

mute for ever. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

The *Reverend Hugh Mair, D. D.*, Minister of Saint Andrew's Church, Fergus, to the unspeakable grief of an attached people and many other friends was, after a few weeks' illness, removed from this world on the 1st of November, aged 56 years. His death occurred at Johnstown in the State of New York, where the greater part of his ministerial life had been passed, and whither he had been accustomed to pay an annual visit. "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Some further particulars may be given in a subsequent number.

In addition to the foregoing reflections from the pen of an esteemed correspondent in the congregation of Fergus, we transfer to our columns the paragraphs underneath from the *New York Observer*, which a clerical brother in the Presbytery of Hamilton has with his wonted kind attention forwarded to us.

From the *New York Observer*, Nov. 9, 1854.

THE LATE REV. DR. MAIR.

Dr. Mair's death has already been announced in some of the papers as having occurred at Johnstown in this State on Wednesday evening of last week. He had left his home in Fergus, Canada West, a few weeks before to visit his friends in this State, and especially to pass a Sabbath with his former charge at Johnstown, and take part in the services of the communion. On his arrival there he found himself considerably indisposed, though for some days he had no idea of the dangerous nature of his malady. It soon became apparent, however, that his life was in great jeopardy; and the conviction was forced upon the minds of his friends that his disease would probably have a fatal issue. After suffering intensely about a fortnight, during which he was a model of submission to the Divine will, death came to his release; and the friends to whom he had ministered many years, and whose attachment to him, notwithstanding their recent separation, remained undiminished, bore him to his grave.

I knew Dr. Mair first shortly after his settlement in Johnstown, and when he had been in this country not more than two or three years. I first saw him in Presbytery, and was struck with his modest, quiet, grave, and eminently Scotch appearance. On being introduced to him, I found that the same qualities were still manifest, though other and more striking were soon developed. And, as he appeared to me then, so he appeared ever afterwards, except that his leading characteristics were always becoming more intense and impressive.

If I were to speak of the qualities of his heart, as they came out in my intercourse with him, I should perhaps notice, first, his great benevolence, taking on now the form of sympathy with human suffering, prompting to the most active efforts for its relief, and now the form of generosity and magnanimity, which makes one forgetful of injuries and disposed to visit evil with good. I have known more than one instance in which the case of some impoverished minister has come under his eye; and he has undertaken to meet it with a heroic firmness of purpose that refused to take a denial; and he has persevered in going around among the rich of his acquaintance, and asking aid of them, until he has had the pleasure of seeing that his object was accomplished. There have been some cases in which he

felt that the treatment which he received was neither just nor kind; but his manner was to let such things pass in silence; or, if he adverted to them at all, it was never in a tone of crimination. But, while he was so forward to labour for the benefit of others, he always appeared reluctant to accept favours himself, and, when he did accept them, his gratitude seemed always greatly to exceed their value.

I have never known a man of more genuine modesty than Dr. Mair. I have repeatedly seen him in a company of clergymen, where, in point of both intellect and acquirement, he was really the superior man; and yet, but for an occasional monosyllable, or very brief reply to some question that was put to him, you might have supposed him entirely dumb. In a very small circle, especially with two or three intimate friends, he would be sufficiently communicative, but I think his freedom of conversation usually diminished in proportion as the circle enlarged.

