

hear their voices no more,—that the lips, on whose utterances many delighted to dwell, are still in death.

There are some lives that we love to keep in remembrance, on whose words we love to muse, to recall the tones of voice, to treasure up the many beautiful and ennobling sentiments that welled from cultivated minds and warm hearts. There is an influence in such lives that goes with us for good, and sheds a brightness on our pathway through life. Such a life was Alexander Rae Garvie's. To know him was to feel that his was one of those beautiful natures which through all the varied phases of existence still preserves a simplicity and purity that time, nor sorrow, nor care can ever efface. His generous nature sympathized with distress wherever he found it; he was ever ready to comfort the needy and cheer the broken in spirit, though at times his own head was bowed down with affliction. Always seeing some blessing in disguise in the dispensations of Providence, he had a deep and abiding trust in his Maker. An ardent lover of nature, he was a constant admirer and profound student of the beauties of earth. From the resources of a well-stored mind he was always surprising you with the wealth of knowledge he possessed, clothing commonplace subjects with a beauty of language that delighted every listener. By those with whom he was brought in personal contact he will never be forgotten. The mournful cadences of his voice commanded involuntary attention and impressed the listener. To recall his words, to ponder them over and over; in imagination to recall the outlines of his countenance, lighted with an enthusiasm, is as if we went into some quiet nook of the library and taking down our most favored author, dwelt on passages marked and remarked, culling fresh thoughts and receiving new inspiration and guidance.

"My highest ambition," he often said to the writer, "is to utter some word, to pen some thought, that will live after me, and that may prove a blessing to some wayfarer in life." Those who have read Mr. Garvie's writings, have marked the deep earnest feeling that pervades them. Those he addressed from the pulpit, the platform, or in the private circle, in earnest and touching words, throwing force and pathos into his discourse, will easily see that this thought animated him at all times. In common with many others, I cherish the hope that ere long the writings of Mr. Garvie, many of which have not yet been published, may be given to the public. They evince a striking originality on the part