

IN MEMORIAM,

THE greatest Scottish orator, the pride of the Scottish Church, has been taken from us. Norman McLeod is dead. Sad words for us to write, sad words for many in the East and the West to hear. For he was known to millions,—was more widely known and beloved than perhaps any living clergyman. Our Queen mourns him, and so do all of Scotland's best. Dr. Duff, who, in the last Free Assembly, had generously thanked him for what he had done for the missionary cause of all the Churches in India; Dean Stanley, who testified that there was no such preaching in Great Britain as that of the Barony Church, Glasgow; English Nonconformists, who had often honored him in their Conferences, and prelates of the Anglican and Irish Churches, whom no one else had ever drawn together, but who wrote Good Words side by side with him: Keshub Chunder Sen in Calcutta, many a struggling son of genius in Scotland, many a backwoods minister, and tens of thousands of true Highland hearts all the world over, mourn a common loss.

And well may we mourn. Take him all in all he was the most fully equipped man I have ever known. Some who knew little or nothing of him have said that he was over-estimated. On the contrary, well and widely as he was known, he seldom got credit for half that he was. And the reason was simply this, that he was so many-sided, he excelled in so many things, that it needed a man wide as himself, or a Boswell-like intimacy with him, to do him justice. And the fact of his being a clergyman hindered many from appreciating him. Had he been a layman, he would have been praised prodigiously more, and perhaps made a deeper mark on the history of his time. But much that he said and wrote and did was outside of

the usual routine of clerical life and work, and, though all men would have accepted and praised it coming from any one else, most only looked stupidly at it, and rather inclined to shake their heads at it, coming from him. For the world does not expect anything brilliant from clergymen, except in their own province of preaching; and, not expecting it, does not see anything else even when it is indubitably there. But old *habitués* of the House of Commons have said that they never heard such man-moving eloquence as his, even from Bright or Gladstone. And wise men have declared that in him was that rare combination of gifts, found only once in a generation, that is necessary to make a "leader" of the House of Commons. For he was thinker and speaker, poet and man of business. He stood "foursquare to all the winds that blow," receiving the special message and influence of each, but carried off his feet by none. He was called "broad," and so he was. He was not afraid of the term, though it had been used against him as a nickname. Here are his own words about it, in his great speech on India Missions in the General Assembly on the 30th of May last:—"He desired to be 'broad,' as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh the sun to shine on the evil and the good, and who never leaveth Himself without a witness or hateth any man; He loveth every man, and, more than all the foreign committees of the churches put together, could love the poorest Hindoo. While he wanted that breadth, he desired to be narrow,—narrow as God's righteousness, which was a sharp sword that would separate between eternal right and eternal wrong." He was a man, and counted nothing that belonged to humanity to be foreign to him. He gloried in being a christian, for to him Christ was the ideal man, and therefore