Mr. C., went to visit him as he began to recover. He enquired of the man how he felt when he thought himself dying. “Quite peaceful,” was the reply. “I am very sorry to hear it,” said Mr. C., in his usual decided tone, “for with the life you.