

eldest and dearest friend in the ministry. We had known each other since we were boys together at St Andrews more than forty years ago; and when, in the providence of God, the lines fell to me in the peaceful, pleasant place in this vicinity which it is alike my privilege and my joy to fill, the earliest and the warmest welcome which met me on entering it came from him; and the acquaintance of school-days ripened year by year (as I need not tell the congregation) into the closest and most endearing friendship—friendship which was never clouded by any mutual mistrust, nor broken by any mutual misunderstanding, and which only the hand of Death has been able to sunder. It could not well have been otherwise; for to know him as I knew him, was to love him. Apart altogether from his rare natural talents, and his equally rare and varied acquirements (which had their own attractions), it was not possible to be brought into contact so intimately so long as I was, with such a sweet, sunny, guileless nature as his, and which retained the freshness of boyhood to the last, without being drawn to it and bound as by an all but irresistible spell. . . . In regard more particularly to his pulpit ministrations—speaking for myself (and no one, I suppose, outside this congregation, enjoyed the benefit of these oftener than I have done)—I can say that I never heard him preach a dull, uninteresting, uninteresting sermon—never one which has not marked and made memorable, not only by sound doctrine and earnest exhortation, and pointed appeal, but also by flashes of brilliant and original thought, always forcibly, felicitously, and at times quaintly, expressed, which one felt to be both very stimulating and very refreshing. . . . And as to his week-day work, none knew better than yourselves how he used to perform that part of the pastoral office; how humble and unpretending and accessible he was to all classes of his parishers; how unostentatious: in his alms-deeds; how ready he was at all hours to visit the afflicted, the sick, and the dying; how bravely he often exposed himself to risks from which others would have shrunk, if only he could speak ‘a word in season’ of comfort to the sorrowful, or of hope to the dying,

and commend the parting soul to the mercy of its God and Saviour! Gifted with a keener insight than most men into the humorous side of things, and with a rare capacity to enjoy innocent mirth, to which he was always sure himself to contribute the largest and finest share, few could pass more readily into tenderest sympathy with their sadder and more pathetic side, or respond more sensitively to that ‘one touch of nature’ which, if it moves us to ‘rejoice with those who do rejoice,’ moves us also, and even more perhaps, to weep with those who weep.”

The deceased was a brother of the Rev. Mr. Herdman of Pictou.

IN MEMORIAM.

MR. HUGH MCINTOSH—The subject of this obituary was a native of Pictou County, N. S. He was a young man of excellent abilities, the right kind of a man to go to College. Although in early life difficulties of no common order were in his path, still he fought on until the session of 1874-75 found him in Dalhousie. But he had to leave before the session was over through bad health. In the fall of 1876 he came to Queen's but it was plainly seen that the hand of death was upon him. He struggled bravely on at his work, taking an excellent position in his classes, although few knew at what cost to his health. He managed to find his way back to College at the beginning of last session, and began studying with his usual earnestness. But at last he was compelled to yield to his malignant enemy. It was only when disease rendered him unable to attend his classes that he consented to go home. The professors showed him great kindness. Professor Mackerras especially manifested the tenderest interest for his comfort. The writer remembers the sad parting, when he bade farewell to College friends and College studies. He died at his home at Rogers' Hill in Pictou, N. S., on Friday February 5th, aged twenty-four. May Queen's have a host of students as earnest as talented and as modest as Hugh McIntosh.