I have occasionally heard him preach, and always with high interest and edification. There was nothing in his personal appearance in the pulpit to awaken high expectations; but he never proceeded far in his service before his audience felt that they were listening to no ordinary man. He spoke with a degree of fervour and passion that was sometimes almost painful. He who was so silent and diffident out of the pulpit was a very lion in it—his theme was always in the highest degree scriptural and evangelical, and it rarely, if ever, failed to impart an exciting influence to all his faculties. You felt that every word came from his inmost soul, and was uttered under an awful sense of the powers of the world to come. As he was Scotch by birth and education, he was thoroughly so in his theology; and, though he was never intolerant towards slight differences of opinion, he attached vast importance to right views of Christian doctrine; and he rarely preached a sermon in which some great evangelical truth was not distinctly exhibited. His sermons were characterized by great fulness and splendour of diction, and it may be doubted whether this was not often carried so far as to take somewhat from the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were always logically constructed; and, though containing much striking and sometimes profound thought, I believe they always came within the range of ordinary intelligence, when joined to close attention. They were generally very long—too long, perhaps, to suit most American congregations. I remember once to have heard him preach more than an hour and a half before the Presbytery; but it was such a magnificent exhibition of the great truths of the Gospel, and the manner was characterized by so much fervour and power, that I think nobody felt that the sermon was too long. I have heard one of his stated hearers, than whom there could be no more competent judge of preaching, say that he never heard a sermon from him that did not contain something new and well worthy of being treasured up.

But there was no more striking feature of Dr. Mair's character than his piety. If I ever knew a man who seemed to me habitually to walk with God, it was he. Not only was he eminently conscientious in respect to every part of duty, and faithful to his convictions (no matter how great the cross to be taken up)—but he was distinguished for the spirit and habit of devotion; and he seemed to me never to lose the sense of the Divine presence. His prayers in the family were always most pertinent and tender, and evidently rose from a heart which was the constant habitation of the Holy Spirit.

Dr. Mair had a large store of knowledge, especially in connection with his own profession. I am acquainted with no clergyman in this country who reads the original languages of Scripture, especially the Hebrew, with greater ease. He was familiar with many of the old theological writers, whom he seemed to value not less for their unction than their orthodoxy.

It was my privilege to see this excellent man just before the hand of death was laid upon him. Being informed that he was dangerously ill, I

was unwilling that he should die without my seeing him once more, and I accordingly went to Johnstown for the purpose. I found him unable to lift himself from his bed, and evidently dying under the sharpest agony. But he was perfectly composed, patient, and willing to leave all with God. His heart was as full of kindness as ever, and his mind was wandering gloriously over that field of Christian triumph in the latter part of the viii. chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. There was apparently no rapture in his exercises, and yet there was a sublime confidence that cast out all fear, and showed that his spirit was ready for its final flight. I felt that it was a specimen of true Christian nobility that lay before me. I parted with him feeling confident that it was for the last time; and so it proved, for his funeral was one week from that very hour. I was present and witnessed the solemnity; and I felt myself to be in the midst of a mourning community. His remains lie amidst those of his former parishioners, and probably his grave could not have been made where it would have been more frequently, and reverently, and gratefully visited. He has left no family except a widow, whom many hearts have united in commending to the God of all comfort. L. E. M.

REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D.,

FIRST PROFESSOR IN THE
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PRINCETON,
NEW JERSEY.

There are some men who seem to live as lights not only to their own generation but to many a future age,—men who have borne their part nobly in the "World's broad field of battle," and who, "departing, leave behind them footprints on the sands of time." Unlike the splendid wrecks of genius and learning, which serve, like the Pharos of old, to indicate with more fearful clearness the rocks on which they have split, they rather resemble the guiding star of Bethlehem, pointing out with their undimmed and steady radiance the way to their Master's House. The good done by such men is not to be limited to the compass of a single lifetime. They have sent forth an impetus which will undulate throughout the waves of time, and will not be lost in the Ocean of Eternity. They, "being dead, yet speak." The shining examples of Abel, Enoch, Abraham and Moses,—many centuries after their bodily presence had departed from the Earth,—served to quicken the drooping faith of the Hebrew Christians, and stir-up many of them to win the martyr's crown. And in more modern times the piety and ardour of a Brainerd, a Martyn, or a Swartz, have stimulated and incited many a feeble soldier of the Cross to press onward to the rank, and take his place in the hottest of the battle. To the long list of honourable names, included in this class of men, belongs that of the subject of the memoir which we have placed at the head of this article.

In opening this volume the reader finds himself transported into the midst of the secluded rocks and dells, mountain-streams and gorges of the Valley of Virginia, where in a log farm-house, on the 17th of April 1772, Dr. Alexander was born. Here