

measure my own feelings exactly, but it is a description which my own experience easily suggests.

Within the last three years, three of my brethren most dear to me have died.

The first, after seven years' service in the vineyard of the Lord, has, I doubt not, received the reward of the faithful servant. His naturally robust frame yielded under intense application and devotion to his office; and though his career was short, the fruits of his labours are to be found in the intelligence and piety of not a few of his sorrowing parishioners. He was but little known beyond the limits of his quiet rural parish, for from worldly ambition he was wholly free. To lead his hearers to the Saviour in whom his own soul had found rest, was the noble ambition which roused and sustained his energies. Rest in peace! companion of my youthful studies and recreations; and may thy mantle of holy zeal be mine, as I have seen it in its beauty in the days of our annual reunion, when we took sweet counsel together going up to the house of God!

The second, whose friendship also I enjoyed to a wonderful degree, laid aside his armour at the command of Him who inclined his whole soul to put it on. In his calm mien, and his broad exposition of Divine truth, no one could fail to see the strength of mature faith, and the assurance of hope, very far beyond his years, for he, too, was young. His was the munition of rocks, and the consciousness of the refuge of the Most High, which enabled him to look at the gradual approach of death, not only with fortitude, but with holy desire. Never did I witness such contentment and charity and humility mingled together, nor such an intellect united to such self-surrender.

The third has but very recently resigned his earthly labours, crowned with years and honours. His was a name of national fame. Where is the Highlander who has not heard of the Rev. Dr. McLeod of Glasgow? It is not for me to detail his public virtues or rehearse his praise, which is in all the Churches; but as one who enjoyed his confidence and his society, I would almost deem it a crime should all notice of him in our *Record* be borrowed from a foreign obituary. His public ministrations were widely known and appreciated. Who that saw, can forget his prepossessing, venerable countenance—those silvery locks—that massive brow, and noble chest? That eloquence, so persuasive and so artless, who can forget? His genius of the highest poetic order, combined with the charm of his voice and manner, soothed and delighted his audience. The happy blending together of all the warm genuine feelings of his benevolent heart, appeared in every discourse. I seldom listened to his Gaelic sermons—in which language he greatly excelled—without the deepest emotion. It was in these he spared to a sublimity of grandeur

equal to the towering mountains of his native Argyle, which he could so beautifully describe, and which he loved so well. Into his English discourses, also, he not unfrequently threw the same ardour of mind and simplicity and elegance of expression—so much so, that not a few of the aristocracy of rank and talent were led to sit under his ministry. Two of the most distinguished of the Professors of the University were members of his congregation. But his were no laboured efforts, artificial adornments. Pure and real as was his style and manner, they were altogether spontaneous, and almost disappeared from view in the full lustre of the subject-matter of his sermons. There was always depth and clearness, power and majesty in the Gospel as handled by him. The love of God, Christ Jesus formed the all-absorbing theme. But let me rather offer a tribute—humble though it be—to his private merits. It was in private his generous nature unfolded itself in the most confiding manner. His hospitable doors were opened to young incipient talent and “rising hopes,” and with these the inner chambers of his spirit. In the bosom of his family and select friends, there was no reserve. Here his humour and wit, in which there was no sarcasm to wound the most sensitive, reigned supreme; and the flow of domestic happiness diffused by his presence was so communicative, that few could retire without redoubled strength for the duties of life. But why add more? I but anticipate, and that in feeble expressions, what his own gifted family will one day publish to the world—“The Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. McLeod”—the noble-hearted Highlander, and the constant friend of the Highlanders.

O, Church of my fathers! whose sons and fathers I mourn, long may thy fostering care under the Spirit of all grace, rear and equip such true and sainted men! J. S.

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INTRODUCTORY LECTURE BY PROFESSOR
CAIRD.

ON Tuesday, the Rev. Dr. Caird, the recently-appointed Professor of Theology, delivered his introductory lecture in the Common Hall of the University, which was crowded in every part.

In the course of a long and eloquent lecture, Dr. Caird said—Passing from general views of the essential unity of all true knowledge, and of the mutual harmony and interdependence of the various departments of knowledge, as they converge or approximate to that unity, it cannot be denied that with reference to the bearing of other studies on that special department of knowledge with which we are here concerned, views of an opposite character have been frequently enter-