

In the pulpit, in the lecture room, on the platform, he was always pre-eminent and always in demand. The people, the "publicans and sinners" respected him and loved him. He was the pastor of those who had no church. He was always at the bedside of the dying pauper. He was a genial companion, cheering the social party by his unrivalled wit—winning by his intelligence, powers of conversation and address, a way to the hearts of all—and readiest of all men to weep with those that wept.

He was blest with a ready and most tenacious memory, was a great reader, a profound scholar in the sciences,—always surprising his hearers by the resources of his learning,—and always grandly leading and not lagging in the progress of the age. In addition to the work published last fall, he has in a finished condition, it is said, a work on "The Diversions of Ministers, by the Clerk of a Ministers Club." It is known that the clergymen of Elmira hold weekly meetings on Monday mornings for consultation, mutual criticism and social intercourse. These meetings suggested the book. It is to be hoped that it may be soon given to the public. Dr. Murdoch was eminently successful as an essayist. His magazine articles display a high degree of literary talent. Who that has read it can forget the power and beauty of the article in the *Presbyterian Review* on Canning and Chalmers.

As a preacher, Dr. Murdoch had few equals. He was logical, appealing to the reason of his hearer, inviting him to a manly and fair argument, with a peculiar tact in getting an opponent or doubter to listen, and then overwhelming him with hard arguments and acknowledged truths made to cut like steel, illustrated, applied and enforced by all the resources of his pathos and great learning. His pulpit sermons were arguments replete and rich with instructive truths and all the power of effective eloquence, but his lectures to his church upon Wednesday evenings, always delivered extempore, were so full of Scripture (for the Bible he knew almost by heart) and so full of Christ and of the lessons of religious experience, illustrated with such power and impressed with such irresistible but simple eloquence, that in the lecture room he was without a peer.

He was unostentatious, unwearied and remarkably successful in his labors. The records of the Geneva Synod show his church, the First Presbyterian Church in Elmira, to have been during his pastorate the most successful and prosperous church (in point of additions by profession) in the Synod.

To his more intimate friends, who knew of his faithful and unobserved labors in visiting from house to house among the poor, of his tenderly fatherly care over the young of his flock, of his lively interest in the success of the Young Men's Christian Association, and of that zeal which bent his great energies entirely to his work, he appeared the true and model pastor.

During the great revival of 1857, when the eight o'clock morning prayer meeting was kept up for nearly or quite a year, through summer and winter, those Christians whose slumbers were disturbed on cold winter mornings by the solemn bell at eight o'clock, did not know that the fires were made for those meetings and the bell rung every morning by a white haired pastor nearly sixty years of age. The success of those meetings when souls flocked to Christ as clouds and as doves to their windows, was attributable by the blessing of God to the persistent labors of Dr. MURDOCH. At the ingathering he shall bring his sheaves with him.

It was said by Goethe that "the man brought up beneath the vine is not like the man reared beneath the oak," Dr. MURDOCH's character partook of the peculiarities of his nation. He had a resolution and persistence which, by God's blessing, have saved many souls,—a faith which wrestled till the dawn of day. He was born and reared beneath the shadow of Ben Lomond, and he had an *oaken* heart for Justice, for God and the Right. That great stout heart is still, but it is one of those

"That rule our spirits from their urns."

The good he has done endures, and many years to come, if his spirit visit us, it will whisper the words of the dying Webster—"I STILL LIVE."—*Elmira paper.*