

The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
 The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,  
 The friend of man, to vice above a foe  
 For even his failings lean'd to virtue's side.

He not only feared God, but like all good men he honoured the King. His prayers for his Queen and country ever mingled with those for his church and people. And many will remember his fervent and confident prayers upon those trying occasions, when our country, lives and liberties were threatened by hordes of godless and wicked men. He was ever indefatigable in inculcating high principles of loyalty, both by word and deed. On the last occasion of these attempts, as the commanding officer of the volunteers of this vicinity informed me, when he and his brave men were returning covered with the dust of battle, after driving back the foe, but still on the field, nearly the first man he met was your late pastor, and he further stated that he shall never forget the fervent prayer which he there and then offered up to the God of battles, for the victory He had vouchsafed, and for His mercy in covering our soldiers so that none of them fell, or were even touched, by the missiles of death hurled at them in the action. This little incident, beautiful in itself, serves to shew the character of the man. God, to his mind, was all in all; to Him alone he ascribed the deliverance and victory; but, nevertheless, he did not fail to honour those brave men through whom God effected a marvellous deliverance. And that same officer did himself honour, on a subsequent interesting occasion, in selecting the Rev. Mr. Wallace to consecrate those Colours presented by the hand of Royalty to the 50th Battalion. This was opportune, and a delicate though well-merited mark of his esteem and regard for the deceased. And may the remembrance thereof, now a sacred relic of the past, give courage and confidence to those who carry them, should they ever be called on, in the hour of danger, to defend the right; and may that devout